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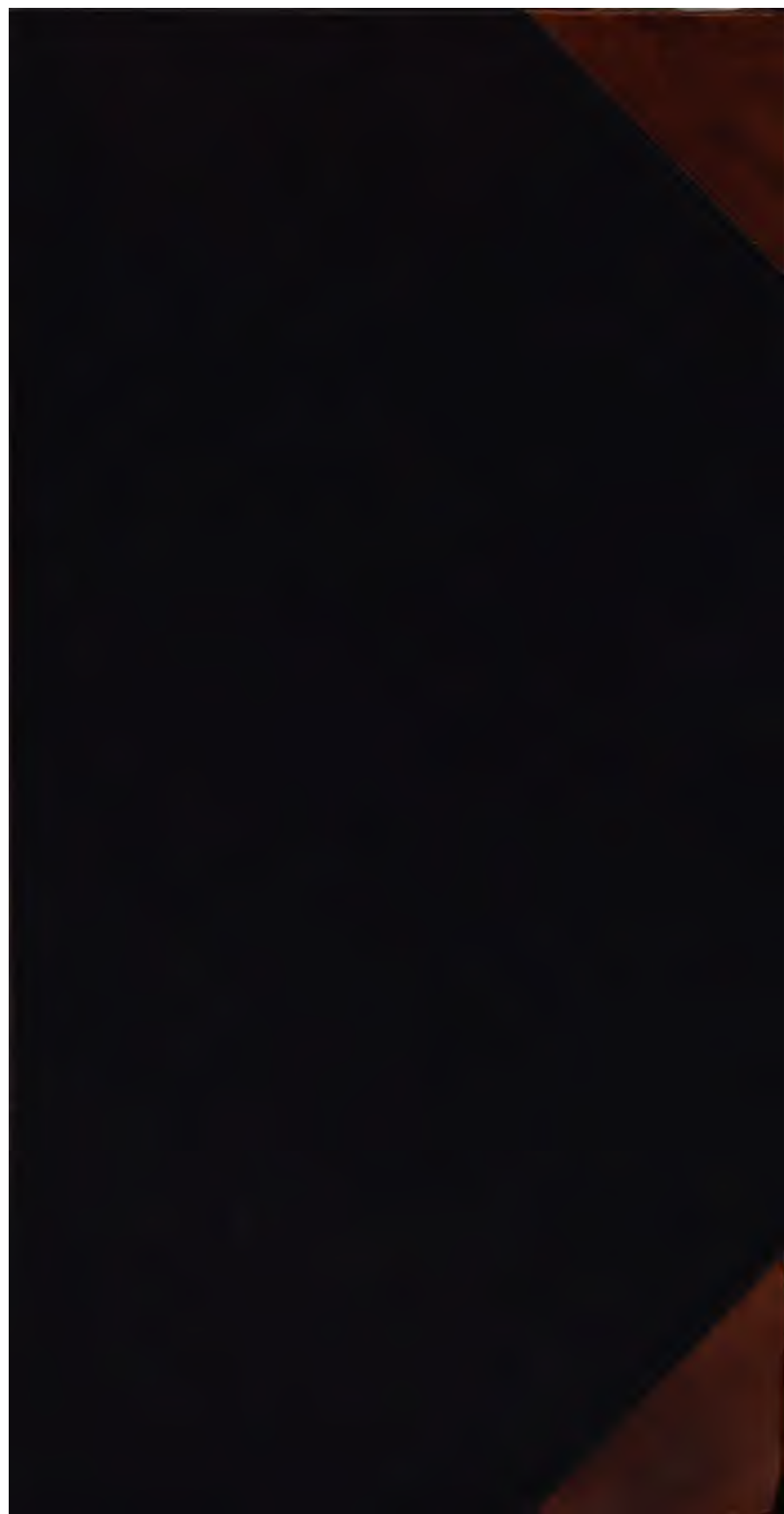
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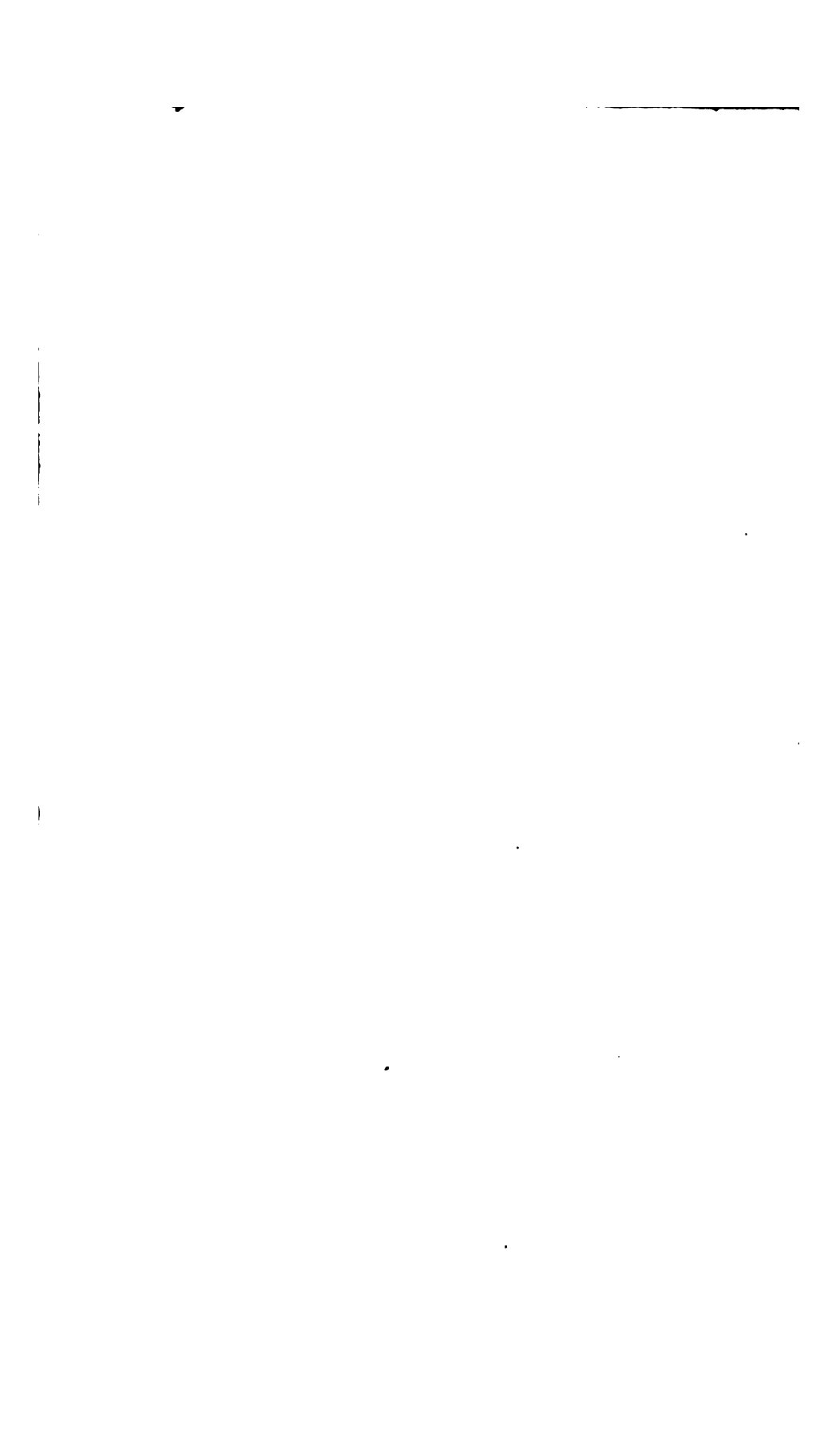
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THE

Christian World Magazine

AND FAMILY VISITOR.

1870.

"I NEVER WANTED ARTICLES ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS HALF SO MUCH AS ARTICLES ON COMMON SUBJECTS, WRITTEN WITH A DECIDEDLY RELIGIOUS TONE."—*Dr. Arnold.*



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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1870.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

BY REV. J. G. ROGERS, B.A.

THOUGH 1870 is not, according to a very common but manifestly erroneous notion, the first year of a new decade, but the last of an old one, yet its commencement affords a fitting opportunity for that brief pause and quiet review so necessary and so useful in the journey of life. We have done with the 'sixties, and may not unnaturally stop to inquire what we have gained from them, what the world has gained from them. We are entering on the 'seventies, and if attempts to cast the horoscope of their future would be unavailing, we may nevertheless find strength and encouragement in listening to those messages of hope which a new era is already whispering to our hearts. We need these resting-places all the more because of the intense anxiety and unresting toil of the age in which we live. We are borne on and on in a whirl of perpetual excitement that leaves us little time for reflection. Engagements crowd each other so closely that we are able to do little more than chronicle the fulfilment of one, and then hurry to the discharge of another, without being able to inquire as to the tendency of the whole, and the influence which the life we are leading is exerting on our character and happiness. The like rapid succession of events in public life hinders us from appreciating aright the significance and consequences of each. The question of the hour is pressed upon us for a time in many ways, canvassed in speech or article, eagerly discussed in every social circle, debated in Parliament with the passionate excitement that party strife always provokes, settled almost before we have begun to realise its full

proportions and manifold relations, and then thrust out of sight by some new topic that has arisen, and which in its turn will run the same round, absorbing public attention for a season almost to the exclusion of every other, and then consigned almost to oblivion. Thus last year the Irish Church was in everybody's mouth. In public assemblies and private social gatherings, in mansion, in cottage, in the club-room or the village beer-house, at every market, and almost in every railway-carriage, it was the one theme; the press was teeming with pamphlets and letters, the platform was mighty with logical reasoning, vehement denunciation, or eloquent appeal, and even the pulpit was making its voice heard upon a question which all parties agreed to be one of supreme importance. But now it is hardly mentioned except in the speeches of Tories, rejoicing in Fenian excesses, and pointing to them with a malicious satisfaction as proof that the policy of conciliation has failed, and that their prophecies have proved true,—prophecies, which, by the way, no one would ever have cared to contradict, since not the most sanguine Liberal was weak enough to imagine that a few months and a single act of justice would suffice to change the heart of a people, and to remove the effects produced by centuries of wrong-doing. These ill-timed gratulations, however, are about the only reminiscences of a conflict which twelve months ago was stirring all English society to its depths. The past struggle is thrust out of sight by the preparations for another. This is not an age in which a time of vigorous action is to be succeeded by one of rest. The settlement of one controversy only clears the way for the introduction of another, and there is thus little if any interval to take that calm and dispassionate survey of the general characteristics of our national life and progress which is essential to the formation of intelligent views. As the consequence, our judgment is apt to be unduly affected by the circumstances of the hour, and to arrive at conclusions which are extremely superficial. It is well that we should correct the errors into which we are thus apt to fall by that wider observation and that more thoughtful reflection for which the opening of a new year, and especially of a new cycle of years, affords the occasion.

The last months of 1869 have been gloomy enough. With trade depressed and languishing in almost every department, the columns of the *Gazette* crowded with lists of bankrupts, numbers out of employment, and pauperism steadily on the increase; with some of our working classes disposed to listen to the talk of mere charlatans or political adventurers, who would fain ride to power on a whirlwind of popular discontent; with Ireland scorning the olive branch held out to her, and replying to our message of peace by hostile demonstrations and impossible demands, agrarian murders,

and the election of a convicted traitor as one of her representatives ; with France calling out for a repudiation of the treaty which was thought to be a masterpiece of political wisdom, and not only a cementing bond between the two nations, but a source of real profit to both ; with Rome summoning all her forces to engage in a new crusade against the rights of conscience and the progress of humanity ; with political unsettlement and discontent in Italy, Spain, and France, there is a good deal that looks sufficiently dark and discouraging. We can quite understand how some one, especially if he belongs to the class who rarely think for themselves and pick up the few ideas they have from some favourite newspaper, or perhaps from the gossip of railway carriages, may take a very despondent view and talk in a very lugubrious style. " Ah, this is all that comes of your boasted progress. You have been telling us long enough of the benefits to be secured by the adoption of what you call Liberal principles, and here is the result. More poverty, more wretchedness, more crime than ever. Your free trade is a dead failure, and even those who once believed it have now been compelled to confess it. It has thrown our trade into the hands of our rivals, paralysed the enterprise of our capitalists, impoverished our artisans, and now the palmy days of our prosperity are fled, never to return ; and poor old England, which has come out triumphant from the attacks of her foes, is now sinking as the result of the mistakes and follies of her own children." This is the sort of notion that is popular among one class of talkers, who take advantage of the depressing incidents of the hour, and looking wistfully back to the " good old times," whose difficulties and trials are kept wholly out of sight, fill the air with their lamentations over the prosperity that has departed, their predictions of the evils to come, and their condemnations of the spirit of progress by which the change has been brought about. A capital illustration of this style of talk of these pessimists is found in a recent speech of Mr. Charley, who, as he has not succeeded in preserving the Irish Church or in impeaching Mr. Gladstone, is now engaged in a still more Quixotic attempt to overthrow free trade. Compelled to admit the cheapness of bread, he sought to neutralise the force of his admission by telling the people that dear bread, with plenty of money to buy it was better than cheap bread and little money to buy it. He forgot altogether to tell them that, under the system which he is so anxious to revive, trade was most depressed and money most scarce at the very time when the bread was dearest. It would not of course have suited his argument to remind his hearers of this, and many of them, with perhaps the speaker himself, were carried away with a statement that seemed to be very reasonable, so long as they simply looked at the present and did not concern themselves with

that retrospect which would at once have exposed the fallacy that lurks in it, and taught them that at the worst the choice was between cheap bread with little money, and dear bread with less money.

If a man of this spirit is a religious man, he will find just as ample ground for mournful utterances. "Look," he will say, "at the growing laxity of religious men in respect to truth, the strange dallying with various forms of error, the abandonment of positions which were once held to be vital to the Christian faith, the daring assaults of science, and the feebleness with which they are encountered, the bold and defiant attitude of the enemies of the Gospel, and the hesitating and paltering style in which their vaunting challenges are met. Talk of liberty! Liberty has run to seed and degenerated into the wildest licence. It is this foolish talk about liberty which is hurrying us on to the cold and dreary negations of Rationalism, and it is under the shadow of its name that Romanism is stealthily, but rapidly and surely, extending its power. A Colenso, a Voysey, a Mackonochie, these are the creations of liberty, and if we are to go on at the present rate there will soon be little truth left for this liberty to assail. There is enough and too much said about the intelligence, and progress, and science of the age; but all that we find is a steady current setting in against all that we have been wont to hold in deepest reverence and to guard with most jealous care."

In reply to those who indulge in these lugubrious utterances we would say, "Go to a loftier height, and take a broader survey, away out of the mists and clouds that are round about you in these low valleys, and get you up into the mountain to breathe a purer atmosphere, and take a wider range of vision. The path along which we have been advancing during the past ten years, if looked at carefully, may show you enough to rebuke your cowardly unbelief, and to restore your faith in truth, in righteousness, and in God. Neither the world nor your own country has been going back during a period which has been as fertile in events, as marked by true progress, as full of encouragement to those who are labouring for the elevation of their race as any similar period in history. We question, indeed, whether it is possible to point to any previous ten years in which so much true work has been done, so many abuses swept away, so much ground recovered from the kingdom of darkness. It is perfectly true that, so far as commercial and material interests are concerned, the last four years have presented a very different aspect from that of their predecessors, but this severe and protracted check to prosperity is only for a time, and is certainly to be traced to causes which do not at all affect the soundness of those principles for which the en-

lightened political economists of the day have contended. The old fallacy of *post hoc, propter hoc* is so common that it is not surprising to find a number of people ascribing calamities which are manifestly due to an entirely different class of causes to Free Trade; but a more extended and impartial induction would show that the nation has not been guilty of the egregious blunder which these theorists impute to it, and that if trade is suffering, that suffering is partly the righteous and necessary penalty of a commercial immorality, partly the price paid to secure a blessing for which a far greater sacrifice might cheerfully have been made.

The American War is the real centre of the history of the last ten years, for though, in the exciting events, especially in our own national life, that have since occurred, it seems almost like a thing of the distant past, its effects are felt to the present hour. A war means a time of high prices and daring speculation, producing such an inflation of trade as we saw in 1864 and 1865, to be followed by the disastrous collapse and panic which commenced with the Black Thursday of 1866, and has not yet run out its course. But this was the least of its consequences. The severe pressure which fell upon one great branch of our industry disturbed, and still disturbs, our whole commercial system to an extent which scarcely seems to be fully appreciated. Lancashire is not England, but a paralysis of trade in Lancashire must ultimately tell upon the trade of the whole country, and is doing so at the present hour. The county has never been able to recover the disastrous effects of the loss of a large portion of her most important cotton supply, and all other trade sympathises more or less with the depression under which her staple industry suffers. But so far as this is the cause of any of our present difficulties we ought surely to bear them without murmuring, and, instead of indulging in senseless clamour about Free Trade, submit cheerfully to the temporary interruption to our trade which was necessary to the overthrow of a gigantic system of iniquity with which, unhappily, we had become associated.

The abolition of American slavery is perhaps the grandest achievement of the period. In 1860 how strong, how impregnable, how assured of continued existence it looked! The distant mutterings of the storm by which it was to be overthrown might be heard, but few, if any, could have foretold when it would burst and what would be its result. James Buchanan was then President—one of the meanest, basest, and most servile tools whom the great slave-owning party had ever seated at the White House. Every department of the Government was crowded with men ready to do the bidding of the Southern planters. The army and navy were in their hands, the Slave States were under a reign of terror, and even in the States which called themselves free there were but

few voices raised on behalf of the oppressed. What was still sadder, even among the ministers of Christianity were found numbers to side with the oppressor, and the churches disgraced themselves by the maintenance of regulations relative to the coloured race inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Gospel. Looking at that mighty phalanx of wealth and numbers, of political interests and class feelings, of Conservative instincts and of popular passions arrayed against the slave, who would have dared, in 1860, to predict that the day of his emancipation was drawing near? Yet, in spite of the fears of the timid and the selfishness of the interested, the rage of the oppressor and the disloyalty of many whose Christian principles should have made them stern enemies of his oppression, it was cast down. I know nothing more encouraging to the friends of progress or more fitted to strengthen the faith of those who cherish the assurance that because this is God's world "truth must ever come uppermost, and justice must ever be done," than the sudden and complete downfall of a system which appeared almost omnipotent up to the very hour when the sentence went forth, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

In the excitement of the contest we did not realise all that was involved in the issue, but we see now how much human liberty would have lost by the triumph of the South, how mighty an impetus has been given to every noble movement by the complete victory of the North. To it, in conjunction with other causes undoubtedly, but still to it mainly, we owe the growing determination to look at questions in the light of truth and righteousness, rather than of mere interest and sentiment, which is so characteristic of the times. This was the secret of the fall of the Irish Church. There were numbers who were desirous to pacify Irish discontent who did not see how the redress of this particular grievance would materially affect the condition or alter the feelings of the mass of the people, but they saw that it was a grievance, and that it must not be perpetuated. Whatever the consequences, they (and they proved to be the majority of the people) were resolved simply to do the right. And the same principle is being carried more and more into our political action, under the guidance of a Prime Minister who has been assailed more bitterly perhaps than any of his predecessors in the high office which he holds, but who, beyond most of them, is influenced by a conscientious desire to see what is just, and to do it. The intention of dealing with the Irish land question, and the manner in which that question has been approached; the union of the best class of Churchmen with Nonconformists, to rescue a national heritage from the hands of one section of the people, by making the honours and emoluments of the universities accessible to all;

the determination to establish a system of national education which shall meet the wants of all and offend the religious principles of none ; the anxiety to remedy the defects of our Poor-law management, to end the stupid administration of Beadledom, and to render such scandals as those of St. Pancras impossible, are all indications of the same practical spirit of righteousness which is continually making itself more felt, and which is destined ultimately to work important changes.

Unquestionably we occupy a vantage-ground to-day as compared with the first day of 1860. We have made progress even commercially, despite the discouraging appearances of the hour. Still more decidedly have we advanced politically and socially, and I would fain hope that our religious life is higher in its tone and more powerful in its influence. There are plenty of evils to be corrected and wrongs to be redressed, wild wastes and desolations of human ignorance and wretchedness to be reclaimed, an amount of sin and suffering round about us which will tax the activity and benevolence of earnest Christian men, if it is to be wisely dealt with. Perhaps these things stand out even more prominently, and strike us more than they have done in past days ; but, if so, the true reason is, not that they have increased, but that the feeling in relation to them has been deepened, and that the resolve to bring about a better state of things is more sincere and determined, more ready for work, more willing to make sacrifices in order to its success. Certainly prejudice is less rampant, old abuses are defended with less spirit and with continually decreasing success, the pleadings of reason and justice receive at all events a more attentive consideration, and it is to be hoped therefore will be attended with greater result. In all this sincere believers in the Gospel of Christ must rejoice. It is true that it, in common with everything else, may have to meet a more searching scrutiny. The foundation of facts on which it rests, the harmony of its teachings with science, the character of the influence it is exerting on mankind, will all be more narrowly tested. But from this inquiry it need not shrink. Much that belongs to human systems may and will pass away, but the Divine truth will only come out brighter and stronger from the crucible into which it has been cast. Even amid the attacks upon Christian doctrine that are so rife we may rejoice in the practical recognition of the spirit of Christianity which is afforded in all movements towards reform and progress which are going on round us. Men who are casting out any of the devils of society are doing Christ's work even though they follow not with us, and do not in all cases honour and reverence the name of our Master. God forbid that we should attempt to hinder them or should under-rate the service

which, though unconsciously and unwillingly, even they are rendering to the Gospel.

I have no desire to write in a strain too sanguine or to ignore symptoms of a less favourable character. What I desire is to guard against the spirit that is for ever dwelling upon discouragements, and is so oppressed with the thought of the evil that is to be found in our modern life as to be insensible to the good. It would be foolish and uncandid to deny that in a time of eager inquiry and mental activity such as that in which we live there is sure to be much that will fill the heart of a simple-minded believer with anxiety. The questioning of the truths which to him have long been the most precious certainties, the adoption of a style of criticism whose severe and unsparing iconoclasm seems to him a piece of daring irreverence, the assertion of principles which in his view threaten the very foundations of religion, perplex and alarm him. Perhaps he sits down to sorrow over the troubles which he fancies are coming, perhaps he resigns himself to the thought that he is of an old generation, and cannot understand the ways of the new one, perhaps (and this is the most unfortunate course of all) he gives himself to a mere bigoted resistance to all change. It is impossible not to feel with such men, for there is much in the attitude assumed by numbers to Christianity which those who hold it to be God's great plan for the redemption of the world cannot view without sorrow. In the reaction against the tyranny of creeds there is a senseless mode of talking about dogma which would leave men without a creed at all. In the demand for "liberty of prophesying" there is often a singular disregard of truth and right; and it is assumed that, provided only liberty be secured, it matters little what obligations, moral or legal, be violated. In the boastful assertions of the power of Science the claims of Revelation are often quietly put aside as unworthy of serious refutation, and the very idea of a personal God is in danger of being lost in the omnipotence ascribed to Law. And, not least, all these views are set forth in a free and defiant tone, which grates on the feelings of those whose holiest instincts are wounded by the flippant levity with which these controversies are often conducted.

It is right enough to be alive to all this, and to guard against its dangerous tendencies, but it is not well to forget the brighter aspects of the case. We may have been hurried to one extreme, but counteractive influences are sure ere long to come into play and restore us to a wiser and more moderate state of feeling. We are in a state of transition, and while passing through it we are sensible to all the evils of change without realising the advantages which we may hope ultimately to secure. It is something, for example, to be delivered from the hard and fast lines of mere

dogma; and though at present there is a fear that the importance of definite and correct belief may be under-rated, we may be assured that this is a natural and temporary excess, which will bring with it its own correction. In the crumbling of venerable institutions and time-honoured forms there may be in timid minds an anxious dread as to what may be involved in their fall, but the believing heart may surely cherish the confidence that in their ruin they will rise something nobler. It is not likely that we shall return to the old, but if experience does not all go for nothing, then, as the result of all this sifting and inquiry, we may look forward to a new that shall be better.

Meanwhile we are actors, not mere spectators. The age affects us, but we also to the measure of our power are telling upon it. We have testimony to bear, influence to exert, character to form, that in its turn it may act on others and on society at large. It is for us so to fill our place and do our work in the battle against evil both within and without that we may rest and stand in our lot in the end of the days. To the end we are rapidly passing on. Through tribulations which are testing our principles, through conflicts which are calling forth our faith and courage, and in which we may win the crown of life, through changes each of which leaves its impress upon us, we are passing to the end. On and on the stream of time rushes to the ocean of eternity, bearing on it all our hopes and fears. Another year gone means the end of another series of opportunities for doing manful and holy work, and the dawn of a new year is as a trumpet-call to wake us from every tendency to spiritual indifference, to remind us that already the day is far spent and the night is at hand, to inspire us with fresh energy and confidence to enter upon the new fields that are opening before us. The Master will soon call us to give an account of the work that we have done.

"Oh! that each in the day of His coming may say,
I have fought my way through; I have finished the work Thou didst give
me to do.
Oh! that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
Well and faithfully done, enter into My joy and sit down on My throne."

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER I.—WHAT LED TO THE SACRIFICE.

THE scene is laid in a little bird's nest of a room in one of those terrace rows of houses run up by builders without much regard to comfort, but with an eye to respectability, now so common upon

the outskirts of our towns. All classes of inhabitants are domiciled within them, from the old maid living comfortably upon an annuity of sixty pounds per annum to the clerk in the Midlandshire Banking Company, who finds the somewhat scanty accommodation all sufficient for his comfort and his means. Many a little bride has been brought home to these dolls' houses, here to begin in miniature her first experience of the terrible ordeal of house-keeping. There are families here too—noisy boys and growing girls—cramped within the small recesses that hardly deserve the name of rooms, and weary nerves jarred by the constant turmoil that here there is no escape from; for the sound of a voice, only slightly elevated above the usual pitch, is heard through every slender partition, hardly to be named in the same breath with the substantial divisions our forefathers called walls, and the echo of the neighbours' doings has to be endured also. It makes one's head and one's heart too ache to think how large a class of the homes of Merrie England is no better than what I have described; but quantity, not quality, is the fashion of all our supplies now, let the philosopher say whether or not it be the demand that has created such.

In the little front parlour of the end house of a terrace on the outskirts of a rural little market town in Midlandshire were seated a lady and gentleman.

The furniture of the room had not the newness and sparsity of the bricks and mortar, and lath and plaster, and its aspect was at war generally with the fittings up of the small space within the four square walls. The paper upon those walls had a small pattern traced upon a milky white ground, and was of the cheapest quality, but it was hidden as much as possible with engravings in handsomely gilt frames. The mantelpiece was of wood painted in imitation of marble, but above it was a glass that filled the whole space between it and the ceiling. The carpet had once been a good one, though now a close observer would have noticed that it was patched; that the best pieces had been picked out of one that had fitted a larger room, and joined together to cover the floor of this. The table, chairs, work-stand, and piano all partook of the same character that distinguished the pictures and the few ornaments. It was not difficult to account for this. There had been a wreck of a goodly vessel, and the articles stranded were secured for this little ark of safety.

The lady, seated in the Elizabethan chair, with a white cambric handkerchief pressed to her eyes, wears sable garments and a widow's cap. Death has been the instrument of the wreck.

The gentleman is evidently the ordained pastor of the parish, for, besides the black coat and white neck-cloth, there is something

in his bland, sympathetic face that bespeaks the professional comforter.

He has a newspaper in his hands, which slightly flutters as he speaks.

"My dear Mrs. Goldering, do not be over-persuaded by me unless you feel equal to the sacrifice. I should not advise it without strict inquiry being made first of all. But if, as I presume, the advertisement turn out to be a *bond-fide* affair, many mothers with such a family to provide for as you have, and such small means wherewith to do it, would not permit their own feelings to hinder what might be for the child's life-long advantage."

"Say no more," said the widow, resolutely drying her tears, "I will do as you advise; I will go to London to the address given in the advertisement. I will see the lady who advertises and judge for myself."

"And if," said the reverend gentleman, "it be all you can require, shall you be prepared then to relinquish your child to the hands of strangers?"

For an instant the lady averted her head; when she spoke it was with a calmness forced to the surface through depths of pain.

"You think I should not undertake this journey and incur the expense unless I am resolved to fulfil the utmost demands its events may entail?"

"I do."

"And I answer, if I find assurance that my darling's interests will be advanced and her well-being cared for as I would care for it, God will give me strength to yield my right over her to others."

"And will bless the sacrifice, I doubt not," said the clergyman; but he said no more by way of comfort, for he rightly judged the wound to be too deep to probe at present; by-and-bye he might be able to pour in healing balm that should be welcome and acceptable.

A few preliminaries were arranged between them, the advertisement was copied from the *Times* into Mrs. Goldering's pocket-book, with sundry particulars as to trains, cabs, &c., and then the Rev. James Paston, than whom a more warm-hearted, conscientious minister of God's holy Word never existed, furnished the funds for her journey out of his own private purse.

These arrangements were hardly concluded when the front door was opened and the sound of little feet was heard trooping into the hall.

The widow turned pale and trembled visibly.

The parlour door was thrown back, and the intruders came immediately upon the scene of action.

Three fatherless girls in their new mourning, aged respectively two years, eight, and twelve. It was the wee thing of two years

about whom this consultation had been held, the youngest of the widow's family, and one trebly endeared to the mother's heart, and loved beyond the measure even meted out to such pets generally, on account of her birth being preceded by the deaths of three babes; so that between this little one and the sister above her was a gap of six years filled only with the sad memory of those little nameless graves.

Very closely was the mother's heart united to this wee darling, and because she loved her so fondly she imagined she could give her up. But there was another reason buried in the throbbing recesses of her heart's core—a reason that was the central spring of her resolution, that nerved her to conceive, and would give her strength to carry out her determination.

As firmly as she believed in anything, in those days Mrs. Goldering believed that the date of her own death was fixed at no very distant period. The blow of her husband's sudden death, the cruel awakening from the stupor of grief that followed his loss, to the knowledge forced upon her that when his affairs were wound up she would be penniless and compelled by some labour of her hands or brain to earn the very bread her children must eat, fell heavily enough upon a constitution already weakened by disease that could only be eradicated by her submission at some future time to the knife of the operator. She looked forward to that inevitable operation with undefinable terror, instinctively feeling that it would be the means of hastening the end that for the sake of her helpless children she so much dreaded. For her own sake she did not fear death; it would heal her own sorrow and bring about the reunion beyond the grave that alone she had now to look forward to. To provide for her children as well as it lay within her power to do was now her sole aim within the time allotted to her on earth. God in His infinite mercy knew what was best for her and for them; if He permitted her to stay until this purpose was accomplished it would be well; if not, why still His will must be best for all.

The inhabitants of the little town of Hartford had deeply sympathised with her in her sudden and heavy bereavement. Dr. Goldering had been highly esteemed as a townsman, and had commanded the respect of every one by his own individual integrity, and by his position, which it had been believed was based upon a foundation both substantial and sure. He had been looked upon as a moneyed man, as one well able to retire from his profession, and live independently any day of his life; it was confidently asserted in several quarters that he was only waiting until he had a son old enough to succeed him in his profession, that the practice was too sound and too lucrative to be relinquished when there were boys growing up to be provided for. A few more years added to the

good doctor's life might have made a difference to the position in which his family was left at his death ; but God ordered it otherwise.

His sudden death was felt as a violent shock ; but the knowledge speedily following it of the confused and totally ruinous state of his affairs was infinitely more astounding to the public as represented by the inhabitants of Hartford. Then it became evident that the doctor had died in merciful ignorance of the involved state of his affairs, that no blame attached to him, that his memory was more to be pitied than reproached.

Up to a certain point he had been rich and well to do, then he had accepted a trust, received money, and placed it out at interest in the hands of a friend. That friend proved false, improvident ; he stood upon the verge of ruin at Dr. Goldering's death, and that death precipitated it. Not one farthing of the trust money remained, and the interest of it for several years had been allowed to fall into arrears. The wonder was how the doctor, in most cases a shrewd and far-seeing man, could have allowed himself to be so imposed upon ; but is it not the most upright and single-hearted men who are most generally the victims of such imposition ? The doctor's executors were compelled to refund the trust money out of the deceased gentleman's estate ; and when that was done, and all other liabilities were disposed of, not a penny remained for the widow and her children. It was a hard case, people said and felt, and their sympathy for the widow in her misfortune was shown substantially. A collection was made in the town and neighbourhood, and a purse of two hundred pounds was placed in her hands, and this, besides the exertions they and she might make, was all she and her children had to depend upon for support through the coming years. The Vicar of Hartford took that small house for her in the Terrace on the Luffenham Road, and other friends bought in the furniture from the sale of Dr. Goldering's effects. When the first sad weeks of her bereavement should be past, she was to open a school, educating her own girls with the pupils the vicar would be able to recommend to her.

The gentleman who succeeded to Dr. Goldering's practice, and in the handsome house vacated in the High-street, took the eldest boy, Willie, into his surgery ; and the second, a grave, thoughtful lad, who was to have gone to college and taken holy orders had his father lived, was apprenticed to a draper in the town. Sorely the lads felt the great change in their circumstances, but they concealed their sorest pain from their mother, and strove to be brave for her sake.

There was another boy, Charley, who ranked between Annie and Jane ; he declared his intention of being a sailor, and nothing

else. In vain Mrs. Goldering represented to him the unpleasantness he must undergo—how he must go through, as it were, the very dregs of that profession if he entered it now when she could do nothing to further his rise. The sea fever is a very strong one, and all paramount while it lasts; a sailor Charley would be, and nothing but a sailor. Of course he would have preferred the navy, but then he assured his mother there were as good and true men in the merchant-service as any whose privilege it was to fight for Her Most Gracious Majesty and the mighty realm of England.

"Yes," said Mrs. Goldering, with a sigh, "but it would cost much more money than I can afford to procure your admission even into one of the merchant-services."

Charley's eyes filled with tears of disappointment as he turned away, for he feared that, for a time at least, he must relinquish his heart's desire, and turn to some less congenial occupation, that his mother might be at least partly relieved from the burden of his support. But only for a time: Charley was certain he never could really settle down to be a mere "land lubber."

"Only once let me get on board some ship or other, and then see if I don't work my way. If I only rise to be captain of one of the Channel steamboats it will be something."

Having made the reader so far conversant with Hester Goldering's troubles, he can hardly wonder that when, upon the afternoon upon which my story opens, the Vicar of Hartford entered the little parlour, with a newspaper in his hand, and pointed the following advertisement out to her notice, the project therein propounded forced itself upon her consideration:—

"WANTED, by the Advertiser, a CHILD to ADOPT as a Companion to her own, who feels the bereavement of a little sister's death most acutely. The child must be of the female sex, not more than three years of age, and of respectable parentage. Great advantages will be secured to the little one, and every kindness shown.—Application to be made personally, by the parents or guardians of the child, at 56, Brook-street, Hanover-square."

Mr. Paston thought it no mere catch-penny advertisement, but that it read as though prompted by the want expressed. It might prove a most merciful provision for her child, and any way was an opportunity that should not be set aside unquestioned.

As the child ran to her mother's knee, as the soft, clinging arms were twined around the bended neck, the mother embraced her darling convulsively. For one moment she thought that no power on earth could tempt her to relinquish her, even though it were to strew all her future pathway with flowers. The next came sharp reminders of the death she believed so imminent, in severe and agonising pain. Her head drooped lower over the curly one at her

knee, and the tears fell. The Vicar watched the struggle while his own eyes grew dim, and when he saw what the end of it was, he rose to depart.

CHAPTER II.—LITTLE TROTTIE GIVEN UP.

Annie and Jane Goldering were astonished when told of their mother's contemplated journey on the morrow; and more so when informed that their little sister was to be nicely dressed and made ready to accompany her.

Jane was disposed to envy the child. "Why should she go?" she questioned in an indignant aside to Annie, "just because she's the youngest, mother lets her have all the enjoyment."

Still the thought that if the mother had let seniority guide her in choice of a companion upon her journey, it would have fallen to Annie to go and not to herself, contented Jane eventually. Annie felt no grudge against the little one.

"Oh, such a journey as our little Trottie's going to make!" she exclaimed. "She'll be quite a traveller. What will she bring home with her for Sissie?"

"Me bring oo me self," lisped the little one, and Annie showered kisses upon the baby lips for the thought. How sad she would have been had she known that "me self" was just the one thing the little one could not bring back, and that long years would elapse before she would again set eyes upon the loved face of her little sister.

Mrs. Goldering said nothing to her children of what might be the event of that journey up to town; how, setting forth with the dear baby hand clasped in hers, she would in all probability return alone, and then for her the bitterness of death would be past. She had faced the truth in the long, silent hours of the still dark night; lying wakeful upon her bed she had communed with her God and gained the victory over her heart's clinging weakness. She was resolved steadily to pursue the course marked out for her, crushing down the treacherous hope that would rise in her breast, suggesting to her the tempting thought that many causes might intervene to prevent the contemplated separation from her darling.

Upon reaching London she took a cab and went direct to the address of an agent given her by Mr. Paston, who had some friendly connection with that gentleman, and was so well known to him that he had assured Mrs. Goldering she might faithfully rely upon every word he said.

He was an intelligent, middle-aged man; a gentleman in speech and manners.

He received Mrs. Goldering cordially, having been advised of her coming by a letter received from Mr. Paston that morning.

"You desire to be informed what family is at present in the occupation of 56, Brook Street, Hanover Square?"

Mrs. Goldering inclined her head in the affirmative.

He took down a large volume from the shelves to his right, laid it upon his desk, and turned over the leaves. Presently he paused at one, Mrs. Goldering watching him eagerly, little Trottie stretching out her tiny hand to catch the motes floating in the sunbeams, ignorant that her fate depended upon the answer her mother so anxiously waited for.

"56 Brook Street is the town residence of Sir William and Lady Trevor. Country house, Crowland Abbey, Westernshire, one of the most ancient seats in the kingdom." He stopped and turned round. "You will not care for a mere handy-book description of a country-house!"

"Read me everything, please, every word you have there," pleaded Mrs. Goldering, to whom every feature, however deficient in interest to others, of what might possibly be her child's future home was fraught with significance; and, constrained by the glittering eyes looking out upon him from the widow's wan face, he turned again to the book spread open upon the desk and read from it: "The estate is richly wooded, the park stocked with deer. The abbey itself, the small remaining part of the original structure, dates back to the time of Edward the Confessor, and was endowed by grants from him. Recent owners have added, improved, and renovated. The neighbourhood is one of the most fertile and beautiful that the heart could desire, watered by the meandering stream of the Nova, and enclosed by the swelling heights of the Woldscote Hills. Viewing it one may well endorse the words of the poet—

"Here nature in her unaffected dress,
Plaited with valleys and embossed with hills,
Enchased with silver streams and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet clad."

Will that information suffice, Mrs. Goldering?"

He shut the book, and turned towards her once more as he put the question.

"Do you know anything of Sir William and Lady Trevor? What character do they bear?"

"I always hear them well spoken of. They are in deep affliction now, I believe, and have only just arrived in town from Crowland for the purpose of having the constant supervision of an eminent physician for their little girl, their only remaining child."

"Have they lost some?"

"The eldest, a boy, died of fever at school barely a year ago, and a little girl was drowned at Crowland within the last month while out walking with the nurse."

Involuntarily Mrs. Goldering drew her own little one closer to her. There were trials one might be called upon to bear heavier than such a separation as this.

Grateful for the information he had furnished her with, Hester Goldering rose from her seat, and took her leave of Mr. Paston's friend.

She went next to a luncheon house in St. Paul's Churchyard. She seated herself at one of the small tables in the room at the back of the confectioner's shop, and called for a cup of chocolate and roll and butter for herself, and cakes and sweets for the little one. The last meal most likely that they would eat together for many, many years, it might be for ever; and Hester Goldering's heart was very heavy as she watched the unconscious baby devouring her sweets with so much zest, intent only upon the delightful gratification of her own little self. It was a sad picture and a very suggestive one—the mother in her widow's weeds, every feature of her pale face shaded by a touching melancholy, watching with wistful, lingering gaze the rosy child at her feast, while her own refreshment stood untasted.

"A' don," said Trottie, shaking the crumbs from her little black frock expressively. "Me ont more tates, me does."

"Not more, darling. Trottie will make herself sick, and then mamma will be so sorry."

"Me *does* ont more."

Doubtless Trottie perceived with a child's quick instinct that nothing would be refused her that day, and Miss Trottie was a little maiden by no means averse to self-indulgence. So more cakes were brought, and then further demands were satisfied with a paper of sweetmeats shut up in one chubby hand. When Mrs. Goldering got into an omnibus at the top of Fleet-street to ride into Regent Street, Trottie was soon fast asleep upon her lap.

At Hanover Street she got out of the omnibus, and holding little Trottie's hand with her burning grasp, she proceeded along it. When she came to Brook Street, having passed through the square, she began reading the numbers. All too soon they came to fifty-six, and not trusting herself to linger, Mrs. Goldering rang the bell.

The door was opened immediately, and Mrs. Goldering was bowed into the entrance hall by the stately possessor of silken calves, striped waistcoat, and powdered hair. Probably she was not the first applicant in answer to the advertisement, for the porter seemed to understand her errand when he caught sight of the child at her side, and handed her over to a gentleman in broad cloth, to be by him conveyed to Lady Trevor's presence.

Up a broad staircase, on to a wide landing, where there was a

mingling of prismatic rays as the light fell through stained glass on to rare exotics and gleaming statuettes, with a rich tropical perfume, intoxicating to the senses, Mrs. Goldering followed the silken calves as in a dream. What if her child was come to be at home in all this luxury? What if her passionate craving for the sweets of life was to be gratified evermore? Like many a foolishly fond mother, Hester Goldering believed there was nothing so desirable for her darling as the gratification of all her desires. Deny yourselves, learn to endure hardness, was advice all very good as far as herself was concerned; but for the child she loved, the more her lines fell in pleasant places the better. The thought was essentially a mother's; better, a great deal, that her child's every want should find its fulfilment than that her tender feet should be blistered on the road to Calvary. This is not God's discipline, and He often sends the needful nourishment to the soul that would die but for His care, in opposition to that mistaken earthly love that would let it sink into a deathly lethargy rather than that the body should suffer. For this Hester Goldering was nerving her heart to make that sacrifice; for her own feet thorns and roughness, for her own heart martyrdom, for her love crucifixion, for little Trottie brightness, and warmth, and beauty, no matter though her own heart broke in the effort to secure these for her child.

Mrs. Goldering was ushered into a large, partially shaded apartment, whose general appearance was that of luxury and elegance combined.

A lady, who had been seated upon a couch at the further end of the room, rose and came forward as she entered.

She was dressed in deep mourning, her sombre skirts trailed behind her as she advanced, and two small white nervous hands were clasped before her. Her hair was very fair and lustreless, her face likewise, as though the light of hope had been banished by watching and weeping. But it was a lovely, patrician face, notwithstanding the absence of light and colour, and the dignity of high birth and position gave a stateliness to the small slender form.

She motioned Mrs. Goldering to a seat, and took one herself, for indeed she was hardly able to stand, a quiver passed over her from head to foot when she noticed the rosy, healthy child by the mother's side.

Trottie was in no way abashed by her strange surroundings. She did not shrink back and hide her face in her mother's gown as a timid child would have done; but she stood a little apart from her, with finger thrust into her mouth, staring around. Then her blue eyes came back to her own immediate neighbourhood, and fixed themselves upon the lady facing her. So it happened that the

conversation between the two women was commenced less formally than it would have been.

Lady Trevor drew Trottie to her side, stroked down her hair, and kissed her brow, and the other woman watched Trottie's willing submission to these caresses, her heart fluttering like a live thing within her bosom. She clasped both hands tightly over it. Looking into Lady Trevor's face, she read there that which instinctively commanded her respect and confidence. With that knowledge the last, lingering hope of carrying Trottie back with her to Hartford died out; her child would be as dearly and honourably cared for by Lady Trevor as she would be by herself, and no excuse remained by means of which she could avoid fulfilling the promise made to Mr. Paston.

"You are the Mrs. Goldering of whose coming I have received intimation this morning by letter from a Mr. Paston of Hartford, are you not?" Lady Trevor asked.

Mrs. Goldering bowed in the affirmative; words failed her just then.

"Mr. Paston alludes to great troubles you have been called upon to bear. I am very sorry for your trials; my own heart's grief makes me tender of that of others. If you will allow me I shall be able to relieve you of your most pressing need, but you must not look upon it as the price of the great sacrifice you are here to make. Disabuse your mind of that idea entirely, and look upon it as a gift from one sorrowing woman upon whom the Lord has bestowed an abundance of worldly wealth to another who has need of it."

Mrs. Goldering's tears fell at this evidence of Lady Trevor's delicate consideration.

"Your ladyship is very kind."

"Not so kind as your willing sacrifice warrants my being. Are you satisfied to resign this little one to me?"

"Your ladyship does not, I am sure, expect too much from me. I am *satisfied* since I have seen you, for I know she will be tenderly and justly treated, but resigned I am not, and cannot be at present. The sacrifice is a great one."

"I acknowledge it, and I appreciate it all the more on that account. Mr. Paston informs me that you have a family of children, so that the parting from this child will be less keen than it might be."

"I have others, my lady, and yet, with cruel perversity, my heart fixes itself upon this one above all the rest, though I am parting with her to ease the burden of their maintenance."

Lady Trevor eagerly seized the opportunity here afforded of changing the conversation to a theme less painful.

"To lighten that burden shall be my care. From to-day, if you are prepared to leave this child with me so soon, you will be in receipt of an annuity of one hundred pounds per annum."

Mrs. Goldering strove to speak her thanks, but the words choked her, for strive as she would, she could not but feel that to be the price for which she was bartering her child.

"And now," said Lady Trevor, more energetically than she had spoken yet, "let us discuss the terms of agreement upon both sides. The necessary papers are drawn up, and are awaiting our signatures and the filling in of names. My lawyer only awaits a message from me to be here at any moment."

For a second Lady Trevor bowed her head over the fair little one at her knee, and her next sentences were uttered in tones tremulous from sympathy with the mother upon whose heart they fell.

"In all things this child is to be to us as another daughter; therefore it is the wish of Sir William and myself that she should grow up knowing no other parents and calling her little companion sister. That this may be the better effected we break up our establishment directly the arrangements are completed, and go abroad to reside for some years. These are the only terms upon which Sir William will permit me to entertain the idea of taking an adopted child. He will have no distinction made between her and our own. She will share the same advantages of education while young; she will be introduced into society, when old enough, as our daughter, and will be left amply provided for, in the position to which she has been educated, at our death. Nothing but that death is to be permitted to annul the agreement you will be required to sign. That our determination may be the better carried out, for the child's sake, and that she may never be placed in the painful position she would be did she ever learn how much at variance are the social positions of her real and adopted parents, you are required to resign her entirely into our hands, never seeking for intercourse with her, indeed looking upon her as one dead, unless our death releases you from the compact. The conditions, I know, are hard, but, in justice to the child, we cannot make them less stringent. Do you agree to them?"

The gloved hands clasped each other convulsively.

"I do, your ladyship."

"Then I think the preliminaries are concluded; we can do no more until my lawyer arrives. I will despatch a messenger at once. In the meantime, will you not take some refreshment?"

This, however, Mrs. Goldering declined, assuring her ladyship that the sooner the transfer was now effected the better it would be for her, that she might return to Hartford and her duties, where her surest consolation would lie.

"You return to Hartford, then, this evening?"

"I have a return ticket."

There was an awkward pause. Lady Trevor felt that no words of hers could convey consolation just now. Then her womanly instinct suggested a means whereby the time might be filled.

"Would you like to see your child installed in the nursery, and also be introduced to her new sister?"

To this proposal Hester Goldering gladly acceded, and the two women, with little Trottie held in guidance for the last time by her real mother, proceeded to a large upper room.

A respectable, middle-aged woman sat upon the hearth, holding a child upon her knee—a little, pale-faced girl, with large, luminous, blue eyes, that opened themselves to their fullest extent when they saw the stranger Trottie.

Trottie thrust her finger into her mouth, and returned the stare of the little stranger with interest. The mothers watched them with fluttering hearts. Trottie was the first to break the silence.

"Likkle dirl not bid as me!"

True enough; Lady Trevor's little girl was not nearly so well grown as Trottie, but then Trottie was in rosy health, and the other had refused all nourishment beyond what they compelled her to take, and was moping herself to death since she had lost her little sister. Doctors and parents were alike unable to rouse her, and the latter were in despair, fearing they should be left childless, until the physician whom they consulted in town recommended the course they were now pursuing.

The little one's cry was constantly for "mine sissie," the sister who was drowned; the probability was that another child of her own age might supply the place of the sister she had lost.

Touched by the sight of the plaintive little face, Hester Goldering stooped and whispered to her child, "Go and kiss the little girl, Trottie."

Trottie went to the side of the nurse, and lifted one of the little waxen white hands in her chubby one. A smile and then a flush crossed the puppy face.

"Ma says me tiss oo," said Trottie, pursing up her rosy lips.

"So you shall, you darling," said nurse, furthering the meeting of the baby lips. "See, my lady, she's better already. Please God, she'll soon be running about and playing as a child should."

Nurse's words proved themselves a true prophecy. An hour later, when Lady Trevor and Mrs. Goldering returned to the nursery, after the agreement had been signed and sealed in the presence of Sir William Trevor and Mr. Fairfax, the lawyer,

they found the two children seated side by side upon the ground, surrounded with toys, the little sick girl's face as lively and eager as Trottie's own.

Lady Trevor turned to Hester Goldering with a smile of gratitude and joy.

"I shall be your debtor for ever; you have relieved the agony of pain and fear at my heart. May God bless you for the sacrifice you have made."

At that instant, when Lady Trevor's grateful words thrilled through her bosom, the sacrifice seemed easier to Hester Goldering than it had done since the project was first named by Mr. Paston.

Lady Trevor pressed her hospitality upon the mother of little Trottie, but Hester Goldering felt that every moment she lingered would but add to her torture, and make the parting more difficult, so she would not defer it.

The magnitude of the ordeal imparted an unnatural calmness to her at the last moment. Perhaps what braced her nerves to a stronger endurance was Trottie's indifference. Already her baby companion, the plenitude of splendid toys, the large wide spaces of the nursery were paramount over all else in her mind, and even when the mother's lips were pressed in silent agony to her own, she struggled to be free.

"Mamma's going away, and won't see Trottie again for a long time."

"Tome back fess Tottie anoder day; Tottie onts to pay wiv likkle dirl."

Downstairs Hester Goldering met Lady Trevor again. With the freedom that had grown up between them within the last few hours, she asked her when they were going to leave England, and where they were going to.

Lady Trevor laid her hand upon the widow's arm.

"I will write to you of our plans and movements for several years. Then, for your own sake as well as that of the child, let the correspondence die out. If she be sick unto death you shall be summoned. Let this compact remain a secret between us, and rely upon it I will respect it."

Hester Goldering knew that this was all she had any right to expect, and after thanking Lady Trevor she departed. So she returned to Hartford alone. Mr. Paston rejoiced at the success of her mission, and the pecuniary advantages that would accrue to her little family from it. By the one sacrifice they were all in a measure provided for; at least, with the result of the exertions all were able to make, there was no fear of want overtaking them.

Little Trottie's absence was, of course, noted and commented upon; and to silence busy tongues Mr. Paston and Mrs. Goldering

both spread abroad so much of the story as they thought fit should be made known, carefully abstaining from all mention of the name of the family into which she had been adopted.

So by little and little the pet name of little Martha Goldering became a thing of the past in Mrs. Goldering's family; no one mentioned it; only in the mother's heart its memory never faded. The little frocks and shoes, and nondescript garments, with the broken toys, so meagre in comparison with the splendid ones in Lady Trevor's nursery, were packed away in locked-up drawers, only looked at upon solitary occasions by the mother when her heart yearned for her darling's artless prattle. Sometimes it startled her to think that the baby Trottie was now only a baby in her own remembrance; that the child who had once borne that name was growing up to womanhood; that were she to meet her now she would not recognise the sometime round, rosy, laughing features.

Mrs. Goldering's presentiment was not fulfilled; she underwent the operation safely, and her health grew stronger after it than it had been for some years before. Sometimes she would question her own heart as to whether that sacrifice had been purposeless; she could not think that, when she remembered the joy and relief it had conveyed to Lady Trevor; and having made it prayerfully and in singleness of heart, she could not believe that God would permit evil to come out of it.

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY; OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER II.—Wherein is set forth the Order of Church Ministers as seen from the Author's Window, and the Mutual Relations of this hierarchy.

ECCLESIASTICAL historians (amongst whom I venture to consider myself one) have expended much research and ability in discussing the order of the ministry in the Church. To some it is a thing given clearly and distinctly by the Apostles themselves with definition of duty and mode of appointment. Others hold it to be a growth, fashioning itself according to the exigencies of the Church or the necessities of the world. Now it will not at all come within my province to enter upon such a discussion as that. I cannot see from my study window either apostolic times or very extensive Church practices. But I see Salem, that is, I used to see Salem,

a good deal of it indeed; and it was very plain that there were certain persons connected with that ancient conventicle who had very much more to do with its affairs than the rest. They appeared oftener. I watched them congregating, talking, active; I followed them with my eyes as they passed along the aisles, into this pew, and out of the other; sometimes at the desk, sometimes in the pulpit, now appearing among the singers, and now among the children in the gallery. The greater proportion of the people came in quietly and took their seats, and bowed in prayer, joined in song, listened devoutly or otherwise, and then went out again, I suppose to their homes; but they were mere ciphers, just parts of the congregation and nothing else. But those whom I more particularly observed were altogether different from this; they were found in certain places, and were doing certain things. Without them my beloved conventicle would have ceased to be. I should not have been surprised in their absence to find it vanish either into the heavens or into the earth; and I came at last to know that these were the ministers, the officers of the church.

My studies had acquainted me with bishops, priests, and deacons, or as some doctors preferred to call them, pastors and deacons. But I did not recognise a bishop through the windows. Perhaps I should not know exactly how to distinguish these great magnates of the Church. Priests there certainly were not, for there was no sacrifice except that which all the people offered, and so all came into the priestly office. Deacons there were, some of whom were my valued friends, and these it is true were amongst the busy ones whom I saw; but there were many beside these, as far as I could see, of great influence and importance; and so it became needful for me to enumerate more completely, and classify upon a very different principle the orders of ministers amongst my neighbours.

The reader knows the principle on which I proceed—outsidedness. And this was found on careful observation to be a very useful law by which to try and determine the ruling spirits of our chapel. There were those concerned chiefly with the outside, and those who had to do with the inside. But this alone I found was not sufficiently determinant, so I fixed at length upon watching the officials according to their frequency of appearance on the outside. Those of course who came out oftenest I saw most of, and concluded that these were the ministers who had most to do. Some I saw less frequently, others scarcely at all, evidently of little moment in the doings of the chapel people. There is accordingly subjoined the order of the ministers as they thus appeared from the outside.

In the first place there was a personage who frequently would be found coming out, and be deeply engaged in some external work.

Now it was examining a rain pipe which had been choked and allowed the water to leak in and drop on the best bonnet of the doctor's wife ; at other times this important official would be seen chasing a dog which had strayed into the enclosure and mingled his canine devotions with the human voice. Sometimes I have seen him in full hunt after half a dozen urchins who had come into the lobby and were not too silent (said by some of the people to be the choristers of the parish church employed by the rector to disturb the schismatic congregation, but I, for one, never believed the scandalous report). Less frequently did I catch sight of this functionary through the window in his appointed seat near the door of the chapel (ready, you observe, for outside procedures), and generally he seemed to be expressing his unbounded satisfaction with the preacher's utterances by a series of the most solemn nods. This was observed to be more strictly carried out when the regular minister was present ; but, as for many years the pastor was short-sighted, it is not known that he was edified and cheered by this full and manifest assent and consent of the evidently most important of the Salem hierarchy.

In the above passage the masculine pronoun has been used. It is, however, on the principle that the masculine includes the feminine,* for the office of this minister to whom the name of *naophylax* was given, which, done into the vulgar tongue, may be represented by chapel-keeper, was at times discharged by one of the weaker vessels (although perhaps weakness ought not to be predicated at all of her, we should say more correctly not so strong, or presumably less strong). For many years this feminine ministrant was united in the bonds of matrimony to the officer of the first order ; indeed, it was found well that this union should subsist, for whilst her duty was co-ordinate with his, yet there was a more special office which the woman performed, and which the observations of the author led him to assign to the second place in the hierarchy. I have often watched that industrious and exemplary female stand demurely at the door, and, as the attendants arrived, conveyed them with a becoming solemnity to the places assigned them in the congregation. It is true the post was at times occupied by others, stout and well-to-do deacons, the younger additions to that office being now and then drafted off to keep the door and direct the congregation to their seats. This ministry is clearly distinct from the *naophylakian*, and it demands its separate place and its own peculiar name. It is the second order of ministry, *thyroigos*, if we would

* *Vide* Eton Latin Grammar. I have supplied this note for the benefit of any of the younger readers who may in these modern times at least doubt the statement of the text. I refrain from discussing the question, but leave it to a young writer (at least he seems so to me, who once met his father) I believe at one time M.P. for the city of Westminster.

be classical, door-keeper or pew-opener if we would be understood by the average worshipper at Salem.

It was only after a long and patient observation that I discovered the function which demanded the third place. There were at times certain persons, known as deacons, who, it seemed to me, from perpetual motion, demanded to be next determined. They were seen without the porch, often as ancient elders, beneath the gate, always employed, active, and I hope efficient. But Salem's well-being did not, on careful thought, seem to depend upon these. I felt that they must be relegated at once to the last class, to occupy, with the pastorate, the unimportant position of those that attended chiefly to the spiritual concerns of the place. Glimpses were far more often caught of one or two of the wives of these deacons, and I found—but this only by very minute and patient observation—that next to the pew-openers must come the ladies of the diaconate, probably needing, as we shall hereafter see, a further subdivision. Their duties were significant within the place. Fully to discharge them, they had to come early and to leave later than the rest. At the door, also, one or two of them were busier, for a short while at least, even than the chapel-keeper or pew-opener, and so I felt that they must receive the third place in the ministry of the congregation.

Then come a mixed class, difficult to define, and somewhat heterogeneous. The singers were part of them; the teachers, who sat among the children, are also to be numbered here; and probably we shall find that the widow of the preceding pastor will take a place in this mixed multitude. These I should call *adjuncti*, or, more properly, *adjunctæ* (from the predominance of the feminine element)—very helpful, but not absolutely necessary to the external life of Salem.

Then, fifth and lastly, let us number the servants of the church. These are the *employed*, consisting of the deacons and pastors. The church engages them, I found, and pays them a wage; the latter in the shape of money, the former with a coin of dubious character, of different metals; on the reverse sides of it, honour and fault-finding, I-fear, at times even descending to abuse, just softened by religious phraseology. This class may be called the ministers proper, the undignified clergy,—the other orders possessing (that is to say, as far as I could judge) immense powers, authority, and honour.

Such are the ministries, as observed from my study window. The reader will perhaps find this chapter dry. If so, I recommend him to skip it, and go on at once to the more detailed consideration of these orders in the church. Lest, however, he should find that by omitting the above he loses the intelligent following of the

whole subject, I have drawn out a scheme of this hierarchy which at a glance will display the orders of the service, and the relationship which they occupy. Let him study the following table, and he will find that the perusal of the chapter becomes unnecessary:—

CHURCH ORDERS.	{	A. Naophylax, or Templekeeper.
		B. Thyroigoi, or Vergers and Doorkeepers.
		C. THE Women, or General Managers.
	{	D. Adjuncti, {
		a. Harmonious.
		b. Chaos Reducing.
	{	c. Reminder.
a. Money-paid.		
b. Objects of Universal Criticism.*		
{	E. Ministri, {	

CHAPTER III.—Wherein the Author relates what he has observed of Chapel-keepers, with Sundry Practical Remarks added for the benefit of the said Officials and any others whom it may concern.

The intelligent reader who has skipped the preceding chapter, and rested content with a study of the scheme of officers thereto appended, will see that in my estimation the most important personage who holds office in our chapel is undoubtedly the keeper. His natural genius will help him to the reasons for such prominence, while the more devoted—must I say dearer?—reader who has carefully mastered my discussion will naturally expect that I should treat herein of the naophylakian order.

What should we do without chapel-keepers? This has been the subject of many a long meditation at my open window. Who would be able to answer the ring at the bell and modest request which is proffered by that demure lady in black who wishes to know where the clergyman of this church resides? I am sure that is the question, for there is a long explanation; that this is not a church, but a chapel; that we do not call our pastor the clergyman, but the minister; and then follows the pointing up the street, and the indication of the second turning to the left, and I know it as well as if I heard it—"the first door with ivy on it, and a brass knocker as is very conspikus," and the demure female makes

* Objection may be urged by some critic to the use by the author of names derived from several languages. It is hardly needful to point out the irrelevance and short-sightedness of this remark. The author has very suggestively indicated the fact that Salem is truly Catholic, that her service and life are the outgrowth and result of influences furnished by all people,—notably two or three. We are only sorry that the limitations of his strict and philosophical division did not allow of him to introduce many other languages; for example, all those into which the British and Foreign Bible Society have translated the Sacred Scriptures. It is only a matter of regret that his delicate state of health prevents him re-entering upon this classification, and extending it, as we have no doubt he very easily could, even to embrace orders whose names should be derived from the Fiji or Bechuana languages. This is only an illustration of the mode in which ecclesiastical subjects grow upon their authors.—EDITOR.

a bow and hurries away, I know, with "the tickets of some deserving family to be redeemed out of the pawnshop;" or a request for aid to the fund for the support of the second and third wives of most interesting and hopeful South Sea islanders, who cannot very well retain more than one and their membership in the church, and are much troubled as to what shall be done with the rest; or, again, it is the inevitable foreigner, probably a German Doctor of Philosophy, or a French refugee who in Market Brampton wants a passage to La Belle France, who inquires at the *église* of the monsieur *vare* the gentleman the pasteur reside. Poor pastor! It is hard enough for him to make both ends meet without these harpies of charity to prey upon him and his. To be sure, I have seen one of this world's outcasts ask the way to the minister's. Poor lad! he knows he may gain a welcome for a while there, perhaps help, certainly a moment's pity and love, and that is much for such as he has become. What, I say, would these inquirers do if it were not for the chapel-keeper? Have you ever knocked at a church that is locked, no one in or near? Is there a more desolate sound than that echo of the raised bolt, that dull, heavy shaking of the strongly fastened doors? Why should these be shut? I have often wondered. Even Salem might be left open; many a poor, tired wayfarer would go in there. The chapel-keeper's house is open, and a ring is answered. Why should not God's house be open too?

Is it a symbol of our selfish religion which bids us build places for our worship—in truth, conveniences whereby we may with most comfort and enjoyment say our prayers, but shuts them inexorably against many who would be glad of a quiet rest and retirement? Who knows?—perhaps thoughts and emotions would arise which would change the house from one of rest into one of prayer. Often do I pity the busy men who pass along our street who probably cannot the whole day long find either the place or the time of solitude. My friends the chapel-keepers would never so discharge their duties as when they were appointed to keep the chapel open.

It may be supposed that the writer has had no small experience of these church officers during his long life. From childhood they have been objects of his admiring, sometimes amused, sometimes most reverent contemplation. He remembers in the far back years the ancient keeper of the place, who had been there, if tradition speaks truly, ever since the pastorate of Dr. Ford; indeed, according to some stories, was chapel-keeper when the doctor preached his probationary sermons. That, however, was very apocryphal, as it would have made the old fellow to be a score years or more over the century,—a demand upon belief which some young fellows who had been reading Sir George Cornewall Lewis declared

was "simply absurd." However that may be, I can well remember the old man. Short and sturdy, the thin skin drawn tightly over the cheeks, as closely fitting as the silk hose which he donned upon Sundays, and his eye bright and flashing like the silver top which adorned his cane, which cane had often done service upon the young rioters of Salem. I was a favourite of the old man, and he would take me before my accident, when I could clamber with the best, and show me the mysteries of the vestry, and even at times allow me to ascend into the chambers of the roof—memorials of the time when Salem worshipped not in quietness and peace, and was often compelled to retreat to the upper regions from the officers of Stuart justice. Mr. Penrose was fully alive to the glories of his chapel. What if there were ancient brasses and mediæval tombs in the parish church, were there not memorials quite as sacred in the little tablet above the pulpit which recorded the painful labours, life, and death of the Rev. Jedediah Armstrong, who had been ejected in 1662? or in the communion service, one plate of which had been used by some of Cromwell's Ironsides—good at battle and psalm-singing alike? "Tush!" would the old man say, with a contemptuous toss of his head. "What matters a few hundred years; and then, you know, Master Tim, we hold the truth, and do not cling to Popish errors like them," indicating the heretics by a jerk of the thumb, supposed to be in the direction of the parish church.

It was my delight to watch Penrose trim the candles upon some early winter afternoon. Service would commence in the feeble rays of the dying light. But just about the time when our minister gave out his text it became the old man's duty to light the candles. What may have been the effect upon the elders is unrecorded, but to us youngsters it was very distracting, although it became a pleasant diversion to turn us from the weary hour that we were compelled to sit out upon high seats with very hard and straight backs. Twice during the progress of the discourse the candles needed snuffing. Dextrous though the snuffer was, at times the hand lost its cunning, and the candle was snuffed out. This once occurred with the pulpit lights, one of which, in his trepidation, was extinguished, to the delight of the boys and confusion of the preacher, who happened that day to be a stranger—a young and nervous minister from the neighbouring town.

But it was at christenings that our old friend shone out resplendently. He was master of the ceremonies, he was general marshaller of the hosts; even the infantry were under his especial captaincy. If a child cried, Penrose was well supplied with restoratives in the shape of lollipop or cake; if a mother was bashful or a father slow, the old chapel-keeper was instantly to the fore. Then how he in

truth *kept* the place. It was clean; you might have seen your face in the mahogany top of the pew; not a rim of dust ever came off upon your hat as you carefully deposited it under the seat, and the very pulpit cushion, however hard a forcible preacher thumped it, never answered back in a cloud which concealed the orator from the entranced but alarmed audience. Dear old chapel-keeper of my boyish days! thou art gone, long even before the old conventicle was dismantled. How thou wouldst have mourned that ruin, and much do I doubt whether thou wouldst have been at all consoled at the present "handsome structure." Certainly wouldst thou be horrified if thou sawest how it is now kept. There was at least one item in thy creed that I would gladly now see held and acted on—"I believe in clean chapels;" and if you call them churches, ye naophylaks of modern days, at least let them be churches that are clean. I fear the old man has proved garrulous in his recollections of the past; but the reader will forgive the power of these pleasant memories.

Salem fared badly in its chapel-keepers after old Penrose's death. For a while a grand-daughter of his had the post, with the aid of her husband; but she was a termagant and a scold—terrible alike to minister and deacons. Even a wife of one of the latter dared not venture to tackle the lady single-handed; and I have known more than three of the leading women of the place come off with shattered rigging, and in an almost sinking state, from an encounter with the redoubtable virago. When the weather was close and stifling every window would be shut. Mrs. Brown (Brown is the deacon that manages the pew rents) is fainting. Brown vainly gesticulates to the chapel-keeper, who is devoutly sitting in her pew, with her husband at her side, but both having their heads well ducked downwards, so as to be sure that no deaconal hints can reach them. At the close of the service there is a storm. Brown attacks Mrs. Lance, but is fain to retreat with the warning that now in summer weather the windows must be open. Alas! alas! next Sunday, though it is the middle of July, is wet, and cold, and miserable. Every window is wide open, and Mrs. Brown is laid up with neuralgia throughout the rest of the week.

This state of things cannot be continued. The measure of her chapel-keeping iniquities is filled; and a solemn conclave is held, in which Mrs. Lance is deposed. But who is the successor? Poor Salem, thou art seized by a despotic queen, and nothing but Athaliah's fate for her will save you from the tyranny. Where is Jehu? Salem has no Jehu; and Brown meekly proposes that *Mr.* Lance be elected chapel-keeper. The proposal is carried, and in triumph the deposed woman rules now unchecked but through her husband.

After Mrs. Lance ceased her reign, being summoned by the old

king, who was never yet frightened even by a scold's tongue, the chapel-keeping at Salem fell into many hands. It was a time of revolution, anarchy, chaos, and there was but slight peace of ecclesiastical mind during the later years of the old building. I fancy the place suffered. It grew, as I watched it, to have a somewhat disreputable appearance. The plaster blistered off, and the bricks looked mouldy. Inside, I shivered with draughts that came through crevices in door and window. Curiously I used to gaze into the old place on Fridays, when it was given up to the broom and bucket; and each returning week it seemed to need more brooming and bucketing; and on the Sunday, when I got there, look none the better for its trials. Somehow I felt the old chapel was doomed, and, as the reader knows, it at last came down. The keeper's house remains, although that is some day to be replaced by a more suitable building; and they have a chapel-keeper now who seems at least all that heart and flesh could wish. He is dressed in a kind of uniform, and seems a mixture of beadle and waiter. He is very solemn, and evidently emulates the verger of the parish church. Of the two I think he is to be preferred, because he is not incessantly expecting tips. He understands the theory of the gas, and that is a comfort. He is not quite so well up in warming and ventilating; but there, perhaps, he is not much different from the architects themselves. He is not cross grained, does not quite absorb all the dignity of the place into himself, and so I manage to find him bearable.

And so I leave him, with thoughts at times, as I look out upon the chapel and its keeper, of that great temple of our Christian faith whereof Salem is but one of the physical types. However well or ill our churches and chapels are kept, we are quite sure that there is no weakness or failure in the keeping of that temple of God's love. God Himself keeps it. How safe! how secure! Ever open, reader. Do you sometimes turn in and rest and pray? You will find it a pleasant change from the busy road of life,—cool and still and restful,—a better peace than our "peace" can give. It is the Salem of God Himself and of the Lamb.

ECUMENICAL COUNCILS:

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE FOR THE CHURCH?

THIRD PAPER.

"NOWHERE" (says Dean Milman, with that dispassionate judgment, that uncompromising truthfulness, and that firm determination not to bow down to the idols of sacerdotalism, which are

so characteristic of his history) "is Christianity less attractive, and, if we look to the ordinary tone and character of the proceedings, less authoritative, than in the Councils of the Church. It is in general a fierce collision of two rival factions, neither of which will yield, each of which is solemnly pledged against conviction." How far the Council summoned by Pope Pius the Ninth will, in its future proceedings, answer to this description time must show; but in its beginnings it bears a strong family resemblance to its predecessors. Possibly the influence of the nineteenth century may be so far felt, even by those whose hatred of modern progress and freedom has led them to perpetrate this strange anachronism, as to prevent some of those unseemly scenes which have occurred at former Councils, whose decisions were the result only of violence and clamour, and in whose terrible anathemas, we are told by the veracious and impartial witness already quoted, "it is impossible not to discern the tones of human hatred, of arrogant triumph, of rejoicing at the damnation imprecated against the humiliated adversary." But, whatever moderation may be enforced by that wholesome fear of public opinion, whose agents are carefully observing every circumstance, and publishing it far and wide, there is enough already to show how much that does not savour of the spirit of Christ will be found in an assembly which professes to be the great Council of universal Christendom. We pass over the barbaric pomp, amid which the Council was inaugurated, only marvelling what feature of the whole would be recognised by an Apostle, if he had presented himself among the assembled prelates, as a sign of that Church which he had laboured to form. The gorgeous splendour of a spectacle in which everything was done to fill the beholder with a sense of awe and admiration was in strange keeping with the kingdom one of whose characteristics is that it comes not with observation. The Pope's guard, employed on one occasion to repress the rude and impetuous zeal of the priests, who were pressing too close, in their desire to do him reverence, and so carried away by their own enthusiasm that they forgot the inconvenience they were causing to the object of their servile adulation; the soldiers with their halberds forming so anomalous a part of a great ecclesiastical ceremony, were as little in harmony with a religion "the weapons of whose warfare are not carnal." The Pope himself, glittering in jewels and gold, borne aloft on his throne, so intoxicated by the silly reverence of flatterers and priests that he is daring to exalt himself even to the place of God, is, to say the least, a singular representative of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. Amid all these shows and gewgaws, prelates in jewelled mitres, and white,

priestly robes, the waving of banners, pealing of bells, and roaring of cannon, a member of the first Church might certainly hesitate before believing that this could be the opening of a great Christian assembly.

But, passing over these external points, we see already in this Council germs of the faults of its predecessors. The Pope is proud of the success he has achieved in gathering so many bishops together. He has laboured long and earnestly for this end, and now in the presence of seven hundred bishops collected from all parts of the world he sees the triumph of his policy. He has been careful to summon missionary bishops, labouring in *partibus infidelium*, and more immediately dependent upon him, as well as the prelates of those national Churches which still maintain their loyalty to Rome, and altogether the array is imposing enough so far as numbers are concerned. But of the unanimity which the old man expected to find there is little sign, and it is questionable whether in face of the strong opposition which he must certainly encounter he will venture even to ask the Council to do the very thing for which it was primarily convened. Pius, proud as he is of the distinction of being the Convener and President of a General Council, would not have assembled so grave a body for a trifling purpose. Past Councils have generally been summoned for the purpose of suppressing some heresy that was rampant in the Church; and, if they have failed to carry out the object, it has been from the lack of power, not of will. But it can hardly be said that anything of this kind is requisite at present. If the Protestant nations are not hopelessly committed to heresy, there are certainly no means at the disposal of the Council which can be employed for their recovery to the true faith. They have been anathematised so often and with so little effect that there can be no use in repeating the process again. As to the Liberal party inside the Church itself, they may undoubtedly come in for condemnation. But all this could be done, and has already been done, without the intervention of a Council. What the Pope's grand aim is cannot possibly be mistaken, and there are some who seem to lose sight of its essential character in their admiration of the determination and energy with which it is pursued. Even the Liberal *Daily News* is moved by the spectacle presented by this octogenarian as with a quenchless enthusiasm, a daring contempt of consequences, and an untiring assiduity he works out his favourite idea. To us, on the contrary, the sight of an old man tottering on the verge of eternity, yet laying claim to an authority hardly short of the Divine is as melancholy as it is ludicrous. The Pope, indeed, wrapped up in this singular belief in his own powers, this strange unconsciousness of the errors and imperfections attaching to his humanity, this desire to grasp at a

prerogative under the responsibility of which any reasonable man might stagger, is perhaps even less repulsive than his diplomatic minister, Antonelli, who would fain assert the power without having the excuse of that fanaticism by which his superior is evidently influenced, but who is resolved, at any rate, to swim with the tide. But, in the intrigues by which the Council is already agitated, in the active exertions of the Bishop of Orleans on the one hand, and the Archbishop of Westminster on the other, we have the beginnings of dissensions similar to those by which previous Councils have been disturbed. They may not be carried to the same length or attended with the same melancholy consequences, but there will be no more unanimity than on former occasions.

The early Councils were, as we have seen, occupied almost entirely with the consideration of the most subtle and abstruse questions of theology, and our horror at the riotous proceedings by which most of them were marked is deepened when we remember that it was about the mysteries of the Divine nature that Christian bishops plunged into these unseemly strifes, seeking the triumph of their own special theories by the use of wretched political intrigue, or means even more discreditable, and thundering out their anathemas in support of a creed the recognition of whose orthodoxy was due either to Imperial influence or popular violence. Mary was proclaimed the Mother of God, and Nestorius, after a brief hour of triumph, was denounced as a heretic, as we saw in our last chapter, not because the Council had been influenced by the arguments addressed to it, but partly because Pulcheria had inclined the Emperor and the Court to support the cause of Cyril, and partly because that proud prelate was sustained by crowds of fierce monks, who thronged the streets of Ephesus, and with impassioned frenzy demanded the excommunication of the Nestorian heretics, who invaded even the Council itself, and struck terror into the hearts of many of its members, and who thus succeeded in elevating their favourite tenet into a place in the creed of the Catholic Church. Ephesus was destined ere long to be again invaded by these hordes of wild enthusiasts, who issued from their cells to support the cause of Eutyches, one of the most violent opponents of Nestorius, who before long found himself impeached of heresy in his turn. Condemned by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and a local synod, as guilty of confounding the two natures of Christ, by teaching that after the Incarnation the Divine and human natures were blended in one, he appealed to a General Council, which was summoned at Ephesus. The "Catholic Church" has branded this as a "Robber Synod," and repudiated its decrees; but we fail to see the difference between it and the Councils whose authority is accepted,

except that it pronounced in favour of what has subsequently been regarded as heresy. It was controlled by the monks and the furious mobs whom they managed to collect, but hardly more so than the recognised Council by which it was preceded. The account of its proceedings is humiliating enough. The first question addressed by Eusebius of Doryleum to Eutyches, intended to elicit his opinion on the two natures, was met by a fierce clamour, "Away with Eusebius! banish Eusebius! let him be burned alive! As he cuts asunder the two natures in Christ, so be he cut asunder!" In reply to the question from the President, Dioscorus, Patriarch of Alexandria, "Is the doctrine that there are two natures after the Incarnation to be tolerated?" there rose from an assembly driven to unanimity, as Dean Milman tells us, "by the dread of the Imperial soldiery and the savage monks, who environed and even broke in and violated the sanctity of the Council," one frenzied shout, "Anathema on him who so says!" "I have your voices," said the President, "I must have your hands. He that cannot cry let him lift up his hands." "Accursed," was the cry again, "be he who says there are two." One shudders with horror at the thought of such desecration of that which is most sacred, such blasphemous profanity (for it is nothing less) on the part of Christian prelates met together to pronounce on points of Christian faith. Nor did it even stop here, for Flavianus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, against whom the action of the Synod was mainly directed, as the enemy, rival, and accuser of Eutyches, fell a victim to the violence of the Council. It is said that Dioscorus himself forgot so far the dignity of his position and the teachings of the religion of which he professed to be a leading representative, as to take part in the cruel assault upon the aged bishop; and although it is difficult to disentangle the exact truth from the partisan statements with which we have to deal, it is certain that Flavianus died as the result of the treatment he had received.

We do not wonder at the anxiety to disavow this Council, and if it had been the only one at which violence prevailed, or even the only one at which blood was shed, we should accept the disavowal. But this "Robber Synod" is only too like other assemblies of the kind, more extreme and unscrupulous perhaps, but at most only differing in degree, if even in that, from the previous Council held in the same city. Three hundred and sixty bishops and ecclesiastics were present, and among them the Metropolitans of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Constantinople. It was convened in due form, and an Imperial edict endorsed its decrees, and demanded universal submission to them. It was unfortunate, inasmuch as the tide of circumstances set in steadily against it, the Imperial favour to

which it owed its existence and power passed away from it in consequence of the death of its patron, Theodosius, and the accession of the orthodox Pulcheria, and a Council at Chalcedon reversed its decisions. This new Council, which, however, was not more formal in its constitution than its predecessor, many of whose members belonged to it, yielding to the Imperial will, received with frantic applause and rejoicing the letter of Pope Leo on condemnation of Eutyches to which that of Ephesus had refused even a hearing, and instead of the shouts which that "Robber Synod" had raised sent up an outcry equally passionate and equally full of bigotry and rage, "Christ has deposed Dioscorus—Christ has deposed the murderer—God has avenged His martyrs." "Accursed be he that admits not that Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo!" "Away with the Egyptian, the Egyptian into exile." And this was the way in which the standard of ecclesiastical orthodoxy was formed. This voice of insensate clamour, influenced as it was by the political surroundings of the time, and expressing far more the opinion of the faction predominant at the Court of Constantinople than of the assembled ecclesiastics, is the voice of the Church, to which we are asked to yield an obedience as though it were the voice of God. The "Church is stronger than Heaven" Pius impiously tells us, and here in these infuriated bishops, borne to and fro on the waves of popular excitement, and ready at all times to employ any or every instrument to secure the victory of their faction, and with their mouths full of curses and bitterness in relation to all who hold a different dogma, we are invited to recognise the Church, and the Church in its times of special purity. It might certainly seem as if in these displays it was measuring its strength against Heaven, trying how far it was possible to expel everything that savoured of Heaven out of the Church which was designed to bring in the days of Heaven on earth, showing how difficult it was for men to enter into its aims and preserve the spirit that ought to be characteristic of the kingdom of Heaven. The Pope is unconsciously right in suggesting this idea of antagonism between the two, and seldom has it been more marked than in the transactions of these Councils.

The Council of Chalcedon was orthodox enough, and appeared for a time disposed to show implicit deference to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the name and by the authority of the bishops there convened, deposed Dioscorus. But there was one of its decrees which was eminently displeasing to the Papacy, and whose authority it has never acknowledged; for, while Rome has always been eager to quote the edicts of Councils when they could be adduced in her own favour, she has been equally ready to disavow particular Councils, or, as in this case, some one decree of a Council

which is recognised as orthodox, for the simple and to her all-sufficient reason that it was not compatible with her claims. The prelates of Chalcedon were furious against Eutyches, furious against the members of the "Robber Synod," who had dared to put a slight upon the dignity of Pope Leo, strong in their assertion of the doctrine Leo had taught; but when it came to a question involving the supremacy of the Roman See, they took a very different tone. They were assembled in a suburb of Constantinople, were for the most part prelates of the East, and were open to those Imperial influences which would undoubtedly be employed to advance the ecclesiastical dignity of the city, which the Emperors had raised to a metropolitan status. It is not wonderful therefore, that, with all their willingness to render due and more than legitimate honour to the Roman See, they should be equally anxious to enhance the glory of that of Constantinople. Among other canons, therefore, they adopted one which admitted the supremacy of the Romish bishop, not on the ground that he was a successor of Peter, but was Bishop of the capital of the West, and which gave to the Patriarch of Constantinople an equal rank in the Eastern world. We cannot pronounce as to the validity of this decree. Leo and his partisans asserted that it was only passed by a limited number of bishops after the work of the Council was really over; and hence it has never been acknowledged in the Romish Church as having any authority. It is valuable, however, as evidence that the Pope occupied a very different position then from that which Pius IX. claims now. His influence is evidently growing, but his primacy is not confessed. He has, as he could hardly fail to have, high standing and great weight in the gatherings of the Christian world, but he does not summon the Council; and though his letter is welcomed because it happens to accord with the general feeling of the assembly, he advances no pretension to absolute authority, and had he done so there is no doubt it would have met with a powerful resistance which he would not have been able to overcome. But everything was helping the development of the Papal power, and it was wielded by men who knew how to seize on every circumstance and use it for their own ambitious purposes. The division of the empire had favoured their plans, and when the Western Empire fell the first Christian Bishop of the West naturally became a personage of great importance and power. But, more than any other, the furious theological controversies of the East into which the patriarchs of the great sees threw themselves, with a passion that often disgraced their order and their religion, led men to turn their eyes to Rome, and to accord to her bishops a reverence due to their unflinching zeal for orthodoxy.

A later Council of Constantinople is important, because of the

relation of some of its proceedings to the Pope's claims to infallibility. It was assembled mainly to decide as to what was called the Monothelite controversy, another of those discussions which had arisen out of the tendency to explain that which lies beyond the range of human intellect. It arose out of a discovery by Sergius, Patriarch of Constantinople, of a writing by one of his eminent predecessors, in which it was asserted that Christ had only one will. At first the doctrine spread rapidly. Almost the whole Eastern Church accepted it; and Honorius, the Bishop of Rome, was carried away by the prevailing sentiment. But his successors took an entirely opposite course, and at length a Council was summoned to adjudicate. The Emperor was the president; a hall in the Imperial palace was the council chamber; and there appears to have been more dignity and deliberation in the proceedings than was the wont of these assemblies. The Pope was represented by a considerable number of envoys, and after some discussion the Patriarch of Constantinople confessed himself convinced by their arguments, and renounced Monothelitism. Again Rome appeared in the eyes of all Christendom as the champion of orthodoxy; but, unfortunately, the Council could not separate without indulging in the favourite occupation of anathematising all heretics, living or dead, and amongst others the Pope Honorius. Probably this did not seriously trouble Agatho, his then successor; but in days when the Church is asked to declare the Pope's utterances infallible it is extremely inconvenient to the advocates of this infallibility to have this fact staring them in the face, and hence we have some ingenious but not very ingenuous attempts at present to get rid of the scandal. A Pope pronounced a heretic by a general Council is not easily reconciled with the theory they are so anxious to assert; for even were they prepared to throw the Council overboard, they would not get rid of the difficulty, since another Pope appears to have concurred in the anathema, and this unfortunate Honorius stands alone, his infallibility pitted against the united infallibility of his many successors, who have taught doctrines in direct opposition to his.

The third Council of Constantinople closed the series of those which "Catholics" of all shades agree to recognise as Œcumenical. They had done much to advance the power of the priesthood, but nothing to promote the spread of Christianity. They had fostered jealousies between rival prelates, they had exhibited the fierce passions which men professing a Gospel of peace and love could display in defence of their own special tenets, they had evoked the basest of instruments for the settlement of the most sacred questions, they had allowed physical force to take the place of Scriptural argument, and had crushed freedom of thought under

the iron heel of despotic majorities, they had elaborated the simple teaching of the New Testament into creeds with subtle distinctions which few could comprehend, and had enforced them on the belief of all by threats of eternal damnation. This is the sum of their performances. They had not even succeeded in securing that outward uniformity to attain which they were convened. The Eastern and Western Churches drew farther apart as the pretensions of the contending potentates at the head of each became more irreconcilable, until the schism between them became final and irrevocable. It is not within the province of these papers to tell the story of that separation, originating in the difference as to the procession of the Holy Ghost, and the resolve of the Western Church to retain the term *Filioque* in the creed. Suffice it to say that the differences about dogma were embittered by the controversy relative to image worship, and by the personal questions with which these disputes were complicated, and that the separation aided the growth of the Papal power. Up to this point there is not the semblance of evidence in favour of the Pope's claim to be regarded as the head of Christendom. It was the Patriarch of Constantinople who first styled himself "Universal Bishop," and Gregory the Great, the Pope of the day, while repudiating the pretension, was so far from meeting it by one of an opposite character that he pronounced any one who advanced it to be Antichrist. Indeed, with the growing power of Constantinople, and the correspondent decline of that of Rome, it seemed at one time to be doubtful with which the supremacy would remain, the balance of probabilities being in favour of the Eastern city. Popes did not summon Councils, did not preside over them, were rarely present at them. Their power was a development, and would never have attained the vast proportions it reached but that skilful men knew how to convert to their own advantage the very things which at first seemed most unpromising. It was long before the supremacy of the Popes, even over the Western world, was confessed, for so late as the seventh century Maurin, Bishop of Ravenna, under shelter of the Imperial sanction, asserted his independence; and it was longer still before the Western world bowed to their sway. Their relations to the Councils of the Western world will form the topic of our next article.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.—EAGLESMERE.

I WAS a very queer child. It had been said so often and so persistently, under so many different circumstances, and by so many different people, that I quite believed it, feeling that I laboured under some mysterious disadvantage, which could not be helped although it might reasonably be deplored. One day, when I was quite a little fellow, I remember asking somebody what "*queer*" meant, for, baby as I was, I began to feel uncomfortable when the epithet was applied to myself in my hearing, and involuntarily I attached to it an idea of disparagement and inferiority. The good woman, the wife of one of our dalesmen, to whom I put the question, stared at me in amaze, and burst out laughing.

"Just hearken to him," she cried to some one who happened to be in the house-place with her; "did you ever know such a queer child? He always wants to know what things mean, and why people do things, and he keeps wondering what's going to happen presently. I should think the Wrays have a precious handful with him, and he no kith nor kin of theirs, as I've heard. There, bairn, there's a piece of white bread and honey. Go home to yer granny, and don't sticky your clean pinner."

Thus baffled I asked no more questions, but kept on the alert and formed my own conclusions. That word "*queer*" was continually cropping up, sometimes as applied to things and events, sometimes to people, and not unfrequently to myself. Putting this and that together, I decided that to be queer was not to be wicked, not even to be naughty, that it was not to be stupid or idle, but that it was to be unlike other people, and to be, to some extent, unfortunate, and deserving of pity rather than of blame.

Still, queerness *was* a defect, or people would not shake their heads and look so compassionately; and somehow I shrank from their pity, and did not like to be commiserated; and the older I grew the shyer I became, the more I loved solitude, the more I thought and reasoned. Heaven help me, what a queer jumble of thinking and reasoning it was! and I grew stranger, no doubt, and I read more books than were good for me, and pondered curiously on what I read, and on myself, and wondered, till my wonder grew to pain, why I was unlike other boys of my age,

who by good rights ought to have been my companions, but with whom I had no notion of consorting.

Now, as a rule, people have, or have had, two parents. I had had a father; I knew that he was a sea-captain, and he had died on a distant voyage, and been buried in the deep. Old Martin and old Margery, with whom I lived at Eaglesmere, and whom I called grand-dad and granny, sometimes, though not often, spoke of him as "the Captain," or Captain Vassall, or as "poor little Hughy's father." But it seemed to me that I never had a mother; no one ever spoke of her; she was never referred to; and as for myself, I had no recollection of any other home than that which now sheltered me at Eaglesmere. Nevertheless, I knew—I am sure I do not know how—that Martin and Margery Wray were not my grandparents.

Martin Wray was a shoemaker by trade, and the parish clerk of Eaglesmere. He made boots and shoes for all the country round, and prided himself upon turning out his work substantially and well finished. He was a really good man, a very superior man for his station, and I believe he shared with me, so far as his neighbours were concerned, the opprobrium of "queerness." Margery, his wife, was kind and motherly, but except for a certain reserve and reticence far from usual in persons of her rank, she was decidedly common-place. She could scold, too, in right feminine fashion, and Martin and I were a little afraid of her tongue, and tried to get out of her way whenever we perceived a storm impending. But I am bound to say she was one of those whose deeds are better than their words; to quote an old Scotch proverb, "Her bark was waur na' her bite;" her fiercest anger quickly spent itself, and generally evaporated entirely in a few sharp, peevish utterances for which nobody was very much the worse. Poor dear granny! I am sure she was very sorry when one of her explosions reduced Phoebe and me to tears and drove away her husband to the church or to the dark little den called the shop, where, singing hymns and psalms, and chanting portions of the Church service, he ordinarily carried on his craft. For Martin never forgot that he was parish clerk. I am quite sure he believed himself to be in some sort of holy orders, and as we had no resident squire at Eaglesmere, he accounted himself, in virtue of his office, the second person in the parish—"his reverence" being undeniably the first.

Phoebe, whom I have just mentioned, was three years younger than myself, and she was really the grandchild of Martin and Margery. She was an orphan, but everybody knew all about her, and her father and mother, John and Alice Milner, lay buried in the churchyard near at hand. John, a stalwart young farmer, and the best wrestler and quoit player in the dale, had been stricken

down with fever in the midst of harvest; and Alice his wife, the daughter and only surviving child of the Wrays, very quickly followed him, and the little Phœbe, not two years old, was taken to the home and heart of her grandparents, who found in her their greatest earthly joy and surest consolation. Phœbe was a very pretty child, quick-tempered, but generous and loving, and I always called her my sister, though I knew perfectly well that we were not at all related.

Eaglesmere in those days was a very lonely place; though actually in the "Lake district" it was quite out of the way of all ordinary tourists. Now and then in the autumn came an artist, who took up his quarters at the humble little inn, which was all the hostelry we had to boast of; and occasionally a pedestrian, with knapsack and staff, trudged through the pass which shut in our quiet valley, and stayed among us for a few hours or days as the case might be, and brought us tidings of a world which might have been in another planet for all the relation it seemed to bear to us or us to it, for we knew nothing of railways. No coach passed nearer than ten or twelve miles, and letters and newspapers, if any one expected them, had to be fetched from the nearest "town," which was three miles on the other side of the pass,—a town, by the way, consisting of an old church, a score or two of grey stone houses jumbled together, and a number of outlying cottages and small farms such as are to be found only in the remoter districts of the north country. In the winter, nature herself not unfrequently established a cordon of her own, and shut us up securely in our secluded dale, permitting none to leave it and none to enter it for weeks together.

Eaglesmere was not a village, for it had no regular street. There was no post-office, and only one shop—a general shop of course, retailing the most incongruous articles on the smallest possible scale. Jenny Walker professed to keep "something of everything;" but the "something" was generally so limited as to preclude any rash idea of selection, which the purchaser might be inclined to entertain, and not unfrequently the good dame was "out of" articles required for weeks together. Once a quarter she shut up her shop, and journeyed to Kendal in a covered cart, replenishing her own stock-in-trade, and executing all manner of commissions on behalf of her neighbours.

Eaglesmere had a weird, wild beauty of its own; it was nearly shut in by high dark mountains, and the lower fells which rose up sheer from the small lake or tarn, which gave the place its name, were steep and barren, and cast sombre shadows in the limpid waters at their base.

Round this lakelet, especially round its head, were scattered small lone houses, little old-fashioned tenements, scantily furnished,

for the most part thatched, and many of them consisting of one storey only, with perhaps a loft-like garret in the roof. Our house, which was called Waterhead from its position, was one of the better sort; it was tiled or slated, it had three upper rooms and a real staircase, though for steepness it almost rivalled the ladders which many of our neighbours were fain to be contented with. The "house-place," as the principal apartment was called, had a stone floor, a wide open fire-place, and a small-paned window, letting in the smallest possible allowance of light. Yet in the deep window-seat, and on the table under the window, Margery kept a number of geraniums, chiefly of the old-fashioned scarlet and scented sort, and there was one tall arum lily, which was expected to flower every summer, only it never did; and several snaky, deformed-looking cactuses that never seemed to grow an inch, and something that I think must have been an attenuated mesembryanthemum hanging up to the ceiling, and sending down over the sides of its pot long, clinging, spider-like tendrils or limbs, which in the almost continual semi-twilight of the room gave it a horrible, centipede appearance. Margery took great pride in her plants, though, in spite of all her cares and hopes, they conducted themselves so unsatisfactorily, commonly refusing to flower, or else sending up scant, sickly, straggling pale blossoms of the most degenerate character. Sometimes, in the summer, she turned them all out of doors, for an airing as she said; and on such occasions I always rejoiced, for I thought the poor things must be so glad to feel the soft warm air wandering among their leaves, and the glorious sunshine flooding them with its brilliance from crown to root. The furniture of the house-place was considered highly respectable, but it was monstrously heavy and ugly, and of course quite out of date; the legs of the wooden-bottomed chairs had feet like hoofs; the oblong dining-table matched the chairs; the sofa was a delusion and a snare, for it was only a superior sort of settle, covered with patchwork, with an apology for a cushion. In one corner was the inevitable family chest of dark carved oak; by the stair-foot door stood a loud-ticking eight-day clock that was kept on principle rather more than an hour too fast, and that struck in a hurried, sneezy fashion, as if protesting against its own untruthful proclamations. The front door, of course, opened straight into this state apartment—for such indeed it was; and another door led into the kitchen, and another into a closet-like room with an earthen and pebbled floor, called, I know not why, the parlour, but used as a pantry, in which food was spoiled rather than stored, through the universal dampness; and there was yet another door opening into a cavernous den under the stair-head, in which Phoebe and I were fond of hiding, till one day we found out that the rats resented our intrusion.

With so many doors no wonder that the house-place was rather draughty—not that any one cared particularly about draughts, neither Martin nor Margery ever thinking of attributing to them, or to the stone floors, the rheumatism from which they suffered.

The rats were a great trouble; they scampered about from dark to dawn; they had runs from the great barn, which was under the same roof as the dwelling-house, through the walls, and under the upper floors; and the "attocks," as Margery always called the uninhabitable lofts under the slates, they had all to themselves; and night after night, and sometimes all night long, they chased each other up and down, dancing, scrambling, scuttering, rushing in a style that struck terror to my childish heart as I lay trembling underneath the bed-clothes, for a sad habit of sleeplessness was one of the traits which were noticed and commented on as being "queer." Sometimes the rats gnawed their way through into the rooms, especially into the room where Martin and Margery slept, the reason of this preference being that they kept at their bed-head sacks of corn, which the rats naturally wished to investigate. Now and then we tried wholesale poisoning. Martin went to Kendal and brought back a pot of something that smelt like lucifer-matches, and we spread it daintily on thick slices of bread and lard and cut it up genteelly, and placed it where the rats were sure to find it, and then there used to be a lull in their proceedings, the survivors taking warning and decamping, lest they should share the fate of their more luckless companions. They always came back, however, in course of time, and, as I had an insurmountable horror of the creatures, they were a perpetual source of misery, and caused me many a wakeful night, and many a frightful dream.

Martin and Margery lived very hard, as did most of the dales people at that time; white bread was very seldom seen at Eaglesmere, except at the Vicarage, where Dame Foster, the Vicar's housekeeper, baked wheaten loaves and cakes twice every week. Butcher's meat was indeed a luxury, for there was no regular butcher in the place, and if there had been, he would have been minus customers, a few slices of bacon and occasionally fish from the lakes and the becks forming the staple of the festival dinners of the good folks of Eaglesmere. Buttermilk was plentiful, and so was spruce-beer, which everybody brewed, and Margery was considered quite an important person because she always kept in the house a bottle of "red wine," in case of sickness, the said wine being in truth a villanous doctored port, obtained from the public-house at Crampton, the little town I spoke of on the other side of the Pass, and which was, luckily for the consumers, administered always in homœopathic doses.

But though Martin and Margery were content to eat coarse oaten bread, and to feed chiefly on porridge the whole year round, and to count as luxuries fried bacon and berry pasties, I was by no means condemned to the same frugal fare. I had milk, unless I chose buttermilk; I had butter to my bread, and every week Mrs. Foster at the Vicarage baked me a nice white cake. If I liked tea I could have it, with plenty of sugar in it too. I was allowed eggs and custard puddings; when at rare intervals the butcher's cart came round a piece of meat was always purchased, and, as I soon discovered, principally on my account. The best bed and the best room in the house were given up to me, and I was better dressed—though that is not saying much—than any other boy in the neighbourhood.

The only school at Eaglesmere was kept by an old woman, who taught reading, writing, and ciphering on easy terms. She had a collection of tattered primers and cracked and broken slates, and a few dilapidated Bibles for the first class, who were supposed to be fully graduated when they could read, or rather stumble through a chapter in the Old Testament, the good lady judiciously permitting all sorts of opinions with regard to pronunciation, and giving unlimited licence in the matter of "hard names."

But to this select academy I did not go; Martin taught me to read and write, though with respect to the latter accomplishment I had subsequently to unlearn all that I learnt from him. Dame Foster brought me a bran-new spelling-book from Kendal, and every day I committed to memory a portion of a column, going straight through the small volume till I came at length to "Elegant Extracts" at the end, which puzzled and pleased me about equally.

When I had gone through my spelling-book, and could read the Psalms in excellent imitation of Martin's clerkly twang, and could say the Church Catechism without many mistakes, and could find the proper lessons for Sundays and holy days, my preceptor looked blankly at me, wondering what he could teach me next. I think he had a dim idea of making me learn the Baptismal and Marriage Services, or the Communion Service, which he always said was one of the finest compositions in the English language! I could say by heart many of the Psalms as metrically arranged at the end of the Prayer-book; also several ballads which I have never seen in print, but which were among the traditions of our dale; as far as I can recall them they were entirely disqualified from a place in the catalogue of any pure-literature society; in fact, they were slightly immoral, which did not, however, matter very much, as I quite failed to comprehend the evil that was in them.

At this critical juncture, when my education threatened to stand still, the vicar himself interposed. Martin asked his advice, con-

fessing that he had exhausted his own stock of erudition, alternately exulting in my precocious genius, and deploring his own shortcomings. Arrangements were entered into, and henceforth I went to the Vicarage five days in the week, nominally for two hours, but frequently for whole mornings and afternoons. It did me immense good to find out how little I knew, for having appropriated all poor Martin's store, I had begun to marvel what the vicar himself could teach me, unless it were preaching, and the due performance of the orthodox rubrical ceremonies. I quickly discovered that my education could not be said to have fairly commenced, and I had not studied a month with Mr. Gibson before I was fairly confounded and almost aghast at the unexplored fields which I could just discern lying dim and vast before me. Also it was an incalculable advantage to be associated with a scholar and a gentleman, as Mr. Gibson was, and by-and-by I began to be conscious of new ideas, new aspirations, and totally new visions of the life which I might lead. To be a clergyman like my friend the vicar was the height of my ambition. Of ecclesiastical degrees I knew nothing, but I fancied it must be the summit of earthly grandeur to know Latin, to wear a surplice and gown, to be looked up to by everybody, to possess so many books, and to live in such a fine house as the Vicarage, which after all was only a better sort of cottage very poorly furnished.

Other thoughts too haunted me, but I never gave them utterance. I knew that I was *not* Martin Wray's grandson; that Phoebe's mother was his only child; that I was not, as far as I could learn, related in any way to him or to Margery his wife. Who then was I? And who was Captain Vassall? And how came I to be living at Eaglesmere? And my mother—for I *must* have had one once—what had become of her? Was she too buried in the deep sea, or was she buried anywhere, and why was I never told about her? And the sense of mystery grew stronger and stronger, and I longed to get at the secret if indeed there was one; and when I was not busy with my books I brooded over my perplexities, and wondered and wondered till I grew sick of wondering, and tired of the subject of my unprofitable meditations—myself. I was fast growing into a selfish, self-absorbed, self-conscious, morbid boy, combining in my character much of the child's simplicity and ignorance, with a large admixture of the vanity, and ambition, and wild dreams, and introspective talent which frequently marks that period of adolescence immediately preceding manhood.

It was the 10th of August and my birthday. I was eleven years old. It was Saturday, and I was not studying as usual with Mr. Gibson, for the last day of the week it was supposed that he devoted entirely to preparations for his Sunday services. But I had lessons

to prepare at home—a page of geography, a portion of Latin grammar, and a chapter of English history, on which I was to be questioned on Monday morning. They were not difficult these appointed tasks; I gave my mind to them, and by four o'clock in the afternoon I had mastered them completely, and felt that the evening was my own to spend exactly as I pleased. I resolved to go up the fell with Phœbe to a certain point that I knew of, where I could watch the sunset, which I felt sure from the look of the sky and the state of the atmosphere would be singularly beautiful. Putting away my books I went in search of Margery to ask for Phœbe, as well as to get something nice to eat to carry with us up the mountain. I found granny in the kitchen making girdle-cakes, an unwonted luxury, sacred to birthdays and similar high festivals. I preferred my petitions, both of them, and received for answer—"Well, yes, you may gang, I guess, if you'll promise not to be mischievous nor to get the li'le bairn into any trouble. You mustn't let her get into the bog muckyng her new shoes, and you must neither of you pull the bramble-berries; they ain't ripe, nor near it, and they'll only give you both the gripes. I'll make ye a pasty with the windfalls you brought in o' Thursday, and you shall have it for yer supper; but don't go eating o' the bramble-berries, which isn't Christian food the whiles they're red."

Margery used a strong Border dialect, which I shall not attempt to transcribe, partly because it would be to general readers so unintelligible as to be tedious, and partly because I am not sure that I could now render correctly the broad vernacular of my boyhood. I will content myself with a word here and there, as being peculiarly distinctive of the northern speech with which I was once so perfectly familiar. I promised to take good care of Phœbe, and to turn my face homewards the moment the sun sank behind the Golden Crag, and then Margery proceeded to put the girdle-cakes and a little bottle of milk into an old basket which generally accompanied us on such excursions, and once more bade me be careful and steady, for "I was eleven years old that day."

All of a sudden I said, "Granny, how do you know I am eleven years old?"

Margery was so startled that she almost dropped the basket. "How do I ken?" she replied, in some confusion, and in a tone which betokened a slight exasperation of temper. "Why, I do ken!—don't ask foolish questions."

"But who told you?" I persisted.

"Why should I want telling? Don't I know Phœbe's age to an hour, and why shouldn't I know yours? Bless the lad,—but he's a queer one."

"You must have been told mine," was my sturdy rejoinder. As

I grew older I was less and less afraid of her temper, and cared very little for what Martin, with a sad want of conjugal respect, called "her tantrums." "You may well know how old Phœbe is, because you are really her grandmother; and I've heard you say she was born in the white cottage at Hollow End, where Tim the carpenter lives now. Granny, I want to know who I am."

"You are just the Captain's son—Captain Vassall's own son; he was a good and an honest man, and you were born in lawful wedlock, and that's enough for you to know; so dinna bother my head off with questions I can't answer."

"But why am I here? Did Captain Vassall live at Eaglesmere? and what became of my mother? for, Granny, I'm old enough now to know that I must have had a mother, and yet I've never heard anybody mention her."

"You're old enough to bother a body's brains out, I see. No, Captain Vassall never was in the dale that I know of; but when you lost both father and mother Martin and I agreed to take care of you, and treat you like as our own. And that's all I've got to say; so don't ask me no more."

"Then my mother is dead?" I continued.

"Didn't I say ye had *lost* baith father and mother? Hech, sirs! but ye're an awfu' bairn."

"Was Captain Vassall a gentleman?"

Margery coolly took me by the shoulders, and pushed me out of the house-place where we were both standing into the garden; then she put out my basket and shut and bolted the door, thus intimating her resolve to hear and answer no more questions. I went round the house looking for Phœbe, but could not find her; and not being in the most amiable mood, I resolved not to trouble myself any further, but to go alone and indulge myself in chewing the cud of my own weariful meditations. So, after looking hastily into the barn and calling Phœbe once or twice, I set out, first however drinking my milk, and carrying two girdle-cakes in my hand, while I left the basket under one of the half-wild rose-trees which flourished among the cabbages and berry-bushes.

Slowly I went through the piece of ground we called our "allotment," and came out on the rocky heathland beyond, overhanging the mere; and then up—up—up, till I reached the open fell, where, as I had not looked for any path, I scrambled on as best I could, rejoicing that I was cumbered neither with Phœbe nor the basket. As for the girdle-cakes, I ate them right off, to get them out of my way, as I wanted my hands for climbing, having struck upon the steepest and most inaccessible side of Canter's Fell. I was bathed in perspiration and heartily tired when at last I reached the summit, and sat down on the pile of stones which marked the highest point,

which was probably about 1,000 feet above the level of the lake. Behind me and around rose the loftier mountains—Great Gable, Great Gavel, and the enormous Scaw Fell Pikes, with many others, whose names I knew—peak upon peak, and chain upon chain—dark, solemn, silent, and stupendous! I sat still, and looked, and listened. Far below me lay the little lake, and the cottages of Eaglesmere, like the toy houses with which children play; the dale, rocky and undulating, and traversed by several small streams, or *becks*, stretched itself on one side and at the head of the mere; and on all sides rose the mountain walls, that shut us in as if we had a world entirely to ourselves. I was used to those barren solitudes; but to a stranger crossing over from the richer, softer vales of Westmoreland they must have appeared terribly bare, dreary, and almost savage. Grandeur there certainly was on every hand, but it was grandeur without loveliness, save when the sunset glow lighted up the great pass and the narrow ravines with its crimson flush, when the lake flashed with gold and ruby tints, when the rocks showed purple and tawny red in the rich, strange evening light, and when rosy flecks of cloud lay lightly on the craggy brows of the great hills. And so I should see it ere long. Presently the sun would touch the rippling outline of the golden crags, and all the valley and the mountain-sides, and the distant peaks, piercing the blue heavens, would be flooded with an unimaginable glory. And now that I had not Phœbe to render up in time for Saturday-night ablutions, I knew that I need not hurry. With all my queerness I never got into absolute mischief, or came to grief in my rambles; my old-fashioned ways and habits caused me to be trusted, and, generally speaking, I came and went pretty nearly as I chose. I resolved to stay till the very last blush of sunset beauty had faded from the scene, and feast my eyes and my soul to the full with that brief but wondrous glory.

I watched the golden waves on the dark crags at the end of the long valley; I saw a tender rosy flush, deepening still to crimson, fill all the lonely pass; I gazed upon the tremendous cliffs that showed like burnished bronze, as pile upon pile they rose along the dale; I beheld the purple shadows, rich and deep, gather in the hollows of the hills, and I looked down upon the mere, burning and heaving, “as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire.”

I drew my breath; the rapture was almost greater than I could bear; the joy was not unmixed with pain, though I knew not what it was that swelled my heart, and thrilled my brain, and filled my eyes with tears. I knew it not; but I was reverently partaking of that great sacrament of beauty which God Himself administers to those who humbly seek *Him* in the fairest of His works. I was in His holy temple, the sanctuary of the everlasting

hills; the earth's great altars were around me. For incense there was the pure, sweet summer air, laden with a subtle fragrance of wild thyme and heather; for chant and anthem there was the solemn music of the mountain torrents, and the deep, ceaseless murmur of the wind among the rocks, sounding like the great diapasons of a mighty organ; and over all was the broad crystal dome of sky, that presently would be lit up with myriads of golden lamps. Lake and valley, mountain peak and craggy ravines, rippling streams and rushing torrents, azure heaven and fleecy cloud, seemed all joining in one vast ringing chorus—Glory to God! Glory to God in the highest, for ever and for evermore. Amen.

All this while I had happily forgotten *myself*, I was recalled to my usual unprofitable theme of reflection by a thought which suddenly crossed my mind,—how must the sea look in such an hour as this? Ah, what must the sea be like! If I could only look upon it in a storm, such as I had read of, or watch it in its treacherous calms, or walk along the shore that people talked about while the waves curled and danced around my feet, and the white-winged ships went sailing by, far, far away into that illimitable distance of sea and sky! And thinking of the sea and ships, my mind naturally reverted to my dead father, to the Captain Vassall who was buried in the Indian Ocean, and to my unknown mother, of whose existence I had never even heard. Thinking of these mysterious beings to whom I owed my life,—my life that was beginning to be a sort of burden to me with its strangeness and its perplexities,—I felt a thrill of something beyond wonder that shook my boyish heart. It was a yearning for I knew not what, a kind of blind, aimless groping and stretching out of feeble hands into the far futurity that seemed even now to whisper of unknown things in a language which I could not comprehend; it was a vain longing, an intense yet nearly unrecognised love for the father and mother whom I had never seen. I had never missed any care, or any kindness; but now I wept because I was an orphan, and subtle links, invisible and undefinable, seemed to exist between me and these unknown personages, who would have been all the world to me had they still been living.

I began to wish to leave quiet Eaglesmere to go out into the wide world beyond the mountains, into the world whose faintest echoes seldom reached our solitary dale. I wanted to live my life, not to dream it away; I felt that I should pine without more action than that which could be possible to a dweller in the "corners of the earth." Suddenly I had grown older and more restless, and I longed for change. Little did I think how great a change was at hand, and how near it was; little did I imagine as

I sat there watching the last yellow line of light paling on the western heights, that soon, very soon, peaceful Eaglesmere would be but a memory of the past.

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF GOTHAM.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

AND perhaps some reader will say, Where is Gotham? and who are its people? and what have they done to make them worthy of the distinction of such a gossip as we propose to hold in the course of the following few pages? Yet the "*Merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham*," gathered together in 1630, is not an uncelebrated book. Most countries seem to have had some region which has been set apart as famous for folly: Phrygia, in Asia; Abdera, in Thrace; and Boeotia, in Greece; with us, Gotham, in Lincolnshire—though we believe Sussex has claimed the honour of giving birth to those wise men whose deeds, through the "*Merry Tales*" we have referred to above, are so well known. It seems a soft and gentle way of expressing that prevalent disease, folly, to describe a man as a citizen of Gotham. The stupid people have always been a fine harvest for satire; and a long string of proverbs might be quoted in which laughter has indulged itself at their expense. The French say, "*Men learn to shave on the chin of a fool*;" and again, "*To wash an ass's head is a loss of soapruds*." The Germans also, "*Asses sing badly, because they pitch their voices too high*." "Fool" is a rough, strong word, but even in Scripture it is of very common occurrence; it designates a very large family, in which there are many varieties. It is a descriptive designation for want of consideration; and folly is more or less culpable according to the difference involved in the moral character. When our Lord says, "*O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that Scripture hath spoken*," it is a gentle rebuke, compared with that strong expression of scorn, "*The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God*;" but, in both instances, want of consideration is the fault of the character. It is the inconsiderate man of whom it is reported, "*He saith to every one that he is a fool*;" "*A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his own throat*." By consideration, of course, we ought to understand the power of reasoning and comparison, the ability to look at things side by side. There are those who seem to be entirely stupid and utterly unable to derive the true

impression from things; as the maxim has it, "*Some men will make a pound while others are turning over a shilling.*" The twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Proverbs is full of axioms about fools. "*As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honour is not seemly for a fool;*" that is, it sits badly upon him; he neither deserves it, nor does he know how to use it. It is quite out of season and out of place; therefore, "*As he that bindeth a stone in a sling, so is he that giveth honour to a fool;*" or, as another reading gives it, "*As he that putteth a jewel in a heap of stones,*"—that is, give honour to a fool, it will be used as a stone to strike; or, on the other hand, it is honour altogether thrown away. Such were the wise men of Gotham.

"The Merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham" do not make a very large book, but in them folly is very ludicrously satirised, as in the following:—

"When that Good Friday was come, the men of Gotham did cast their heads together what to do with their white herrings, their red herrings, their sprats, and salt fish. One consulted with the other, and agreed that such fish should be cast into their pond or pool (the which was in the middle of the town), that it might increase against the next year; and every man that had any fish left did cast them into the pool. The one said, 'I have thus many white herrings;' another said, 'I have thus many sprats;' and the other said, 'I have thus many salt fishes. Let all go together into the pool or pond, and we shall fare like lords the next Lent.' At the beginning of the next Lent following the men did draw the pond to have their fish, and there was nothing but a great eel. 'Ah!' said they all, 'a mischief on this eel, for he hath eaten up all our fish. What shall we do with him?' said the one to the other. 'Kill him,' said one of them. 'Chop him all to pieces,' said another. 'No, not so,' said the other; 'let us drown him.' 'Be it so,' said all. They went to another pool or pond by, and did cast the eel into the water. 'Lie there,' said they, 'and shift for thyself, for no help thou shalt have of us.' And there they left the eel to be drowned."

The same veracious book furnishes us with another instance:—

"On a certain time there were twelve men of Gotham that did go a fishing, and some did wade in the water, and some stood upon dry land, and when they went homeward one said to the other, 'We have ventured wonderful hard this day in wading; I pray God that none of us that did come from home be drowned.' 'Marry,' said the one to the other, 'let us see that, for there did twelve of us come out.' And they told themselves, and every man did tell eleven, and the twelfth man did never tell himself. 'Alas!' said the one to the other, 'there is one of us drowned.' They went back

to the brook where they had been fishing, and sought up and down for him that was drowned, and did make great lamentation. A courtier did come riding by, and he did ask what it was they did seek, and why they were so sorry. 'Oh,' said they, 'this day we went to fish in this brook, and there did come out twelve of us, and one is drowned.' 'Why,' said the courtier, 'tell how many be of you.' And the one told eleven, and he did not tell himself. 'Well,' said the courtier, 'what will you give, and I will find out twelve men?' 'Sir,' said they, 'all the money that we have.' 'Give me the money,' said the courtier; and he began with the first, and did give him a recombendibus over the shoulders that he groaned, and said, 'There is one.' So he served all, that they groaned on the matter. When he did come to the last, he paid him a good blow, saying, 'Here is the twelfth man.' 'God's blessing on your heart,' said all the company, 'that you have found out our neighbour.'"

It was the men of Gotham who, wanting to hear the cuckoo sing the whole year through, caught one and made a hedge round it, but then leaving it, the bird flew away. "Ah!" said they, "we did not build that hedge high enough." He was a man of Gotham who, riding to market on his horse with two bushels of wheat, and, thinking them too heavy for his horse, put one upon his own back that he might lighten his horse's burden. Such things have been said of the inhabitants of this very mythological town, and in some such way men have for many ages been fond of putting folly in a strong light. So we have also the Cumæan who, when purchasing window frames ready-made, inquired if he could have them to look towards the south; and that other, who, when questioned as to where some neighbour dwelt, replied, "If you'll mind my shop I'll come and show you." A man of note of Cumæ being dead, some one went up and asked the mourners who the dead man was. One of them, turning round, with a wave of the hand exclaimed, "The person who lies on the bier." A naturalist bought a crow for the express purpose of ascertaining whether that bird would live a hundred years; and in a shipwreck, while some clung to broken fragments of the vessel or to rafts, one acute observer secured his safety by causing himself to be lashed to the anchor. Such stories are truly innumerable, they are to be found in most countries and counties, and in such singular fancies men have sought to hold up to humour the idiosyncrasies of that remarkable but very common creature in natural history, the Fool.

Real life supplies very often instances almost as ludicrous as the extravagances attributed to our famous wise men. It is not long since we heard in real truth of an interesting worthy who ought to have belonged to Gotham, but who really resided at Braintree, in Essex. Thence he wrote a letter to his brother at Coggeshall,

arranging to meet him at Blackwater, about half-way between the two towns. Thither he repaired on the appointed day, and sat the whole afternoon on a well-known stile, marvelling much that his brother did not come up, when by chance, turning to his pocket, he found in that domestic receptacle his own letter, unposted and of course undelivered.

One characteristic describes this whole order. It is the want of consideration; even if this in some instances appears insufficient, it is still sufficiently descriptive. "Even a rogue," said Coleridge, "is only a roundabout fool—a fool in circumbendibus." And surely we have had innumerable proofs of this in the astonishing instances of roguery with which the last few years have abounded. In general, however, it is sufficient to find want of consideration to be the chief mark of the whole race of Gotham.

"*The legs of the lame are not equal, so is a parable in the mouth of fools.*" Bishop Patrick says, "*A wise saying doth as ill become a fool as dancing doth a cripple.*" He must have put his sermon together very badly who, when preaching, could be so transparent that his auditors said, "That's Butler, that's Paley, that's Taylor, that's Barrow," and at last "that's his own!" The parables of the wise men were in the mouth of the fool, and when he came to his own little affair the difference was instantly perceived; he was a lame preacher, and verifies and realises the other proverb, "*As a thorn goeth up into the hand of a drunkard, so is a parable in the mouth of fools.*" It does harm to himself. So far from serving his cause it only shows him to be "a workman who needs" to "be ashamed." The spectacle of wealth in the hands of folly must have been sometimes surprising to the wise man. "*Why is a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom?*" "*A fool hath no delight in understanding.*" "*A fool's mouth is his destruction.*" "*Every fool will be meddling.*" Folly is often painfully incurable, as indeed the Spanish proverb says, "*It is the one disease for which there is no doctor.*" Or, as the wise man says, "*As the dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.*" No matter what sickness or what sorrow, what pain or disappointment, may have befallen him, when the occasion is past he turns back again to the old spring whence oozed forth the causes of his misery. Seldom can it be said of these children of folly what the great poet has said of the reformed Henry V. :—

"Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
To envelope and contain celestial spirits."

Where this change is possible the character is transformed, and folly and Gotham are left far in the rear. We said just now that the varieties of folly are many, this want of consideration being the

mark and characteristic sign of all the varieties, turn to whichever we may for our illustrations.

Among the varieties of folly there are especially four. First, it is the mark of a fool to love mischief, to talk it, and to do it. "*He flings about firebrands, arrows, and death, and says 'I am only in sport.'*" He talks mischief—"It is as a sport to a fool to do mischief, but a man of understanding hath wisdom." It is not of much use saying to a fool "*Buy a bridle, buy a bridle,*" when the tongue is wagging dangerously, for the tongue is very little under the control of the character; fools are not accustomed to think, and again says the proverb, "*therefore a prating fool shall fall.*" But indeed nothing much more distinctly marks the empty character than the incessant clatter of the tongue, and where the tongue incessantly talks it is inevitable that it should talk much mischief, and surely it may be reckoned as among mysterious things that there are those on whom there seems laid the burden of everlasting chattering. That eminent character, Mrs. Poyser, wisely says "There are persons like clocks which will keep on striking, not because they strike right, but because they have something the matter with their insides." There is another mark of a fool—obstinacy. "*The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth to counsel is wise.*" Another mark of want of consideration—the fool is usually unable to take advice. It is a curious thing to travel through life in company with a fool; it is as awkward a piece of work as driving a pig or calf to market. He is an utterly unreasonable creature. We have most of us talked with such persons—men into whose minds it would be as impossible to project any light foreign to their own nature as to shoot a star into a cave. It is so with the man of whom it is said "*There is a way which seemeth right to him, but it leadeth to death,*" and again, "*The way to Babylon will never bring you to Jerusalem,*" but the man who is on his way to Babylon very seldom supposes himself to be at all in the wrong. Truly, as we find ourselves in company with the obstinate man, we realise the proverb, "*Some are wise and some are otherwise;*" and "*He who follows his own advice must take the consequences.*" And the Spanish proverb says, "*It is fools and obstinate people who make lawyers rich.*" "*By others' faults wise men correct their own,*" but a fool is faultless in his own eyes. Very astonishing, too, the wise oracularity of these self-contained obstinates, but they only remind us that "*An ass is a very grave beast, and an owl is a very grave bird.*" Shakespeare hits this character in some of his wise words:—

" There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'"

And again in words which occur very near to those we have just quoted:—"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice; his reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you shall find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search."

"*The hermit thinks the sun shines nowhere but in his own cell,*" and the mind shut up in itself can imagine no light outside itself. "*You only have one fault,*" says an old proverb, "*you are good for nothing.*" And in this way may very frequently be summed up the folly of the obstinate man. A fool may be known by a third mark—anger, unreasonable anger. "*The fool rageth and is confident.*" "*A stone is heavy, and sand is weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both;*" and the proverb seems to be spoken of that especially foolish thing, envy, "*Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?*" The fool injures without provocation, and he knows not how to forgive; his anger is cruel. What things have we seen Christian men, or so-called Christian men, do? What unseasonable anger have we seen them indulge? It is a singular circumstance, and I have often so noticed it in life, that men always hate those they injure; no man do we need to be so much upon our guard against as the man who has injured us. We need not fear so much the man we have injured, if such there be; but rare are the instances of those who themselves have injured, who do not seek to justify their original injustice by some new act of cruelty.

And there is one other mark, "*Every fool will be meddling*"—meddling everywhere, with everything, with everybody. Who does not know that terrible character in a village or a neighbourhood, "the leisurely man who has nothing to do," the gentleman who is always stepping in, hither and thither, to see how things go on, and who manages, even more than professed gossips and scandal-mongers, to create disturbances, because he is always in his blundering, blundering, mischief-making meddling attempting to put things to rights? Sometimes such a one wakes up astonished to find what a world of mischief he has made. "*He that passeth by and meddleth with strife that belongeth not to him is like one that pulleth a dog by the ears;*" and two things follow from that—first, the barking will generally be in proportion to the pulling; and next the puller may possibly stand a chance of getting the worst of it if Mr. Barker turns round sharp upon him. There are men and women who live in the perpetual excitement of meddling and interfering; they cannot be still, they avail themselves of and invent ingenious

subterfuges, in order that they may play off little experimental tricks of excitement. They are fools; they have no interest in their own thoughts, little acquaintance have they with books, but they have a kind of itch of excitement. They must be doing. They probably, by some mysterious oversight of Providence, as one might almost think, have very little care or trouble on their own account, and so they compensate for it by creating as much care and trouble as possible among their neighbours. Give them a hint and they get up a tragedy or a comedy. How thankful they are if you accept their proffered circumstances, and yet they are a kind of nuisance in the neighbourhood.

Of all creatures to be avoided, perhaps this nervous meddling fool is the worst of all; Lyman Beecher says on one occasion he was riding home one evening with a heavy folio he had just borrowed under his arm; he saw what he supposed to be a rabbit run across the path, and stop by the road side; it was moonlight, and he could not see very distinctly, but he thought to himself, "I'll have a shot at you any how." He came alongside the supposed rabbit, poised his ponderous folio, and hurled it at the supposed mark, but received in return a point-blank shot of an unmistakable character, which required him to bury his clothes, folio, and everything about him in the earth, in order to become presentable. Some years after he was asked why he did not reply to a certain writer who had been abusing him through the press; he said, "I threw a book at a skunk once, and he had the best of it, and I made up my mind never to try it again." The determination was wise. The four characters we have concisely described are all to be avoided; no profit can come from intercourse with either, but of the four the last is the most dangerous, and the aromatic influence of his character the most pernicious and abiding.

But there is no more remarkable or general characteristic of your true man of Gotham than his constant supposition that he is somebody else than he really is. "*What good does it do an ass to be called a lion?*" And yet vanity never inquires whether it deserves the fine feathers or robes, and gilded trappings, in which it desires to adorn itself. People love to be in great places; indeed it is very remarkable, when we think of it, that any man should think himself well fitted to wear the insignia of highly honourable offices, offices which suppose the possessor to have more than the ordinary wisdom of men. "*Regard not yourself in a mirror by the light of a torch.*" Men see themselves as shone upon by certain ideas they have of their own importance, yet one would think that every man too must have an assuring sense of his own demerits. If a man has a reputation for learning, and he knows that he is only ignorant; if he have received diplomas, or purchased them, and he

knows himself to be only a dunce, what good can his diplomas confer on him? What is the worth of any profession without practice? There was a poor shepherd in Germany who saw a great Prince and Cardinal, who was also Bishop of Cologne; but the Bishop was not a good man, an ambitious, cruel, and exacting one; "But then, you see," said the person to whom the shepherd was talking, "he must be like a Prince, for he is a Prince." "Oh, but," said the shepherd, "if the great Prince is damned for his pride and wickedness, what will become of the humble Bishop?"

An old writer says, "In Scripture there are names proper and names appellative, names nominal and names real, but it is the real name that makes a good construction in God's grammar." Many a King Louis, or King Philip, or King Charles, and crowds of other names, have with the designation of king possessed no kingly attributes. King was altogether a misnomer, and merely nominal, they come down to immortality with no appellative of good or great. The name and the character do not correspond, for names are not magical now, and cannot impart a quality. If we were to call the essence of asafœtida, rose-water we should not like the smell any better; while, as we know, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Many of the great characters of the Bible have their name significative and characteristic or appellative. Abraham is a name, but the "Father of the Faithful" is better. Moses is a good name, but "the Servant of God" is better. David is a good name, but "the man after God's own heart" is better. John is a good name, but "the disciple whom Jesus loved" is better. Paul was a good name, but it was much higher to be called "a chosen vessel of the Lord." Goodness and greatness are not tied to any names. There have been very learned men who have been quite unknown to literary honours, and very brave men who had no distinguished place in the army. On the other hand, there have been captains who have been cowards, and doctors who have been dunces. There is a fine string of names all signifying the gift of God. Theodorus, Theodosius, Theodatus, Adeodatus, Dorotheus, Deodatus—these were all very fine designations; but the gift of God has not been confined, we very well know, to such glowing Greek words. And the grace and gifts of God have sometimes gone, we know, with those who are to us nameless. As Sir Thomas Browne says, "To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history; for who would not rather be the Canaanitish woman than Herodias, or the good thief than Pilate?"

It has been said in an old proverb, "*A donkey with a pair of golden panniers on its back is but a donkey still.*" Erasmus, in his "Colloques," tells a story of his meeting with some swaggering person who had hanging from his girdle on one side a New Testa-

ment richly gilt and embossed, and on the other side a bottle of rich wine. He very frequently applied himself to the last, but Erasmus testifies that he never saw him refer to the first until one day, in a fit of rage disputing with some adversary, he seized upon his Bible, and used it quarter-staff fashion to break his adversary's head; so possible it is to have the Bible in the hand, and little of its doctrine in the heart. Hence, also, that other proverb has some likeness to that we have quoted above, "*He hath got the fiddle, but not the fiddlestick.*" But it is not the possession of the finest Stradivarius can make an accomplished violinist; a man may have an immense library, but not even know how to refer to the various volumes in it. Queer stories have been told of this type of character of the lady who quarrelled with the upholsterer who sent home to her house two globes, which she said were not a pair because they were not both alike—of the man who affected to read Hebrew, and in purchasing a Hebrew Bible told the bookseller it was imperfect, wanting the first pages, not being aware that Hebrew books began at what we should call the end; and of many a clown desirous of having it supposed he could read in church who used his hymn-book or psalter turned upside down. We have heard a story of a man who went into an optician's shop to purchase a pair of spectacles, as he said, to help him to read, and he tried, but without effect, every pair of glasses in the optician's shop, and still he said he could not read. "I don't believe you know how to read a word," said the optician, irritated with his customer. "Of course I don't," said the man, "that's what I want a pair of spectacles for." He had quite mistaken the use of glasses and lenses, and indeed it's not the telescope that makes the astronomer; therefore, says another proverb, "*A windmill is a very pretty contrivance, but it is of no use without wind.*"

A friend of mine, a very well-known preacher, stepped into a railway-carriage in the North of England; a fellow-traveller said to him, "I heard you preach here yesterday morning." "Yes," said my friend; "were you not at the church in the evening?" "Whoy noa, I ha' a-getten into a way, I ne'er goes out o' neets." "Why, how is that?" said my friend. "Well, I'll tell 'ee; our minister's a real, reet-down moof." "Ah!" said my friend. "Well, what do you mean by a 'moof'?" "Well," said the stranger, "I can only say a moof is a moof; but now I'll tell 'ee what I liken un too. When I were a boy, up among they hills yonder, in our village there were a mill; it war a water-mill. Well, thou sees, it never went on a Sunday, because it were stopped; but I recollect one Sunday going along by the side on it, and somehow something had gotten loose, and the wheels were going on clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter; bless ye, it worn't grinding anything, but there it were going on as pert as possible,

clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter. There was nothing inside of the thing for it to do, and yet it must keep on making that noise. Now, that's just like our minister; he's got nowt inside of him, but he fancies he's grinding all the time, and so he goes on, and he puts me out of all patience with his clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter—lots of noise, and nothing to say; now, that's what I call a moof." Whether the critic was too severe or not I cannot say; but it's a very fair illustration of what happens when stupidity and cowardice seek to carry away the honours of wisdom and courage. One cannot but say again, "*What good does it do an ass to be called a lion?*"

But indeed this gossip about the men of Gotham, and all the various branches of their great family tree, might be carried on to an almost interminable extent, the stories about them are so numerous, and the parables and proverbs in which either their fancies or their foibles, their sins or their shortcomings, have been satirised and held up to ridicule are so numerous; and no wonder, for "*Fools grow without watering.*" "*Fools,*" says another proverb, "*are neither planted nor sown, they grow of themselves.*" But it's a very remarkable thing that so many regard the really useful occupations of life with a kind of high contempt, and yet, says another proverb, "*In great pedigrees there are governors and chandlers,*" and the great probability is that the governors sprang from chandlers. The great ambition, however, of many is a singular ambition; it is as if men should rise in the morning and say, "Now, how can I make myself eminently useless to-day? In what way can I so employ my time that it shall be of no good to myself or anybody else?" And there are even parents who bring up their children beneath the lofty and ambitious thought of being good for nothing. Douglas Jerrold's satire in "*Punch's Letters to his Son,*" only puts such very common behaviour and education in a strong light. "*My dear boy, be a bright poker,*" is at once a very sharp proverb, and a very expressive parable. We often see by the fireplace two pokers, one black and bent, the other effulgent, speckless, bright steel—one was for use, and the other for ornament. The poor little black poker cracked the coals, and cleared the lower bar, and stirred the fire, and accommodated the tea-kettle to the coals; and the bright poker, while his poor little companion was stoking, and raking, and burning, and banging, doing all the sweating work, was a kind of consecrated thing; and when the owner of the house went out it was even sometimes removed from the grate, and swathed in flannel, and oiled, and left to repose in luxurious idleness, while its poor little friend was worked to the stump, and then flung aside for vile old iron. The bright poker lasted out a dozen doing nothing, lustrous, but merely inactive.

It is surely remarkable that it should have come to pass that it

is thought disgraceful for a man to use his own fingers, highly dishonourable for any man to help himself. The worth of the man or the woman is supposed to consist in the ability to keep a multitude of helpers; this is the vanity of society. Yet surely one would suppose that usefulness would be the great criterion of social value; is the man of any use in the world? But this is not the reasoning in Vanity Fair, where men only walk in a vain show. Walking through an old hall, I have heard a conversation going on there between a banner and the carpet. The banner, a piece of torn silk, rustling with passion through all his folds, thought it hard that he should hang there and never be removed, covered with dust, torn, and blown upon by every breeze, while the carpet was trodden by kings, and princes, and high-born beauties. "Ah," said the carpet, "it is true I'm taken up every week and shaken and beaten, but then I'm only a carpet. I never shall be anything more than a carpet after all. I'm only a poor slave, I receive the foot of the beauty or the baron; but your very dust is your decoration; you hang aloft shivering in the blast because you scorn to lie on the pavement below. I believe I add a good deal to the comfort of the people about here—more than you have ever added, I believe, in your life; but they never hang me up excepting it may be over some clothes-line to give me a good welting. It shocks all my feelings to be treated in this manner; but they say you are a token of heroism, and I am only a poor appendage to Vanity Fair." But when I heard the conversation going on between them, and thought of the heroism of the banner, and the utility of the carpet, I thought both might be good; but when the one becomes merely a spasm of ambition, and the other a piece of State foppery, they both alike only form part of the heraldry of Vanity Fair, and of all places Vanity Fair is that to which the madmen of Gotham most constantly resort. But enough for the present.

NEW YEAR'S DAY ON THE BOULEVARDS.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

If any reader of that famous allegory, the "Pilgrim's Progress," wishes to behold an actual realisation of Bunyan's vivid picture of Vanity Fair, let him visit Paris on New Year's Day. He will find the inhabitants, from the Imperial senator to the humble artisan, all busily engaged in celebrating the great annual festival of vanity and frivolity. Nothing seems too trivial to occupy their attention on this occasion. The size and price of a bonbon, the value of a

child's toy, and a multitude of similar petty topics completely monopolise the public mind, to the exclusion of more important matters. In fact, the Parisians seem to have become infected by a mania for purchasing toys and confectionery. The whole of the Boulevards which intersect the city are literally transformed into fancy bazaars. If the day be tolerably fine, these splendid thoroughfares are filled with a dense crowd of vehicles and foot passengers, and it needs all the exertions of the police to prevent locomotion from becoming impossible. The scene, one of the most curious imaginable, can be witnessed in perfection only in Paris. Something similar may, it is true, be met with in other Continental cities, but not on the same scale of magnitude and splendour as in the French capital. Although it is generally associated with New Year's Day, the popular carnival of vanity actually commences on the morning of Christmas Day. The long-expected note of preparation is sounded several days previously, and the idlers of the Boulevards find plenty of congenial occupation in watching the erection of the numerous booths lining the edge of the pavement. Many of these structures are very tasteful affairs, for even the humblest French artisan seems to possess a talent for imparting an air of elegance to the fruits of his workmanship; and it is both amusing and edifying to note the grave, earnest manner in which the last finishing touches are given, the work being closely scrutinised with the air of a connoisseur before it is finally pronounced complete. A few years since many of the booths were little better than those met with at an ordinary English pleasure fair. They were hastily run up in a single night, and were so fragile that the occurrence of a high wind rendered their continued existence extremely problematical. Those interested in the lesser-known phenomena of Parisian industry would sometimes take a stroll down the Boulevards late on Christmas Eve for the purpose of gazing on the unwonted spectacle to be witnessed at that time. Instead of the numerous magnificent equipages which during the daytime rolled grandly over the asphalted roadway, there were to be seen scores of hand-carts, wheelbarrows, and other unfashionable but useful conveyances, heavily laden with planks, trestles, curtains, tools, pots of paint, wall paper, and the like. Lights flared in every direction, and all along the Boulevards was to be heard the noise of saws and hammers, commingled with the hum of myriad discordant voices.

A writer familiar with the mysteries of Paris street life tells us how she has watched, on a dry, frosty Christmas Eve, the entire process of putting up one of these improvised booths, "from the first arrival of the cartload of traps to the setting down of the entire family—father, mother, and children—in the finished booth

which their united labour had caused to spring up in a couple of hours, and their intense enjoyment of the coffee that had been brewed over a small charcoal bucket on the edge of the pavement by one of the elder girls." The French are great lovers of coffee. As a beverage it is to the French workman what beer is to his English fellow toiler. Attempt to deprive a French artisan of his coffee or his sugared water, and you drive him to the extreme verge of revolution. Of course, he is not unwilling to drink wine, but he has the good sense to prefer a cup of pure Mocha to a bottle of bad claret. Hence the general absence of working-class drunkenness observable in Paris. It would be well if some of our own workmen could be induced to take a leaf from the example of their French brethren. But we are leaving the booth on the Boulevards. This, we are told, "looked very much like a magnified orange chest, but its interior was made gay with a gaudy wallpaper and a few little mirrors, the front being decked out with bright red curtains and ends of candles stuck in sconces."

Then came the emptying of the packing-cases filled with articles for sale, and the gradual furnishing of the shelves and counters of the booth. This done, "the mother, having settled herself in a clean white linen cap and bright red shawl, took her seat at the counter, first comfortably establishing her feet on a 'foot-warmer' filled with lighted charcoal, and began crying out her wares in a loud, shrill voice. There are not many customers to be found on the Boulevards at midnight, still the chance of doing a little trade is never neglected. But, as the pavement became deserted by all save the stall-keepers, the lights were extinguished, the shutters closed, and business suspended until the early morning, for on such occasions the Parisians are up betimes. The articles vended at these booths are of a comparatively humble description, chiefly toys and sweetmeats, but they possess one feature in common with the more expensive contents of the great fancy establishments which look down, as if in grim derision, on their humble rivals, this is the military character of most of the toys sold. French children seem to care for nothing but playing at soldiers. Here are great staring pictures of French martial celebrities, there is a miniature Chassepot, yonder is a tiny Grenadier's cap, everywhere we have the art of arms in little. The Zouave is a favourite character. He turns up everywhere. Here he is as a Jack-in-the-box, there he appears as a jumping figure; in fact, he is utilised in every conceivable manner, his picturesque garb being almost as attractive to the boy-soldiers as is that of the Scottish Highlander.

But it is in the richly decorated shops on the Boulevards that we must look for the more artistic productions of the toy-maker. The father of poor blind Bertha was a mere novice in his art com-

pared with an ordinary French manufacturer of toys. In France, as in Germany, toy-making constitutes an important branch of industry, the sums annually expended in the purchase of dolls alone being almost incredible. Some dolls cost as much as twenty guineas, and even more. Sometimes they are made to represent famous historical personages, chiefly of the female sex. A year or two ago the popular dolls included representations of Isabella de Bavaria, the wife of Charles VI., Madame de Maintenon, Diana de Poitiers, Henrietta, wife of our Charles I., Mademoiselle de La Valliere, Madame de Sévigné, and others. Many dolls are expensively attired to represent the Empress. Some represent popular actresses. Others are costly models of the reigning beauties of the fashionable world. The dolls are generally attired with the same care and attention as if they were veritable living creatures. There are dolls for every taste. Here is one fashioned in imitation of that strange nondescript the "girl of the period," with monstrous chignon, high-heeled boots, and gold eye-glass complete. Close by is another "on her knees before a *prie-Dieu*, holding a richly bound Prayer-book in one hand, or a gold embroidered velvet bag to receive the offerings of the charitable." Near to this is another doll, expensively got up, representing a favourite stage dancer. Indeed, the majority of dolls are professedly accurate representations of fashionable women, sometimes even of females of questionable character, and actresses. We have, fortunately for us, nothing of the kind in this country, nor is it desirable that a taste for such things should be introduced. The French speak very strongly respecting our want of taste in dolls, but we would rather endure that reproach than have it removed at the cost of the evils which would inevitably be produced. Much of the reckless extravagance, love of luxury, and inordinate worship of fashion, which form such predominating elements of French female character, are clearly traceable to the influence of this passion for expensively dressed dolls. Moreover, the early age at which many French girls become familiar with the names of stage actresses, women of infamous repute, and females notorious for expensiveness of dress, conduces largely to render them in after-life extremely lax in their ideas of morality, and careless of the value of their innate modesty and intense love of domestic life, which constitute the true charm and influence of woman in her own natural sphere. The popularity of expensively dressed dolls in France seems to have originated from familiarity with the costly attired waxen effigies which do duty as representations of the Virgin in French Catholic churches, for we find a similar state of things, although not carried to such an excess, existing in other Catholic countries.

But if the French girls have their dolls the French boys have

their martial weapons. Here are helmets, cuirasses, shields, sabres, rifles, pistols, Zouave turbans, and other military toys in wonderful profusion. Here, also, we have pictures of the war in the Crimea. In front of these is a large model representing a battle between French and Chinese troops. On one side of the model is a formidable-looking cannon; on the other side is a field battery complete. Some shops sell nothing but military toys. Even as the French girl, from very infancy, is inculcated with a love of dress, fashionable life, and expensive habits, so the French youth, from the moment he begins to toddle about, is rendered familiar, so far as toys can teach him, with the arts of warfare. The military toys of France have a much larger share than is generally imagined in moulding French character. But there are many toys of a wholly scientific character. The influence of the technical education so common in France receives an illustration in the large number of model retorts, blowpipes, and other essentials of the laboratory, which are annually disposed of. Then there are toys remarkable for ingenuity of construction. Here are a couple of frogs fighting a duel, an owl sentencing a sparrow to death, a rabbit playing on the tambourine, a lobster's claw fashioned into the semblance of an odd-looking personage with a remarkably hooked nose, and other curiosities of toy construction. Most of these are of German manufacture, Saxony and Nuremberg supplying the larger portion. From these latter places come also the toy printing presses, magic lanterns, magnetic toys, and other marvels of childhood. "The articles made of glass," says a recent writer, "come from Bohemia; and from the Black Forest the tiny furniture in white or painted wood, grocery shops, tobacco shops, and kitchens in which nothing is wanting. The household utensils in pottery and porcelain, dolls' heads of porcelain, bedsteads, toilet tables, jugs and basins, Zouaves, and Imperial Guards in tin or lead, lotoes, dominoes, humming tops, wheelbarrows, shovels, and rakes are the produce of the French departments." According to the Official Catalogue of the French Exhibition, the greater number of toys are made in Paris. They are nearly all made by hand. A large number of women are employed in making dolls' clothing alone. About 2,200 persons are occupied in the manufacture of the small toys, child labour not being resorted to. The French exports of toys now exceed half a million pounds sterling in value per annum. English toys, especially those made of wood, do not command a large sale in Paris. The toys sold in the booths on the Boulevards are almost entirely produced by the stall-keepers, who sometimes contrive to dispose of the produce of several months' labour during the ten days they are permitted to monopolise the Boulevards, the great sale taking place on New Year's Day.

But, large as is the sale of toys on New Year's Day, it is considerably exceeded by that of confectionery, principally in the shape of bonbons. It is almost worth the cost and trouble of a journey to Paris merely to view the great confectionery shops on the Boulevards at Christmas time or on New Year's Day. The English are great lovers of sugar, but by them the saccharine delicacy is used principally for flavouring tea, coffee, fruit pies, and similar purposes; while in France a very large percentage, far higher than with us, is consumed in the manufacture of confectionery. It has been stated that the consumption of sugar in France amounts annually to 15lbs. per head. In this country it is about the same. The annual value of the home-made sweets consumed by the French people is estimated at 1,100,000*l.*, exclusive of those imported from England, which are valued at 200,000*l.* more. The favourite French confection is the bonbon or sugar-plum. The sale of these, on certain occasions, such as New Year's Day, is something enormous. There are several large shops in Paris devoted wholly to the manufacture and sale of bonbons. The most famous of these is in the Rue de la Paix. Here, at the beginning of December, a strange scene of industrial activity is to be witnessed, upwards of three hundred workmen being busily employed in preparing sweets for the coming demand on New Year's Day. A visitor tells us that the entire underground portion of the premises is devoted to the manufacture of bonbons. "On descending the stone staircase one finds oneself in a stifling atmosphere, heavily laden with the aroma of vanilla and other essences. Around are scores of workmen, their faces lighted up with the red glare of numerous furnaces, busily engaged in plunging particular fruits into large cauldrons filled with boiling syrups. More in the shade are other stalwart-looking men, their countenances made pallid by the intensely heated atmosphere, piling up almonds, &c., on huge copper vessels; and so constant is the sound of metal clashing against metal that the visitor might imagine himself in an armour smithy instead of a sweet-meat factory, amongst workmen making bonbons for women and children to crunch. On all sides are piles of sugar loaves, gallons of liqueurs, syrups, and essences—kirsch, rum, aniseed, noyau, maraschino, curacao, pineapple, apricot, strawberry, cherry, vanilla, chocolate, coffee, and tea—with sacks of almonds and baskets of chestnuts, pistachio nuts, and filberts, being emptied into machines which braize their husks, flay them, and blanch them all ready to receive their saccharine coating." There is no need to follow the process of manufacture; it is more interesting to witness than to describe. Very tempting is the appearance of the fresh bonbons—white, pink, mauve, and other colours—as they are poured into the large boxes where they are kept until wanted. They are of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny comfit to the enormous plum; but, vast as is the stock so rapidly accumulating, the evening of New Year's Day will behold it diminished more than one-half.

The boxes in which the bonbons are sold are of every conceivable shape, style, and price. Some are of a most artistic character and

very expensive. The beautiful boxes, filled with preserved fruits or sweetmeats, so common in the English grocers' shops at Christmas time, are chiefly of French manufacture. Every description of material is employed in the ornamentation of these confectionery receptacles. Silk, velvet, satin, lace, glass, pearl, silver, and embossed leather are largely used. Immense numbers of coloured prints are also employed. The preparation of these prints affords occupation to some hundreds of skilled French *artistes*. They are chiefly coloured by hand, although the aid of chromo-lithography is annually becoming more and more resorted to. The coloured prints are subsequently covered with thin sheets of bright, transparent, and colourless isinglass, after which they are ready for use. It is impossible to imagine a prettier sight than the interior of a bonbon-box manufactory in full work. Coloured pictures, strips of rich velvet, piles of fancy ornaments, strings of pearls, silken love-knots, rolls of tinfoil, sheets of glittering tinsel, heaps of artificial flowers, and trays filled with small metal decorations surround us on all sides. The long work-benches are lined with rows of young women busily engaged in ornamenting the plain-looking boxes piled up at their sides. In the more elaborate details the work of the females is generally supplemented by that of the men. The small boxes, requiring no particular skill in manufacture, are generally made by women and children. Some of the boxes are adorned with small-coloured plaster models and figures similar to those with which we are familiar on the top of twelfth-cakes. These ornaments are also of French manufacture. On the Boulevards there are several shops devoted entirely to their sale. Almost every kind of human and animal figure is represented, chiefly in a grotesque and exaggerated form. The talent of the modeller seems entirely devoted to the labour of discovering fresh modes of distorting the human face and figure. The follies of the day are unmercifully satirised in the shape of toys representing fashionable ladies with enormous chignons, Parisian swells attired in true advertising-tailor style, military dandies, and similar characters. One favourite model is that of the English tourist attired in a suit of tweed, with travelling bag and Murray complete. Sometimes he is represented as accompanied by his wife and daughters, who have a stolid, ungraceful, doll-like appearance. The military element, however, predominates. We have before us almost every branch of the French military profession represented by the art of the modeller. Sometimes his genius takes a more serious turn, but as a rule his love of humour predominates. This year the opening of the Suez Canal has proved a windfall to him, furnishing him with an excuse for filling the shop windows with thousands of Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, camels, and other peculiar and interesting features of Oriental life.

"But why," some of my younger readers may ask, "should there be such a great sale of these expensive trifles on New Year's Day?" Simply because it is the great day for the interchange of presents. Everybody looks to receiving something from everybody else, hence, from daybreak until long after dark, there is a general giving and accepting going on, not merely in Paris, but through-

out the whole of France. The toys are, of course, the anticipated perquisites of the little ones, the expensive boxes of sweetmeats being reserved for the adults. Articles of a really useful character seem in little favour. However expensive, the presents must be of a light or frivolous character. This is the dark side of the picture, a feature which seems to cast a gloom over the whole of the scene. Everything appears wholly unreal and artificial. It is as if we were breathing the atmosphere of the stage rather than that of real life. All is show, glitter, and tinsel. There is nothing solid or enduring. The crowd presses along the Boulevards, now halting at some shop more brilliant than its neighbours, now surging onward in the direction of distant musical strains, now gazing at the floods of light which pour from the interior of gay cafés, now listening to the low murmur of curiosity and surprise as the carriage of the Emperor dashes proudly by; but no one appears to see the ragged, evil-featured human ghouls which silently prowl on the outskirts of the multitude. In its fondness for pleasure, in its passionate love of trifles, Paris sometimes forgets that there are more serious matters demanding its attention. But it is of no use to mention this. A grand military spectacle will render the Parisians happy as children, and the excitement of New Year's Day on the Boulevards is sufficient to make them forget everything save the glories of the great festival of toys and bonbons. Yet there are some who reproach us that we do not imitate Continental life a little more closely! Perhaps we are wise in leaving well alone.

THE MOST POPULAR SUBJECT IN THE WORLD.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG PEOPLE BETWEEN SIXTEEN AND SIX-AND-TWENTY.

LONG before those seven years which Jacob served for Rachel, and which the inspired historian beautifully tells us "seemed but a few days for the love he had to her," "love's young dream" painted life in the brightest colours, and portrayed one object especially as the fairest in all the world. So it has been ever since, and so no doubt it will be as long as the world lasts. It has most commonly been the poet's first inspiration, and very often it has been his last. Whatever other charms romance may have this is its greatest. A novelist would be deemed a very courageous man, and it would be taken for granted that he was conscious of more than ordinary powers of interesting his readers, if he left out love from his story. Writers of fiction know very well that not only young people, but also staid spinsters and bachelors of every age, and grave fathers and mothers—nay, even staid old grandfathers and grandmothers, if the print be only large enough for failing eyes, will follow through a long tale the varying fortunes of the hero and the heroine till they see them triumphant over all obstacles and perils, and fairly

wedded. Let no one, then, accuse us of putting thoughts on this matter into young people's heads. In nearly all cases—if not literally in all—they are there already. One gets a notion now and then of what passes in very juvenile parties. Are we wrong in saying that very old-fashioned attentions are on such occasions often interchanged by very small people? And is it quite an uncommon thing for a part of the pastime of the evening to consist of a mimic wedding? Already, even with them, the dream has begun. It is said—we cannot vouch for the fact, happily not belonging to either class—that maiden ladies and bachelors of five-and-forty dream quite as romantically as if they were less than half the age—nay, that there are even dreamers of threescore-and-ten. It belongs, we suppose, to our human nature just as to eat and drink and sleep belongs to it; and to take it away, if that were possible, would be to take away some of the brightest poetry of life. Then, too, how much of human happiness centres in that fairest spot in all the earth, that best relic of the primal Eden, that goal to which true reciprocal affection ever tends—the home of wedded love! Besides, the union in which the love of which we are speaking finds its consummation is the great Creator's law; and the marriage-feast in Cana tells us with what interest the Lord Jesus Himself regarded the union of kindred hearts.

Well, now, perhaps you will say, "The natural deduction from all that, is that we are to think about nothing else, to talk about it, and dream about it, and read about it, and scheme about it, and to pair off at once." With all sympathy with youthful dreamers we say, No; and it is one great end we have in view to persuade you not to do that. We should like to say something very prosaic and practical on this subject, respecting which there is so much romance. We want you, as though there were old heads on these young shoulders of yours, to listen to a few things we have to suggest, to weigh them well, and, as they commend themselves to your sober judgment, to act upon them.

There is a phrase which we have already used which we will take leave to use again, for the sake of making a remark or two about it—"Love's young dream." Now, everybody knows that there is often a wonderful difference between dreams and waking realities. Many a youth has dreamt that he was going to marry an angel, who has awoken to find that he had married a woman—a woman who lacked nineteen-twentieths of the perfections which he had imagined in his angel, and with some defects not angelic at all. Burns's flames were, it is said, many of them, very common-place young women, and yet how he could sing about them! Those two stout, matter-of-fact, middle-aged people struggling with the realities of life—*paterfamilias* worried with business all day, and going home at night to nod, perhaps to snore, over his newspaper; *materfamilias* busy about washings, and darnings, and bakings, and the dressmaker—who seem as though they never could have had a spark of romance in either of their souls, were twenty years ago angels in each other's eyes. There are two very passable but really not very extraordinary young people whose supreme delight is in each other's society, and each of whom, it may be, worships

the very ground on which the other treads. You would very likely give mortal offence to either of them if you ventured to whisper a hint that the other was anything short of perfection, and perhaps you have been bored almost to death by the confidential enumeration by one of them of the other's excellences. We should like to know what the young lady's brothers think of her. Is it altogether improbable that they may say, with all their brotherly love, "It's very well he thinks so much about her, but she might with advantage be in many respects a great deal better"? And her mother, with all her partiality for her daughter, has found her sometimes, to put the thing mildly, a little short of perfection. "Now," we can imagine some one saying, "that's dreadfully cynical." We hope not. At all events, we don't mean it to be so. We only say it that we may offer the counsel, Keep as wide awake as you can; exercise in this matter, as well as in every other, good common sense, and don't look for angels or imagine them where there is nothing but ordinary flesh and blood. Albeit it is only right to say that, whilst too many have experienced a woeful disenchantment, there are hundreds who, though they have missed some things about which they had dreamt, have found a substantial worth of character which is unspeakably better, and have blessed God, times without number, both in sorrow and in joy, that they were ever made one.

Punch once headed one of his sage counsels with the words, "Advice to parties intending to marry." And what do you think the advice was? It was put in staring capitals, and it was summed up in one word—"Don't." We can scarcely endorse *Punch's* advice. As a rule, we believe people are happier and better for the influences of matrimonial and especially of parental life. "A rusty old bachelor" and a "crabbed old maid" are terms in only too frequent use. We don't like to speak disrespectfully of either gentlemen or ladies; still, admitting all the while that there are some very honourable exceptions, we are inclined to let that description of the old bachelor stand. Old bachelors are often very rusty and very selfish; and I have this especially against them, that the blame of a great many of the maiden ladies continuing such rests entirely on their shoulders. We don't find, as a rule, that bachelors, with all their leisure, and with all their freedom from domestic cares, and with all the money they save by remaining single, do more good in the world than men who are married; nay, we do not think that, taking them as a body, they do nearly so much. We don't find that bachelor ministers are the most useful; nor that bachelor deacons, as a body, are in any sense model deacons; nor that bachelor church members do more to help forward the cause of Christ than married ones. Of course we do not mean by bachelors those young men who are looking up to the higher estate with the hope of entering on it as soon as it is prudent; but those who are confirmed in their celibacy. It may be a matter of prejudice, but we are inclined to think that, if we wanted a specially marked example of a man living entirely for himself, we should have to single out a bachelor. Still, there are signal exceptions to the rule; and it is only just to say that we have known some of this order whose lonely life was not a matter of choice, but a sacrifice laid

nobly on the altar of duty ; and further, that there could not be more self-denying, earnest men than some who are thus alone in the world. It would be scarcely right, however, to speak of the single sisterhood exactly as we speak of the bachelors. It may be that there are angularities about some of them which would have been rounded off if they had been married ; but really we don't know what we should do without them. How useful and indispensable is the maiden aunt of a family ! It may be she is the comfort of a widowed parent ; in those periodical additions which occur in the families of married brothers or sisters she is looked to as the guide of the house during the temporary seclusion of its rightful ruler ; in case of sickness she is the first thought of ; and if not sent for, ten to one she finds her way to the house to see what help she can render ; and it is needless to say she is ever welcome. Our unmarried females are our best district visitors, our best Sunday-school teachers, our best workers on behalf of all kinds of benevolent institutions ; nay, in certain lines of literature, they are our best writers. If, moreover, we knew the reasons why some of them have remained unmarried, and took into account their self-denying virtues and the good they have accomplished, we should be very chary in our use of the term "old maid," as it is too frequently used slightly and disrespectfully. And may I say to my unmarried female friends, don't deem it absolutely necessary to be married, as though life were otherwise a blank, and as though that term "single blessedness" were a lie. Far better be single to the end of the chapter—lonely as it often is to be so—than marry, as some people do, to repent ever after. I would have every female whose parents cannot leave her a competency to learn some occupation by which she may win for herself an honourable livelihood. It is to be regretted that hitherto the range of female occupations has been so limited. So jealously have some occupations, at which women might have worked just as well as men, been guarded by "the lords of the creation," lest there should not be enough to do for themselves, that, in small towns especially, nothing is left for women but dressmaking, or teaching, or domestic service, or attendance in shops, or similar employment. Laudable efforts, however, are being made to extend the sphere of woman's work, and we wish them all success.

It is a matter which can scarcely be considered too seriously that the marriage bond is for life, and life is a long time,—at least, there is every probability and hope that it will be,—perhaps twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty years ; for life, with whatever changes of health and fortune it may bring ; for life, with all kinds of tests which may try both principle, and character, and temper too. If you were going on a journey for a single month you would be very careful what kind of travelling companion you chose ; if you had the choice of a fellow-servant with whom you would serve the same master for a year, you would be more careful still not to select a bad-tempered or an unprincipled one ; and, if it were possible, you would exercise still greater care were you forming a partnership in business which should continue for years. Are we wrong in saying that engagements for life are often formed with

far less thought than it would be wise to exercise respecting any of the less important ties of which we have been speaking? And are we not right in saying that there should be unspeakably more? We do not for a moment depreciate the beautiful. God made fair countenances, and beaming eyes, and graceful forms to be admired; and who that has any pretension to taste can help admiring them? Nor are we insensible to the charm of pleasant, lively, winning manners, and of witty, piquant speech. Still, these are only surface qualities, which furnish no guarantee for solid excellence, and which too often cover what is really vapid and worthless. "Fine feathers make fine birds;" but gay, bright plumage is apt to be sadly ruffled by the storms of life. Take care lest you get nothing but plumage. Make sure that there is a solid basis of excellence in your proposed companion for life—truth, kindness, rectitude, honour, a gentle, forbearing temper, and last, though by no means least, sound common sense. We do not say that you are to wait till you find one absolutely perfect; but we do say, Seek for husband or wife one who sincerely desires to be everything that is right and true. Here is a beautiful little Scotch song, which we found in one of Miss Muloch's books, and which expresses much that we have said. We suppose it is her own, though we don't know:—

- " When ye're my ain gudewife, lassie,
 What'll ye bring to me?
 A hantle o' siller, a stockin' o' gowd?
 I ha'e na a bawbee.
- " When ye're my ain gudewife, lassie,
 And sit at my fireside,
 Will the red and white meet in your face?
 Na, ye'll no get a bonnie bride.
- " But gin ye're my gudewife, lassie,
 Mine for gude and ill,
 Will ye bring me three things, lassie,
 My empty home to fill?
- " A temper sweet, a silent tongue,
 A heart baith warm and free?
 Then I'll marry ye the morn, lassie,
 And lo'e ye till I dee."

Get to know, if you can, something of the stock from which the party springs with whom you have any idea of linking your fate for life. A gardener would tell you that if there were any defect inherent in a tree, though a slip cut from it might appear quite perfect, there was every likelihood that when the slip became a tree the defect would be reproduced. So, too, a medical man would tell you that the child of parents labouring under certain forms of disease, though at its birth to all appearance perfectly healthy, would most likely have the seeds of the parental disease sown in his frame. So we believe it is, to a greater extent than is often supposed, with moral qualities. Dirty, slatternly, termagant mothers have sometimes cleanly, tidy, gentle daughters; but we are afraid it is too often the contrary. And so, on the other side, if a young man's parents are unprincipled, ill-tempered, disorderly, the chances are sadly against the young man himself being different when he

comes to bear the brunt of life's battle. Now and then, it may be admitted, we see a man breaking completely away from all the evil influences of his childhood and youth, and in striking contrast with the family from which he sprung, becoming everything that is pure, and upright, and kind; but very frequently it is otherwise.

"Oh, but," you perhaps say, "that is very hard to condemn people for the defects and vices of their parents." Perhaps it is; but we are speaking in your interest now, and expounding what we believe to be the law of ordinary transmission—a law not without exceptions, but still the law. So look to the stock from which your intended husband or wife has sprung with only less care than you would consider the dispositions and principles of the parties themselves; and do not presume too confidently that your influence is the only thing that is needed to link them to everything that is right and good. Strong as you deem it, you may find it altogether powerless.

Do not think us cold and calculating, or lacking in sympathy with young, and warm, and pure affections, if we say, Don't form engagements too early. Wait till you know what you are likely to be, and what kind of helpmeet you are likely to want; wait till your judgment is formed and your taste matured; and, we would add, wait till you see a reasonable prospect, at no great distance of time, of settling in life. It is quite true that very early engagements have sometimes turned out well. For long years, and perhaps with the additional test of wide local separation, the hearts which had early plighted their faith remained true as the needle to the pole, neither of them for a single moment thinking of change. But we are bound to say that we have often seen it otherwise. The lapse of time has matured the views of at least one of the parties; his mind has been expanded by intercourse with society; fortune has smiled on him; and besides he has seen fresh, perhaps fairer, faces; and so the thought has arisen, "How much better I might have done;" and then the resolve has been formed, "*I will do better*;" and that resolve has been fulfilled by all manner of miserable shifts and evasions, and often with heartless cruelty. Or, held to his engagement, as he ought to be, by a sense of high-minded honour, he has gone to the altar, feeling something like a victim about to be sacrificed, and there has been felt throughout life a sense of secret, though sometimes ill-concealed, disappointment. Another evil is that parties thus early engaged very frequently rush into an imprudently early marriage. Now we don't object at all to early marriages; we object only when they are imprudently early, and we will tell you when we think they are so. When a young man only just out of his apprenticeship rushes into matrimony, that is imprudently early; and when a young couple marry with a house scarcely half furnished, hoping to furnish it afterwards, although their income is barely sufficient to meet the claims of subsistence; or when if furnished whether wholly or in part, it is furnished on credit, that is imprudently early. We wish we could instil into your minds, if it be not already there, a dread, an utter horror of debt. We are not now speaking of credit given and taken in the ordinary course of business, although it would be well if there were a great deal

less of that, but of debt which there is very little probability of paying, or which, if paid at all, cannot be paid without sore strait and struggle. It deadens the conscience; it is the parent of all kinds of shuffling, and falsehood, and trickery; it mars domestic peace, and very often it presses the subject of it down to the earth in humiliation and tears. Whatever you do, don't begin life in debt. Wait two, three, half-a-dozen years rather than begin in debt. No doubt there are some energetic spirits who, gifted with strong health and indomitable perseverance, can rise superior to the disadvantages of such a start and retrieve themselves; but we do not believe that one in twenty does so, and in any case it is a hazardous venture. As a rule, if a married couple begin in debt, they will feel the grinding influence of it for long years if not even for life. Cowper has a humorous piece entitled, "Pairing Time Anticipated." He represents the birds, on one of those days in winter which are so bright and warm that it seems as though old Father Winter had stretched forth his icy hand and stolen a day right out of the middle of the coming spring, as meeting in copse and grove to discuss affairs of love. A grave old bullfinch gave them warning:—

"My friends, be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet:
I fear we shall have winter yet."

But a pert young finch, a last year's bird, "who ne'er had tried what marriage means," replied:—

"She thinks the gentleman, quoth he,
Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good-will would keep us single,
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle;
Or, which is likelier to befall,
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado:
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"

Dick, tweedling, ogling, bridling, signifies his approval, and they express their sentiments about it so smartly that they are greeted with a chorus of general approbation, and all at once pair off and build their nests.

"But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast;
And destiny, which sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs."

The wind shifted into the east, and then into the biting north; rain came and snow; their nests were soaked; the birds themselves were chilled; their eggs were addled.

"Soon every father bird and mother,
Grew quarrelsome and pecked each other;
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met;
And learned in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser."

And this is the moral:—

“ Misses, the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry :
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.”

It is one of the greatest mistakes which young people commit in this matter, that they form their engagements clandestinely. Rural walks are taken, meetings are held, gifts and letters are exchanged; parents know nothing whatever of all this till their children's affections are irretrievably gone. We are afraid it is too often assumed that parents are the natural enemies of all youthful affection, and that, if possible, they are to be foiled and evaded. Now all this is undutiful, treacherous, wrong. There are none who love you with so pure and disinterested a love as theirs. They have toiled for you, watched over you in sickness, perhaps strained every nerve that they might give you a better education than their own, trembled for you, prayed for you. You would consult them if you were taking a situation, or entering on business. Why not consult them about this? Their only solicitude is for you; and though it is quite possible they may be mistaken, it is much more likely they will be right, and at all events they may have something to say to you well worth consideration. Sons and daughters both, do nothing by stealth, and deem it, to say the least, a strong reason for hesitation if you have cause to think that your parents will disapprove.

Just one thing more. Are you a Christian? Then, whomsoever you marry, let it be “only in the Lord.” That is the Lord's own law; and if it were not His clearly written law, how many reasons are there which command it as most important! On other matters it is essential to happiness that there should be a community of taste and feeling; but how supremely desirable it is that there should be a unity of conviction and resolve on this greatest concern of all! How needful it is that you should have all possible help and sympathy on this matter from him or her who is to be the dearest to you in life! How important it is that your prayers may go up to heaven as the blended offering of kindred hearts; that, with unity of counsel and purpose, your children may be trained up for Christ; that you may have common consolations with which to cheer each other's hearts in the trials of life; and that, when the last parting comes, be it soon or late, as the survivor gently lays down the hand so long linked with his own in love, it may be with the assurance that they will be linked together again in that world where partings are unknown! Does anyone say, “But I am not yet a Christian in the sense you mean, and therefore I am at liberty to choose from the wide world”? We reply, First of all, be a Christian, and then make a truly Christian choice. We think we have known some cases in which a prospective engagement with one who had no sympathy with Christian principle and hope has stood in the way of a right decision, and in which afterwards that unfaithfulness to conviction bore the fruit of bitter sorrow.

Most sincerely do we wish you, reader, whoever you may be, a home of your own, in which will be fulfilled your brightest antici-

pations of domestic bliss,—a home of order, unity, peace, unbroken love,—a home gladdened above all other gladness by the smile of that Saviour who once condescended to be a guest in the home of Bethany. A home like that will be PARADISE REGAINED.

The Children's Hour.

CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY MARIANNE FAERNINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and Caroline Lacey and her friend Bessie Bennett were not yet in bed. But who likes to go to bed early on New Year's Eve? Carrie certainly did not, and so she had persuaded her mamma to say nothing about bed-time.

"Just for once, ma dear, as Bessie is here. We do so want to see the old year out and the new year in."

"But you cannot see either the one or the other."

"No, not really, mamma, but it must be pleasant to stay up until it is morning, and the bells begin to ring."

"Well, just for once, then; though I am not sure that it is ever good for girls to be up after ten: but, as it is New Year's Eve——"

"Oh, thank you, mamma," cried Carrie, not waiting to hear more.

And so it happened that the two girls had spent a very merry evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lacey, and a number of other grown-up people, and had now gone a little apart from the others, to have a talk together.

"Has it not been delightful?" said Bessie; "I never enjoyed any New Year's Eve so much as this."

"I am so glad you have liked it, dear."

"Have you liked it too? Are you happy, Carrie?"

Caroline hesitated a moment before she replied, while the laughing blue eyes of her companion watched her.

"Oh, Carrie, you amuse me so much! I declare you look as serious as you do at school when there is a difficult exercise to write. Are—you—happy?"

"Yes, dear Bess, I am."

"Quite happy?"

"Almost quite."

"Ah, you are thinking, I can see, and I want to think too."

And Bessie tried to put on a serious expression, which made her look so comical that Carrie could not help laughing.

Presently Bessie said: "I want to ask you something, Carrie. Have you formed any good resolution for the new year?"

Bessie was surprised at the effect of her question, for Carrie's

face became instantly crimson, and she looked quite confused. Bessie was sorry that she had spoken, and yet she could not see that her words need cause any pain to Carrie. But Bessie thought it better to take no notice, and so she only crept a little nearer to her friend, and put her arms round her and kissed her softly. Bessie was a clever little comforter, because she was a very loving girl. Love is a famous teacher; there are no people so stupid as those who know nothing about love.

But Bessie wondered, as she often did, what was the matter with Carrie. They were close friends, and Caroline was so good, and true, and kind, that Bessie loved her more and more, though she knew that Carrie had some sorrow which she did not confide to her.

Carrie answered Bessie's question with another.

"Have you made any good resolution yourself, Bessie?"

"Yes, I always do. Last New Year's Day I resolved that before the twelve months had gone I would learn to speak French. I did not know a word then, but I have kept my resolution, for mamma told me on the day that I came here how pleased she was with the progress I have made."

"And are you going to begin this new year with another resolution?"

"Yes; have you made one, Carrie?"

"Yes."

"Oh, let us tell each other what our resolutions are!"

"Perhaps we had better not. Shall I tell you what I was reading this morning? It was in the two first chapters of the Book of Nehemiah. Some men came to him when he was the cup-bearer of Artaxerxes, and told him what a sad state Jerusalem was in. Nehemiah was very grieved to hear it, and he cried and prayed to God. He also made a good resolution to rebuild the walls and gates of the city he loved. But he kept it to himself. He says, 'Neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem.' But I think he was perhaps all the more likely to keep his resolve because he had not told anybody."

"I don't know about that," said Bessie, laughing.

"Well, it is better to do right things than to talk about them; and I have noticed that sometimes when people talk very enthusiastically about what they are going to do they leave it undone after all. Perhaps they wear out the wish by talking, or perhaps they half-persuade themselves that talking will do it."

"Are you going to be like Nehemiah, Carrie?"

"I hope so. I would rather not tell anybody what is in my heart; but oh, Bessie, I do so hope I shall do it."

"I hope so too. But I don't mind telling you my resolution. I know I shall find it very hard to keep it, harder than learning French, but still I mean to try. This is mine—that I will keep my bed-room tidy all the year round. You know, Carrie, that I always throw everything down anywhere, and mamma and everybody else are so displeased with me for my carelessness that I have quite made up my mind to reform."

"I think you will succeed Bessie, dear," said Carrie.

At that moment there was a stir among the ladies and gentlemen at the other end of the room.

"It is almost midnight," said Carrie's father. "Let us listen for the bells."

So the lights were put out and the shutters unfastened, and they all gathered round the windows and looked out. It was a beautiful night, the moon shone over the snow and lighted up everything. But there was a great stillness both outside and inside of the house. It was as if all the world were hushed and listening for the first sound which should tell of the death of the old year and the birth of the new.

No one spoke, but most likely everybody was busily thinking and praying. Carrie's lips did not move, but her heart was saying over and over again, "O Lord, help me to keep my resolution, and please bless dear Harry and save him."

Just when the silence seemed the deepest they were almost startled by the first sounds of the chimes, which were quickly followed by the strokes of all the loud-tongued church clocks in the town striking twelve. And then the merry bells began to ring, and the silence was quite gone, and the earth seemed suddenly full of the sweetest music.

"Carry, my own darling, God bless you, and give you a very happy year."

Carrie knew whose kiss was upon her forehead, and who whispered these words. She glanced into her mother's face and saw how white it looked with the moonlight upon it, and her own eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, mamma dear, I hope, I cannot help hoping that this year may——"

"Hush, my child, we must leave it all to our Father, who is in heaven."

The next moment the lamps were relit, and everybody was wishing everybody else a happy new year.

CHAPTER II.—NEW YEAR'S PURCHASES.

The next morning, or rather a little later on in the same morning, when Caroline awoke, she was surprised to see Bessie dressed, and already busily engaged. For a moment or two she watched her without speaking, and soon saw what it all meant. Bessie had begun to keep her resolution, and, as she was not at home and could not commence upon her own room, she was practising upon that of her friend. She set about it with a will too. Carrie's room was, as she thought, never really untidy, but Bessy found plenty to do in it. She had found a duster, and had dusted every article upon the toilet-table that could not be washed; but she evidently preferred cold water to anything, for the outsides of all glass bottles and jars she had scrupulously washed and dried. The towels were removed from the horse, and folded up as neatly and smoothly as possible; the books were piled away so that all the backs were quite level, the ornaments upon the chimney-piece

looked as if they never more could be awry, and as Carrie glanced round she thought she had never seen the place look so prim and perfect as it did then. Bessie, however, was not yet satisfied. She had just discovered a spot of dust upon the handle of one of the hair-brushes, and immediately some fresh cold water was poured into the basin, and the washing process vigorously recommenced.

Carrie could not keep quiet longer.

"Oh, Bessie!" she cried; "how can you do it? Your poor little fingers will be quite cramped. I feel as if I shall have a shivering fit through watching you. Cold water is doubly cold on New Year's morning, isn't it?"

"It is rather cold," said Bessie; "but I don't mind it much. I am learning to be tidy. You often tell me at school that there is nothing like beginning at once."

Caroline laughed when Bessie told her what she had been doing.

"The things could not really have been dusty and dirty," she said.

"No," said Bessie, candidly, "I could not see that they were; but I thought I would dust and wash them in case they should be. And you needn't laugh at me, Carrie, for I mean to keep my resolution bravely from the very first, and have no failures."

"No failures," said Carrie. "I am afraid that is too much to hope for for either of us. But if we do fail now and then that is no reason why we should give up. We must try again, and again, and again if we mean to succeed in the end."

"Ah, now you are thinking of your own resolution, and not of mine."

"I am thinking of both, Bess dear. I dare not hope that I shall succeed all at once, and I am afraid you will not, although you have made such a valiant beginning."

"I know it needs more strength and courage to go on than to begin," said Bessie. And then there was no more time for conversation, for the breakfast bell would soon ring.

When the two girls took their places at the table, they found envelopes addressed to them each in their plates. They were packets of money, and they had been placed there by Carrie's father.

"I have been puzzled to know what you would like for new year's gifts," said he; "I should like you to have what you really want the most. And so, as you are the best judges of that, I am going to ask you to accept the money and make your own purchases. You like shopping, I suppose, for I am told that all young ladies do."

They were very well pleased with this arrangement, and after breakfast started, feeling quite delighted at having so much money to spend as they pleased.

"Good morning, papa," said Carrie. "You are quite sure we may do what we like with the money, and that you will not mind how we spend it?"

"Quite sure," said Mr. Lacey. "I shall not blame you, even though you should buy a wheelbarrow, and Miss Bennett a donkey."

They laughed at that.

"We know too well what to do with our money to spend it in such a way as that," said Bessie.

They quite enjoyed the morning; for although it was cold, they were warmly dressed, and did not feel it. And presently the sun came out and brightened everything, and began to melt the icicles that hung from the houses. The air was clear, and the skies gradually became blue, and the bells had not ceased ringing. Everybody looked cheerful and gay, and the streets seemed full of people with kind wishes. Our girls were often stopped to reply to the good, old-fashioned words, "A happy new year to you."

"It must be happy," said Bessie, "since everybody wishes it may be."

"I think it will be," said Caroline. "Of course one can never tell what is going to happen, but I really feel as if I know; and if what I hope come to pass, I shall be the very happiest girl in all the world."

"And then will you tell me, Carrie?"

"And then I will tell you all about it, Bessie dear."

"Here are the shops, and oh, what beautiful things there are! We shall have no difficulty in spending our money."

And, indeed, they had not, though it occupied the whole morning.

When the parcels arrived they showed Mrs. Lacey what they had bought. She was rather amused at Bessie's parcel. It contained a dusting brush, a small broom, a house-flannel, twenty-four dusters, and a quantity of brown-holland, which Bessie said she intended to make up into large aprons, with bibs.

"And now I think I shall never be untidy again," said she.

Caroline had bought a new diary, and a golden pen, and a Bible.

"You did not need another Bible," said her mamma; "for you have already two very beautiful ones."

"I wanted this for a present for somebody else, mamma," said she.

The next hour was spent by Carry in underlining some particular verses of the Bible, so that they should catch the attention of the person for whom it was intended; while Bessie began to make her dusters. In the evening they both went to a party.

(To be continued.)

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THE
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WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB
AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK THE FIRST.

I HAVE said the *City* of Proverb and the *Garden* of Parable, and I think the reason of this distinction is obvious; city and garden are both ways of wisdom. I love them both, but in proverbs you have more the wisdom of common-sense, and in parable you have the wisdom of fancy and imagination; they are both the wisdom of life. But in proverbs we have human life in homely vesture walking the earth; in parables we have human life in the heavens and the air, or changing the figure, in proverbs wisdom is on its legs; in parables on its wings; so I say I meet with proverbs as the builders of cities, with parables as the planters of gardens. In the Gospels and in the discourses of our Lord we seem to be admitted into a very kingdom of parable. It is as if every part of the house should begin to repeat the truths committed to it in type, and representation, and symbol. There is a fine passage in which that great master of simile, Henry Ward Beecher, follows out this truth—"When the lowest stone of the building says, in the silence of the night, 'Other foundation can no man lay,' and the corner-stone catches the word, 'Christ is the chief corner-stone,' and the door adds, 'I am the door;,' and the taper burning by the bedside streams up to say, 'Christ is the light of the world;,' then as you gaze upon the faces of your sleeping children, they reflect from their sweetly slumbering faces the words of Christ,

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'Except ye become like little children.'" Parents of the household are reminded by the honours they claim, of Him who calls Himself their father and their mother. The tears of children and your anxiety to soothe them are only a feeble analogy of Him who has promised to "wipe off all tears from all faces." By night, from your window, every star hails you, but chiefest "the bright and morning star." By-and-bye, flaming from the East, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling and calls you forth to the cares of the day, then you are reminded that God is the sun, and that heaven is bright with His presence. As you sit down to the table the loaf whispers as you break it, "Broken for you," and the wheat of the loaf sighs, "Bruised for you;" the water that quenches your thirst says, "I am the water of life;" and if you wash your hands you call to mind the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, or your feet, "He washed His disciples' feet." The roof of your dwelling has its utterance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall receive its top-stone. Every action and operation of the household, and of ordinary life—the grinding at the mill, the leavening of the dough, the cultivation of the vineyard, the tillage of the field and the garden, and every operation of pastoral life—go forth, what can you see that does not teach? The ground is full of sympathy, the flowers are living preachers. "Consider the lilies of the field *how* they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." The trees are framing divine sentences; the birds tell of heaven in their songs and love warblings in the grey twilight. "Behold the fowls of the air." The sparrow is a preacher of truth—"Ye are of more value than many sparrows, yet not one of them falls to the ground without your Father's knowledge." The hen clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she also is a revelation from God to man. And the sheep that bleat from the pastures, and the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, and the serpent that glides across the grass, and the raven that flies heavily across the field, and the lily over which his shadow passes, the plough, the sickle, the flail, the threshing-floor, all are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators; they see no vision themselves, but they bring thoughts of truth, contentment, hope, and love. All are ministers of God; the whole earth doth praise Him, and show forth His glory. You see it was thus, after our Lord had symbolised the Church as a field, a treasure, a pearl, a net. Having explained all to His disciples, He said, "Have you understood all these things?" They said to Him, "Yes;" and He said, "*Therefore*"—on this account, for this reason—"every scribe, or every one learned in the doctrine of the kingdom of heaven is as a house-

holder bringing out of his treasure things new and old." *Therefore*, he had made use of many parables—the sowing of the field, the draught of fishes, the finding of treasure. Do you understand all these illustrations? Yes. Then because you find these images so clear, you will be a skilful, religious teacher; you will have a store of perpetual illustration and truth, all things will teach you, and you by them will be able to teach all things; and you will call out things new and old; you will adapt ancient maxims, proverbs, wise sayings, historical events, the occurrences of the moment, the objects that are present, and turn them all to account for your hearers.

The parable and the proverb may often stand side by side—the proverb the text, the parable the exposition or sermon on the text. We may see presently in the course of our paper how often even the proverb itself is so far a parable that it contains a very suggestive picture, a fancy which concentrates itself into a few words, while the parable diffuses itself out into a pleasant branching imagery. Thus, "*The tail is broad, but the wings are narrow;*" and again, "*Make not thy tail broader than thy wings.*" This is evidently spoken of the peacock, a very fine bird, and trailing after its person a great pomp of feathers, but unequal to any high flight, and very well spoken of many persons, whose whole life is passed in an endeavour to keep up vain appearances. "Appearances," says Arthur Helps, "are the fates of modern society." We see men carefully preserving the setting and grinding the diamond into powder, praising the gilded frame, and sneering at, or altogether forgetting, the high art of the picture; preserving their hats, and knocking their heads to pieces; mistaking chaff for fine wheat, and large houses for large happiness. Hence, says poor Richard, it is that "*Silks and satins, scarlet and velvet, put out the kitchen fire.*" And again, "*A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.*" "*Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.*" But "*Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt;*" and another proverb says, "*Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.*" "*A woman strong in the flounces is weak in the head.*" But the other sex does not escape: "*He's as fine as an old ox with new bells*" is spoken of an old beau, wigged, padded, and decorated in his old age. Sometimes, however, such proverbs point to a more serious application still. The Spaniards say, "*God help you, Peter; no need, for the ass is strong.*" A man seeing an ass run away with a country fellow, cried, "*God help you,*" fearing he might fall; "*There's no need,*" says the clown, "*for the ass is strong.*" And it is applied to those who have grown so contemptibly rich and great that when men say "God help you" they are so proud they think they do not even stand in need of God. So "*When the ass is too happy he begins to dance on the ice,*"

and "*The higher the ape goes up in the tree the more he shows of his tail.*" And Scripture says, "*Honour is unseemly for a fool.*" Dress, and the perpetual and multifarious transformations of fashion, have thus not only furnished in all ages food for the wit of the proverb, but for the wisdom of the parable; and modern society might very well lay to heart, not only the sentences we have quoted above, but some instances we are about to quote, one of them historical, but not the less belonging to the garden of parable, an instance in the life of the great monarch of Europe, Charlemagne. Ozanam quotes it in his "*History of Civilisation in the Fifth Century*" from the monk of St. Gall.

"On a certain feast day after mass Charles took his chief courtiers out hunting. The day was cold and rainy, and the Emperor wore a sheepskin coat; but the courtiers, who had just come from Pavia, whither the Venetians had recently brought all the riches of the Orient from countries beyond the sea, were clad, after their fashion on holy days, in robes covered with the feathers of Phœnician birds, trimmed with silk and the downy feathers of the neck and tail of the peacock, and adorned with Tyrian purple, and fringes of cedar bark; upon some shone embroidered stuffs, upon others the fur of dormice. In this array they rode through the woods, and so they returned torn by the branches of trees, thorns, and brambles, drenched with rain, and stained with the blood of wild beasts, and the exhalations from their hides. 'Let none of us,' said the mischievous Charles, 'change our clothes until the time of going to rest, for they will dry quicker upon us.' Immediately every one became more occupied with the body than its covering, and looked about for a fire at which to get warm. But in the evening, when they began to doff the fine furs and delicate stuffs which had shrivelled and shrunk at the fire, these fell to pieces with a sound like the breaking of dry sticks. The poor wretches groaned and lamented at having lost so much money in a single day. But they had been ordered by the Emperor to present themselves before him on the following day in the same apparel. They did so; but all, instead of making a brilliant show in their fine new clothes, caused disgust at their dirty colourless rags. Thereupon Charles said to his Groom of the Chamber, with some irony, 'Just rub my coat a little with your hands, and bring it back to me.' Then taking in his hands the garment which had been brought back to him clean and whole, and showing it to the bystanders, he exclaimed, 'Oh, most foolish of men, which of us now has the most precious and useful attire? Is it mine, which I bought for a single penny, or yours, which has cost you not only pounds, but even talents of silver?'"

And in the same spirit with this story of Charlemagne is a remark-

able Red Indian tradition. It is the singular "Story of Moowis," the man of rags and of mud. The Red Indian legends seem often to be conceived in the spirit of allegory, and in this of Moowis the dangers of coquetry are exposed with remarkable felicity, simplicity, and originality. There was a young girl so exquisitely beautiful that she moved a young warrior of great bravery to love her, but when he courted her he found all his devotions were in vain; the young warrior was not wiser than many brave men have been in similar circumstances, he was smitten to the ground with overwhelming grief, and he sat for days in his tent gazing on the ground, and none of his companions could rouse him from his lethargy; at last, as a reprisal for the humiliation he conceived he had been subjected to, he determined to humble the young girl, who really was a sad coquette, and treated many fine warriors with the same indignity with which she had treated him; so, by the power conferred upon him by his Monedo, or spirit, he determined to make a man. He gathered together all the rags and feathers which had been thrown into the mire as useless; then with snow and the bones of animals he made a man, arranging and decorating the cast-away rags and feathers in the form of moccasins, robes, &c.; he ornamented this still further with beads and feathers, so as to give him a grand appearance; then he animated *it*, put a bow and arrows into the hand. And such was the origin of Moowis; they set out together to the encampment of the tribe of the young girl, and when they appeared all were charmed with Moowis; the profusion of his ornaments and his noble bearing attracted universal attention, the handsome stranger was the favourite of young and old, but none was so charmed with him as the beautiful young girl. Once more the real warrior tried to win her; but it was all in vain; Moowis alone attracted her attentions; Moowis gained and held her heart. He was not indeed able to approach too near to the camp fire for fear of melting. He contrived, however, to make his passion known—such passion as a man of snow might feel, and in fact he triumphed. The marriage was soon decided upon, but the morning after they were married Moowis arranged his warrior's plumes, and said he must leave the camp on important business. His wife was amazed by such an announcement, but she said, "I will go with you; there is no distance I would not go over, no danger I would not encounter with you." So Moowis departed accompanied by his wife. The road was hard, rugged, and full of difficulties and obstacles. The young girl had great difficulty in keeping up with her husband, he was going on rapidly before her, and when the sun mounted high in the heavens he vanished entirely from her sight; melting gradually, he fell to pieces, and as his wife came up to the spot where he seemed to

vanish she found only the remnants of mocassins and other garments, plumes, and beads, and bones, but Moowis she saw no more. She wandered about until nightfall to and fro among the woods. It seemed so incredible that he could have left her thus; it was, however, true; the man of feathers and rags, snow and bones, had vanished from her sight, and she could only bewail her widowhood. Such is the Indian legend. It almost seems impossible that so exact an allegory of much in our English society should be transferred from the wild old American woods. Moowis is the prototype of many a man, and many a woman too; it is to be feared that many a marriage has been suggested and consummated beneath the attractive influences of the labours of the silkworm and the cast-off clothing of the sheep, garnished by the glittering effect of certain metals and stones, bits of leather and beaver skin; then, in the first days after marriage, all these fine ornaments tumble to pieces, and the husband or the wife mourn over the companionship of an unsubstantial phantom, a nothing—it has melted even from their own imagination. There is indeed a song in which the enraptured swain sings—

“My heart and lute are all the store
That I can give to thee.”

What a fine stock of furniture to set up housekeeping! What a noble weapon with which to encounter and foil the ills of life?

What is a parable? Etymologically the word signifies simply to place side by side, and it is, in fact, truth by the side of fact; it is spiritual truth side by side with natural truth; it is truth at once fruitful and floral. Many efforts have been made to separate the parable arbitrarily from the proverb, from fable and from allegory, but something of the parable belongs to all these forms. A proverb is a little parable; it is pithy and practical, but it is capable of being elaborated to a very considerable extent beyond the pithy saying it is in itself. I could give several instances of this, as when we say “*A hungry stomach is master of arts.*” What a picture of the ills of life is that old proverb, “*I’m between the hammer and the anvil!*” and what another picture is that of ineffective attempts to do mischief, “*Ah, it’s like a viper gnawing a file!*” “*Don’t stir the fire with a sword,*” was spoken to dissuade from using irritating language to an angry person, and that other of “*A leaden sword in an ivory scabbard,*” attributed to Diogenes when he heard foul language from the lips of a very elegantly dressed young man. So our Lord’s proverb, “*Physician, heal thyself,*” and so “*Casting pearls before swine,*” and the “*Jewel of gold in a swine’s snout.*” All these are little parables, although they are of the millions of proverbs. A parable is a spoken picture. Proverbs strike me as so many bricks in the great walls and fortifications of world wisdom. Clear,

incisive, "they are the wisdom of the many, the wit of the one;" they are remarkably alike; they may be put into a polyglott, but they form one Bible of human experience. There is wonderful humour—sometimes cheery and sometimes grim—in these tight, compact sayings. "*If fools did not go to market, bad wares would not be sold.*" "*If a cap is ever so fine and a fool wears, it's only a fool's cap.*" "*Feed a pig, and you'll most likely get a hog.*" "*God comes with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands.*"

*"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though He stands and waits with patience,
With exactness grinds He all."*

"*If an ass goes a travelling, he won't come home a horse.*" "*Mules make a great fuss about their ancestors having been horses.*" When we see the books, but not the learning, to make use of them, we cannot but think of that, "*He hath got the fiddle but not the stick;*" and, "*If you follow a wild goose ever so far you won't find it drop an ostrich feather.*" "*Crows are never the whiter for washing themselves;*" and, "*Fools grow without watering.*" "*Bells call others to church, but go not themselves.*" "*He that will not look before him must look behind him.*" "*Riches, like manure, do no good till they are spread.*" "*As the man is worth his land is worth.*" Such are some of the bricks of the large building in which you perceive common sense makes its abode—the City of Proverb. "*You would do well in Lazyland, where they give the people half a crown a day for going to sleep.*" "*Samson was a strong man, but he could not pay money before he had it.*" "*He was a lazy dog that leaned up against the wall while he barked.*" You see a man with his head full of crotchets and notions; the old proverb says, "*His brains don't want any yeast to make them work.*" "*Hope is a good breakfast but a very bad supper;*" and, "*He that waits on another man's plate is likely to have a bad dinner.*" Who does not remember, "*How for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, and all for want of a shoe nail.*" And ways and means and ends are well described in some proverbs. "*You may be a wise man and yet not know how to make a watch.*" "*You can never make a good cart shaft out of a pig's tail.*" And the moral virtues come in for the lore of the old proverbs, "*Cheer up; God is where He was.*"

The wisest things of old were spoken in proverbs—those excellent, short, concentrated sayings, in one of which was sometimes fused down the wisdom of a lifetime; and still nothing in the way of speech spurs us like a proverb; the words are forcible and muscular, and, as was said by the greatest proverb utterer, "*they are like apples of gold in nets of silver.*" A member of the House of Com-

mons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech in favour of a proposed Law for Limiting Credit in the following words :—" *I think this law is a good law,—' Even reckoning makes long friends.' ' As far goes the penny as the penny's master.' ' Laws are for the good of the wakeful and not the sleeping.' ' Pay the reckoning over-night and you shall not be troubled in the morning.' ' If ready money be the public measure, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth.' ' When his old coat is on the wane let him stay till his monny bring a new suit in the increase.' "* Seldom do our modern Houses of Legislation echo so much wisdom as was contained in these curious pieces of sententious counsel.

All nations abound in proverbs, but more during their infancy than in their manhood ; in such days words are very few, but they will mostly be very forcible, and the experience of the patriarch will shape itself away through the most cogent and powerful words. Adam very likely had not in all his life so many words as are contained in a few pages of this magazine. Our world's first fathers had to make their words from the forms and sounds of the world around them, the murmur of the waters and of the winds, the bleating of the sheep, the songs of birds, and the whisper of the leaves ; these things would be all pregnant with meaning, and would suggest resemblances in human sounds which would by-and-bye be words ; thus words would properly in those days be experiences, and when used would answer to corresponding emotions. We have said that proverbs abound most in the infancy of nations ; thought is stimulated by necessity. Experience, when it speaks, condenses language. Would Eve know, as she stood by the fountain, that if she fell into those waters she would be inevitably drowned ? Would Adam know, as he kindled the first fire outside the heights of Eden, or in Mesopotamia, that if he put his hand into it he would be inevitably burned ? But things like these when fully known would shape themselves into proverbs ; thus they may be truly said to have grown on the tree of life ; they are the fruit of thought, bought of experience ; they are the nails, the riveting-points of a true life, or, like life's mathematics, they announce a sort of moral and physical law. Proverbs are usually true. Perversion and prejudice have sometimes distilled a falsehood out of them ; but there are few absolutely erroneous proverbs, they usually contain a life, if not a whole life, at any rate some part of it ; they are not often—if sometimes—sophistical apologies for evil ; and the reason is that they express clearly the common sense and the uniform perceptions of men ; they declare, " This is the result, this is the fact, as we have found it." They have usually resulted from suffering, mental or bodily ; and, if they are remembered, it is like forming truth into an amulet, and wearing it

as a chain of beads around the memory. The danger of proverbs perhaps consists mainly in their being *merely* remembered—in their having only a mechanical place in the mind. Far different are they when they are received into the perception and understanding; when they are used as the shields to ward away the blows of error; when they are the ready battle-words thundered against the hosts of difficulty and danger, from the experience and wisdom of the world's first monarchs and patriarchs.

Both parable and proverb teach the lessons of common sense. They are not recondite or remote. There is a common sense in mankind; it may sometimes seem to be obscured, like conscience among people of different latitudes, but this is never real. A universal sense speaks out in that proverb, "*He that slighteth small things shall fall by little and little.*" "*Many small drops make a shower.*" "*The sea itself may be emptied by drops.*" "*By little and little the bird builds its nest.*" "*Many a mickle makes a muckle.*" "*Little and little fills the purse;*" therefore says the proverb, "*Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.*" And the old proverb says, in language almost obsolete, "*A pin a day makes a groat a year.*" "*Rome was not built in a day.*" "*Grain by grain the hen fills her crop.*" And the Spanish proverb, "*A grain does not fill the sieve, but it helps its neighbour.*" The whole universe, as far as we can observe it, bears testimony to the power of little things, whether the seeds of plants or the eggs of birds. The crust of the earth is all an amazing cemetery, not only of billions of the remains of men and women, but of what absolutely incalculable billions, trillions, sextillions, words and numbers break down in the attempt to convey the thought of;—the innumerable shells and plants which once were the habitations of breathing or living creatures, and which now form the flooring of the globe; and in life nothing must be slighted—there are no little evils; they seem small, but they may increase to a stupendous magnitude, and slight expenses, insignificant in themselves singly regarded, grow to a formidable sum. "*Gutta cavit lapidem;*" "*The constant dropping excavates, or wears away the stone.*" "*Rise betimes, and you will know,*" says the Spanish proverb. The two or three hours snatched from sleep in the morning do not seem to present much gain, or be gained, but, continued through the week, the month, the year, for a series of years, it is a life added to a life.

*"Oft little add to little, and the amount
Will swell; heap'd atoms thus produce a mount."*

Little sins, what are called peccadilloes, are as dangerous as any others; nay, probably all were little once. There are some sins which are like the little city just outside Sodom,—"*Is it not a*

little one? and my soul shall live." Krummacher, among his parables, has one of a crocodile of the banks of the Nile. In ancient ages the old Egyptians were marvellously pleased with their noble river, its flowing water and its fertile banks. Upon these banks they settled themselves, but ere long the monstrous and voracious crocodile came forth, devastating their fields and farms, and even preying upon human lives. Numerous were the expedients they adopted to rid themselves of the terrible invader: they reared temples, and called upon the god Osiris, but Osiris did not help them; they armed themselves with swords and staves, but in the battle they often got the worst of it, so thick was the mail of the horrid creature; they threw up dykes and mounds with as little avail; only could they drive the creature back for a short time into his element, for he returned and multiplied and fearfully ravaged their plantations; then they gave all up for lost, and as they could not destroy him they worshipped him; they said, "Great is the crocodile." Of their own will they brought him fat victims, and they adored him as a God. At length there rose in their midst a heaven-commissioned messenger, a priest, who said to them, "God has heard your cries, follow me, and I will show you how you may be rid of the crocodile." So he led them along by the side of the Nile, and pointed them as they went to a little creature they had not seen before, which afterwards came to be called Pharaoh's mouse, or the ichneumon, and he said, "See, this is your deliverer, this is the conqueror of the crocodile." The people supposed the priest was only mocking them; it is not certain that they did not proceed to punish him by buffeting him. What! was it possible that such a little, contemptible creature could effect what they with all their ingenuity had been unable to effect? But the priest said, "Look;" and, lo! while they were even engaged in persecuting him, the little creature had discovered and destroyed the eggs of many crocodiles in the sand. The people gazed on with astonishment and admiration. Soon the number of the tyrants and tormentors was diminished; they were slain in embryo, killed in the egg, and then it was that the dwellers on the banks of the Nile came to understand how God often accomplishes very great ends by the most insignificant means.

So also another stringing together of proverb and parable occurs in the sense of the fitness of things to times and seasons, as when it is said, "*A hand-saw is a good thing, but not to shave with.*" For there is a fitness of all things to time, person, to circumstance and season. "*A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan,*" and "*A mad bull is not to be tied up with pack-thread.*" For what saith it, "*To everything there is a season, and a time, to every purpose under heaven.*" "*A time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to*

pluck up that which is planted, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to break down and a time to build up, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance, a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing, a time to get and a time to lose, a time to keep and a time to cast away, a time to rend and a time to sew, a time to keep silence and a time to speak, a time to love and a time to hate, a time of war and a time of peace." In order that things be good they must come in a good and a fitting time. Sovereigns are usually thought very desirable things, but to a man "perishing with thirst a vase full of sovereigns would not be so acceptable as a vase full of water; and it would be a small comfort to give to a poor, starving man, lying weak and perishing with hunger in the street, either a boot-jack or a packet of currie powder. So also truths, and the discussion of them, are interesting and valuable; but then to be so they must be fitted both to time, person, and occasion. Krummacher again tells of a society of learned men who built a ship, and resolved to make a voyage to discover the properties and nature of the magnetic needle. They took on board a great number of instruments and books; they placed the compass in their midst and made their observations; they were also soon in the midst of agitating discussions. Some called the invisible power a stream, and others a current of air, and others a spirit. Some maintained the needle was moved from the north to the south, and others from the south to the north, and a vehement contention arose among all the learned men upon all these points; but at the very moment they were engaged in the controversy a fearful shock, accompanied by a loud crash, astonished them all. The ship had struck upon the rocks and parted asunder, and the water rushed in, overflowing the vessel. All the learned men were filled with terror and dismay. They leaped out of the ship and saved themselves upon the rocks, but the ship was swallowed up by the waves. They sat down drenched with sea-water on the bare rocks, and for the first time, renouncing all dissension and discussion, they agreed that, at any rate, the magnet was not to be trusted. So men fall into calamities and errors by doing the wrong thing at the wrong time; or, rather say, by doing things right to be done at the wrong time. They were disputing when they should have been steering, discussing the properties of the magnet when they should have been applying its hints for their own safety. Mr. Ruskin, in his discussions concerning wealth and value in "Unto this Last," mentions the instance of a passenger wrecked in a Californian ship, who had fastened a belt about him with two hundred pounds of gold in it, with which he was found afterwards at the bottom. Mr. Ruskin suggests that, as he was sinking, he had not so much possession of the gold as the gold had of him.

And yet once more. There is an instinctive admiration of the liberal heart diffused through these fragmentary literatures of all nations. It is true that proverbs and parables utter eulogies upon prudence and carefulness, but everywhere the mere miser, the begrudging churl, has been regarded as an object of contempt, while his very wisdom has been despised; and instead of being, as he supposed himself, a true accumulator, he has only hatched the egg of a gryphon, who has glowered over his gold to consume it, or it has turned to ashes for his pains and cares. "*There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.*" This is not badly translated in the riddle of Old Honest in the "Pilgrim's Progress"—

*"A man there was, though some did count him mad;
The more he cast away the more he had."*

Or as King Theodoric said, "*Seeds being scattered grow to a harvest, but being heaped together they perish.*" The soils of all nations grow legends, traditions, and stories, to illustrate this. The Chinese have such a parable:—Fohi, in the course of his wanderings, came to a village, and knocked at the door of a rich woman, begging shelter and hospitality at her hands; but she said, "What, do you think I receive into my house every roving vagabond? No, indeed, it would be unbefitting a respectable woman; go your way." Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once kindly received him. She set before him the only food she had—a little goat's milk—broke her small store of bread into it, and said, "May Fohi bless it, that we may both have enough." Then she prepared for him his resting-place, but it was only a couch of straw; and, perceiving that he had no shirt, she sat up all night to make him one from some linen she had also made by her own hard labour, and brought it to him in the morning, begging that he would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast, a very poor one, but all that she could give him, she accompanied him a little way, and at parting Fohi said, "Farewell, may the first work you undertake, when you reach home, last until the evening." When she got home she began to measure her linen to see how much was left, and she went on measuring, and measuring, until the evening, when her house and yard were so full that she did not know what to do with her wealth. So sorely was her rich neighbour vexed that she had missed such an opportunity of increasing her goods, and resolved that such a piece of good fortune should not slip through her hands again. When, therefore, some months after, she saw the wonderful stranger, although apparently poor as ever, passing through the village, she stepped out, imploring him to enter her house; she treated him to the best she had, and gave him a shirt of fine linen, which indeed she had some time by her, although she kept a light burning all night in her room, that the stranger might suppose she was passing

the night in making it. After breakfast, in the morning, she too accompanied him on his way, and when they parted he said to her, "Farewell, may the first work you undertake last till the evening." She hurried home, thinking all the way of her linen, and of its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. "Before I measure my linen," she said, "I will quickly fetch the cows some water." But when she poured the water into the trough her pail never emptied; she went on pouring, pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard were all under water; the neighbours complained that everything was ruined, her cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her own life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun. Such are some of the bricks from the City of Proverb, the fruits from the Garden of Parable; but there is an immense brickfield and an infinite garden neither of which we have entered yet.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.—EAVES-DROPPING.

I BEGAN to descend Canter Fell, taking this time the legitimate path, which wound round and about till it reached the bottom, and ended in a little grassy lane, running right on towards our own back premises. For 500 feet or so the road was not at all easy; it was steep, slippery, and abounding in loose stones, and I had to take heed to my feet, for one unlucky step would have sent me rolling farther than would have been agreeable; indeed, there was quite a possibility of such a tumble ending in an impromptu plunge-bath in the mere below. So I was fain to be careful, and take the descent pretty leisurely. But when I was about half-way down the fell I came upon a nice little green hollow, and thence I knew the way would be easier and safer, and might be taken in good, orthodox flying-leaps, without much danger of involuntary summersaults.

I was meditating a fine race right down into the lane, when I was aware of some one coming up the path; and of course I halted, not wishing to run over anybody in my proposed headlong career. I wondered who it could be, for there was no road over the fell, and the Eaglesmere people never thought of rambling beyond bounds after dark, unless indeed there were stray cattle or black-faced sheep to be looked after. But, as far as I knew, no

living creature was out pasturing on Canter Fell; so I felt quite anxious to see to whom the steady, quick footsteps belonged. As they came nearer I thought I recognised them; the measured, decided tramp fell familiarly on my ear. There was but one person in all the dale who walked like that, and that one was my friend and tutor, the vicar. All the others were rustics, and shuffled along more or less in true rustic fashion; he alone was a gentleman, and he walked as became his patrician and reverend condition. Latterly I had tried to imitate his gait and carriage, and I have no doubt I contributed to the amusement of my fellow dalesmen.

I stood waiting in the hollow till the clergyman appeared, rather out of breath; he was more surprised to see me in that lone place than I was to see him, for as I caught the footfalls and knew them for his, I remembered that it was his custom to take a solitary walk on Saturday evening, after the morrow's sermons had been duly prepared.

I made my usual bow—a very clumsy one, I am afraid—and said, "Good evening, sir."

"Dear me, Hugh! It is Hugh, I think?" he replied, peering through the gloom; for he was proverbially short-sighted, and had been known to walk up to a cow and extend his hand, mistaking her for one of his parishioners.

"Yes, sir; I have been up the fell."

"It is late for going up the fell, my boy. The path from this point is not a very safe one in the twilight."

"I came up, sir, several hours ago, and I climbed the face of the fell, coming through our own allotment. There was no danger, sir; I have done it often before, and I am as sure-footed as the crag-sheep. I wanted to see the sunset."

"It has been a very fine one?"

"Glorious! I never saw a finer. I wonder if the light that streams through cathedral windows is anything like the glow I have seen among the hills to-night?"

"You have seen the church at Kendal?"

"Yes; and that gave me some faint idea of what cathedrals must be like. How I wish I could see a cathedral! And the sea, too, I have never seen that, and I am eleven years old to-day!"

"All in good time, Hugh. You must not be impatient. No good ever comes of impatience; remember that. Dear me, I was twenty before I ever saw the sea, and it is five-and-twenty years this month since I was in London."

"I wonder if I shall ever go to London. It is very much larger than Kendal, you say, sir?"

"So much larger that it is useless to compare the two places. Don't be in a hurry to get to London, boy; it is a grand, terrible place!"

"Margery says it is a very wicked place; she has a sister living there, you know, and so she knows something about it. Is London so very dreadfully wicked, Mr. Gibson?"

"It is wicked, as all large cities are; but if there is more wickedness in London than in the country, there is also, I think, more goodness. There is always strength in combination, and in London many people combine in excellent labours, while many more, alas! combine to do the devil's work. I do not know much of London life myself, of course, for the greater part of my life has been spent among these mountains; but I know a good deal from books, from newspapers, and from friends to whom the great city is familiar; and I should say that both God and Satan are more zealously served in London than in any other portion of the British Isles. I daresay you will be able to judge for yourself some day."

"I do hope so; I want to see the world."

"Time enough, time enough! Don't get impatient and discontented, Hugh! Don't be restless! Restlessness spoils many a noble nature. Your life here is quiet, and happy, and safe. Here there are few temptations; and though I do not care much for those negative virtues which are falsely called innocence, I hold it to be a great blessing to pass one's childhood and early youth amid scenes of comparative purity and piety. It is not good to be too early initiated into the ways of this present evil world. It is well that the trial of one's virtue should be proportioned to one's moral strength, which, like physical strength, depends very much upon habits, training, and surrounding impressions. Also, Hugh, God has placed you here; He brought you here when you were a little unconscious infant. See! the everlasting hills are all around us, the solemn mountains shut us in on all sides; we are safe, as it were, in the hollow of His hand. It is God's will that you should be here, therefore it is the best place, the only place for you. Here it is not difficult for you to learn and labour truly to do your duty in that station to which it has pleased God to call you."

"Does that always mean the station in which we are born?"

"By no means! Very good people sometimes make very foolish and mischievous mistakes on this head. Finding in themselves no desire and no capacity for rising above the station which they inherit as birthright, they fancy it is wrong in others to aspire to something better and higher; they pride themselves on their spirit of contentment and on their imaginary consistency, which all the while is pure apathy, and a natural clinging to a meaner state.

The very words of the catechism should guard against this error; it is not said, 'the station in which I was born, the station to which my parents belong,' but the station 'to which it *shall please God to call me!*' Only the catechism fares no better than the Bible. Why should it? Narrow-minded, selfish people make what they will of it, and quote both, in defence of their own shallow conceits and selfishness. I don't know a book," continued the good man, musingly, "that is so perverted as the Holy Bible. People have a favourite doctrine or dogma of their own, on which, conscious of failure in their daily life, they build all their hopes, or on the strength of which they assume certain virtues that are carried to such extremes that they become faults, if not actual vices; and they quote isolated passages and ignore contexts till one begins to feel the ground slipping away from under one's feet, and one trembles lest one's standard of belief has melted away into thin air! The God of the Bible is '*the God of all Grace*;' but some people's god is made up of an apotheosized Moses and a Jupiter Maximus, thunderbolts in hand! But this you cannot understand yet, my boy. We were talking about stations in life—yours, mine everybody's. Our proper station is always that *to which God calls us!*"

"Can we always know when God calls us?"

"Certainly we can! When God says 'Go hence,' or 'Come hither,' He says it plainly enough by the indications of His Providence. The great thing is not to try to force our way into a new route, to await God's summons, and to be ready to obey it the moment we hear it. It is true He does not speak to us in an audible voice, and there are no infallible oracles to which we can betake ourselves; but to the heart that sincerely desires to know God's will He reveals Himself, and He makes our way plain before our face, if only we ask Him to be our Guide, and to lead us in the right road. 'When my heart was overwhelmed within me then *Thou* knewest my path.' But, Hugh, what has put you upon asking so many questions?"

"I have been thinking, Mr. Gibson, I am eleven years old to-day, and I do not know who I am."

He was silent for a moment, then he replied very gravely, almost in Margery's words, "You are the son of Captain Vassall, and born in lawful wedlock."

"Yes, I know; but who was Captain Vassall, and who was my mother?"

"Captain Vassall, as far as I know, was a good, noble-minded man; he was the son of poor people, and lowly born, but he had talent and enterprise; he worked his way up from a common sailor lad to be captain of a small trading vessel. He might have risen

to something higher had he lived, but he died when he was not quite thirty."

"And my mother?"

"Was your father's dearly loved wife. I cannot tell you anything more."

"Did the news of my father's death kill her?"

"No. You, her child—*his* child—lay upon her bosom, and for your sake she bore up. She was very poor, very friendless; she was hardly tried."

"And she too died?"

There was no answer. Mr. Gibson kept his hands in his pockets and his hat over his eyes. I waited breathlessly while he hummed the tune of the Evening Hymn from beginning to end, and in extremely *Adagio* time. Then almost in an agony I burst out, "Do tell me, Mr. Gibson. I must know some day: why not now? Did my mother die? I want to know where her grave is if she did die. And if she did not, if she still lives, where is she, and why am I not with her as other children are with their mothers?"

"Your mother is dead to you, my boy. Ask no more questions, Hugh; nothing can come of them but perplexity and sorrow. Try not to think about yourself; reverence your father's memory, and remember always when you are tempted to sin or to idle vanities that you are the son of as good a man as ever lived, of one who lives still and eternally in the glorious world beyond the grave. Your father, though lowly born, was, I am told, a true gentleman. He was one of God's noblemen; his was the truest and best patent of nobility. Seek you too to be noble. Fear God; let His service be your delight; love all men, and be content with that which you have."

But I was not to be repressed. A mysterious influence seemed to be upon me that evening, setting me to ask all manner of questions, and form all sorts of wild conjectures. Again I inquired, "My mother then *is* alive? Oh! please do tell me, sir."

"Yes, Hugh, she lives, *but not for you*. I wish you had not asked these questions, for I can only tell you the bare fact, and that I tell only because I will not deceive. Believe me it is best that you should not know anything more about her."

I felt myself growing very hot, for a terrible thought came into my mind. Was my mother a shame to me, a shame to my father's memory?

"Did she do anything very wrong?" I asked, stammeringly.

"No, no," returned the vicar, perceiving my distress. "No; God forbid that I should give you any such idea. Your mother was always your father's true and faithful wife; she loved him very dearly, poor soul, and his death was almost more than she could

bear. Perhaps it would have been better for her had she died under her great sorrow; but God knows. It was His will that it should be otherwise. Let us talk no more about it, Hugh; think of yourself as an orphan, for such you truly are. You will never know your mother, so do not let your mind run on any wild notion of seeking her and finding her. One thing more I will add: you could not do her a greater injury than by claiming her as your parent; when you are older you shall know why. Now let us hasten home; the old people will be looking out for you, and Mrs. Foster will wonder where I am. I told her to have supper ready in half an hour, for I was only going to take a brisk walk up the fell as far as the nook and back again."

Almost silently we took our way into the valley below. It was night now; the last sunset gleam had faded long before, and the stars were shining serenely in a dark but cloudless sky. One star more lustrous than the rest cast its silvery rays upon the glassy waters of the mere, revealing where it lay under the shadow of the great rocky fell. All was hushed and still; the wind that had soughed eerily among the hills scarcely moved a leaf down here by the margin of the quiet lake; there was no sound of man or beast, no hum of insect, no fluttering of wings. Only far away the deep, low murmur of the Force, so far away that we never heard it in the daytime. Ah! I can see it now, that starlit sky, the faint gleam upon the reed-fringed tarn, the dim outline of the great hills against the clear horizon, and the figure of the good man, my friend, going before me along the dusty, white road. And then the barking of a dog, our own house-dog Trusty, who came out I suppose, to look for me; and there was the old gate, hanging loosely on its hinges, and I was at home.

"Won't you come in, sir?" I asked, as I pushed back the gate "I heard grandfather say he wanted to speak to you."

"I have seen Martin; he came to the vicarage this afternoon; but I will just step in and tell them how it happens that we are so late. It is not out of my way, you know; indeed, by going through your house and garden I cut off the windings of the lane. But there is no light in the kitchen window; surely they are not gone to bed; it is not more than half-past nine."

"Ah, no! perhaps they are in the front of the house." But I wondered greatly at the absence of fire and candle on that side; for at this time Martin regularly smoked his pipe on the kitchen-hearth, and there was generally a cheerful blaze of peats which shone through the curtainless window, and showed like a beacon in the outer gloom. The kitchen-door, however, stood wide open, and there was just a faint glimmer in the grate of dying peats or brands. No one, however, was present, so I opened the door which

led into the house-place, and sure enough there were Martin and Margery sitting at the table in the middle of the room, with an open letter, and a long-wicked, unsnuffed tallow candle between them. They were so absorbed in the subject they were discussing that they never heard me lift the latch, or, hearing, they did not notice the familiar sound, and both of them started, and regarded each other with a curious, guilty sort of look when they saw me standing before them.

"Here is the vicar," I said; and at the same instant Mr. Gibson emerged from the dark doorway, and came into the visible gloom of the dimly lighted house-place. His first action was to snuff the candle; his second to scrutinise the two mazed and almost scared countenances before him.

"T' Lord has sent ye vicar!" said Margery. "Martin and me we're sair exercised in our minds. I niver was so scomfished in a' my born days."

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Gibson, kindly. The people always looked to him for sympathy; and whether it was the loss of a child, or a murrain among the cocks and hens, they went to him for comfort and for counsel, sure of kindness and consideration, and of finding what they sought.

"Aggy Jackson went to Crampton yestermorn," replied Margery—she was generally spokeswoman, her husband saying but little in her presence—"and I wanted anither bottle o' t' red wine; so I gi'ed her t' money, and I ses, 'Bring t' best they've got, Aggy; for t' best's cheapest always,' is my maxim; and ca' at Crossthwaite's and say they can't hev' them hams at that price; for tho' I ses it, as oughtn't to, my hams is the best o' hams, and they've none like to 'em in a' t' country-side—for *why*? I got the receipt lang ago from—from them as you know of, vicar?"

The vicar waited patiently, though his supper was spoiling and Mrs. Foster would be probably growing irate. He knew Margery's peculiarities, and was wiser than to stop the flood of her eloquence, knowing that he would come sooner to that which he wished to know if he gave her full licence of speech.

But Martin interposed:—"Whisht, dame! what does vicar care about t' hams? Yer reverence!—to cut matters short—Aggy ganged t' post-office on business of her ain, and they gi'ed her this letter for me; it had layed there a week or mair, and I s'pose it 'ud have layed till Yule if naebody from Eaglesmere hadn't ganged to fetch it. And, vicar"—continued Martin, laying his hand emphatically on the letter—"this here letter be from *the South*."

And I was sure that Martin glanced at me as he spoke.

"From the South?—from Dovercourt, that is?" said the vicar.

"Fra' Dovercourt, sure enough!" put in Margery, soon tired of

being a listener. "And what's to be dune, I'm sure passes my puir wits to tell! Martin, he's a' for ganging; I'm for biding in t'auld place, and layin' my auld bones amang my ain folk."

"Go where? I do not know in the least what you are talking of," interposed Mr. Gibson. "Am I to read the letter?"

"Sure, yer reverence, read every word of it; 'tis fra' the Marchioness hersel' ye see! 'tis a lang screed, an' my puir eyes are weary a' spelling it oot, but a scholard like you, vicar, will rin it ower in nae time."

All this time I stood silent in the background, wondering whether the mystery concerned myself, half hoping, half fearing, and at the same time feeling pretty certain that it did. Dovercourt! where was it? I had never heard of any such place. And the Marchioness! who was she? A great lady of course; but it was strange that a great lady should write to Margery—no, to Martin—and want him and his wife to go somewhere—to Dovercourt most likely. And if they went, would they take me with them? Of course Phœbe would go, but then she actually belonged to them. The vicar sat down, wiped his spectacles, and once more trimmed the candle; but as he commenced to read the Marchioness's letter Margery said to me, "Come ye in t' kitchen, bairn: it's unco' late ye are t' neet; come, and I'll gie ye the nice pasty I made for yer supper, and ye can tak' it in yer hand and gang up to bed stret awa'; for it's ill for bairns to be up at this time o' neet. Wad ye like a sup o' t' evening's milk, or shall I get ye a drink o' butter-milk? Ye maun be drougthy climming the fells and talking to vicar. I'm afeard ye've danged his twa puir ears wi' yer clish-me-clavers!"

I accepted the offer of a cup of new milk; Margery brought it for me from the dairy, and I drank it standing in the darksome kitchen. Then she hustled me through the house-place again, and upstairs to my own room, and charged me to undress and get to bed and to sleep as fast as ever I could.

I obeyed her as far as undressing and getting into bed went, but going to sleep was quite another affair. For a child I was singularly wakeful; sleeping soundly was not one of my accomplishments, and now that I had so much to think and wonder about, composing myself on the instant to balmy slumbers was altogether out of the question. As I lay I listened, of course, to every sound below; I could hear the muffled voices of the assembled conclave in the house-place, and though I could not tell what they said I knew when it was Margery who spoke, and I could distinguish the vicar's tones from Martin's. I do not think I should have been so curious had I not been so sure that this mysterious letter concerned myself; but then what marchioness would trouble herself about me? I mused and doubted, and tried to remember whether I had ever

heard of the place they called Dovercourt, and which the vicar named so glibly directly "the South" was mentioned. But I could not recollect that I had ever heard it spoken of, and I must have remembered if I had, for it was a pretty name, and reminded me of Dover that my geography book told me of, and through which, Mr. Gibson assured me, lay the nearest way to France. Perhaps Dovercourt was really a part of Dover; it would be grand to go there and see the sea, and the white cliffs under which Julius Cæsar could not land; and perhaps, I thought, we might have a glimpse of London by the way; for Dover was certainly in the south; it could not well be much souther I determined, as I called to mind its position on the map of England. Only were Dover and Dovercourt synonymous?

Presently I heard the clock strike twelve in its usual sneezy fashion—it was really about twenty minutes to eleven—and still they talked on, those three in the room, directly beneath my chamber. What could be the business which detained the vicar so long, and on Saturday night too, when he professed to go to bed punctually at ten after a light supper of milk-porridge and oat-cake? I got too restless to be still, and as my excitement increased I got out of bed and crept stealthily to the door, which I quietly opened. Standing with my bare feet, I heard distinctly my own name—Hugh Vassall. I heard it twice; once the vicar spoke it, once Martin, and then I crept a little lower down and *listened*, too much wrought up to think about the dishonourableness of the procedure. I heard the vicar saying—"It is altogether irrational; I think the whole plan insane and unfeasible. I do not see why at your age and in your circumstances you should feel constrained to leave your comfortable home, and your own people, and your dead, to engage in a wild-goose scheme, which can bring with it nothing but danger and disappointment."

"Just sae, just sae!" said Margery, eagerly; "we canna be expectit, my man and me, to be ganging to furrin pairts at our time o' life, for a' t' marchionesses that ever was. And t' li'le bairn Phoebe too!"

"It would be for Phoebe's gude," interposed Martin. "Phoebe would git an eddication fit for a leddy, and be med a woman of. Dinna flyte, Margery! the terms be gude, recht gude, I say, and my leddy is generous in her offers."

"Terms!" said Margery, contemptuously; "what can pay for givin' up hearth and hame, and kirk, and t' kirkyard whare my ain dead be leein, waitin for t' resurrection mornin'?"

"Hoot, woman, hoot! It wadna' be for lang—seven years, and nae mair, surely!"

"Seven years, ye auld sinner; and aren't ye abune siventhy this

hour, and mayn't t' gude Lord ca' ye to Himsel' *any* day? Ye talk o' siven years as if ye wear but twenty-siven, jest a' callant amang t' lasses. Fie, Martin, fie, and ye wi' yer ain bairn's bairn in t' house!"

Martin was exasperated, no doubt, but he made a very ungallant reply—"Whisht, woman, whisht! ye're aulder na' I by twa years and mair, ye ken weel; and a woman, puir soul, is a'ways aulder na' a man o' t' same years. Sae ye're ten years aulder na' me in strength o' body an' in speerit, an' it canna be expectit that ye, an auld woman, *siventy-fower* come Martinmas, should see things as I, a man, and fu' tin years yaunger i' mind, sees 'em. Woman is kittle cattle, and they sees but the odds an' ends o' things, niver the length and breadth o' anything. It canna be helpit, it's their way, puir cretters," concluded Martin, magnanimously.

There was a silence. Margery was probably offended too deeply to reply. Where is the woman who can bear to be taunted with her age, and by her own husband too? It was a sore point with Margery that she was two years older than Martin, and she never liked to be reminded of it. It was unkind of Martin, to say the least of it. Then Mr. Gibson spoke soothingly and deprecatingly I thought; but I could not catch his words.

Another silence, and then Martin resumed:—"Auld woman, I dinna want to vex ye, tho' ye've oft vexed me with yer unbridled tanguae. An unbridled tanguae's a sad thing, is n't, vicar? t' Bible itsel' speaks agen it; a vairy sad thing in a woman, be she maid, or wife, or lane widow. As I said, I dinna want t' vex ye; but I may as weel say noo, wi' vicar for witness, that I hev med' up mymoinde; and, Margery Wray, as sure as eggs is eggs, *I mean to gang South*. Dinna look sae blackit; ye need na gang, ye ken. Ye can stop here in t' auld place with li'le Phoebe, and I'll gang awa' wi' t' boy. I dinna want ye gangin' wi' me agenst yer weell."

Then Margery broke forth into tears and loud wailing. "Hech, sirs!" she cried, "an' hev I ben his weddid wife these fower-and-forty years, and the mither o' his bairns—puir Alice an' t' wee babes in kirkyard—an' he tells me noo he dinna want me nae mair? Oh, wae is me! and if I hev giv him the length o' my unruly tanguae awhiles, I'd dee for him, that I would, vicar. He is my man, and he's bin my man these fower-and-forty years, and I wunna leave him noo. Sae I'll gang wi' ye, Martin, to furrin pairts; I'll stick to ye, my man, as a gude wife should, though I am aulder na when ye kist me in Thrang Wood, as I came hame that neet in lambin time. An' I'm na sae blithe, na sae bonnie; but I weer a sousie lassie ance, an' ye had a' I had to gie, Martin; and I'd gie a' to ye agen, if time cam' ower agen, tho' ye're weary o' me, yer puir auld, stupid wife, with her gray hairs, and too lang a tanguae."

And Margery lifted up her voice and wept; and I with my feet on the bare boards, and shivering in my scanty night-shirt, was constrained to weep with her, only more quietly. I had half a mind though to rush down in my airy attire, and, proclaiming that I had heard all, throw my arms round Margery's neck, and tell her that I would never tire of her, and that I would stay with her and work for her, while Martin went away to see the fine people in the South. For I was very angry with Martin, and I longed to give him a piece of my mind.

Then I heard him say kindly, "Dinna greet, woman, dinna greet! Hech, sirs, but what fules the women be! Say half a word that isn't half meant, an' they tak' it a' for Gospel. Nae, auld woman, we wunna pairt till death pairts us. You'll steck to me, an' I'll steck to ye, as is accordin' to Scriptur' and holy matrimony; but *I'm ganging South*; my moind is med up as fast as Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, and Scaw Fell, and a' the rist o' em. I'm ganging South, and ye'll ayn gang wi' me, Margery Wray, my ain auld true wife."

I heard no more, for there was a sound of movement in the house-place, and I went back to bed. Then the vicar went away, and presently Martin and Margery came upstairs and shut their door; and then all was still as death, till the untruthful clock sneezed out its solitary strike; soon afterwards, being fairly tired out, I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was a calm, sweet Sabbath morning; I knew by the sun that it was full late, and I hurried with my dressing and made haste down-stairs. I entered the kitchen somewhat bashfully, thinking of the information I had surreptitiously obtained the night before, and wondering whether anything would be said about our proposed flitting to Dovercourt, if indeed I were included in the arrangement. But, to my surprise, and greatly to my disappointment, there were no traces of anything unusual in the manner or countenance of either Martin or Margery. Margery was busy with the porridge for our breakfast; Martin, in rusty quasi-clerical attire, was looking out the "lessons for the day" in his own private Prayer-book; and Phoebe, with her shining golden hair and her bright blue eyes, set off by her pretty Sunday frock and her clean, snowy pinafore, sat on a two-legged stool just in the doorway, learning, poor little soul, with much pains and patience, how her godfathers and godmothers had renounced in her name "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," &c., &c. For the Church catechism was, in Martin's opinion, the only sound foundation on which could be built up the superstructure of a really orthodox education, so Phoebe and I began on it betimes, greatly to our sorrow, for catechisms generally are not easy to learn, and

the catechism of the Established Church of England is perhaps as difficult as any; and many a sad Sunday evening we had, both of us in our turn, over that terrible, "My duty to my neighbour," and that still more terrible and elaborate explanation of what needs no explaining—the Lord's Prayer. We had breakfast just as usual, only we were later than was our wont, and Martin began to get into a fume, lest any of us should be too late for church. Margery was cross-grained, and snubbed us all, her husband especially. Phœbe looked dejected, for the catechism was too much for her, and, moreover, she had been too near the rabbit-hutch, our joint property, and had got what her granny called a "dab," all across one side of her bran-new print frock; a miserable fact, as yet known only to the poor child herself; and it prayed upon her mind, for dirtying clean clothes and rending tidy garments were counted as cardinal sins in the small household of Margery Wray.

I began to think the experiences of the night before must have been a dream. Had I really heard all that talk about going away into the South? Had I actually listened to that pathetic outburst of poor Margery when her ungallant spouse spoke of leaving her behind at Eaglesmere? No! it was not a dream; it was every bit reality, and yet the old couple were going on "the even tenor of their way," just as if nothing had happened to disturb them. I did not know then how much it takes to turn people, particularly old people, aside from the common routine of their daily life.

It was a long and weary Sunday, and the commencement of a long and weary week. I did not hear a word of the vicar's sermon; and when, in the evening, Martin, according to custom, examined me in Old Testament history, and asked me, "Where was Balaam, the son of Beor, going when his ass spake and rebuked him?" I answered without hesitation, "Going South!"

Martin's sacred geography being both confused and limited, he was not in a position to question this unexpected statement. "Ay, lad," he replied, as he took up his Bible and glanced down the page, "Moab was south, nae doot, but who was Balaam *going to*?" I wonder I did not say "To the Marchioness," but the halt in our progress had restored me to my senses, and I fortunately gave the right answer, "To Balak, the son of Zippor."

All the week my mind wandered from my lessons, and I watched the vicar and the old people closely, wondering when I should be told of the projected emigration. I resolved never to listen again, whatever might be the temptation, for now I was in the position of a man who has stolen a bank-note of value which he dare not run the risk of changing or of paying away. The knowledge I had obtained was worse than useless to me, for not only was I longing to know all about the affair, thirsting for further and fuller in-

formation, but I lived in hourly dread of blurting out something which should reveal the disgraceful fact of my eavesdropping. I felt this most when I was with Mr. Gibson; he had acuter perceptions than Martin and Margery, and he could not but perceive that something occupied my mind and oppressed my spirits, and I dreaded lest he should suspect the truth. Altogether my secret was a miserable burden to me, and as day after day passed and the same impenetrable silence was observed, I grew fretful and moody, and even irritable with Phœbe, who in her innocent light-heartedness teased me with her chatter about the coming winter, and what we would do as soon as ever the mere was frozen over.

At length release came just as I felt I could bear the sickness of suspense and dread no longer. It was quite the end of August now, and the days were growing rapidly shorter, and my evening rambles were necessarily curtailed. Also the weather changed; a great deal of rain fell, and it turned cold and dreary, as it very often does at this time of the year in the Lake country. I could not go out on the fell to learn my lessons, nor lie dreaming on the short thymy turf of our own allotment, and very much to my own dissatisfaction I had to spend my evenings in the kitchen, or else in the barn, where it was dark as well as chilly. One night, quite late, I sat reading by the side of the fire. I was poring over the last pages of "Peveril of the Peak," which I had borrowed from Mr. Gibson, and I was in mortal dread lest Margery, who was dozing over her knitting-pins, should suddenly wake up and order me off to bed, as it was considerably past my hour for sitting up. Martin was leaning back in his great leather-cushioned chair, not dozing, but looking fixedly into the bosom of the glowing peats. I was just going to toss on another brand to get up a blaze for my own private purposes, when Martin stopped me—"Shut up thy book, lad; I've somethin' to say to thee."

In a great tremor I shut it up, and prepared for what was to follow. Margery nodded and dozed on, and presently her stocking pins and all fell into the ashes. Martin commenced in a low tone, so as not to disturb granny from her slumbers—"Hugh, beest thee *varra* fond o' Eaglesmere?"

I replied discreetly: "Yes, grand-dad, and it's a right bonnie place; but it's only one of the corners of the earth for all that; and I should like to know what lies down there, South, beyond the Coniston mountains and the Barbon Fells; I shouldn't like to stay in Eaglesmere all my life."

"Would'st like to gang awa' noo, ower t' mountains,—t' gang South—*varra* South?—past Lunnun toun?"

"I should like it of all things," I replied, stoutly; "I would give anything, grand-dad, to see London and the sea."

"Weel, thee'st loike to git thee wish, lad! It's a' varra weel for women-folk"—and he nodded at sleeping Margery—"to be sattled down to ane out-of-t'-way place; they hev their household wark, and their wee bit troubles an' cares about t' bakin', an' t' clane claithe, and they dinna crave for naught else! But men and men-bairns are different. T' warld's t' place for sech, Hugh, my lad, and, you an' me we want ither things than jest whatten's shutted-oop, in gude auld Eaglesmere! Sae we're ganging South we are!"

"Is she not going?" I whispered, pointing to Margery.

"Oh, aye, she's ganging! She *wad* gang where I ganged," returned Martin, cautiously, under his breath. I am afraid poor Margery's cross-grainedness and her "onruly tangle" had somewhat alienated her lord's affections. It seemed to me, at that moment, that he would really have preferred to go South without her.

"Where are we going?" I continued, in the same *sotto-voce* tone.

"South, my lad, varra South! past Lunnon town, and out by t' sea! Sae ye'll hev just what ye want." And then he told me all about it. The Marchioness of Dovercourt was an old friend and patroness of his, and one of the Dovercourt Park lodges being vacant she wanted him to occupy it. It was a very comfortable, roomy house, once used as a keeper's lodge, and she wanted somebody in it who could be trusted. The house was furnished, and there was a good kitchen-garden, and a fine flower-garden, and even a little greenhouse; and there were bees, and the trimmest little poultry-yard, and a paddock where a cow might be kept—her ladyship would give the cow—and there were good schools where the children, to wit, Phoebe and I, could be properly educated. And, in short, there were advantages innumerable; and, to crown all, a pension in the end. "Mair na' we an' Margery could mek o' our ainsels, Hugh," said Martin in conclusion, when he had finished describing, "the South" as a land which was even as the Land of Promise, and flowed with milk and honey. Eaglesmere flowed with nothing but great stones and slags of rock, and its beck and the mere overflowed after heavy fains or sudden melting of the snow. "It wad be a sin, a downrecht *sin* to say nae to sech an offer, and me gettin in years, and canna wi' reason 'spect to till t' land much langer. But I'm nae sae auld as Margery there! mind that, my bairn, and mind ye, too, a woman's aye aulder than a man o' t' same years. An' when ye be growed, and seek to enter into state o' holy matrimony, dinna ye marry a lass that's ane day aulder than yersel'."

I said that I never would, reflecting at the same time that Phoebe

was a whole three years younger than I was, for I had already decided to marry Phoebe *some day*! Finally I was told that we were to start in a fortnight's time, and that the vicar was going with us as far as London. Dovercourt I found out was not Dover; it was not even in the same county; it was the seat of the Marquis of Dovercourt, and the village was a mere appendage of the castle and the park. It was situated in Southamshire, not on the coast exactly, as Martin had intimated, but about three miles from the shore, and the country round about it was well wooded, and very rich and beautiful. Margery woke up just as our conversation ended, and Martin told her what we had been talking of. She shook her head sadly as she flung fresh peats on the fire, which had almost died out, unperceived by us masculine creatures.

"I dinna b'lieve t' Lord ca's us," she said, dolefully; "we'd best rest in our lot to t' end o' our days; but an' ye wull gang I gang wi' me, for ye're my ain husban', and I'll steck to ye if ye gang to t' ither side o' t' world!"

"Varra gude, varra gude!" quoth the inexorable Martin; "but ye needn't, ye knaw, if ye dinna loike."

CHAPTER III.—GOING SOUTH.

In a fortnight's time it was all over, and we had bidden adieu to Eaglesmere and all its inhabitants. I conscientiously declare that I wished everybody good-bye, and I climbed innumerable elevations in order to take a farewell view of certain points of the landscape with which I had been so familiar. We set out on what the Border folks call "a soft morning,"—that is to say, it was warm and wet, a gentle and almost imperceptible rain falling, and a thick mist shrouding from the sight not only the more distant mountains, but our own near fells; even Canter-fell seemed a mere green bank sloping upwards from the lake, for after a rise of a hundred feet or so it was entirely lost in an impenetrable canopy of clouds. A carriage had been sent from Kendal, whither we were going to meet the coach, which in those days ran south a good many miles before it reached the railroad. We were travelling, I was told, at the Marchioness's expense, and we were emphatically enjoined to make ourselves quite comfortable, and not care too much about the cost. The Marchioness of Dovercourt must be a very kind and generous lady, I thought, and especially attached to Martin Wray.

At Kendal we found the coach, in and on which our places were taken. The vicar and Margery and Phoebe went inside, Martin and I mounted to the roof. The rain had ceased, the mists were lifting, here and there patches of blue sky began to show, and

before we had passed the old ruined castle the sun began to shine. I would not on any account have been cooped up within the coach; I was going to see the world, and I wanted to take the very widest survey of it that under the circumstances was possible. Martin was quite of my mind, and we sympathised with each other accordingly.

I had been to Kendal several times, and its streets and houses were almost familiar; but as soon as we were fairly out of the town I found myself in unknown regions. The coach was a heavy one, the horses were far from mettlesome, and our driver was cautious exceedingly; so we plodded on soberly enough, having plenty of leisure to observe the country through which we passed. We were going through Kent-dale, and the coachman drew up to let us gaze at Levens Hall, then he pointed out the white church of Heversham, and then we came to Milnthorpe, where we changed horses, and where we were joined by a sprightly young man who had been taking his leisure in the neighbourhood and putting up at the principal inn of the place. This young man talked freely and well, and told us of the haunts he had visited. He was enthusiastic about the fine old priory of Cartmel; he had been sketching at Furness; he had rambled about the solitudes of Silverdale, and he had explored the wild woods of Casterton on the rocky banks of the lovely river Lune. Truly the world was a large place, as I began to perceive.

Then we came to Lancaster, where we stopped to have a sort of tea-dinner; but before that I saw Morecambe Bay, and, the tide being out, I came to the conclusion that the sea was a very poor affair indeed, considerably over-rated both in poetry and prose, and not at all equal to the pictures I had seen of it. Certainly the wide stretches of wet sand, the shallow pools of tide-water, and the muddy creeks were not by any means alluring.

Late in the evening we got into Preston, and there we spent the night. Next morning we were to take the train, and proceed on our journey southwards. Preston seemed to me a tremendously large place, and I made our Milnthorpe friend laugh heartily by asking if London were any larger or as large? I held my breath while he assured me that a hundred Prestons wouldn't make one London!

Martin and Phœbe were in excellent spirits. Mr. Gibson was very grave, and poor Margery was continually dissolved in tears. She would not have suffered more, I am persuaded, had she been actually expatriated. To her there was no sensible difference, in point of distance, between Southamshire and New York. Once exiled from Eaglesmere, she cared very little where she went; Dovercourt, New Zealand, or Japan, it was all one now!

Poor Margery! it was very hard upon her, I must confess; and the sight of her tears considerably damped my pleasure.

So many people have written their first impressions of railroads that I will not record mine. Martin was evidently uncomfortable, and I am not sure that the vicar very much liked being whizzed along at such a speed. Phœbe said the hedges and the houses "came at her;" and I——. Well, I will just say that after the first few miles I liked it well enough, and was not unreasonably dismayed when we plunged into tunnels, and when the engine-whistle yelled supernaturally. As for Margery, though she had professed herself resigned to all sorts of dangers and afflictions, the railroad was really more than she could bear with any show of equanimity; and she cried, and groaned, and prayed to the Lord to deliver her out of the mouth of fiery dragons, and she shrieked every time we went under a bridge, and evidently believed herself to be in Hades the first time we found ourselves in a tunnel. That we should ever escape alive out of the paws of that horrible beast, the locomotive, was altogether beyond her hopes, and she regarded Phœbe and myself as innocent victims to a cruel and inevitable fate.

"Hech," she said, on one occasion, when we were stopping at a station, "if I iver coom oot o' this alive I'll niver tempt t' gude Lord again, I'll niver go braving Providence nae mair! When we prayed in t' kirk 'for a' that travel by land and by wather,' I niver thocht it wur like this. But t' gude Lord niver meant people to gae fleeing thro' t' air o' thissens. Why, we're travelling by land an' by wather, an' by air an' by fire—by a' the fower ilimints at ance!"

"A' fower?" said Martin, puzzled. "Why, auld woman, how d'ye mek that out?"

"Why, man, we're fleein ower land, an' thro' t' air, an' by steam, which is med oop o' fire an' wather. An' it's varra praysumptious to my thinkin' mekin' a new ilimint that the Lord His sel' niver thocht it gude to create; it's jist tellin' Him that He didn't do a' He might ha' dune. An' then takin' His ain gude fire an' wather to mek it wi'! An' there'll cam' a joodgement on the land, an' we shall be like the nations t' auld prophets flyted aboot; what ye read in the Buk o' Advent Sundays, ye ken, vicar. Awfu' grand they chapters be, and varra foine to listen to, sae long as we're not in the joodgements our ainsels."

At last we came near London. Of course we thought we were in it long before we actually reached it. We four from Waterhead looked at each other in sheer amazement; we had never dreamed of so many houses in one locality.

"Oh! what a big place London is," gasped Phœbe.

And the vicar, who had been critically surveying the scene, replied, "We are not in London yet, my bairn; these are only suburbs. But everything is strangely altered since I was here last. Well, twenty-five years make a difference—a whole quarter of a century; only I hope we are not going to live steam lives now that we have taken to steam coaches."

"T' gude Lord forbid!" responded Margery, piously, and evidently alarmed at the bare possibility of the notion. "But," she added, triumphantly, "I dinna b'lieve they *can* mek us walk and talk by steam."

"Talk by steam!" echoed Martin. "'Deed, it's to be hoped they *wunna*. We might as weel gang an' live in steeple, wi' t' bells ringin' an' clashin', gin women's tangles iver gang by steam."

We went to an inn at Islington, where the vicar himself had been accommodated on the occasion of his former visit. It was a most respectable house, he said, very quiet, and he knew the people. But, alas! the quarter of a century which had elapsed since Mr. Gibson paid his last bill had transmogrified the quiet country-like inn into a busy, bustling, noisy London hotel. The old landlord and his cheery wife were gone. Whether they had failed, or were retired, or were dead, the vicar failed to learn; no one knew anything about them. The consequential waiter had never heard their names, and the pert chambermaid tossed her corkscrew ringlets, and replied that it was not likely she should know anything of people who lived there five-and-twenty years ago, for five-and-twenty years ago she was neither born nor thought of. This young lady, with her ringlets, and her fine cap, and her mincing London airs, completely overpowered me and silenced the vicar; and Phoebe whispered, "Is t' Marchioness like that lady, d'ye think, Hughy?"

And the vicar replied shortly, "Tut, child, that's no lady, only a dressed-up impudent hussy not half so comely as our Eaglesmere wives and lasses."

Of course we got little sleep. Phoebe and I were the only ones who had anything like a night's rest. Margery said one might just as well try to sleep in Bedlam; and on being told that "Bedlam," the old familiar name for Bethlehem Hospital, was not so very far away, only on the other side of London, she began to consider whether the tremendous racket without might not be caused by the Bedlamites who had broken loose and were escaping away *en masse*.

I could not eat my breakfast,—*such* a breakfast, too!—for jumping up and running to the window to see what was passing. Now it was a coach, now an omnibus, which strange construction scared

Margery nearly as much as the train ; now cabs, now carts, now a nondescript vehicle, and now all of them together, while foot-passengers came and went unceasingly. We had arranged to spend one day in London, and of course it was to be devoted to sight-seeing. Margery declined to accompany us ; in fact, the poor old woman was really tired ; and though she did not like to own to her seventy-three years, she was fain to confess that the infirmities of age were creeping upon her, and that she was unequal just yet to any further exertion. So she stayed at the hotel, while the vicar, Martin, Phœbe, and I set forth on our important expedition. We drove down the City-road. I remember that I thought the four-wheeled cab we had engaged a very fine carriage indeed. We looked into St. Paul's, and Martin, with an air of dignity, told some of the vergers that he had been parish-clerk of Eaglesmere for thirty years ! But the news did not seem greatly to impress them ; they only stared at hearing the broad Border dialect, which I dare say they failed to comprehend. They recognised the cloth, however, and bowed respectfully to the vicar.

We "did" St. Paul's very cursorily, and then we drove to the Tower, and we "did" that more thoroughly, the vicar expounding as we went along. And that was really the chamber where the two young Princes were murdered ! And that was the armour that Edward the Black Prince actually wore ! And there were the block and the axe—the real block and the real axe—which had chopped off people's real heads ! It made my blood run cold to think of it, and I shivered as Phœbe laid her fat little hand on the deeply dented block, and as the vicar passed his finger along the dulled edge of the awful, ponderous axe. And there was the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh had been shut up at nights ; and there were the thumb-screws and other little playful instruments with which tyrants amused themselves at other people's expense in the "good old times !" And there was the Traitor's Gate, and beyond it the River Thames. This was seeing the world with a vengeance. Kendal and Milnthorpe were nothing to this ; no, nor even Lancaster and Preston !—"proud Preston on the Ribble," as Mr. Gibson called it.

From the Tower we drove away westward, through old Cannon-street, once more under the huge shadow of St. Paul's, down Ludgate-hill, up crowded Fleet-street, through Temple Bar, along the busy Strand, to Charing-cross ; by haunted Whitehall, to—*Westminster Abbey*. Ah ! that was a veritable minster, a cathedral worth seeing. St. Paul's had not greatly impressed me ; it was huge, it was stupendous, it was grand even in a certain way, but, on the whole, it disappointed me, as it has since disappointed many an older person in search of æsthetics. Westminster with its dim chapels

and long, shadowy aisles, its solemn choir, and its ancient regal tombs overwhelmed me. They were beautiful, awful, soul-subduing, and I would have given much to linger long in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and to stay peacefully by myself at the shrine of Edward the Confessor. But, child as I was, the vulgar, florid monuments of the Georgian era revolted my taste, and, to the disgust of the verger, I refused to contemplate even a Roubilliac.

We had some soup and cold beef at a cook-shop not far off, and then we drove back to the hotel in the dusk, to find Margery rested, but unamiable.

The next day we said good bye to our excellent friend the vicar; he saw us off by the Southam coach, which started from Charing-cross.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH OF NEUCHATEL.

BY THE REV. DR. EDERSHEIM.

PERHAPS one of the most marked signs of the times is the prominence given everywhere to ecclesiastical questions, and among them especially to that of the separation between Church and State. It almost seems as if the dream of Cavour about a free Church in a free State were to become reality. In measure, as political liberty is better understood in its various bearings, ecclesiastical liberty is also making progress. The State will no longer be controlled nor overshadowed by the Church. Every member of the commonwealth claims those rights and privileges which equally belong to all, and that without having to undergo the ordeal of the Church, or requiring its preliminary sanction. On the other hand, the Church is beginning to feel uneasy under the yoke of the secular power. Not to be allowed to make or to enforce its own laws, to meet in assembly, nor to determine what is its doctrine or its discipline; to elect its own officers, or to remove them; but to have all this imposed from without, by a power altogether foreign; not to be at liberty even to go outside one's parish, though it were into the most heathenish district, to preach there the Gospel of Christ—all this, and a great deal more, constitutes an amount of bondage for which even splendid prizes, exclusive privileges, and social standing may not be an adequate compensation. In point of fact, both High and Low Church are finding the situation not much longer tenable. Every party speaks

of setting its house in order; every one looks for the speedy disestablishment of all churches. It has taken place in Ireland, with unexpected rapidity, and so manifest benefit to the Church itself, that the direst Micaiah of last year could scarcely wish to see the former state of things restored. Nor is it only in Scotland, Wales, and England that the question is now mooted. It is discussed in the Parliaments of Spain and Italy; it has arisen in Germany, and is at this moment receiving its most remarkable practical solution in Switzerland. Small though the area of observation here be, the fact that another State Church is about to be disestablished, and that by mutual consent, but especially the peculiar circumstances of the case, place this out of the ordinary category, and give it an importance all its own.

In point of fact, there is really no parallel, at least in Europe, to what is now going on in the Canton of Neuchatel. It is absurd to compare it, as some French journals have done, with the Irish Church. There is nothing in common between the two, except that in both cases the former relations between Church and State have ceased. The Irish Church was that of a comparatively inconsiderable minority, placed among a hostile Roman Catholic majority. It involved abuses so glaring that most thoughtful Englishmen, unconnected with Ireland, were ashamed to hold up their heads in its defence. Not so in Neuchatel. The Established Church there is that of the overwhelming majority. It has retained the warm affections of the population. It is a strictly orthodox, and yet an eminently liberal Church; and it has been the Church of the people ever since the Reformation. There is nothing to complain of in its pastors, in its teaching, discipline, or working. It seems nearly perfect. Nor has the Church any special reason of dissatisfaction with the State. On the contrary, it is admitted on all hands that hitherto the State has not on any occasion interfered with the Church, but allowed it the fullest and most uncontrolled liberty. Nor is there any immediate danger of collision between them. And yet, though the Church has not taken the initiative, it has been quite willing—one would almost say eager—that its present connection with the State should be severed. To complete the strangeness of the situation, the pastors and people do not hold "voluntary" principles. On the contrary, they deeply deplore a step which yet they regard as absolutely necessary, if they are to be faithful to their duty. Indeed, it were impossible to employ more noble, elevated and Christian language than these men use in vindicating their motives. So far from the odious "haggling" for money which constituted the most repulsive feature of last year's clerical discussions on the Irish Church, they propose to act with a disinterestedness and liberality which to us

outsiders seems almost excessive. Instead of clamoring about compensation and vested interests, they actually propose to give up a fair proportionate share of their property to those who, differing from themselves in doctrine, may, on the breaking up of the present Establishment, wish to form separate churches! Never before, perhaps, have ecclesiastics given such an example to the Church and the world; never before, perhaps, was it so much required.

Most summer tourists will remember the pretty little town of Neuchâtel. It is the first Swiss town and the first Swiss lake reached from France, and delightful is the contrast of dark pine-trees and mountain-peaks after the endless, burning flats through which you had passed. Then you are hurried along curves and windings, which make this railway a marvel of engineering skill, till at last you emerge upon the friendly town which nestles below, on the shores of the lake. There is nothing peculiarly attractive about the situation of the place, though you may on a fine evening see the red glow in the far distance upon the Bernese chain of Alps.

Neuchâtel is the capital of a small canton of the same name. It disowned the authority of Prussia so late as 1848, and then joined the Swiss confederation. The people are hardy and industrious. They combine in a marked manner the politeness of their French, with the sturdy independence of their Swiss neighbours.

Neuchâtel embraced the cause of the Reformation under the preaching of the fiery Farel, the friend of Calvin. For these last three and a half centuries it has had its Established Church, which ever since its foundation has been allowed very much to regulate its own affairs and to manage its own property. Until lately the rule has been exclusively vested in the hands of the clergy, there being no lay representatives in the ecclesiastical courts. The Church property was administered by the "*Chambre Economique*," or financial committee of the Synod. The clergy seem, on the whole, to have exercised their authority with wisdom and moderation. The Revolution brought no charge against them, and though it introduced popular changes, no blame has ever been cast or implied on the past. On the other hand, the Synod willingly accepted the modifications made in 1848, even though they deprived the clergy of some of their power. In fact, the Synod expressly records, as cause for thankfulness, that the constitution of 1848, for the first time, laid down the true and Christian principle that "neither political nor civil rights of any kind shall be made dependent on church-membership." Up to that period it had been necessary to be a member of the Established Church, in order to enjoy the rights of a citizen, and the Synod rejoices that "a return has been rendered impossible to a state of things under

which alike the ideas of Church and State and the standing of the citizen and the Christian were mixed up.”*

Other, and in some respects equally important changes were introduced by the constitution of 1848, which, in some measure, was modified by that of 1858. Among them was the arrangement by which all ecclesiastic property was secularised or taken over by the State, on the understanding that the State was henceforth to salary the clergy, to maintain churches and glebe-houses, and to pay the officials of the theological faculty. Formerly these expenses had been met partly by the revenue from property belonging to the Church, and partly by certain ecclesiastical dues. The latter were unconditionally abolished in 1848, while the former ceased to increase as before (through donations and bequests), when the State took the matter in hand. Accordingly it was now found that the income was no longer equal to the expenditure, and part of the ecclesiastical budget had to be met from the ordinary revenue of the State. At the time of the secularisation in 1848, the annual income from ecclesiastical property amounted to 100,000 francs (4,000*l.*). But as in 1868 the ecclesiastical budget is estimated at 125,000 francs (5,000*l.*), it entails an annual loss to the State of 25,000 francs (or 1,000*l.*), being the excess of State expenditure over ecclesiastical revenue. This difference has, of course, to be met out of the ordinary general taxation of the country. Spread over the population of about 80,000, this excess of 25,000 francs gives an average of thirty centimes overhead, which marks the demand made by the Church upon the people for its support.†

Inconsiderable as this demand is, the Synod has, to its great honour, marked with a feeling of humiliation, that “if the State pays more for the support of the Church than it receives from the revenue of ecclesiastical property, Church and State may still be said to be mixed up, and that to the detriment of the latter, and in proportion as it is obliged to draw upon the general taxation for the payment of the pastors.”‡ This feeling is all the more creditable, as since the secularisation of its property in 1848, the Church has, of course, received no further benefactions from the people, and thus an arrest has been laid on the increase of its revenues. On the other hand, the Church brings no complaint of unfair or even niggard dealings against the State. The two powers have lived peaceably side by side, co-ordinate, and without mutual inter-

* Rapport présenté au Synode, p. 18.

† Appel au Peuple Neuchâtel, sur la Séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat, p. 24. It will, of course, be understood that there is no special *ecclesiastical* tax, and that, in general, the taxes are levied in different proportions, according to position and income.

‡ Rapport au Synode, p. 19.

ference. Of the other ecclesiastical reforms adopted in 1848 most have also acted beneficially. They have introduced the lay element into the rule of each parish, in the election of the clergyman, in the "Colloques" (or Presbyteries), and in the general Synod. It is, therefore, with almost justifiable pride that the Synod can point to the fact that "there is perhaps not a State in Europe more independent of the Church" than theirs. A strange and probably unparalleled boast this on the part of an ecclesiastical assembly, sounding all the stranger to us in England, where, with the exception perhaps of the Papacy within the Roman States, the Established Church is the most persecuting religious body in existence, forbidding, despite all our modern advancement, not only entrance to our national universities and schools, but even to the common God's-acre, unless upon submission to the Church! Possibly the secular power of Neuchatel might return the compliment of the Church, and speak of it as the most free from State control in Europe. And yet we have now before us the following decree of the Grand Council and the Council of State, passed with the tacit but full approbation of the Synod:—"The present connection between State and Church shall cease on and after the 1st January, 1871; the income derived from ecclesiastical property shall be paid over each year to the representatives of the churches and parishes to whom that property respectively belongs; the glebehouses shall be appropriated as before for dwellings of the clergy; the churches belonging to the various parishes and municipalities shall remain their property, on condition of their being kept in proper repair and placed free of charge at the disposal of the different churches and religious associations, either already existing or which may be formed, for the celebration of their respective worship. In each locality the majority of the population attached to any form of worship shall have the first choice of the hours for religious service."

This decree now only awaits, almost as a matter of form, the final sanction of a popular assembly. It is remarkable for more than the complete separation between Church and State which it enacts. Apparently it leaves the decisive choice and the settlement of doctrinal questions in each parish to the majority, whatever opinions that majority may entertain. At the same time it also recognises the rights of the minority in the parish, and gives it a standing by the side, and a share in the ecclesiastical provision, of the majority. It is perhaps the most striking instance of liberality ever recorded that in this matter also the Synod has not only anticipated the State, but even gone beyond it, by suggesting that any minority, whether [heretical or simply dissenting, should be allowed to share in the ecclesiastical endowments, and that in proportion to its numbers.

And so we repeat, for the first time perhaps in history, we have the spectacle of a Church voluntarily separating from the State, with mutual goodwill, and enjoying the respect and admiration of the majority of the people. A Church, moreover, which in this separation is earnestly anxious, not of securing the greatest temporal advantages, but of bearing itself so as best to subserve its high spiritual purposes. Lastly, a Church which, while thoroughly orthodox in its own tenets, not only bears with the scruples of a minority, but is ready to allow it a share in its temporal provision. It still remains to trace the origin and history of this remarkable movement.

CAUSES OF DISESTABLISHMENT.

Ecclesiastically, the Canton of Neuchatel is divided into six "Colloques" or Presbyteries (those of Neuchatel, Boudry, Chaux-de-Fonds, Val-de-Ruz, Val-de-Travers, and Locle). Each "Colloque" consists of the clergy and of lay representatives from the district, the latter chosen by popular election. The "Colloques" are in turn represented in the General Synod, which exercises supreme rule in all ecclesiastical matters, either directly or by means of its committees. The Synod prescribes the terms of admission to the ministry, and appoints a committee to examine candidates for the holy office. *But neither test, formula, nor confession of faith of any kind has to be subscribed before admission.* In this respect the Church of Neuchatel differs from all other established and from most non-established churches. And yet, whereas all other Continental churches, notwithstanding their enforced subscriptions, are more or less tinged with Rationalism and infidelity, the Church of Neuchatel has throughout been strictly orthodox, and numbers at this moment very few, if any, neologian pastors in its ministry.

In general the clergy of the French cantons of Switzerland differ favourably from their German brethren, and that not merely so far as concerns adherence to revealed truth. Intellectually and socially the French-speaking pastors belong to quite another class. The German Swiss ministers are chiefly taken from the lower grades—from among artizans and peasants. They have the manners of their class, they retain their habits, and know little more than their wants. Salaried at a miserable pittance, averaging from 30*l.* to 60*l.* or 80*l.* annually, they are treated with very little consideration, and too often sink below the social level of those around them. In appearance and dress they can scarcely be distinguished from ordinary peasants, in mode of living they are often beneath them. Of an afternoon they may not unfrequently be seen along with an idle squad in the market-place, indulging in that favourite

and most unmeaning Swiss pastime of throwing the ball. Mrs. Pastor is a poor, humble, good, narrow-minded, gossiping drudge, who two or three times during her married life may enjoy the unwonted excitement of a new gown. The children of "The Manse" will probably attain a higher position than their parents, always excepting such as may choose to enter the ministry. Too commonly parson and people are thoroughly Rationalistic, and the clergyman either gives himself to unprofitable studies and all manner of idle speculation, or else becomes "one of the people" in the worst sense of the term. The ultra-republicanism so common in most German cantons, which shows its dislike to everything superior, loves to drag it down, and delights to obtrude itself in rudeness of speech and deed, may contribute to this state of things. But its ultimate causes lie far deeper, and the result is, alas! an amount of irreligion of which strangers can scarcely form an adequate idea. All this, of course, not without noble exceptions. Godly pastors, and much respected, are found in Zurich, Bern, and especially Basle, as well as among the country clergy. But, so far as Eastern or German Switzerland as a whole is concerned, theirs is indeed the "voice crying in the wilderness."

On the other hand, the position of the French pastors is quite other. By birth mostly belonging to the upper-middle and the higher class, they share the general comfort and moderate competence so characteristic of the French, and the French Swiss in their station. They are gentlemanly in appearance, refined in manners, polished in speech, easy in circumstances. Sprung from, and intermarrying with, the most influential portions of society, they in turn are received by and react upon them. Thus the Church has struck root in the best soil. Of late, indeed, Rationalism has here also made terrible inroads. But even their Rationalism is comparatively decent and moderate; it is rather Arianism than Socinianism, and their infidelity would rather robe itself in the soberer hues of "liberal Christianity" and "progress" than come forth with the flaunting coarseness and the odiously shrill voice so common in the German cantons. And of all the French-speaking churches, that of Neuchâtel has hitherto been the most pure and the most universally orthodox.

There is, however, another influence to which the Church in the French cantons is more open. It is that of Dissent, or rather of extreme anti-ecclesiastical views. Church and Dissent (in the above sense of the word) are not so separated as among us or in other parts of the Continent. Pulpits are freely interchanged, while drawing-room meetings and intimate Christian fellowship bring the two parties into constant and close contact. In consequence, Dissent exercises a very widespread influence, not only in gaining avowed

converts, but in securing general sympathy, and leavening Christian society, lay and clerical, with what, for want of a better term, may be designated as *anti-ecclesiastical views*. There is a marked absence of "Churchly" ideas and prejudices, and an equally marked leaning towards Plymouth-brethrenism even in Established Church circles. Thus the cords of the State Church have been much loosened, and more correct views of the proper relation between Church and State introduced. At any rate, it were impossible to express in clearer or more Scriptural language the different provinces of these two powers than has been done in the report presented to the Synod of Neuchatel by a committee of its own members.

It was upon a Church so trained, prepared, and placed, that the alarm of unexpected attack came last winter. Otherwise perhaps the Synod might have continued to ignore the dangers around, till it was too late—till the Church itself was divided, or a large proportion of the people had become hostile. But the very suddenness of the surprise awoke the ministers to energy. First, they repelled the assault made upon the citadel of the faith, and then the Synod addressed itself to the great danger which threatened the Church, not merely in her secular interests, but especially in the discharge of her spiritual functions. A careful examination soon showed that the constitution of the Establishment was eminently unsatisfactory, and that it might at almost any moment become untenable. This ascertained, the only alternative lay between a change in the ecclesiastical constitution, or a separation between Church and State. The former was utterly hopeless. For separation the people had been long insensibly training, and it seemed the more desirable that a popular movement in the same direction, but outside the Church, by parties hostile to it, had arisen, which threatened the Church either with internal disorganisation or with forced disestablishment, perhaps under very disadvantageous circumstances.

On the 5th December, 1868, a Mr. Buisson, a young lecturer, attached to the college at Neuchatel, announced a "Conference," or popular lecture, on "A Pressing Reform in Primary Education." The subject promised well, the lecturer seemed qualified to handle it, and he was popular among the ladies, to a large number of whom he was weekly discoursing on Psychology, a subject no doubt dear to the fair sex from its dash of abstruseness and raciness, if not from other reasons. Besides, the French mind delights in the small excitement of a "Conference." Little did the large and fashionable audience imagine what they had come to hear in the "Salle du Grand Conseil." M. Buisson has since avowed that he had purposely chosen a misleading title to attract those who would not have come had they known the truth. The proposed reform in

public instruction was none other than this, to banish the Bible from the schools, as wholly unfit for reading, as inculcating immorality, and debauching the minds of young people! It was the most advanced infidelity, addressing its trite, stock arguments with even more than its usual impudence and frivolity to an audience entrapped under false pretences. The effect of this surprise in a little town like Neuchâtel can readily be conceived. It was the sole subject of conversation. But Buisson had *not* succeeded. He had not convinced his auditory, but he had made them indignant at the trick played upon them and at his own impertinence. When, four days later, Professor Godet, a well-known clergyman, replied to the attack, the place of meeting was so crowded that the "Conference" had to be repeated in the largest church of Neuchâtel. Professor Godet, while avoiding to commit himself to the indiscriminate use of every portion of the Old Testament in schools, easily defeated his opponent. His lecture on the "Holiness of the Bible" undertook to defend its God, its laws, and its history, and triumphantly vindicated the cause of religion. Buisson was beaten, but not silenced. His lecture-room might be forsaken, and the Communion-tables at Christmas surrounded by larger numbers than had ever been known to attend. He had gained another victory. The protest against the Bible in the schools was in reality only a feint—just as the title of the first Conference had been. The real object, as avowed in a second "Conference" (8th January, 1869), was to raise the banner of "Liberal Protestantism" at Neuchâtel. It soon appeared that M. Buisson was only the mouthpiece of a party, comparatively small, but active, to whom it had long been wormwood and gall that orthodoxy reigned supreme in their canton and church. M. Buisson traversed the country, lecturing in every village and town, everywhere closely followed by Professor Godet. Leading "Liberal Christians" came to the rescue, from Geneva, from France, and from Holland, and were in turn answered by pastors, laymen, and schoolmasters. In short, the peaceful little canton was in a ferment of excitement, and the churches were in danger of being converted into arenas of angry controversy.

The battle had hitherto gone decidedly in favour of the orthodox. In fact there was little more to fight for. The arguments on both sides were not new, and people began decidedly to weary. Under these circumstances the "Liberal" party held a grand meeting in a brewery, and decided on commencing a campaign to effect the disestablishment of the Church. In the month of March a newspaper, *L'Emancipation*, was started. It is amusing to contrast the negative principles on which it was proposed to found a new Church of Neuchâtel with those owned in the canton from the Reforma-

tion downwards. So lately as the year 1849 every clergyman had still in turn to submit to the ordeals of the "Sermons de Générale" and of the "Grabeaux." On the first Wednesday of every month the clergy met in the Castle-Church of Neuchâtel, listened to a sermon from one of their number by rotation, and then proceeded to a "brotherly criticism," which must occasionally have been anything but pleasant. A more terrible trial still was the "Grabeaux," administered by the Synod itself. One by one, each member had to leave the assembly, while his conduct during the year and his shortcomings—personal, family, and official—were freely discussed. On his return the Dean announced the sentence of approval or blame pronounced by the brethren during his absence. Well might these doubtful assizes, at which it was impossible to explain or defend oneself, be compared to "a day of fasting and penitence for the pastorate of the Church." *

The attempt to bring about a separation of Church and State was unquestionably a false move on the part of the "Liberals." The existing constitution gave them ample powers of mischief within the Church, and had they well concerted their measures, they might ere long have acquired a commanding position, and forced the orthodox party to leave the Establishment. The Synod had the sagacity to perceive this, and the boldness to explain it publicly. In fact, the argument for a separation from the State was chiefly founded on this consideration.

Meantime the "Liberals" succeeded in their attempt. A petition for the suppression of the budget of public worship was presented to the "Grand Conseil," which in turn remitted it to a committee. The report of the latter was to the effect that the petition really meant disestablishment, and in this sense the matter was sent for decision from the "Grand Council" to the "Council of State." Under such circumstances the Synod met on the 21st July, and after a very full discussion appointed a committee of thirteen to correspond with the various "Colloques," and to report to the Synod what steps it might be desirable for the Church to take. The report, presented to the Synod on the 21st September, is strongly in favour of a separation between Church and State, on certain bases and conditions. Just two months afterwards (on the 17th November) the Council of State laid a similar decree before the "Grand Council." It now awaits only the ratification of a popular vote. Thus the Church first, and then the State, have agreed to recommend disestablishment to the people.

We have still to explain the specific reasons which actuated the Church to adopt so unusual a proposal. In so doing we shall again learn how much even the most independent State Church is fettered

* *Godet, Histoire de la Réformation dans le Pays de Neuchâtel*, p. 179.

by the necessity of its position, and what considerations should most weigh with Christian men in the settlement of such questions.

The first point which the Synod proposed to itself was, whether the present ecclesiastical law afforded sufficient guarantees to the Church, specially in reference to purity of doctrine? The answer to this was in the *negative*. How could the Church be said to possess *autonomy*, the first condition of independence, when its very constitution as a Church was the work of a political body, outside of itself (the "Grand Council"), and might in turn be modified, altered, or abolished? Besides, the ecclesiastical law embodied provisions wrong in themselves, and which might, at some future time, become fraught with danger. True, the worst article in the Constitution of 1848, which expressly reserved the spiritual "supremacy of the State" in all matters, had been abolished in 1858. In its stead it had been enacted that "the administration of the Church in all matters spiritual belonged exclusively to the Synod." But then it had been added that, though the Synod alone had power to enact its own regulations, especially in reference to public worship, these required the sanction of the Council of State. Again, the Synod was allowed freely to exercise its own discipline. But in cases of suspension or deposition of pastors, an appeal lay to the civil power. It was admitted that the State had never yet interfered with the Church, but still it possessed the power of mischief. Nor were even these the most objectionable parts of the Constitution. Articles XII. and XLVIII. gave to the "Council of State" a direct vote in the Synod by the appointment of two members. Still worse was Article VI., which accorded the right of voting on all ecclesiastical matters to all persons "twenty years of age *who accept the forms of the Protestant Church*." The Article was *purposely* so framed to open the Church to all kinds of religionists. The danger was aggravated by Article XX., which provided that in case of a scarcity of candidates, or of their non-acceptability, the Council of State might present ministers unexamined and unauthorised by the Synod. In other words, at the instance of any heterodox majority, the Council of State might leaven the Synod by introducing the most advanced liberals from other countries into the ministry of Neuchatel. To complete all, Article LXXV. bore that all disputes about the meaning or application of the ecclesiastical constitution were to be absolutely settled by the Council of State. Thus, however independent, comparatively speaking, the Church of Neuchatel was essentially Erastian in its constitution.

But how to mend this? The Synod was convinced that there was no rational hope of a revision of the law in any sense favourable to the liberties of the Church. To remain *in statu quo* were to

invite a slow process of internal disintegration. The only alternative left lay in a separation of Church and State. But this also presented certain material, and, above all, religious difficulties. Who was to be the recipient of the property belonging to the Church disestablished? The orthodox or the heterodox party? Both might claim to be the new Church! Or were they to divide the income and share the use of churches and parsonages? If so, how, and in what proportions, and who was to decide in cases of dispute?

Then, turning to higher considerations, how would the contemplated separation between Church and State affect the question of religious instruction in the schools, how that of national Sunday observance, and, most important of all, would it not greatly diminish the influence for good which the minister of a State Church exercised, even in virtue of his official position?

The Synod addressed itself to each of these points.

At present the law leaves religious instruction in schools optional, enjoining that it should be given in separate hours and by the various religious bodies to which the scholars belonged. Why should this not continue, unless indeed the State meant, not disestablishment, but open hostility to the Church? As to the Sunday question, the State had a direct interest in Sunday observance, which was enjoined by law even in the United States. Besides, were it otherwise, at most those penalties could be abolished which even now it was not in the interest of the Church to see enforced. Lastly, the Synod repelled with warmth the idea that the influence of the pastor in any measure depended on his official position rather than on his work and character.

And yet the Synod has hesitated to pronounce the word of separation. As a substitute it has proposed a plan which, in its opinion, would leave the Church disestablished indeed, but still national, the old Church of Neuchâtel, only free from the trammels of State control. Let the State, then, suppress the budget of public worship and return to the Church the revenue derived from its own property. On the other hand, let the Church be henceforth independent of all State control, free to alter its present constitution and to modify it, so as to secure purity of doctrine and liberty of discipline. Let the present Synod represent the Church, and let a constituent ecclesiastical assembly be called for the purpose of introducing such modifications as may be found necessary. If any should feel themselves aggrieved and wish to leave the Church or to form new communities, let them receive compensation proportionate to their numbers. Any deficiency of funds should be met by voluntary contributions, and a special committee of Synod administer its secular affairs on the principle of the smaller and poorer parishes

being supported out of a common fund in which all shall equally share.

Thus far the report of the Committee on the Separation of Church and State. We have only to add that the Synod has adopted this report, and addressed to the people, committed to its charge, a singularly beautiful and earnest exposition of the duties of Church and people under present circumstances. On the other hand, the proposed decree of the Council of State already mentioned embodies a virtual ratification of the views and wishes expressed by the Church. Henceforth she will be free from the control of a power foreign to her. Church and State, the spiritual and the secular, shall be no more confounded. A great danger has been averted, and a great scandal has been removed. And thus has the Church of Neuchatel, through grace, peacefully, happily, and satisfactorily to all parties, solved the great problem which in our day presses upon all ecclesiastical establishments.

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY; OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER IV.—Wherein the order of discussion is broken for a parenthesis, both for the pleasure of the author and the delight and advantage of the reader, and that concerning the natural aversion of the flesh to going to the house of God.

THE reader has been already informed of the untoward and melancholy accident which befell the author in his childhood, and in consequence of which he has been a cripple and often a confirmed invalid and prisoner of the couch. Attendance at the public services of Salem has necessarily been irregular, and sometimes altogether impossible. Sometimes, movement from my own room has been entirely denied me, and then I have had to be content with my chair or couch drawn up to the window, and there in the morning or evening have I watched the people going into chapel, and, as best I could, joined in the service, or at least so much of it as was heard or seen, weaving in a dreamy, meditative mood my own musings, now with the joyous song of praise, and now in the silence, which I knew was the time of common prayer.

But my window commanded not only the exterior of Salem, with occasional glimpses of the inside, but also I was able to see the street and the people who passed along. Whither were these going? Many of them to church or chapel, but many, perhaps many

more, I knew quite well by something in their gait and manner and surroundings, neither to the one nor to the other. In later days our little town has grown and become quite the centre of a large manufacture, and now the numbers of those who will not go to church have very much increased; but I can always remember that there were many idlers, and loafers, and country-walk takers, at all events, in some way or other, non-attendants at worship, and the fact has served as a very pregnant topic of meditation to myself. There are little bits in my diary which bear upon it, sometimes the number of people who passed the chapel certainly bent on pleasuring, and even here and there comparative estimates as to the worshippers at one place or the other, or at no place at all, and perhaps it may not be amiss that I should in this chapter discuss the matter.

Let not any reader object that it is unphilosophical and a mistake in art thus to insert a chapter which does not exactly come in the proper order. For if that reader has at all properly and in a fit spirit perused my discourse on the Naophylakian order of ministry, he will feel so greatly the impression of that important office that to proceed directly and at once to another order, and that but little inferior in sanctity and magnificence—namely, the Thyroegian—would be more than the average student could bear. He who gazes at a brilliant star steadily and for awhile cannot direct his eye at once to another resplendent member of the stellar family. He must look either at one of minor magnitude, or at the Milky Way, or shut his eyes and seem to be meditating on what he has seen; and then, after a little rest and relief, he is able to return to the close observation of a new and shining orb. Or, if that illustration be somewhat too scientific for the taste of some of my readers, let me borrow another from the habits and customs of meetings, such as Bible, missionary, anniversary, tea, or the like. The wise manager of such a meeting is far too wary to put up a great speaker—a hero of the platform, the victor of a thousand tea-fights—immediately after another, his equal, rival, who is almost certain to have produced a deep and enthusiastic impression upon the audience. It would be more than the audience could bear. Not even that bevy of young females who sit at the right hand of the platform, surrounding a grim, self-possessed, elderly female, and who acknowledge her as mistress of the school for young ladies, so celebrated in the advertising columns of some of our newspapers and magazines, could endure two such speeches, one immediately following the other; and they have been trained into preserving self-possession under any excitement. No, there must be a contrast, a gentle passage, a time of repose; and so the wary secretary inserts some

dull brother, who yet may be depended on for brevity, or even *in extremis* whose coat-tails may be pulled without fear of offence. Thus the audience repose, and quietly chew the cud of meditation whilst the last speaker is cooling, and the other great gun is busily making notes for his effort, which comes upon a people ready to be once more aroused, without the very difficult task of sustaining the effect produced by Lion No. 1.

Need the author apply his illustrations? As obscurity is the very last charge which he would have made against him, he ventures to do so. The reader has gazed upon a star, even Salem's Naophylax, or chapel-keeper. (Star, is it? Sun, I should have said, but there are not two suns to be looked at in the heaven, and so the illustration would have seemed unnatural.) Steadily has the reader gazed. He is dazzled, almost blinded at the glory of this great church officer. What then? He must either gaze at some Milky Way or at some minor luminary, or shut his eye and rest. This latter favour the editor will not allow the author. He therefore gives the reader the rest, the change of vision needed by the watching of the nebular crowd who are dispersed anywhere but at worship. Then will his steady gaze revert to the single stars, and the next glorious will be attentively considered. Or, to apply the other illustration: the effect of the last two chapters must have been such as to demand for the reader some repose. Another such as they would have been too exciting, demanding too great a strain of the student's understanding; therefore is this calm and quiet parenthesis. It may be skipped if the reader pleases, but the author would recommend the reader not to do that. At least it will prove an agreeable set-off against the brilliance of the subject last treated, and a pleasant preparation for that other overwhelming personage to whom next the reader will be introduced—namely, the Thyroigos, or pew-opener.

After this somewhat protracted excursus let me return to my point of observation—at the open window upon Sunday morning, watchful of the people who go neither to church nor chapel. It is approaching eleven o'clock. The parish church bells ring a joyous peal. Who was the man I wonder that invented church bells? If I were a Romanist I would say a mass every day for that man's soul. He has given even to God's Sabbath gladness another smile. Yes, there are the bells. With a noisy, fussy, interrupting kind of sound the one bell of the new district church is also ringing lustily, but mercifully not to drown the melody of the rector's octave. Church people and chapel people pass each other. The chapel stream comes up the street to Salem; the church stream goes down the street to St. Peter's, separating at the first turning to the right,

where some go off to the new St. Michael's. But, together with the ascending stream Salem-wards, there are some who I am sure are not going thither. See, they pass on, and away along the road that leads out of town into the country. Now the bells cease. The worshippers are fewer. The straggling late ones hurry up, and, hark! there begins the opening psalm. Yes, say what you will about it, I love to hear the good old tune, Wareham, and almost catch the words—

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day in this Thy house."

But the passers-by continue. Indeed, I almost fancy there are more of them, and as the day approaches noon they still increase, evidently not bent church or chapel wards. They have passed the churches; for see, they come up the street, at the top of which Salem stands, and they turn to the right, and join the other stream which comes along the street running at right angles, and there is no place of worship beyond Salem except a room belonging to the Bible Christians, and my friends do not at all convey the notion of Bible Christians by their appearance. Besides, they would fill the little place to overflowing ten times over. No; depend upon it they are "off and away" for a Sunday out.

There is a mechanic and his younger brother, with two boys, tidily dressed, clean and smartened up. Next come half a dozen who do not boast Sunday clothes, or at least do not sport them, but rejoice in the week-day apparel, not too clean, accompanied by two or three dogs, and attended by a gun. That's the publican and his wife and daughter in their little gig, drawn by a pony about the best stepper in Market Brampton. They are chiefly men who pass by, for this is the morning, and they are going to take their morning's walk. Then you will find they return at about one o'clock to dinner, and after a rest, perhaps for a nap or a pipe, while the wife is washing up the things, the whole family start off for the regular Sunday outing—father, mother, children, friends, sister, and the young man who "keeps company" with the last mentioned.

As I lie here at my window this will be the scene presented all day long. Hundreds of people, especially the small shopkeepers and artisans, going out for the day; and besides these, I know many others whose last thought will be anent assembling for public worship. There is my doctor, for example—a good fellow, clever, learned, kind-hearted, but who never dreams of going to church. Chapel, of course, would be unprofessional. He sees a few patients in the morning, spends the rest of the day either among his books, or drops in upon myself when he knows that I am at home, and enjoys, and I confess I enjoy too, a pleasant, lively talk about any-

thing and everything, from zoophytes to angels, from the latest gossip of the town to the last question before Parliament. We are sometimes joined by Leach, the editor of the newspaper, who has not been inside a church for certainly thirty years, except at a marriage or christening, and, most queer custom, regularly on Good Friday and Christmas Day. Indeed I was told that last Good Friday he stayed at the communion; but I have never liked to ask him about that piece of gossip, feeling it was too sacred a subject to be just lightly treated.

Now then, here are the people who spend Sunday certainly not in the "assembling of themselves together." What is there, I have asked myself, which keeps these men and women away from church? Why will they not enter my own beloved Salem? And I must confess the more I think about it the more I am puzzled. Some of them are "fresh air philosophers." They are the gentlemen who love to worship God in nature. They find the roof of a conventicle stifling, while the blue dome of heaven is wide and clear and fresh. Organs or even the melodious noses of the frequenters of Salem have no charm for their delicately attuned and musical tympanums. Singing under a ceiling is distressing, and the echoes in the long-drawn aisles are not to be compared to the cheering warble of birds, the babbling of brooks, or the strange, mysterious murmur of the forest leaves. "That's worship, sir," as Tom Larkin, my shoemaker, and a genius in his way, says to me, as I sometimes get my chair rolled up to his little shop, and enjoy a talk with him as he sits at his bench and pegs away at a sole. Tom is an eloquent man, well read, and a character. To hear him address an election crowd is a treat; and I am told his harangues in the back parlour of the Plough are worthy of a place in the next treatise on Elocution and Oratory. "Well, Tom," I say, "and where were you last Sunday?"—for his wife is an eminent member of the Wesleyan persuasion, and is quite a leader of the "Glories" and "Hallelujahs" which resound when the superintendent of the circuit—a very rousing preacher—visits Brampton. "I, sir?" replies Tom, with an extra tug at the threads of St. Crispin,—“I communed with the inarticulate utterances profound and mystical of Nature's children. I mused in rapture with cloud and sky, with river and leaf. Ah! Mr. Vane, that was worship, if you like. I was a new man, and was admitted into the arcana of Divine power." "Now, Tom," said I, "don't be too eloquent. I could not go out last Sunday, and was at my window and saw you pass."

Tom looked a little crestfallen.

"What sport, Tom?" added I, for I did not like to press my advantage, as I had watched the eloquent son of Crispin go out with a gun and dog in the company of half a dozen of the loafers

of the town, and at night saw him come back again (let me not appear to scandalise) certainly rather shaky in gait, as if the rap-
ture of the arcana had been a trifle more than he could bear.

"Well, well, Mr. Vane," replied Tom, "I only wish you could use your legs as you do your eyes. 'Twould be better for my trade—and eloquence," added Tom, as I laughingly told my man to take up our journey once again.

Yes! "worship of Nature's God" and "fresh-air philosophy." These gentlemen seem to require powder and small shot as a part of the worship, and a dog appears a most necessary hierophant. Leach and the Doctor have their ways too of putting it; the publican and the weaver, they can assign some object in view; but all agree in this—they don't care about going to worship, and so they do not go.

It has been a very fruitful subject of meditation, as I have said, for the Sundays when I myself was an absentee from Salem. Naturally my mind turned in that direction, and especially was aided by the scene outside.

"The necessity of recreation and fresh air" seemed to me to be a very poor reason indeed—in fact, to be rather an excuse. For many of those who urged it had short time on Saturday, and now-a-days, indeed, have generally a half-holiday. Besides, it is not as if they availed themselves of the opportunity. An hour and a half spent in a place of worship would not take out very much from the day, and I am not such a Sabbatarian as to frown upon all enjoyment of Sundays, and for those who are immured all the week in close workshops and small rooms it seems natural enough that the day of rest should be spent in as much freedom and freshness as possible. But then they do not take all they can of exercise and fresh air. The fact is, some two or three miles from town is a little village, where on Sunday the beershops for the hours that they are open are crammed, where they take more money on Sunday than all the rest of the week put together. There is a tea-garden also and a kind of restaurant in the road, and this is the general resort of the Sunday-outers. Most of them smoke, and between the smoke and the fumes of the drink, and the heat of lamps there is really not much fresh air inhaled, and I have my doubts of the real recreation enjoyed. Many of the working men who object to places of worship because they are so close and stifling—simply a repetition of the "holes where they work all the week"—spend many more hours than the hours of church-time in recking public-houses and beershops, to return home besotted and unfitted for Monday's work. Poor Tom Larkin is a common example of the working man and his Sunday for fresh air and Nature's philosophy.

Then, again, there are my more immediate friends. Why do not they go to church or chapel? Not certainly because they want a day's outing, for they have plenty of that every day, and just lie about upon the Sunday, and in a respectable way "loaf." To be sure, they are not perhaps very much inclined to worship at all, but I know some who are religious and devout men, who spend the day, in fact, religiously, but who do not care to go to sing and pray, and hear preaching in public. And thus I am very much perplexed, and, as my habit is, cast myself upon my own consciousness, and try and find what comes from the interrogation of that. "Now, Mr. Vane," I say, "why don't *you* go to Salem? There you are lying upon your back sunning yourself at the window, and watching the people going out of town, and I am afraid criticising them not in the most Christian-like way; why are you, sir, an absentee?"

"Oh," I say, "my dear conscience, don't you know that I am an invalid; that I am really very poorly; that I could not possibly get to Salem to-day? I could not bear the journey; if I were there I could not sit up for that long morning service."

"Indeed," replies my other self, "are you quite sure of that? are you as ill as you think yourself? Were you not quite as bad, or rather worse, in fact, last Wednesday, when the literary association met, and you managed to get out to that?"

"But, my dear conscience," I say soothingly, "come, now, that's too bad; you know quite well that I have taken some of Jackson's mixture that he sent me last week, and he said I must be careful not to excite myself after that, but keep quite quiet."

"Yes," replies conscience, "but that came on Tuesday last. You know you might have taken it then."

I interrupt, and "But you forget there was the literary meeting, conscience, on Wednesday morning."

Conscience smiles, and looks towards Salem, and wonders whether there is not Salem and her worship to-day.

The fact is conscience is a cunning jade, and a very uncomfortable arguer. She has a way about her that is tantalizing. She will not see the force of reasoning at all. Indeed, I think she is a bit unfair in the advantages she takes, and so, somewhat testily I fear, I bid her be still; that she knows nothing about it; that I am very "queer" indeed, and altogether unfit for going out to-day.

And with that here comes Jackson.

"Hallo! have you not been out? not at chapel, Vane? how is that?"

"Well," I say, a little annoyed that he should seem to be taking the side of conscience, "did you not tell me that I was to keep quiet after that mixture of yours? and I thought I had better stay in to-day."

"To be sure," answers the doctor. "I sent you that last Tuesday."

"Yes; and I thought it best to wait until to-day—a quiet day, you know."

"Exactly; I'll be in in the afternoon," and away goes Jackson.

Conscience laughs quite maliciously. That is not fair of C. Two against one is not just in these things.

"But there it is," I begin to say. "Why should I then choose Sunday for keeping quiet? I am a strong defender of public worship. Rebuke the publican, triumph over Tom Larkin, somewhat severely now and then fall upon Leach and Jackson; and here am I, when a slight excuse offers itself, not at all unwilling to absent myself from Salem." Conscience is once more busy at her arguments. "Well, there," I say. "Please! I think you are right. Just give me a little space, and I will think about it."

And, reader, do you know anything of the Sunday stay-at-home-ness. Of course, you are an earnest Sunday-school teacher. You are at your post at nine o'clock, perhaps having had a prayer-meeting at seven, as a sort of snack before the regular meals of the day begin. Eleven, chapel; half-past two, school again. Then, prayer-meeting of teachers. Half-past six, chapel (evening); after which a prayer-meeting with the class scholars winds up the day. Of course you are one of these blessed people who never stay at home, who feel no natural aversion to chapel-going on Sunday. But your brother there, who is bothering you to let him have the magazine, that he might see "what that fellow Vane is saying this month," he, a very decent and respectable Christian in his way, member of the church, and indeed Sunday-school teacher also, somewhat irregular though, he, I say, is perpetually guilty of some of these absences. He, I know, sympathises with me, and Larkin perhaps sometimes. What is it, then, I ask?

It is not enough to say that men are indisposed. Why should they be indisposed? Some, alas, too many! care not for worship, because they care not for Him who is worshipped. The question in their case resolves itself into the earlier one. Why are they not religious, believing, Christ loving and serving? This too often has to be answered. Men cannot worship Him in whom they do not believe. They will not desire to meet with Him whom they do not love. Too many of my friends who stream country-wards upon the Sunday are of this class. We must arouse in them first of all the sense of their Divine childhood before they will seek after their Father, or desire communion with others who are His children. How to do this is a serious problem for Salem and the rest to solve. Some other time I may refer to it; but now I can only mention it and pass on.

For I am afflicted with my own difficulties. Why should I, Timothy Vane, Christian man, member of Salem, why should I be not unwilling to stay away from chapel? Why should so many of my friends, also in their way religious I believe, never go at all?

There must be some natural aversion to chapel-going and church-going. Is it a part of our natural depravity, and do we inherit it from Adam himself? Did he make excuses very often, and send his wife to represent him in the paradise conventicle? To be sure, David says, he would gladly be a doorkeeper (that is the thyroegus, whom we shall next discuss) in the house of the Lord. But then we must remember that he was at this time an exile, and anything in the way of civilised life and religious service would have been pleasant. Sometimes, I have no doubt, even the sweet singer made an excuse for staying at home, and took, as so many people do, Sunday physic. It is a part of the old man that must be crucified and slain.

(Conscience smiles now approvingly.)

Stop a bit though. I am not going to make myself quite such a miserable sinner as all that. Has not Salem something to answer for too? Just look at these windows. They are dim with the condensed vapour of the atmosphere inside. Glimpses through the clerestory indeed! Why, I cannot see anything but the most shadowy of forms. Is it nothing to endure that for an hour and a half? I am delicate, conscience. To-day very poorly, though you don't believe it. If I went in there I should be ever so much worse to-morrow, perhaps altogether laid up, and then there would be an end to these useful and brilliant lucubrations of mine in the *Christian World Magazine*.

(Conscience begins to look penitent. I am feeling quite triumphant.)

And there, my inward monitor, just look at that. Naophylax has opened a window—ventilator they call it. The steam is clearing away from the glass; he can just see through now. That's my seat. There's a strange lady in it. The feathers—nay, the very ribbons of her bonnet—are floating like streamers in the gale. That would have been upon my head if it had been there, and I could not put on my hat. Sneezing, influenza, neuralgia, sore throat, fever, unexpected end, general mourning of Salem, Market Brampton, and the religious world.

(Conscience, are you not ashamed of yourself?)

But there are graver causes than these to be found in Salem's shortcomings.

We have a very good minister. Considering the unimportance of the ministerial office as it seems to me in my side lights,* I should

* See Chapter II.

say altogether a better man than Salem could expect. He is in fact larger by at least fifty pounds than the Naophylax. His wife is quite as lady-like as the pew-opener. To be sure she is not as gay as the leading soprano, and perhaps does not present so perfectly a resigned appearance as the widow of the late minister. Still, with one or two of these drawbacks, Watson is a very decent fellow, and we are good friends. He is a scholar, or at least promises to become one. But he does not always conduct the service in such a way as makes me long to be present. There, for example, is the second deacon, whom they have lately made precentor, a very worthy old fellow, but his reading of the hymns sounds to me simply atrocious. I shudder when he comes to some verses. I took Jackson with me one day, and I thought he would have exploded. He never will accompany me again. Salem does not notice it much. She has grown accustomed to bad hymn-reading. But strangers are sometimes pained and more often unimpressed. The hymns might be made emphatically part of the worship. Well read (Watson can do it himself) they would suggest thoughts devout and worshipful.

Then, again, the prayers are long, often too didactic; elegant information addressed to the Most High concerning His attributes and perfections. Who wants that? as I often say to Watson. We do not, and you may be sure He knows it all. True, lately there has been an improvement. Poor fellow, he has lost a child, and the change which has come over his prayers are remarkable. They are now communings with the Almighty. They at times take up our needs, and in the common lot of sorrow breathe the desires of the people. I would not wish Watson sorrow that he may learn these lessons, but I fancy if he knew his people better, their sorrows might then become by sympathy his own, and in the furnace of their affliction he would gain the spirit which would fill our worship and prayer at Salem with that which now it needs.

It is this that men who too often stay away from church lack when they go there. The people who go out for the Sunday cry aloud for fresh air and life. The very same in spirit and moral nature is the need in our places of worship. Men want reality, rest; they do not get it in the corpse-like forms which worship takes, in the cold, unsympathetic prayers, in the singing which pleaseth neither God nor man, in the mere teacher-like attitude of the occupant of the pulpit. A bloodless religion may conceal its death under artistic forms, but will never seize the people. It is not that a lower order of ministry will suffice; the fact is, a higher order both of mind and culture is required for the work. But the need is not here so pressing as in a wider form of heart. Even intelligent and learned men do not require from the pulpit a great

display of learning, nor yet much exercise of the mental powers. We have enough of that in our books and studies. But we want men of wide sympathies—men who have sinned, and sorrowed, and struggled, and lost, and been forgiven, and triumphed like ourselves. In all this we want profounder intellect, larger culture, but chiefly wider heart—men who know all ages, the thoughts, the feelings of other times, of those who spake strange languages, and thought in foreign ways, but yet men who recognise humanity in all, and see it nowhere so real, so living, so terribly needy as in the present day. With this spirit even that damp and musty St. Peter's will be filled; and a life will come into the high developments of the district church which, now making to the people its foolish ritual a very real thing, will in time be too strong and good for vestment, and incense, and candles, and genuflection, and, breaking through all these childishnesses of its early years, destroy them and cast them away, and leave everywhere men speaking to men, to brothers, to sisters; rather a Christ speaking by them, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So that once again it shall be true that "the common people heard Him gladly," and never before such a fulfilment of His own words, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER III.—AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

How delightful it is to awaken and feast one's eyes upon the glories that surround us here! I would not be Violet for the whole world; there she lies, slumbering still, while the sun shines over the ice-peaked mountains and glints across the bosom of the glassy lake. I arose early and threw up my wipdow, and drew in in long breaths the invigorating mountain air. I think I must have imbibed some of the heroic spirit of Tell with it from the Swiss hills he loved dearly enough to brave the tyrant and his myrmidons for, my heart seems to expand with a full sense of freedom within my bosom.

Perhaps a memory of our emancipation has something to do with it, for Violet and I are only within the last month released from the tyranny of masters and mistresses. We spent last winter in Paris, and now we are taking a leisurely tour, through these summer months, before proceeding to England. I have been anticipating

this summer amongst the mountains for so long ; the mere distant glimpse of a mountain peak fills my soul with joy, and it is almost delirium to be up here amongst their companionship.

Yesterday we passed through a narrow valley between two lofty ranges of mountains ; they were clothed with forests of pines to the very bases that bounded the dark river-bed flowing between. The road along which our carriage crept lay about half way up one of the mountain sides of the valley ; above us were overhanging rocks, and below depth, darkness, gloomy pines, and a river only to be distinguished by the reflection of the blue heaven above. The mountains on either side of this beautiful ravine are so little asunder that it is said, upon occasion, a chain is thrown from one ridge to the other.

I always look to Violet for sympathy, but she does not rejoice in the works of nature as I do. She does not love a flower because it is a flower, and marvel at the wondrous beauty of its structure ; she only likes them because they are most becoming ornaments to her beauty ; and then she shivers at the sight of the mountains, and she drew back within the carriage, and closed her eyes when we were passing through that glorious ravine.

"How can you like it, Pansie ! Only fancy, if the carriage were to topple over, or if one of those immense pieces of rock were to tumble down from above and smash us !"

Both papa and mamma laughed at her, either was so extremely improbable.

Papa left his own horses in Paris, and has engaged different relays of such steeds as are accustomed to the country through which we pass for our journey. Besides, our own coachman is on the box, and Gilbert is both a cautious and skilful driver ; the voiturier sits beside him.

At midday we stopped at a little inn in a most desolate region. The little landlord came bowing to the door as our carriage stopped, and a demand for fresh horses was made. His bows came more quickly than ever.

Sorry to disoblige monsieur, but compliance was quite impossible, quite. The only horses he had in his stable were only then being harnessed for an English milor who had engaged them.

"What is to be done ?" said papa, addressing the voiturier. "Can we proceed without change ?"

But this M. le Voiturier, not to be outdone by the landlord, declared to be equally impossible ; the horses were tired, the next stage a long one.

The voiturier regarded the landlord, the landlord regarded M. le Voiturier ; both grew red in the face, both seemed ready to give vent to a whole volley of exasperating words.

Violet laughed and whispered to me—"Are they not like two gamecocks pluming their crests for a battle?"

Violet is not always quite particular in the selection of her words and ideas, and sometimes they seem very much at variance with her perfectly lovely face.

I must describe her as she sits in the carriage before the door of the little *auberge*, because I believe her beauty was the means of relieving us eventually from the difficulty.

Violet is not tall, but she has a full figure, and the loveliest complexion I have ever seen; roses and lilies blended is a trite simile, but in Violet's case it is not the faintest exaggeration; the lily is only supplanted on her cheek where a delicate rose tint blooms; her eyes are somewhat full and of a clear grey; her eyebrows a shade darker in hue than the golden brown of her hair, have a slender curve, drawn like a line, tapering off at the temples. Her nose is decidedly aquiline, though not too much so for feminine beauty; her mouth is small and rather inexpressive, a fact that puzzles me, because I do not think Violet deficient in character. Papa says that the mouth is the most important feature indicative of character in a person's face. I, too, have noticed how much this feature differs in different persons. I have seen lips that quiver with sensibility, lips that wreath themselves with scorn—proud, imperious, petulant, saucy lips. Violet's are placid, and when she speaks it is to reveal a fairy colony of dimples.

That is my sister Violet, and no matter where we are, in crowded parks and gardens, at soirées, balls, assemblies, or in a little out-of-the-way place like this, her beauty casts an illumination around it, and compels admiration.

Two gentlemen came forth from the little *auberge* just as papa was descending to see what accommodation could be afforded for mamma, and to prevent any dispute.

The landlord turned to them, and commenced a fresh series of salaams.

"What is the matter?" asked the younger-looking gentleman.

The landlord explained, and his rapid utterance only allowed us to catch the words "Monsieur," with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of papa, and "Milor," with a profound bow forwards, mixed up with an inexpressible jargon of sounds.

The gentleman cut him short in the midst of his explanation, and stepped abruptly to papa's side.

"You will permit us to relinquish our claim, as there are ladies in the case. It will give me great pleasure if you will allow the horses to be put to your carriage. We can await the next relay; but, I assure you, this is no fit place for ladies to enter."

Papa accepted the obliging offer as frankly and courteously as it was made, and the exchange of horses was effected.

Now, I must remark that he from whom papa had accepted the kindness had delicately refrained from more than a casual glance in our direction. He was certainly an Englishman, but there was nothing striking in his appearance save a certain air of refinement which a true English gentleman is always characterised by. His dress was a plain suit of Scotch tweed, but there was a suspicion of fastidiousness in the etceteras, unless my eyes, which Violet declares are far too nice in their observations, deceived me.

As for his companion, a disagreeable sense of darkness oppresses me when I recall his appearance; and yet, I suppose, strictly speaking, he was far the handsomer of the two. Tall, dark, bearded, with regular features, and a Mephistophelian smile;—I must record my true impressions, though Violet should pinch me when she reads this, for she declares he is handsome enough to be the hero of a story. What if the desultory diary I am writing should be a story, a story with her for the heroine and him for the hero. Heigho!

Heigho, indeed! (writes Violet, who has taken the pen from my hand, and moreover has read every word I have written while she has been sleeping). What veritable nonsense this little sister of mine has been writing! As if I were going to play the heroine to any one short of a hero lord or duke! Whatever may be the title of the gentleman the landlord of that benighted little *auberge* called "milor" yesterday, it was easy enough to see that the other was but companion and appendage to his travels. Pansie is a little romantic goose to suppose, for instance, that we shall ever meet them again. We drove off with their horses, and left them standing bareheaded at the door of the *auberge*, not even knowing the names of the persons we were indebted to for not being imprisoned for an indefinite length of time in that vile little place. And that, I suppose, will be the end of them!

Papa gave the little gentleman—— (Oh, Violet! he was not little; only the towering figure of his companion made him appear so.) Hold your tongue, or, rather, don't dare to touch the pen, Pansie, while it is in my hands. I declare to you he *is* little. I don't mind giving you the most valued of my possessions if he stand over five feet five or six in his boots. You don't call that little? Well, then, I do, for a man: if you are going to judge him by your own pigmy stature, why that is quite another affair; and then he is slight in proportion. But there, I will dismiss them; for I am eager to depict a companion picture to the one you drew of me sitting in the carriage before the door of the memorable *auberge*.

"But you have not finished the sentence you commenced when I interrupted you," I insert.

I am going to do so if you give me time. Papa gave his card to "milor," and hoped that the vicissitudes of travel, or a beneficent fate, would sometime, when both were in England, put it into his power to return the kind service rendered him now by Milor on these foreign mountain sides. Milor (I am obliged to follow that detestable little landlord's example, and call him by that title, as I know not his proper one) apologised for not having his card-case in his pocket, said the slight service it had been in his power to render us was not worthy of dwelling in the memory of any of us for a single day, bowed, lifted his hat; and, as the carriage rolled away, I vow his last glance rested upon my darling little Pansie.

(Oh, Violet!)

Oh, Pansie! and here I will wager my second most valuable possession in support of my assertion. But this little Heartsease of ours fancies that anything and everything in our flora is better worth looking at than is she herself, which, although an opinion becoming to her modesty, is a very erroneous one.

I will draw for you the picture Milor looked at.

I dare not ask Pansie to sketch in the background of pine-clad mountains, and azure, cloud-flecked sky, though she would really do it much better than I could by any possibility, so I will just leave the reader to imagine that for himself, or herself, supposing no masculine eyes ever peruse these idle productions of our leisure moments.

In the foreground was the handsome English barouche with papa's crest upon the panels; the strong, clumsy-looking horses, down upon whose flanks the lash from Gilbert's whip was descending; Gilbert's livery in contradistinction to the nondescript attire of M. le Voiturier, half French, half Swiss; our maid behind. In the wide body of the carriage mamma, with her pale patrician face, leaning back amongst the cushions, and Pansie by her side; and Pansie's head is half turned, I aver it, for a last look at the little *auberge* where the two figures stand just without the door; and that little face is one of the loveliest that one could ever look upon. Pansie's beauty partakes a great deal of mamma's patrician delicacy; her skin is like the transparent petal of a little wind-flower, with all the blue veins traced upon her temples and neck; and her colour is always varying, now mantling rosy beneath the white skin, then dying softly away in the faintest of pinks. But when that colour comes richly, and the violet eyes light up, our little Pansie can hold her own in the ranks of beauty against all other blossoms.

She has a small straight nose, and a mouth, to use her own expression, all quivering with sensitive feelings.

We are both of us revelling in freedom from the constraint imposed by society, and so refuse to let Mad'line's fingers braid up our tresses when we make our toilettes, but leave them to the tender mercy of the mountain breezes that blow them into wild curls. Pansie's are akin to the sunbeams in colour, and to a skein of silk in texture.

(You shall write no more of such nonsense, Violet.) I take the pen from her fingers, and close the book, which shuts with a spring lock, and lay it inside my valise, while Violet turns away, laughing, to the window.

CHAPTER IV.—DON QUIXOTE AND DIOGENES.

To the two young men left standing at the door of the *auberge*, when the carriage containing Sir William and Lady Trevor and their daughters drove away from the little inn situated upon the Swiss mountain frontier, a prolonged stay at this most inhospitable house of entertainment offered no temptations. When the Trevor carriage was fairly out of sight, the elder of the two, by name Ernest De l'Orme, pulled a rueful face.

"What is your intention may I ask, beloved, in consigning us to this charming retreat for an indefinite length of time?"

"I had no intention in it," said Lord Haig, walking back to his companion's side from the outpost of observation where he had stationed himself that he might keep the carriage in view as long as the winding road would permit. "I did not think of anything but of enabling the ladies to get more comfort than this miserable inn would afford them, and left reflection for the time when they should be gone."

"Enacting Don Quixote as usual. But, my dear fellow, our own accommodation is not a matter of such perfect indifference as you seem to imagine it. Fancy spending a night in such a place as this! Why, a hundred guineas will not procure for us one smokeable cigar, and all the wealth of the Indies cannot furnish us with decent beds."

"If it is bad for us it would have been infinitely worse for the ladies—a fact you do not seem to consider in the least."

"Self, my friend, is the first ruler in this world. When other people consider me, it will be quite time enough for me to ponder how uncomfortable I can make myself to oblige them."

"De l'Orme, you disgust me with such sentiments. I would quarrel with you for them, but that I know you don't mean them."

"Take nothing for granted, beloved, but believe such sentiments as men express by their actions. The tongue is a lying deceiver, the face a mask of hypocrisy, therefore believe what you see and see what you believe."

"Mephistopheles *in propria persona*. Now, my dear De l'Orme, do like a good-natured cynic come out of your tub and help me to devise some means of getting out of this place. I wonder who those people are, and for what place they are bound."

"We may probably ascertain. Landlord!"

The obsequious little man once more appeared upon the scene in answer to De l'Orme's raised voice, but it was to Lord Haig he made his salaam.

"Yes, Milor."

"Did you ask M. le Voiturier what was the end of the next stage of their journey before they set off?" demanded his lordship.

"He informed me, Milor."

"Upon my word he was a most obliging gentleman," sneered De l'Orme, "to volunteer so much information without being questioned."

Lord Haig took no notice of his friend's interruption.

"Tell me, where were they going to?"

"To Lucerne, Milor."

"And are there no quadrupeds of any description in your stable? Is there no chance of procuring any between this and to-morrow?"

The golden gleam in the white palm of the young lord sharpened the landlord's wits more effectually than any amount of words could do. He saw it was more to his interest to further their departure than compel them to stay, and he answered—"There are the horses from monsieur's carriage. Milor's caleche is light; it will be like rest to the beasts to draw it after the heavy vehicle of monsieur."

"By jove! that's a happy idea," cried De l'Orme, starting up. "That's a loophole we may escape by, Haig."

Lord Haig replied with a smile.

"We may get to Lucerne in time to learn whither they are bound if they leave to-morrow. What say you, amicus?"

"I say that I would willingly give ten pounds for one more glimpse of that beautiful face, fair and classical enough for that of some Grecian goddess."

Lord Haig made no verbal response, but inwardly he recurred to the memory of two bright eyes that had shone out upon him like the blue, luminous gleam of moonbeams, and he hastened as much as possible the preparations that should conduce towards their speedy departure.

CHAPTER V.—SOCIUS ET AMICUS.

There are degrees in friendship as there are in everything under the sun, and as the preacher assures us that there is nothing new under that luminary, we may presume that from the days of Jonathan and David downwards, it always has been so, and always will be. It is curious to note the very incongruous unions that often range themselves under that old familiar title; how the most seemingly opposite natures attach themselves to each other in obedience to some constraining but invisible chains of attraction. There is no use in preaching equality in friendship, for it sometimes delights in reconciling the grossest inequalities. In fact friendship, like the wilder passion it sometimes typifies, cannot be reduced to theory and governed by laws.

So much preamble must be acknowledged by the reader to be anything but unnecessary when he has attained never so meagre an acquaintance with the two young men he was introduced to in the last chapter.

The friendship existing between them was like a union of the poles, in explanation of which I can only revert to the sentence I started with—There are degrees in friendship. Probably the definitions you and I, reader, would give of the word as we respectively understand it might differ from each other, and yet neither agree with that formed by a third person. But an object, a passion, an emotion, it may be urged, all remain the same, though different people conceive different ideas of the one, while the other kindles different responses in different breasts. So we will call that friendship on both sides that linked the young men together, even though, to Ernest De l'Orme, Robert, Lord Haig, was nothing more than *socius*, while the young Lord regarded him to the full as his *amicus*, the one standing in the light of a beloved companion, the other being a mere associate. There was something very unequal in the union, but is it not so with the majority of the loves and friendships of this world? The richest gold, poured lavishly forth, meets with the most meagre return. If a return were all it looked for, oh, wretched heart! But love, generous, high-souled, pure, creates its own atmosphere, and happiness comes more from the sense of loving than from the return it meets with. Therefore, if you ask which was the happier for their friendship, I should point unhesitatingly to Lord Haig. His *amicus*, though by the world called a disappointed, unfortunate, unhappy man, was the most generous-souled, high-minded, noble-hearted individual that ever breathed, worthy of his esteem and confidence, because his own lofty fancy painted him as such. But to Ernest De l'Orme the

young baron was merely what twenty men, each not possessing one tenth of the fine qualities that distinguished him, might have been to him. His lively disposition, his unfailing affability, his even temper, made him an agreeable associate, one in whose company the languid time flowed more energetically, so that his own comfort was the only tie that bound him to him. I must describe this as the lowest possible degree to which friendship can be debased, for this is indeed dragging her white plumes through the mire.

Ernest De l'Orme was five or six years the senior of his companion, but in some classes of knowledge and experience he might be twenty. Heir to and possessor of an estate in one of the eastern counties of England, he dwelt there through his boyhood with an early widowed mother. They were very poor, and lived in the deepest seclusion. The estate was deeply mortgaged, and barely afforded to them the meagre income that sufficed for their wants. Mrs. De l'Orme inherited all the pride of all the ancestors of her own house and her husband's combined, and was resolved that her son should be brought up as a De l'Orme of De l'Orme should be on the estate, and in the domain of his forefathers. Besides, she had expectations for her son. She had long ago determined that he should be the heir to the wealth of a bachelor brother of her own who had no recognised successor, and no claim upon him superior to those of herself and her son. So the boy was taught from his infancy, not the sin of indulging his imperious temper and selfish passions, but the danger of allowing either them or their effects to come under the notice of his grim, miserly uncle, Ernest Candlish, Esq., of Brydon Hall, in the county of Sussex. And the young Ernest was wise enough, with something of the wisdom of the serpent even in those early days, to take his cue skilfully from the mind of his mother. The visits of Mr. Ernest Candlish to De l'Orme, or, as the villagers corrupted it, Dellum Hall, were periods of the greatest torture to the lad, and he would avenge himself freely for the restraint put upon him when within the precincts of the hall, by numerous acts of petty tyranny when abroad. Mr. Candlish evinced his friendliness towards his sister and her son by these visits, but he never invited them to Brydon in return; he said his household was not fit for the entertainment of his lady sister; and perhaps he was right, for bachelor institutions with such men as Ernest Candlish at their head, are certainly not very desirable places of residence for a lady.

Ernest De l'Orme did not possess the vices that would rather have increased than diminished the favour of his uncle. His faults did not proceed so much from want of principle as from the errors of his education, and from the callous heart with which nature had gifted him. He loved power, he loved sway, and he was not scru-

pulous by what means he maintained both. Because his name had ceased to hold its pristine authority amongst the people of the neighbourhood, the more fiercely he longed for its aggrandisement. A De l'Orme of De l'Orme was now hardly recognised beyond the community of the little village; there the poor fishermen, and the peasant labourers who had lived for generations under the domination of the great family, still bared their heads and bent their brows before the imperious young descendant of their olden lords, but their homage failed to satisfy the insatiate greed of the boy for the sweets of power. He would sit on the cliffs overhanging the waves that lashed the sandstone below, for hours, pondering upon the hardness of his lot; his heart grew hard and bitter, and day by day his mind became more and more cramped until it got to resemble the confines of a small cage shutting in the single name De l'Orme, while the world stood without, antagonistic. Then he dreamed of the time to come when the wealth of Ernest Candlish should be allied to the influence of his name, and Dellum Hall should again be the centre of a potent authority that should spread more than its olden sway throughout the county. He looked upon his sometime heirship of his uncle's wealth as a certainty, he never questioned the faith his mother had implanted.

These musings were all unnatural enough for a boy of twelve years to indulge in, but at that period they were the primary occupation of his leisure. Others he had less desirable still. He was a cruel-hearted boy, a boy that all dumb animals avoided, that no bird, nor beast, nor live thing would fraternise with. He had a habit of torturing everything he came near, and the natural instinct within their breasts taught them to avoid him. Perhaps this was but another of the phases assumed by that craving for domination inborn in his nature and developed by his life's surroundings. He had been known to pluck the feathers from a live bird, and afterwards take a wild delight in watching its contortions of agony. It shows an evil heart when one takes pleasure in tormenting cruelly those who have will, strength, and voice to oppose to the tyranny, but he who wantonly inflicts pain upon a helpless, dumb creature is at heart a dastard.

There was very little about Ernest De l'Orme calculated to please his uncle Ernest Candlish.

Had he had never so little of the dare-devil spirit in him he might have been as lax principled as he pleased without danger of forfeiting his pretensions to his uncle's wealth; but the boy had nothing of the kind; he could administer a sly kick to a harmless dog, or denude a cat of her whiskers, but he never got into the scrapes that hearty, healthy boyhood is subject to; he behaved, indeed, with such unexceptionable propriety in the presence of his

uncle that Ernest Candlish imagined some reproach cast upon his own irregular life by the circumspection of the boy, and hated him accordingly. So he hinted to his sister that he was being spoilt at home in the dreary solitude of Dellum, and counselled her to send him to school that he might be made a man of. To school Ernest went accordingly.

There Ernest's *priggishness*, as the little world of schoolboys termed the qualities we have been endeavouring to describe, quickly got him into trouble. He began by trying to establish the same system of despotism amongst the boys as had answered very well amongst the peasant bipeds and tame quadrupeds at Dellum. There the one class submitted from a lawful acknowledgment of his hereditary power, the other from fear. Here he met with most decided opposition that at first took his breath away; its truth was soon roughly enough forced upon him.

Mrs. De l'Orme's means did not permit of her placing him at one of the public schools where other youths of his rank were sent; that was the reason he had been kept at home so long. It was at one of the many excellent middle-class schools with which England abounds that Ernest De l'Orme's experience of school-boy life was commenced. The boys were principally sons of merchants and professional gentlemen, and a strong liberal element breathed throughout the school. They were not likely to acknowledge Ernest De l'Orme of De l'Orme as being one whit better than themselves, unless he proved himself superior to them in some particular virtue or accomplishment; had he proved himself that, they would have exalted him, the mere accident of birth with them went for nothing. But he commenced by asserting his right to a kingship amongst them without so much as asking their suffrage. Instantly the combustible spirit of independence in the breasts of a hundred boys took fire, and he stood opposed to the whole tide of public opinion.

It was in the play-ground one summer's afternoon that the boy multitude representing the *Vox populi* of the world beyond, set themselves against the assumed tyranny of a self-elected king.

One boy, as tall and strong in every way as was Ernest De l'Orme, stood forth from the rest with defiance on his brow, and his broad shoulders well thrown back.

"Who are you that dares to imagine you can lord it over us?"

A chorus of approval was heard from the ranks behind the champion.

Ernest De l'Orme regarded his opponent with a scowl, while his teeth set themselves in his nether lip and his hands were clenched.

"I am Ernest De l'Orme of De l'Orme, and heir to the Drydon Hall estates of my uncle, Ernest Candlish, Esq."

He expected this announcement of his high birth and expectations to have somewhat the same effect that its declaration would have had had he been standing upon the doorsteps at Dellum Hall, and been addressing his father's and his grandfather's retainers.

The champion replied with a mock bow, "And I am Robertus de Brucius, champion of the noble cause of liberty, and heir of the freedom of all ages. These are my subjects," with a wave of his hand behind him; and all the boys responded to his caustic assertion with cheers and laughter.

Ernest De l'Orme felt that they were jeering him, and the sensation of being the object of irony and ridicule was so new and so stinging to him that a wild passion surged up into his breast. He advanced a step, and shook his clenched fist in his opponent's face.

"I'll make you pay for this. I'll teach you to insult De l'Orme."

"Down with the aristocrat!"

"Pitch into him, Deverel!" "A ring! a ring!" with a hundred other suitable ejaculations rent the air from all sides.

In an instant De l'Orme and Hugh Deverel were enclosed, and Ernest saw himself shut in by a wall of schoolboy figures doubly and trebly strong. Opposite to him was the stalwart form of the champion he had defied, denuded of jacket and waistcoat, his head well up, his shoulders back, his fists squared, his bold young face all eager for the conflict. I have said that Ernest De l'Orme was at heart a poltroon; he proved it now. He no sooner saw how thoroughly in earnest were his opponents, and the preparations made for the contest, than his face grew white as death; his teeth chattered in his head.

"Now then, come on; what are you waiting for?" exclaimed Hugh Deverel.

Some boys in the rear of Ernest De l'Orme endeavoured to divest him of the clothing considered superfluous in a fair stand-up fight. On them De l'Orme turned, dodged between them, and made good his escape through the outer ring, and was clear of the playground ere the boys had recovered from their consternation sufficiently to vent their disappointment in groans and hisses for the cowardly bully.

This little event it was that lost to Ernest De l'Orme the heirship of his uncle's wealth. It reached the ears of Ernest Candlish, and caused him to hold his nephew in supreme contempt, for in his eyes physical courage stood before all other virtues. It embittered the life of Ernest De l'Orme, and for many years wherever he went the story followed him. Some years after his mother died; her small income came to him when that event took place, and this he increased by letting Dellum Hall and going to live abroad. It cost him something to relinquish his position as De l'Orme of De l'Orme, to give up the only position he prized, and again cast in his

lot as one in a multitude. He revenged the necessity upon society, and hated mankind universally until chance threw him into the company of the young Lord Haig.

What a contrast to the past life of De l'Orme did that of the young nobleman appear!

His father, Baron Haig, was lord of the castle and domain of Craigdallie, situated amongst some of the most romantic and beautiful scenery in the north of Scotland, and there the young Robert's early days were spent in the sunlight of a fond mother's love and in the indulgence of a kind but judicious father. We may have occasion at some future time to revert to those early years of our hero, and so will leave them now veiled in the curtain of the past, nor strive to lift the covering it is yet such exquisite pain to him for rude hands to touch. His bereavement is recent at present—the bereavement whose keen agony drove him away from his parental halls to endeavour, by change of scene and climate; to reinvigorate both mind and body that had suffered severely from the grief occasioned by the death of both parents. He met with Ernest De l'Orme last winter in Rome. Circumstances threw them together, and something in the winning manners of the young Scotch baron, combined with his ignorance of all that concerned him in the past, constrained Ernest De l'Orme to present the most favourable side of his character to his new friend and acquaintance. No character is totally bad, and all the good that was innate in that of De l'Orme was drawn forth by his association with a mind so pure and yet so strong as was that of Lord Haig. The self-love of De l'Orme was agreeably flattered by this intercourse, and precisely because he liked himself the better when in the company of Lord Haig he sought his society. Our hero's nature was too generous a one to be suspicious; he took De l'Orme for what he appeared to be, and elevated him to a position in his esteem and affections without any credentials at all. They associated together in Rome, and there planned a joint summer tour, and here they had been lingering amongst the Swiss mountains for a month or more, acknowledging no law but that of their own inclinations.

(To be continued.)

POPES AND COUNCILS.

BY THE REV. J. G. ROGERS, B.A.

WE have, in our sketches of the earlier Councils, seen the Popes occupying a position very inferior to that which Pius IX. assumes to-day, but continually striving to gain that supremacy which, as the alleged successors of St. Peter, they regarded as their due.

Circumstances favoured their pretensions, and the Papal throne was filled, from time to time, by men who knew how to avail themselves of every circumstance that could be turned to their advantage. The overthrow of the Roman Empire of the West only secured them greater independence and authority, for the converted barbarians became mere instruments in their hands; and the schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, while it restricted the range of their power, made it more absolute in its own sphere. The Patriarchs of Constantinople, and to some extent those of Alexandria and Antioch also, had always been their rivals, and the records of the early Councils abundantly prove that they were quite able to maintain their own position, to the extent, at all events, of preventing the Pope from acquiring any superiority. There is no fact in history more certain than that those assemblies, to which alone the title of *Œcumenical Councils* can be applied with any semblance of truth, acted in perfect independence of the Roman See. A very different state of things presents itself when we turn to the Councils held in the centuries immediately after the separation of the East and West and the development of the Papal power by Hildebrand and his successors, in many of which the Popes did pretty much according to their own will, but few of which can fairly be regarded as representing even the Western Church. The fifteenth century witnessed another change. The Councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle, were the fruits of a strong reaction produced by the scandals connected with the Papacy, and while vehement enough in the declaration and maintenance of Romish doctrine, were equally determined at the same time to curb the exorbitant power of the Pope, and insist on his subordination to the general voice of the Church, as expressed in the Council.

We have no more faith in the infallibility of Councils than in that of Popes, and, as we shall afterwards see, the conduct of the bishops at these assemblies does not lead us to believe that liberty and truth would be safer in their hands than in those of the Holy Father himself. In the discussion between Archbishop Manning and Monseigneur Dupanloup or Maret we do not think that Protestants can feel any deep interest; for though Gallicanism is of a milder type than Ultramontaniam, it still holds fast by principles equally subversive of the rights of the individual conscience and of the supremacy of Holy Scripture. "Janus" takes bolder ground, and claims the sympathy of those who feel that his book shows a soul groping after light and liberty, occupying at present a very unsafe and untenable position, but it may be hoped in the way to a complete emancipation from the traditions and prejudices by which it is still held fast. As a mere matter of argument, it is impossible

to deny that the *Dublin Review*, in its uncompromising assertion of the Pope's infallibility, has a decided advantage over these "Liberal Catholics," who concede so much that they deprive their cause of its true strength. If there be an earthly centre of infallibility at all, and if the question where it is to be found is to be determined by Church tradition, it is easy enough to get up a very ingenious argument on behalf of the Pope's claim, and one which those who admit the primacy of the Romish See will find it very hard to answer. The longer the battle is waged the more clearly will it be seen that the only impregnable position is that of those who adhere closely to the simplicity of the New Testament, and who meet the pretensions of Pope and Council alike by asserting its completeness and sufficiency. Tradition may be made to prove almost anything, and they who appeal to it and recognise the principle of the development of doctrine as valid must not be surprised if they find themselves involved in difficulties from which there is no escape.

We have no faith, therefore, in the logical strength of the position held by "Janus" in his celebrated work on "The Pope and the Council;" but we have not yet found any disproof of the historical facts he has set forth in a style so trenchant as to have provoked the indignation of the Papal champions to the utmost. Nothing seems to have roused them more than the assertion that "for the first thousand years of Church history not a question of doctrine was finally decided by the Pope;" and again, "In three controversies during this early period (the first four centuries) the Roman Church took an active part—the question about Easter, about heretical baptism, and about the penitential discipline." In all three the Popes were unable to carry out their own will, and view, and practice, and the other Churches maintained their different usage without its leading to any permanent division." The elaborate and bitter reply of the *Dublin Review* proves how much these appeals to history have told; but the attempt to overthrow them is singularly feeble and disingenuous. It was not at all the design of "Janus" to show that the Popes had never interfered in the discussions of the times, or issued decrees relative to them; for to have hazarded such a statement would have been to convict him either of gross ignorance or of a stupid infatuation which calculated upon the carelessness of his opponents and the credulity of the world in general. When, therefore, we are reminded that the Gnostics and other early heretics were at Rome, and were condemned there, we feel that it is simply an attempt to throw dust in our eyes. The question is not whether the Bishop of Rome took a certain action, but what that action was worth, whether his utterances were "formal decrees" binding on the whole Church, whether excommunications from the Romish Church were accepted as valid throughout Chris-

tendom, and separated their victims from the body of the faithful. And here we assert that the assertion made by "Janus," though branded as an "audacious equivocation," is essentially true, "there is no proof that the Roman bishops acted beyond the limits of their own local Church." They decreed, they anathematised, they excommunicated. These were occupations in which they were always very much at home, and it would be absurd to suppose that four centuries passed without their indulging themselves in this fashion; but their acts had no authority over the universal Church. A man who can read the story of these early centuries and maintain that the Popes were, in any sense, recognised as arbiters of doctrine, that they ruled the Councils, or that their decrees had any authority in themselves, must be under the dominion of that "invincible ignorance" which Ultramontanes are so fond of ascribing to Protestants. The mode of argument adopted, however, is so characteristic of the spirit of Rome that it is worth a brief examination.

"The key and the interpretation of the whole facts of ecclesiastical history of the first ages is simply this: Rome, perfectly conscious of what we should now call her own infallibility, condemns all false doctrine right and left; Quarto-decimus in Asia, St. Cyprian in Africa, a patriarch in Alexandria. But Janus would probably say all these resisted." What Janus would probably say is not merely that they resisted, but that, so long as they had to contend only against the Bishop of Rome, their resistance was successful, that in the case of Cyprian, for example, the thunder of Pope Stephen was nothing more than a "*brutum fulmen*," and that the dogma he condemned as to the validity of baptism by heretics was not affected by any of his utterances until a Council had pronounced in relation to it. This is in fact what he does say, and what was said before by so great an authority as Augustine, who, says Janus, "looking back at this dispute, maintains that the pronouncement of Stephen, categorical as it was, was no decision of the Church, and that St. Cyprian and the Africans were therefore justified in rejecting it. He says that the real obligation of conforming to a common practice originated with the decrees of a great (plenarium) Council, meaning the Council of Arles in 314." That Rome hurled her condemnations all round all the world knows, and apparently the reviewer thinks she was raised up for this very purpose. The point raised by Janus and unanswered by his critic is, that though her censures gratified her spite, they do not prove her power, that they were as unmeaning then in the greater portion of Christendom as the celebrated Bull "*Lata sententia*" will be in Protestant countries to-day.

But the reviewer goes on to glory still more in the antagonistic attitude Rome has always held to all intellects, however powerful, which dared to strike out a line of thought for themselves.

"Of course some resisted, for such is human nature. But there is this most notable circumstance, never to be forgotten,—they were always wrong and the Pope was always right,—not once, but always. In all the great controversies of the Primitive Church, those about Easter, the baptism of heretics, and the penitential discipline, we at this day are living on the doctrinal victory of Rome. What becomes now of the assertion of Janus that the Popes were unable to carry out their own views? For a time men rebelled, but the Popes were right, and the Church came to see that they were right, and that what they merely tolerated, as they tolerate Gallicism now, was wrong. All the men of talent of the Church, all the men of science and progress—Tertullian, Hippolytus, Origen—were condemned, as a philosophical German might be now. The growls of Tertullian over a decree of Pope Zephyrinus, and his ironical contempt for the title of Bishop of Bishops, are at once a proof that the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff reached beyond the limits of his own local Church, and that the flippant contemptuousness of Janus has not even the merit of originality."

Again we say that all this proves nothing except what nobody would attempt to deny, that Rome has been able, by the employment of means which will not bear the light of day, by impudent forgeries and crimes even more atrocious, by obtaining a hold over kings by awakening their superstitious terrors or their jealousy of liberty, to crush opposition within her own domain. Bloody wars and cruel massacres have been the instruments she has employed, and she has thus built up a power in virtue of which she asserts her own views on dogma and ritual. The assertion that therefore she was always right and the noble men of the past who opposed her were always wrong is sublimely impudent, but as an argument utterly worthless. What was to be proved was that from the first her authority was admitted; what is proved is that though resisted at the time, and resisted in such a way as to show that it had no solid foundation at all, it has subsequently been able to assert itself, and to brand all those who at the time denied its assumptions as heretics.

It is not necessary that we should be long detained by the Councils which were held in that mediæval period when the Popes acquired the power which they wielded with such relentless severity. That these assemblies should be reckoned as gatherings of Christian ecclesiastics, and their doings form any part of the history of the Church, is sad enough. To one or two of them only is it possible to allude. The Second Lateran Council is memorable because of the influence exerted in it by the celebrated Hildebrand, and the settlement it effected relative to the election to the Papacy, which it vested virtually in the hands of the high spiritual aristocracy. The cardinal bishops were to take the initiative, and in fact to

make the choice, for though the assent, first of the cardinal priests, then of the laity, and finally of the Emperor himself was required, it is clear that the power would belong to the Sacred College. The decree on this subject, which was only signed, however, by seventy bishops, was guarded by one of the most terrible of anathemas. The offender against it was thus cursed :—" May he endure the wrath of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that of St. Peter and St. Paul, in this life and the next. May his house be desolate, and no one dwell in his tents. Be his children orphans, his wife a widow, his sons outcasts and beggars. May the usurer consume his substance, the stranger reap his labours. May the world and all the elements war upon him, and the merits of all the saints which sleep in the Lord confound and inflict visible vengeance during this life!"

Before the next great Council of the Lateran, an assembly of a thousand bishops and a whole troop of lesser dignitaries, held (1139) under the presidency of Innocent II., the influence of Hildebrand had made itself felt, and the result is seen in the tone taken by the Pope. The subordination of the laity to the clergy, of the clergy to the bishops, and of all the bishops to himself was the burden of his opening address, which was conceived in a spirit of remarkable arrogance. He was the feudal head of the Church, and all its officers were to regard themselves as holding the same relation to him as barons and knights to their liege lord. Carrying out this, he despised and excommunicated all who had received any position from his rival, the anti-Pope. "Each of these degraded prelates" (says Milman) "was summoned. The Pope assailed those that appeared with malignant reproaches, wrenched their pastoral staves out of their hands, himself stripped the palls from their shoulders, and without mercy took away the rings by which they were wedded to their churches!" How fitting a representative this man of Him whose yoke was easy and His burden light, who "endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself," who when "He was reviled reviled not again, when He suffered threatened not"! But the New Testament is just the one book to which these pontiffs dare not appeal, the example of their professed Master that to which they bear the least resemblance.

The Lateran Council of 1215 was under the direction of Innocent III., than whom a prouder priest never wore the tiara. It was he who placed our own island under interdict, and before whom that wretched creature King John abased himself in a style unworthy of his manhood, to say nothing of his kingship, and only obtained absolution by consenting to hold his kingdom as a fief of the Holy See. It was he who had to deal with the heretics of Languedoc, the ill-fated Albigenses, and organised the most cruel persecutions

against them. It was he who, in order to carry out his cruel plans more completely, founded the terrible tribunal of the Inquisition. "Under that young and ambitious priest" (says Gibbon) "the successors of St. Peter attained the meridian of their greatness; and in a reign of eighteen years he exercised a despotic command over the emperors and kings whom he raised and deposed, over the nations whom an interdict of months or years deprived, for the offence of their rulers, of the exercise of Christian worship. . . . Innocent may boast of the two most signal triumphs over sense and humanity, the establishment of transubstantiation and the origin of the Inquisition." An unwavering believer in his office and himself, an uncompromising foe to every kind of heresy, a zealous friend of the Crusades, from which he hoped to derive benefit to his see, although he excommunicated the Crusaders themselves when they incurred his displeasure, a stern and pitiless persecutor, he was one of the most powerful enemies to freedom, one of the worst scourges of humanity which even the Papacy has furnished. Yet, as Paris to-day has "Arcadians" more Imperialist than the Emperor, so, if we are to trust the accounts, there were men at the Council, representatives of Simon de Montfort and the Bishops of Languedoc, who went beyond Innocent himself. What truth there may be in the statements as to his attempts to moderate their passion and injustice it is impossible now to decide, but the deed of the Council remains, and it is one of oppression and cruelty. For the first time the Church dared solemnly to depose a sovereign prince. Count Raymond, of Toulouse, was condemned for heresy, and stripped of his dominions, while the sanction of the Council was given to the bloodhounds who had been let loose to prey on the unfortunate people who dared to worship God after the manner these priests called heresy. We sometimes marvel that there should still be so much of scepticism in the world, and that Christianity possesses so little power compared with what she might have been expected to possess. We read the accounts of such assemblies as this, and the cruelties perpetrated with their consent or at their instigation, in the name of true religion, and our wonder rather is that there is any Christianity at all. If there had not been Divine truth and power in it it must have been stifled beneath these corruptions, or perished as the consequence of the crimes done in its name and professedly on its behalf.

As we advance, the history of Councils is still written in letters of blood. The red hats which the first Council of Lyons in 1245 decreed should be worn by the cardinals were in truth fitting symbols for the leading men in assemblies who were ready to shed blood like water in order to suppress heresy. Coercion,

and coercion sustained by the power of the civil magistrate and the terrors of the Inquisition, was their one weapon for the defence of what they called truth, and most ruthlessly was it employed. Thus the Council of Lyons, under the guidance of Innocent IV., who, says Dean Milman, blended with the inflexible haughtiness of the Churchmen "the inexorable, passionate hatred of a Guelfic Burgher towards a rival Ghibelline, the hereditary foe of his house, of the Sinibaldi of Genoa," undertook to depose the Emperor of Germany himself. The assembly which undertook to become thus the mere tool of an Italian priest, and for this purpose was ready to light up the flames of war throughout Europe, did not consist of more than one hundred and forty prelates, of whom but very few were Germans. The Council of Vienne became the instrument of another Pope in the destruction and plunder of the great order of the Knights Templars, a body whose deeds of atrocity had been too great to admit of our feeling much sympathy on their behalf, but who were treated with fearful cruelty by the very party to whom they had often rendered great service. The Council of Constance belongs to a different era, and is marked by the new spirit which the long-continued schism in the Papacy had produced throughout the Roman world. The palmy days of the Papacy were over for a time, and the bishops were resolved to put an end to the disgrace which the dissensions of the rival Popes, and the shocking private characters of some of them, had wrought to the Church. The story of the schism, and of the consequences to which it led, must be reserved for the present. Suffice it to say that even in the desire to secure somewhat more of independence, the Council still found time to try and condemn the two great Reformers of the day, John Huss and Jerome of Prague. It would seem as if, whatever else these ecclesiastical bodies have to do, they could never deny themselves the luxury of sacrificing the stray heretic. It is thus that from time to time they have martyred some of "the men of whom the world was not worthy," and throughout been consistent in their hatred of liberty and their determination at all cost to suppress it.

ANCIENT ANSWERS TO A MODERN QUESTION.

THE poor man's questions have become the questions of the rich. The poor ask in doubt and fear, "What shall we eat?—what shall we drink?—wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The rich ask the same questions in their desire for new dainties, or in their eagerness to astonish their neighbours or to excite the envy of their rivals. To the poor the ancient book speaks words of comfort,—

telling them that if they are doing God's work God will take care to supply them with necessities. The Master will see that His servant has enough to enable him to perform His service, and that vigorously.

But the Great Teacher who speaks to us from that grassy pulpit of the mountain side has apparently other people before His mind besides the poor. He is thinking of those who make these questions the questions of life, who are asking every day and all day long, What shall we eat? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? Now, this latter, though a question as old as sin, as the first fig-leaf garment of our mother Eve, is especially a modern question—modern society is moulded and influenced by its dress to an extraordinary extent. We laugh at the Hindoos because they mark their castes by the varieties of costume; but we in this country have almost as firm a custom, and judge each other continually by this conventional standard. Hundreds of thousands of persons make the inquiry, "What shall we put on?"—the question of questions. They give more thought to it than would make them philosophers, and more care and attention than, properly directed, would make them useful members of society.

The love of finery and ornament is not wrong. The uncivilised tribes, the savages, are especially fond of gay colours and startling contrasts, and one is almost inclined to believe sometimes that the modern world is really going back to barbarism in this respect. The love of these things, like all other natural instincts, needs to be chastened and trained by education. But that excessive love of ornament and luxury in dress which is characteristic of our times is wrong just because of its excess. To make this question one's business, and recreation, and even one's religion, is bad and silly, beneath the dignity of human nature, and the duty of a Christian.

So far, then, about the question, which is manifestly one of great and even absorbing interest to many. Now let us see what answers the ancient book of Divine wisdom has to give to this eager question of men. The Bible says a good deal about clothing, only it speaks on this subject as on all others, in a Divine way. It sets the inner before the outer, the spiritual before the material. There is a clothing seen by men, and there is a clothing seen by God; which is the more important is a question admitting of but one reply. The outward graces of character are to the soul what clothing and ornaments are to the body. And just as the garment adapts itself to the form and expresses it to the eye, so the graces of character embody and express the life of the soul. To our eager question, "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" the Apostle Peter comes forward with an answer, on this wise: "*Be ye clothed with humility.*" And Peter knew what he was talking about, for he shows some knowledge of character in his exhortation to the Christian wives of his day, "whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." This meek and quiet spirit is the spirit of humility, and a most gracious and becoming garb it is. It is becoming in the presence of God,

for in view of His greatness our only thought can be, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Besides, this clothing commands the respect and honour of men. I believe verily that though the self-asserting man may push himself forward and gain for a while the end he seeks (for courage and perseverance will have their reward, even though allied with conceit), yet the man who quietly waits to be *called* up higher, filling well each lower place, as he enters it, will in the end attain a nobler position, and find it far more solid and abiding. If we enlarge our view of life we shall find that promise of the great Master more often fulfilled than we imagine. "The meek shall inherit the earth." This garment is to be worn every day, and all day long. It is the soft, lustrous, but lasting dress which fits all stations and wears well, whatever be our occupation.

Paul, too, has an answer ready for us; he tells us to "*put on charity*." This is the Christian's girdle; it is put over all, and binds all together—the very bond of perfectness. Charity, that is kindly, considerate love, completes the character. Be clothed with it, put it on as a garment everywhere, and always wear it. This ornament is always in fashion, and the possession of it is the secret of true politeness. I know of no worthy society in which you will not be received if you have this robe upon you. Love is to rule everywhere. In business *love*, not self-interest, should govern us. For if the maxim of the world is the real principle of business, "Every man for himself," then business is essentially unchristian, and no good man can pursue it. But it is not so. The true principle of all life is Christ's golden rule, or in other words, this garb of love is as suitable in the market as anywhere else. In the home *love*, not temper, ought to rule. Many a home made miserable by the capricious rule of impulse and temper may be remade by the spirit of potent love, and become the paradise God meant it to be. In society *love*, not envy, should guide us; for whereas envy produces hatreds and strifes, love smoothes all things, makes all jars softer, lubricates all difficulties, and brings happiness out of everything. So let love rule. Let love be lord of all. Put on this garment, and while all other garbs grow old, and moth-eaten, and decay, this garment will shine the brighter the longer it is worn.

And Christ Himself has an answer to our eager question. "*Buy of Me*," says He, "*white raiment that thou mayest be clothed*." We, like the Laodiceans, often think ourselves well clothed when God sees we are naked. Material wealth and gay garments do not cover us. God sees through all such disguises, for "all things are naked and opened to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." No self-righteous deeds, no ostentatious acts of charity, or services of religion can veil us. The real white raiment is the "righteousness of the saints." And this beautiful fabric is only to be bought of the Lord Jesus, and it can be bought from Him "without money and without price." This raiment is the robe which is "washed and made white by the blood of the Lamb." This, too, is the "beautiful garment" which the prophet says is the proper garb of the Church. This is "the garment of salvation," which good men wear. This is the "wedding garment," without which we have no

right at the feast table. This is the true white raiment, and all may wear it, for Christ will give it to all who have faith in Him, and when we have obtained this beautiful garment let us "keep it unspotted from the world."

And Christ has another answer to our inquiry. He offers to give us "*The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.*" If we put on these other robes we must needs add this. Indeed, the possession of the others ensures this. This is given in along with the other articles of the Christian costume. The ability, and the right, and the inclination to praise, are the special gifts of the Gospel. Gratitude includes happiness, for gratitude produces it, and expresses it, and so enhances it, and the garment of praise is the flowing garb of joy. Whatever spirit of heaviness may weigh us down, we may exchange it for the garment of praise, and heaviness is not becoming the good man, in whom the good spirit of God should be ever producing emotions and songs of praise. We talk of saints and angels in heaven holding golden harps; we ought to carry harps through life, or, like the angel Israfil, in the Mahometan legends, whose very "heart-strings are a lute," our hearts should be as lutes, from which the music of praise should incessantly arise.

There is another relation which the good man holds besides those to God and his fellow-men—a relation to evil as an uncompromising foe,—and as a soldier he needs something more substantial than ordinary clothing; and so the Apostle Paul comes forward with another answer to our question when he bids us "*put on the whole armour of God.*" And yet when we look into the description of the armour-pieces we find that the graces which adorn character also defend it. Faith, righteousness, truth, love, these are the armour-plates, and these, too, are the garments of the Christian. So that every true man is already fully equipped, not only for the life of peaceful usefulness, but for valiant combat, if that is needful. And in the midst of spiritual peace and luxury we are liable to the attack of our deceitful foe; so it is necessary to be forearmed, and never to forget the soldier in the Christian.

And as a summing up of all these answers there is one comprehensive reply given by the Apostle Paul. He tells us to "*put on Christ.*" This includes all graces and adornments of the character. Chrysostom says:—"Thus we speak concerning friends, that a man has put on such and such an one, referring to his great love for him and constant intercourse." And so we put on the Lord Jesus Christ,—we conceal ourselves in Him, we wear His virtues and are endued or clothed with the beauties of His holiness. That life, so divinely beautiful, is our example, and we live it so well as we can. We live it that men may say of us, "His very life is Christ." We live, yet not we, but Christ lives in us.

And if we receive these answers, and, instead of wearying ourselves with vain desires for material finery and grandeur, are content with humble garb, that we may be dressed in spiritual ornaments; if we are clothed with humility, and put on charity, and wear the white robe of righteousness and the garment of

praise; if we are defended by the whole armour of God, and, in a word, put on the Lord Jesus Christ, then we may lay hold on one promise more, and may expect before long to put aside the "garment spotted by the flesh," "to change our vile body," and "*to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.*"

P. W. DARTON.

The Children's Hour.

CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER III.—CARRIE'S BROTHER.

HARRY was Caroline's only brother, and she was very fond of him. He was several years older than she, and when she was only a little baby he used to carry her about and take such care of her that she began to love him even then. When she was old enough to play with him he was most of the time at school, but when holidays came no brother and sister could be happier than Harry and Carrie were; Carrie thought that there was nobody in all the world half so good and noble as her brother. And Harry used to think very highly of his "baby sister" as he loved to call her even when she was, as she thought, grown into quite a big girl. Carrie never forgot her brother. Every night and morning when she prayed to God she asked Him to bless her "dear brother Harry." I don't know whether Harry prayed for his sister when he became a big boy, and found that it was almost time for him to leave school; but he could not have prayed for himself very earnestly, for he began to form some bad habits, and to do many wrong things which his conscience must have told him God would not approve of. But Carrie did not know this; neither did their father and mother, and so they still kept on loving and trusting Harry, and believing him to be everything that was good.

But one Christmas time, twelve months before Carrie formed her notable resolution, a terrible thing happened. Harry had left school—he was almost a young man now—and had been for a few months in a situation, which his father had allowed him to take as he had expressed his great desire to do so.

But he had a holiday at Christmas time, and his sister Carrie was almost wild with delight at the thought of seeing him. She made herself as busy as possible arranging his bed-room and decorating the drawing-room with holly, and even helping in the kitchen to make the pies which she knew he would enjoy.

But when he came Carrie felt disappointed. She could not tell what made it, but she felt that there was somehow a difference in Harry. He was not as gentle, and thoughtful, and kind as he used to be. He was far more noisy, and sometimes in his boisterous spirits he said things that caused Carrie to feel quite uncomfortable.

She did not know what it could be, but she had a great dread that her brother was not as good as he might be.

But Caroline Lacey was a thoughtful girl. She said nothing about her fears to anybody; she only prayed more earnestly than ever for her brother, and tried to be as kind as possible to him.

But Carrie's loving eyes saw too keenly to be mistaken. On the second day of his visit Harry drank too much wine, which made him so foolish and disagreeable that even Carrie was too disgusted to remain with him; and that night she and her mamma talked and cried together about the brother and son whom they both still loved so well.

But on Christmas-eve something worse even than that happened; for a policeman came to the house and took Harry into custody. His father came in just at the time.

"What is the reason of this?" he asked angrily of the officer.

"It means, sir, that this young gentleman has been robbing his employer, and trying to fix the blame upon somebody else, and it is my duty to take him at once to the station."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, it surely cannot be true," cried his mother, while Caroline watched it all with a perfectly white face and frightened eyes.

"No, it is not true; it is a lie," said Harry.

"No, young gentleman, you know better than that," said the policeman.

"Is it true, Harry? Don't tell *me* a lie!" said his father, sternly.

"I shall repeat what I hear," the policeman reminded Harry; "and you are not obliged to speak."

"If it is true," said Harry, "I am no worse than other fellows, only they are not caught."

Caroline knew from that moment that her brother was guilty, and a great pain came into her heart.

Harry was taken away, and afterward he was tried, and found guilty, and sentenced to several months' imprisonment. It was a great grief to his friends; they felt the shame even more than Harry himself. But though they could not excuse him, they loved him, and prayed for him, and still hoped for the best. And many were the loving letters that were written to him.

They hoped that when he came out of prison he would be changed for the better, and they arranged to receive him kindly and give him a welcome home.

But Harry was no better for the punishment he had had, and he refused to come home and try to do better.

So a friend of Mr. Lacey's offered him a situation as clerk, and for the whole year Harry had lived in a town a little distance from his father and mother, and only saw them occasionally.

You will have guessed that Carrie's resolution had much to do with her brother, and it had. For she had resolved, by God's blessing, to be the means of bringing him back to his home, and to a better frame of mind, before another year had passed.

And all girls who have brothers for whom they care will wish Carrie great success.

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

"DEAR HARRY,—Will you please meet me to-day at two o'clock at the railway station? The waiting-room is almost certain to be unoccupied then, and I want to give you a new-year's kiss, and a little present, if you will accept of them. Please, do meet me, as I am coming over on purpose.—Your affectionate sister,

"CARRIE."

At two o'clock Carrie was at the station, looking and feeling very anxious. "Will he come?" was the question which she kept asking herself. For on several previous occasions Harry had disappointed her. But to-day she felt hopeful as well as anxious.

"If he comes," she thought, "I will take it for an omen of good, and will believe that I shall be able to keep my resolution," and then she looked out of the window, and walked to and fro several times, watching for but not seeing Harry. Then Carrie, remembering that as God was her Father, she might take even her little wants to Him, prayed softly that He would incline Harry's heart to come. A few minutes after he entered the room, and came up to his sister. He soon had his new-year's kiss, and Carrie whispered, lovingly, "Dear Harry, God bless you, and give you a happy new year."

"I don't suppose He will, because you see I don't deserve it," said he.

"No one does deserve it, but many people get it without," said Carrie.

"Oh, do they? Well, I shall have no objection to a little more happiness this year than I had last," said Harry. "How is mother?"

"She is better than she was, and sent her love to you, and——"

"What is the good of that?" said Harry. "She cannot love me, and it is no use her pretending to do so."

"She does, Harry, as much as ever, and you ought to believe it," said Caroline, quietly.

"What sort of a Christmas have you had?"

"What sort could we have without you, Harry? We did so hope you would come home, and I think you would if you had known how much we all wanted you."

"I daresay," said Harry, sneeringly. "I have been wretched enough, but I suppose that is good for me."

"We have all thought about you, Harry, and I do hope that we shall soon have you at home," and poor Carrie was so affected that she could not help crying.

"Come, Carry, a railway-station is a little too public a place for tears and sentiment," said Harry. "Cheer up, for I have not many minutes to spare. What do you want to say to me?"

"I want to tell you that I have signed the pledge."

"What pledge?"

"Don't you know? The temperance pledge, and I am going to keep it, too."

"Are you afraid of yourself?" asked Harry, laughing.

"No, but I think perhaps others may follow my example. Will you, Harry?"

Harry laughed still more at that.

"No, thank you."

"Well, perhaps you will do something better still. Will you accept my new-year's gift, Harry?"

"What is it?"

"A Bible."

"Oh, yes, I will accept it, certainly, Carry; but you must not ask me to promise to read it."

"Very well; I will only ask you to accept it; but if you *should* like to read it, I have marked some chapters that I think are very nice."

"I don't suppose I shall ever read them, but you are a good little sister to take so much trouble for me," said Harry; and his tone was softer than Carrie had heard it for many days.

"May I give your love to papa and mamma?"

"Yes, if you think it will do them any good."

"And do write to mamma, Harry. You cannot think how delighted she would be. She watches for the postman night and morning, hoping to see your handwriting."

"I cannot think how any of you can care for me," said Harry.

When the time for "good-bye" came, Harry said, softly, "If I were to ask to be forgiven, Carrie, do you think I should be?"

"I am certain of it. O Harry dear, will you?"

"I will think of it. Good-bye, little sister, and thank you for my new-year's present."

"Good-bye, Harry dear; God bless you."

It was a very hopeful heart that Carrie took home with her that day. And it would have been more hopeful still if she could have known that Harry would read a chapter in the Bible before he went to bed at night.

(To be continued.)

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1870.

HOW NOT TO BE VULGAR.

A LECTURE, BY THOMAS T. LYNCH.

BUT are you sure you can tell us how not to be? That is vulgar which, being common, is also mean and evil, and only that. For any one to suppose he knows a matter completely is a sign of vulgarity; but for any one to speak in affected humility, as if he knew nothing about that of which every observant man may know much is, again, vulgarity. To pretend to be nobody is a certain sign that you wish more to be a somebody than you should. But to speak as if the settlement of a matter depended wholly upon you and upon your group shows that you are little advanced in the pursuit of wisdom. None can tell all that should be said of vulgarity, because it relates to various classes and conditions of men, to us all, in all the pursuits of our lives. Yet every one has felt that he or she has been tempted to do something that conscience has said is vulgar, and every one has been occasionally vexed, shamed, saddened with the vulgarity of others, neighbours or friends. A pig would be quite unaware that it was a vulgar animal; and it is *not* a vulgar animal. If it be permissible to put words into a phrase of that kind, it is plain that we are using the term "vulgar" in two senses, else we could not say that a pig is and yet is not a vulgar animal. It lives according to its "principles"—not mental but instinctive: its preferences are very suitable for a creature of its form and general "style," but it represents that which should not be seen in man. It is not as an animal "vulgar," for no reproach attaches to what in it appears to us unclean. Its

form is uncomely, its voice is not agreeable, its habits are not attractive; is it not then vulgar? It is what it was made to be; therefore it cannot be reproached as if it lived below that to which its nature prompts. Man has a nature which prompts, but in his nature that prompts there must be a sufficient light to guide. There is something within us beyond nature which nature shall presently serve, and that excellently; and if we only be in conditions that make us unattractive to our neighbours whilst yet we live as well as we may, we are not vulgar in any sense that allows of reproach, though we may be vulgar as compared with others who are more advanced in the excellency of human nature; for one man is low because he has not yet gone up, another low because he has come down. "My level is low," a man might say, but "I am not below it. Yours should be high, but you prefer the ground and even the mire."

History relates that when a benevolent animal gave a great party, and was so bounteous as to extend the invitation even to the hog, in the very midst of the feast the hog distressed every one with any notion of propriety by saying, "Are there any grains?" There were fruits and flowers and things that should have been agreeable to all animal senses, but the hog asked for grains! Was this indeed then an impropriety? It would be an impropriety for us to seek that which suits only a low taste when we had been introduced to pleasures of a higher kind. If we had fallen away from the love of books to the love of cigars merely; fallen away from the love of friendly converse to the mere love of dress; if we had ceased to care for our brains and only cared for our hats and our bonnets; if our voices had roughened and been heard too frequently and had become too loud, whilst aforesaid we were modest and spoke with a soft voice, and only when we had something to say and were expected to say it, then we should have fallen away towards a condition from which perhaps our kind friends had taken much trouble to raise us; we should have become vulgar.

Now there are very few people but in some or other time of their life have felt, what many with insufficient control of their tongues have said, "I wish I had never been born." But I once heard a wise lady say, "And why should not we be born as well as other people?" And truly that is a question worth considering; for if to be born means to enter into a world where there is much to be done that you like little, and much to be suffered that you like less, is it not a shame to us that we should complain of our part of the burden when we see so many others that are burdened even more heavily than we? Ought we to despond because we must work long before we get the gain that we desire? Ought we to wish to be promoted immediately from the crowd, without having our

qualities proved, that we may get some of the praise due to those that are high up, and more of the pleasure that we suppose these persons high up can obtain? Ought we to wish for promotion without trial? Ought we to desire freedom from cares which press so heavily on other men? Truly, why should we not be born as well as others? Why should we not be tried as well as others? Why should we not have our share of poverty and trouble as well as others?

May we extend the question, and say, why should we not be amongst the vulgar as well as others? If "vulgar" means common, then the most of people must be common. If vulgar means that which has to do with the more familiar services that human beings require, then the most of men must be engaged in rendering those services? Who is to scrub the stones? Who is to hoe the potatoes? Who is to put away the dust and refuse—if nobody is to be vulgar? Ah, but then are these services vulgar? Is it not possible that there may be a gentlemanly dustman? Is it not possible for one to scrub the stones, and with rough hands, and yet have the heart of a lady? Consider what is done in our own houses day by day, and especially in the days of sickness. Are not those whose feelings are finest ready to take upon themselves services that are most unpleasant? Does anybody think that his wife, his mother, his sister, is vulgarised by a service that is unpleasant to the senses, but which is performed readily at the prompting of the love of the spirit? Now the greater part of the work done in the world is common work. Great multitudes of people are common people. Most of the services we render may be represented by the hoeing of the potato, and the scrubbing of the stone, and the sawing of the plank, and the twisting of the ropes, and so on. It is not for us to complain if we have our share of these offices: it is rather for us to glorify common work by doing it in an uncommon temper—a temper uncommon on earth, but which is the every-day temper of the skies. Does any one suppose that an angel of the third heaven will refuse to speak to an angel of the second heaven? Does any one think that a rising angel is jealous of a risen angel, and talks of "that stuck-up Gabriel"? There are no stuck-up angels; there is no evil temper in the sky. Whatsoever services require to be done there, however simple they be, have a splendour attendant upon them because of the good-will and perfectness with which they are accomplished. But then you say, There is no more need of services for the removal of that which is noisome? There is not. But the love that on earth is trained amid things hard and uncomely enjoys the felicities that are uncorrupting because the spirit has become incorruptible. For a man to rise into what is called a good position without any purifying change operated in

his heart is for him but to rise as the fish does to the surface, where the hook will catch him, because of the bright fly ; or as the climber does to a cold and windy place where his health is imperilled, or he may be cast down by the tempest and broken upon the rocks. There must be an interior work go on in us to prepare us for ascending in society. We are born into a world where there is much to do that we like little, and much to suffer that we like less ; and every one has some share of life's burden, and those that are most beloved and honoured have had appointed to them, even though their lot may apparently have been eminent, difficulties the pressure of which is peculiarly painful.

Luther is commonly thought of as a scholastic person, reasoning so as to put you almost to sleep with the scholastic difficulty of his utterance about "justification by faith ;" but Luther's notion of a man as cared for by God, and therefore secure in the Divine life because of his faith in God, was curiously represented by his homely talk about infants. "For," says Luther, "see how troublesome they are ; see how disagreeable their management is, and yet see how the love of the mother prevails. Does she complain because the child has to be dressed and undressed ? Does she complain because of the occasional noisomeness even of pure infancy ? Nay, her love is stronger than that ; it overcomes all feelings of repugnance. And so," says he, "the love of God is stronger to incline Him to us than all our iniquities and uncleanness are to turn Him away from us." I speak according to Luther's sense, not quoting his exact words. If you have faith in God and trust Him, you trust a love that is forbearing with you, notwithstanding all the annoyance that your sinful and, as it were, noisome state must present to the great and pure eyes and pure heart.

Now, if we enter into the spirit which Luther saw to be the Spirit of God, then we shall judge of all life in this way. And the love of man, overcoming our sense of the unpleasantness of particular men, we shall certainly not account a thing to be base because it is common ; we shall not consider it beneath us because the touch of it bemires our hand for a while ; we shall not account ourselves vulgarised by it because it obliges us to consort with rough-handed and rough-tongued men ; yes, and to be ourselves engaged in rough work till our hand grows horny, and in the utterance of very plain words till when we come to talk with men of more leisure it seems as if these words of ours were as grass to flowers in comparison with theirs. No, we shall learn that there is nothing reproachfully vulgar but has its relation to selfishness, and that what may be called in a social sense vulgar, without reproach, has relation only to immaturity. If there be a person whose feelings and thoughts have not been developed, who cannot feel very richly

and cannot think very clearly, that person must in the unreproachful sense be called vulgar; but such a person is not at all to be spoken of in scorn, because he or she has not yet had the opportunity of seeing the things that excite the best feelings and of being engaged in the works that suggest the best thoughts. The great civiliser is religion, and, of course, the greatest civiliser is the Christian religion, inasmuch as Christianity is God come down without degradation, God taking upon Himself the lowliest offices and performing them in the purest manner,—God amongst us with the utmost beauty of attractive cleanness, and yet stepping along upon the miry path and consorting with the wickedest people. It is God coming down and sharing our poverty, God coming down and sharing the narrowness and trouble of our conditions. It may well be that if all true religion which leads the thoughts upwards is a civiliser, the Christian religion is the greatest civiliser; and it is only as piety begins to develope our humanity that we cease to be vulgar, for vulgarity in the evil sense is not so much something to be scraped off as something that falls away of itself when only the internal condition is altered. As there are diseases of the skin which depend upon the state of the internal organs, and when that state is better the skin is cleansed, so is it with the aspect and manners of mankind; we must have our humanity developed, and then our vulgarity ceases. We are for a while amongst those whose thoughts must be commoner than the thoughts of more cultivated people, whose services must be of an humbler sort than those which the more instructed person can render; but if indeed the Spirit of Christ is ruling in us, there is no king himself ruled by Christ that would disdain us; there is no chiefest man but will discern something hopeful in us, according to our original gift and the care we have taken to develope it as we might.

Thus, when we are speaking of vulgarity, though we have to talk in a moral way, yet we are led at once to spiritual conditions, for we may say all things are bottomed in necessary morals, and all things are developed by free spirituality, and all things are builded up in their development by nourishing knowledge, and all things are clothed about with beauty by art, for art is the expression of things to the senses in such a way as to delight the soul. All things have their moral rule, and the moral rule has its spirit; and we are developed by the "grace" of spiritual affections, for instance by the loving-kindness and condescension of superiors; and if the loving-kindness of our great superior, God, developes us, as we want to get rid of the wrong, and to get advanced in the right, then knowledge is imparted to us, and it is the nourishment of our being; and if knowledge is imparted to us of what we should choose and what we should do, the forms of our utterance and the

forms of our behaviour, and the plans of our association, all cease to be vulgar. There is an art of speech that has no artfulness, and there is an art of behaviour that has no pretence, and there is an art of decoration wherein is no vain display. All that is expressed by the senses is expressed for the soul, to please the soul that already is purer than it was, and is getting purer still. We shall never cease to be vulgar till we cease to be selfish; we shall never put off our vulgarity utterly till we have entered into the sweetness and warmth of celestial love itself. Who is he that is vulgar? He that is always obtruding his own concerns, he that is quite inconsiderate even of the obvious needs and desires of his neighbours. Who is he that is vulgar? He that brags; he whose talk is big and about big people—he is vulgar. Who is he that is vulgar? The person that is always forward and never ready; the person who depends upon his purse without consideration of how he filled it, or his clothes without considering that he has not half as much sense and skill as his own tailor, whom he despises for making his clothes, while he compliments himself for wearing them. In indefinitely numerous ways we could illustrate vulgarity, but it is obvious that whosoever in these or other kindred senses is vulgar will continue so as long as he is selfish, and that there must be a religious work in him.

Now there is often a religious work in a man that is not yet a Christian. I say there is a religious work that takes place in any man when he begins to think of things because they are good in themselves and beautiful in themselves, when he sees that a thing is beautiful though nobody is looking at it but himself, and that an action is good, though he shall never get a bit of praise for doing it. Throughout eternity such a thing is good and is fair; he sees that it is fair, and he loves it because it is; he sees that it is good, and he does it because it is good. Now, if any man is led upwards through what is so fair to what is fairer still, and through what is so good to what is better still, then there is a religious uprising in him; he is an ascending man. But I say that we all best ascend through Jesus Christ, because He comes down to the very lowest places in which we are. He comes down to the person that is in his ignorances, and in his sins, and in his shames, and is deserted, as he feels, by all the world. Let this be a principle of charity in all our minds, that everybody is somebody. But, alas! that is too likely before it becomes a principle of charity in our minds to be a principle of natural pride. "Everybody is somebody, yet I am as nobody." "Oh," we reply, "everybody is somebody, therefore, friend, give us your hand." They that are able to show some respectfulness towards the discouraged are always assisting to deliver them from their vulgarity. And consider that whatever

a person may be, however slender, as we may suppose, his original gift, and however humble, as we think, his proper work, yet he may challenge, if there is anything of religion in him, our respect. The potato is just as cultivable as the strawberry. You can cultivate a potato to get the rankness out of it, as you can cultivate a strawberry to get its size enlarged, possibly to the lessening of its flavour. And so of persons that are so far on in society that we may compare them to the strawberry, and of others so low down that we may compare them to the potato. But our God is the God of humanity and our Christ is the Saviour of the lowest. And if everybody is somebody, those that hoe in the fields are to be respected as well as those who sit or tread upon the lawns. Everybody is to be respected, and the surest way to win a man to be respectful himself is to respect him. We are far more to blame if we show no respect to those whom we suppose are beneath us than they are if they show no respect to ourselves who feel sure we are above them. To say that a man is provoked to be disrespectful does not altogether excuse him, but it very much accounts in many cases for his lack of respectfulness. We must not say that because a man should resist temptation it is proper to tempt him. You ought not, my friend, to be angry; shall we, therefore, say something as irritating as we can to see whether you will be angry, and then when you are angry jeer at you? Would that be right? Ought we to provoke persons because they should withstand provocation? No. And, specially, ought we to provoke the untrained? No, indeed. Ought we, then, to be disrespectful to those who have not yet learnt the primary lesson of respect? No. If everybody is somebody, let us respect those that are labouring in lowliest fields. We deserve their respect if there is any worth in us, and we shall get it if they rise, for a man is never able to rise in society in a heavenly way except through his appreciation of worth in others. You will always find that when religion, and especially when the Christian religion, works upon men's hearts they get a perception of worth, they become more respectful. A man is not ashamed to take his hat into his hand and bend before his master. A man shows plainly enough the difference between servility and loyalty. Let no man be servile, but let all men be loyal. Let us be loyal to our superiors. Why, if there is no one our superior in any other respect, for the most of us there are at any rate superiors in age. Let us rise up before the hoary head, let us show ourselves respectful to those that are in any way our superiors—and almost every man is in something or other every other man's superior. People can do what we cannot do: they have their genius of hand, their genius of tongue, their genius of eye, and they serve us by their gift. Let us respect them.

I repeat that we must, by our respect to others, win them to be respectful towards ourselves, and towards all that is worthy; that we cannot rise except by respectfulness; that Christianity, in coming down to us, does raise us through our love and admiration for God, step by step by many loves and admirations for God's creatures and God's people, till we have left our vulgarity behind us,—and this vulgarity may be left, even if we were born to inherit only a little field, and we have nothing besides that field, made better by a lifelong industry. If you have only one field, and that a little field, and you cultivate it for fifty years, and get bread out of it, and better it by your own bettering wisdom, and your own steady industry, you have risen to be a gentleman in the best sense of that term. If you are a Christian, you have lost your vulgarity, for whereas you were a grudging, selfish, captious man perhaps at the outset, now you are a thankful, and generous, and appreciative man, and, if you have only one field, you can perceive the industry of the man who has ten, and though you only get from your field bread enough for yourself and your household, you are glad to hear of a neighbouring squire who has, besides the bread for himself and household, wealth that has enabled him to build cottages and churches, and what not, for his neighbours. No man can tell by the apportionment of mere wealth in this world the estimation that God has of individuals. Our gains are never exactly correlative to our merits. Merit, we thank God, has very much to do with success, but has never so much to do that success is a certain index of a man's worth. There are most able people and worthy men who according to my illustration are, so to say, born with a field and die with but a field. There are others, as seems to us, of no greater ability, and no greater worth, that, beginning with a field, end with being lords of a township. There are some that, beginning with a pound, can only make it a guinea, and there are others that begin with their sovereign and, in the course of a year, it is a ten-pound note!

Every man should, as a matter of congratulation for the human race, rejoice in legitimate successes; and how can we induce those who may appear—whether it be so or not—to be less successful than others to rejoice in their neighbours' legitimate success unless we are kind to them, and unless we respect them? If it is vulgar to despise because a work is lowly, and vulgar to despise because of ignorance which a man has had no opportunity of being relieved from, it is a proof that we are ceasing to be vulgar if we respect the intelligence of those who, though uncultivated, are not unob-servant, and respect the integrity of those who, though they have to do with cabbages or wayside stones, perform their work thoroughly and well.

It will sometimes happen that one man makes money and another man makes away with it. It will sometimes happen pleasantly that you shall see three generations. There shall be the grandsire, with an air of rusticity about him; there shall be his son, whose line-marked countenance shows the labours through which he has passed to gain position; and there shall be the little grandson, with his pretty pony, whose own aspect and common pleasures show that he is beginning life on a higher level than the others; and you say, "Oh, that beginning with an advantage that your father had not, and that your grandsire had not, you may not fall off your pony into a worse mire than that of the ditch!" If a man makes money, and is not wise enough to do what in him lies to prevent his son making away with it, then we say, though he has grown richer, he has not lost vulgarity, for there are those who are vulgar in every class, namely, the people who indulge in the evil special to their particular class. If you merely live according to those habits of a particular class that you do not yet perceive to be evil, you are not vulgar in the sense that allows us to reproach you; but if you see them to be evil, you are vulgar, let your class be that of the learned, the wealthy, the princely even. There are those in every class that are vulgar; and if a man has got wealth, and does not train those that are about him to spend it justly and generously, we say he has not been cured of his vulgarity. What we want to see on a large scale in society is such a gradation as I noted in an individual case. We want to perceive rusticity (there is no vulgarity in it, notwithstanding its rustic air) succeeded by culture that is full of vigour, and that in its turn succeeded by another culture, that without losing vigour has gained refinement. Do not envy the little lad his pony; but pity him if he is likely to become a selfish boy; and a greedy, smoking, drinking youth; and then an idle, vagabond, lounging fashionable. You notice the lounging gait of an untrained working man, but the lounging gait of a dandy is a thousand times more contemptible. The working man will often slouch as he goes because he has never been trained to move his feet and use his limbs aright. There is no reason why a working man should not come out of the ungainliness of his gait as soon as he perceives that his gait is ungainly; but I say that the lounging of a dandy is much more contemptible than the lounging of a working man. We will not envy the little lad his pony; we will not envy society at large its refinement; but we will say that if, beginning with simple work, a rustic person receiving a godly spirit, is followed by a cultured person full of vigour and able to devise and construct roads and bridges and so on, and that person is followed in his turn by others that, without losing vigour, gain refinement, we are to be glad because of this succession; and if we

should be in our particular part of the land or in our particular place in the family, or in our particular work in life, rather those that are represented by the rustic than those represented by the other two more advanced persons, "why should not we be born as well as other people?" why should not we come into this state of trial as well as other people? Accept yourself for better or worse, and you are a great simpleton if it is not for better. Yes, you and I, we are all great simpletons if, accepting ourselves for better or worse, we do not by the mighty help of God make it to be better and better with us every day.

Now, it would be idle, in speaking of vulgarity, to tell a man to care nothing about rising. We were made to rise, to grow, not to live in the cradle all our days, but grow, and we were as much made to grow intellectually, to develope spiritually, as to grow naturally, therefore we should rise. It were vain to speak to a youth and a maid about and against the embellishments of life, as if the "person" should never be smartened as the youth becomes sensible that the maiden may hereafter be his consort, and as the maiden becomes sensible that eyes are upon her, and desires that she should be worth looking at. God meant that she should be worth looking at; He meant that the youth should be smartened as he comes to perceive that by-and-bye he may have one of these fair and admirable beings even for his consort! We are not to say to any one, "Sir, miss, do not care about a new coat; do not spend a quarter of an hour in choosing a new bonnet." I should rather say, spend a quarter of an hour, but don't make it an hour; and when you get your coat remember it is quite possible for a man to have a gentleman's coat, and not the heart of a gentleman beneath the coat. Have a good heart in your breast. Good apparel shows best on good people. The fairest clothing will only last a little while; it is quite certain to be stripped away from the evil. God will only have pure persons in angelic clothing hereafter, and even in this world people that are clad about with an investiture that has no correspondence to their character are often very suddenly and rudely stripped. To-day there arises, and for years perhaps there continues rising, such a man as Squire Swindle. Yonder is his house. He is one of the greatest men in the district, and he is very bountiful. He gives to the poor, and subscribes to the church. That is his house. Yes, those are his carriage-wheels crumpling along the gravel path. But it often happens, and that suddenly, as if by lightning, that such a squire gets struck down: and, if he does not get struck down, but dies in his bed—never having paid a penny of his own money for the feathers in his own pillow, what do you think can become of him? Do people really believe in God's judgment? Do they suppose that there is some

sham process, after the manner of a legal quibble, by which a man who has lived basely and died impenitent may be conjured into glory at the last moment? Do you think that? I advise myself and you not to trust to the chances of dying moments, and the spiritual chicanery provided for them. Experiments of this kind have been made, and some say that dismal tidings have reached us as to the result. But if no tidings could reach us as to how it fares in another world with those who have lived here falsely and vainly, we should at least consider the opinion of the wise. That is worth something. And what wise man believes that the tares of this world suddenly become wheat in the next? If persons are only seeking to get on in life, and invest themselves with that which is pleasant, and have an aspect of beauty without getting pure in heart, without living in integrity, without having a substantiality of genuine character, as swindlers all—for swindlers all they are—they will be suddenly struck down here, or, going to the judgment, judgment will go against them.

How not to be vulgar! Care specially for a religious, and to us that should mean a Christian power working in your heart. If that be fully established in its rule, then care—as persons in whom a godly principle operates—for knowledge. Get your faculty in all its kinds as well busied as you can. And at least know your own place and your own trade, because, if you know your own place, you will fill it so as to get out of it when you are wanting a better; and if you know your own trade and work at it, you will have no cause to be ashamed of it, for the fruit of it will enable you to adopt another trade or to enlarge this trade, or to leave trade altogether and do something that may be more to your mind. Let a godly principle be at work; then seek for knowledge; and then, through the refining influence of genuine affections and enlarging thoughts, you will be able to speak better and to act better, and you will not be charged with vulgarity, because you are a very respectful person towards man, being a reverend person towards God; and though there may be traces about you of the original rusticity, and though these may remain through life, they will rather give a relish to your society, and you will not be dull through having lost all that was native in trying to be somebody else instead of your own proper self.

This brings me now to say that if there is an obvious distinction between the vulgarity with which people may be reproached and that vulgarity which is only so called because of its common and elementary condition, we must seek in rising never to leave behind us anything of the good of our elementary state in order to get something which perhaps is not after all better, but which, if it is better, will not serve its end to us if we lose the original good.

Persons seek to rise: well, that is right; we have said so: they want to have freer life and fairer aspect; we have said that this is permissible. But it is quite obvious that if a man gets a larger shop, and is a less polite tradesman, he has in no true sense risen. And it is again quite obvious that if any one gets finer clothes, and is not so modest and so teachable, he or she has not yet risen. And it is also obvious that if you have been admitted to what you think is superior company, and have lost your taste for simple pleasures, and are actually afraid to eat a mutton chop because it is not a roast turkey, you have fallen. The vulgar fear of not being what other persons suppose we ought to be is indeed a temptation that readily besets, and almost certainly, in many instances, overcomes all those whom it does beset. There is scarce any man, in endeavouring to distinguish between what he should be ashamed of and what he should not, but who has been thus tempted to be ashamed when he ought to be emboldened, and to think that of no importance which he ought to have thought of much, and to put away what he knows he really likes in order to adopt what somebody else thinks he ought to like. Why should I have pictures on my wall that I do not care for, because fashion says I should? Why should I read books that I think are silly because fashion, finding me with other books, says, "I wonder you can spend your time over such dull stuff as that"? Why should I dress in the newest way when I do not think that the costliness of the suit is at all warrantable, the worth of it to me being so petty? Why should I keep false hair on the outside of my head when I won't have false thoughts, if I know it, on the inside thereof? But then I should act with simplicity, and not go swaggering about and saying, "Look at me—I do not dress so; look at my head—I do not arrange it so; come to my house—look on my walls—I have not got such costly, stupid things." No; if we stand to that which is real and right, do not let us vulgarise this our good conduct by bragging about it.

Cease to be vulgar; learn to be genteel: shall we say so? Oh, that will be but a poor substitute for the great and sacred phrase, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." But if we are ceasing to do evil and learning to do well, that lesser exhortation, which so readily attracts the ear of almost all of us, will have its validity, and we shall be able to regard it without injury to ourselves. If you are learning to do well, then you may learn to be genteel; but if you are not learning to do well, if you are shirking your own proper work, and if you are even ashamed of your own old parents or your own poor kinsfolks that are honest and wise according to their own order, it is not a true gentility that you are learning. You are ceasing to do well, not ceasing to do ill. Cease to do evil, learn to do well. *Then* cease to be vulgar, learn to be genteel. You

will be genteel in a right sense, and not in the trumpery sense which is usually borne by that so current word, if you are simple, and if, through better culture of the mind and better feelings towards what is beautiful, there is a certain art in the very aspect of your familiar life.

How we might speak, did time allow, of rules for the exclusion of vulgarity at parties, and of care for the removal of vulgarity at churches! How we might speak of vulgarity at the sea-side, and of vulgarity in politics, and of vulgarity in professedly spiritual associations of men called Unions or Convocations. Of course time does not allow us to do more than hint at principles. But many things that are very much according to the usage of the day require to be carefully watched lest they should vulgarise the tone of our mind. There was a wise old lady—I do not know who she was, the story comes from a friend—who said, “My son—I cannot get him to do anything; all his time is taken up with those prodigals.” The old lady meant periodicals; and truly she had hit upon a piece of wisdom well worthy of our acceptance. And are they not prodigals? What time-wasters are to be compared in their operation in our day to the magazines and newspapers which people read, in part, and hastily and then throw by? Very few people in our day seem as if they could read. They take up many books, but they cannot apply themselves to a book so as to get the contents of it. Theirs is neither that patient reading which goes from the first word to the last, nor that rapid and sometimes serviceable reading which, turning the pages, gathers the scope if not the substance, and without examining every page knows much of the book, and this much at least of the author, whether he be a man of whom it is worth while to know more. The old lady was right. These periodicals are too often prodigals, time-wasters. But would we be rid of our periodicals? No. Would we wish our newspaper to be less full and accurate? No, indeed. Only let us be on our guard against the usages of the day, lest we be ensnared by them.

A main consideration for every man who wants to escape vulgarisation of mind is the condition of his neighbours, so that he may act at all times in a way to give them what pleasure he can, and so associate with them as to make life in its interchanges agreeable. Now, you will recal, as I remind you of it, what we said at the commencement as to the necessity of most people remaining common people. If the whole world were to be parted out into estates, there would not be enough of its surface, I suppose, for every man to have a landed property nearly as big as the property of some men now. There is many a duke who has such property that if the whole world were parted out to the people in it we could not get, each one of us, half as much land as he has. However, we

are not likely to have the world parted out so. Most people, if they get landholders at all, will have very little land to hold. But you can hold up your head though you are not a landholder. But this I want to say, that as true civilisation developes, for the people generally there should be common properties. The common people should have a common property. In some degree such a place as the Crystal Palace is the common property of the people. In some degree a park, Zoological Gardens, are common properties. It was very pleasant to read that last Whit-Monday 31,000 persons went to see the beasts and birds. I suppose there were not half a dozen of them who behaved themselves as if they were mere beasts with claws or mere birds with talons. There were a few cases perhaps of misbehaviour, but very few. Common people must have common properties. There is scarcely any public place for reception except the public-house. I trust that there will rise up mansions for the people; that the people will have, without the affectations of enfeebled society, their own drawing-rooms. Why should not the people have their "at-homes" that are not oppressively crowded, where without costliness all the arrangements may be according to the taste of true art? If we cannot have large landed properties and great mansions severally for ourselves, what is to hinder the common people having common properties, their public mansions, and their public gardens? I believe that it will be so as days go on. Meanwhile, let it be remembered that amongst the very rudest persons there is a touch of true delicacy, and where, often, you might laugh at what you hear, you find underneath the words and manner something admirable. A friend of mine had a servant from Somersetshire. "Oh, missus! missus!" cried the servant; "the kettle, he's a bilin'!" "Mary," said the mistress, "what do you mean by talking in that way—the kettle *he's* a boiling?" "Why, mistress," said the girl, "it would be rude to call him '*she*.'" Now the first simple moral of that is,—if you go into Somersetshire, mind your pronouns. But note the humour; where humour is a delicacy is likely to be: and a deeper "moral" is this—the mixture of delicacy and humour may be found in the most uncultivated person. Of course you will find rudeness everywhere. I remember Mr. Borrow tells a story of himself, that when travelling in Wales, knowing the language well, he entered into a room full of people. With natural Welsh suspicion, they looked at him, fearing that he might know their tongue; but he gave no sign of knowing it. "Oh," said one, "he knows nothing of Welsh;" and as soon as they thought that, said another standing by, "What a long nose he has!" "Ay," said a neighbour, "take care that he is not 'nosing' you"—which, in fact, he was, according to that, shall we call it, vulgar expression? In a certain sense it is vulgar; it is

not an expression that you would use in a careful treatise ; it is not an expression that you would use in a sermon ; but it is an expression of a rude sort that is connected with a very fine truth—namely, that there is an action of our intelligence that is admirably represented by the power of smell—that, as smell perceives what there may be before sight discerns exactly what it is, so intelligence often marks and discerns people whilst as yet their full qualities have not been investigated. Now there is this disposition very often in persons to talk of one another. “What a long nose he has !” Of course there is a great deal of good-natured chat that passes about our neighbours. We mean no unkindness, but we should be very watchful in talking of one another, and if it is possible to say anything heartily in praise of our neighbour—not as an affected Mr. or Mrs. Candour would, appear to praise and insinuate some blame, but if it be possible to say anything in appreciation, we should just say it.

It often happens that persons who are connected with something that is really vulgar impute a wrong to their neighbour and forget their own share in it, after the pattern of a lady that lived in Holloway—perhaps one of the Seven Sisters who gave the name to the well-known road there. She called on a butcher, and said, “Oh, Mr. Butcher, how can you be so cruel as to kill lamb ?” “Well, ma’am,” said he, “how can you be so cruel as to eat it ?” There are a great many people in society that are very fastidious in their judgment of others, like the lady that blamed the butcher for killing lamb, but did not think of any blame that might attach to herself, if there was anything wrong in killing the animal, for eating it. A great many persons who are fastidious about others, and see that which may be defective, do not see in their own individual case something that is related thereto. When sometimes an exclamation is uttered, “Who’ll buy ? who’ll buy ?” a man might say, “Not I, not I.” But there is often so much pretension that we feel sure that when it is affirmed “This is the shop” certainly this is not the shop at which any careful man would care to trade. We must beware in society of all kinds of pretensions. It may be a This is the book, This is the party, This is the church, This is the method, as well as This is the shop ; and we must be on our guard against such pretensions and delusions. And you must not be too eager in any department of life to cheapen things. Else you change them. Apples you can eat may be dear at a penny, but apples that nobody can eat are not really cheap at three for a farthing. If it is vulgar to profess that you alone have and can give something that the people want, it is vulgar to seek any kind of thing except at its own proper rate. I do not believe that by the mere mechanism of a political economy, however thoughtfully

developed the science may be, we can come happily right. I do not believe that with any scheme for the arrangement of work and wages master and man will be contented. It is only as you can infuse the spirit of love and justice into man and master, and only as it can be felt through society that every man's work ought to be every other man's gain, and that the rich ought as much to work for the poor as the poor for the rich, that you can get those happy accommodations for which we are all pining. Better times are at hand, else the truths uttered professedly out of eternity are indeed unreliable. But we know that we have followed no cunningly devised fable. We know that Jesus Christ is the greatest fact in the world; we know that in Him was no falsity and no pretence at all; we know that wherever His Spirit has prevailed there pretence has ceased, and there what a man wanted he was ready to pay for. Now, to my thought, it is vulgar to try and get mere "bargains," and it is vulgar to try and sell as bargains what, even if the specimen you offer is good, other people have as well as yourself. Of course, in the present state of society, it would be astonishing for Mr. Little Smith on this side of the street to walk into the shop of Mr. Great Smith and say, "Now, Mr. Great Smith, I have counted, and I am sure you cannot have less than a thousand customers a week; I have a hundred. Now, could you let me have about fifty of your thousand customers to help me on." "Will you have the goodness to show Mr. Little Smith the door?"—that is what the great man would say. It would be just the same with Mr. Great Church and Mr. Little Church. This is the spirit of much of modern society, but it is not the spirit of Christ. Nor do I think it is the spirit that has the ascendancy even in society now. It is essentially vulgar.

Whoever would climb up into heaven by steps of baseness shall find, just as he gets to the top, that his foothold is rotten, and down he must go into the abyss. There is no going up into heavenly places except by heavenly stairs. Yes, heavenly stairs will lead us up to heavenly places, and no other stairs will. Step up by truth after truth; go up by the way of justice; go up by the way of love. Give the next man under you your hand. Don't be ashamed, because you are not so strong as the man who precedes you, to accept his hand if it is offered. And then, if he helps you, and you help the man that is next behind you, and you are walking upon a sure path, the firm pathway of truth, in the way of the Divine steps of justice, you will enter into the glory of God, and there is no vulgarity in His presence. The commonest thing has a heavenly cleanness, and the simplest offering has in it a heavenly fragrance, and all angels minister to one another, and everybody remembers the sorrowful times of the world, and is glad that they are ended,

and that there is no more that is unbrotherly, or untrue, or suspicious, that can intrude again. Never more shall peace be troubled, never more shall falsehood be uttered, never more shall suspicion be excited, but God being in all men, all will be for and with one another in perfect content.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.—MARTIN WRAY'S PROMISE.

WHEN we had fairly lost sight of Mr. Gibson I felt as if we had really quitted Eaglesmere, and that in very deed a new phase of life had opened for me. A shade of dejection stole over me as I pictured the vicar's return home; *he* would see the mountains and the lake, and his own ugly white-washed church, with its absurd little belfry, and its one tinkling bell, that always when it rang fast just before the service commenced, reminded me of Margery's tongue when she was more than usually exasperated. Poor Margery! I am afraid I formed a very unfavourable estimate of her character; child-like, I took a one-sided view of things and people generally, and naturally enough I chose that particular side which was constantly obtruded upon my vision. I forgot her real kindness in her hasty, tormenting temper; I ignored many of her good deeds, because at times she was tyrannous and unjust, and all her gentler words were unremembered when, as was frequently the case, she indulged in what Martin called "a regular *mag*." Beginning to scold upon one score, and going off at a tangent to another, reaping up old transgressions and grievances, and bewailing her own peculiar trials, people might well imagine her to be a very good-for-nothing, cross old woman, with a terribly developed genius for "*magging*." Nothing alienates a child like a capricious temper, a temper that has as many moods as the moon has phases, a temper that is bright and genial one day and morose the next, that is at peace with all the world over-night, and gets up next morning at issues with everybody, that casts sunshine around it before dinner and shadow in the afternoon, and that without any apparently justifiable cause. Phoebe and I learned betimes to discern signs and tokens, and we knew pretty well when a storm was impending; no eager excursionist ever watched the barometer or contemplated the weather-vane with greater concern than we scanned old Margery's face at various hours of the day; and, indeed, "How does the wind

blow?" came to be a very common inquiry in our house, and it did not relate either to the actual points of the compass! I fear I was often unjust to Margery, and I was so on this occasion, as she sat on the top of the coach drowned in tears, and audibly bewailing her hard fate. I scarcely pitied her at all, for I attributed her affliction to her constitutional bad temper, little realising how hard it was for the old woman of seventy-four to leave home, and kindred, and the associations of a lifetime, and, as it seemed to her, her own country, for that Dovercourt was not in "furrin' pairts" was past her comprehension. We had come so far, she said, and got on the other side of London, and the land did not look a bit the same, nor yet the people, and they had another speech, so it *must be* another country—a foreign country of course!

And yet, though Margery's tears angered me, I was conscious of something like regret in my own bosom. Mr. Gibson would never teach me any more; I should never again learn my lessons on Canter-fell or go chanting Latin verbs along the mere's green shore; and I began to reflect that I had been very happy in my own way at Eaglesmere, and new and untried experiences awaited me in Southamshire. A sort of apprehension seized me—a presentiment of future trouble from some mysterious source. "All is not gold that glitters," I could not help telling myself, and perhaps the scenes that my fancy had so happily painted would be far less attractive than I had pictured. Martin, too, looked serious. I think we all felt parting with the vicar; only Phoebe's blue eyes were sparkling and her innocent face all rosy smiles as we drove through transpontine London into the suburban districts and then into the open country beyond. All she loved were with her, and the sweet little soul was content to go whithersoever they went; and not a shadow of care fell on her sunny spirit till Margery, having cried quietly all through Lambeth and Vauxhall, burst into loud sobs at the sight of a mile-stone, which told her she was going farther and farther away from the beloved Eaglesmere.

"What's t' row, auld woman?" asked Martin, not unkindly; "dinna greet sae sair, my lass; ye are nae ganging to t' anti-pathies."

"I'm ganging awa' fra my ain country, an' I'll niver set een on it mair. I'm an auld woman, a puir auld woman, an' my time canna be lang now; but I would ha' loiked to lay my banes amang them as I've kenned and as kenned me. It'll be ower unco', man, gettin' oop on t' Resurrection-morn amang strange folk, and nane o' our ain kin, and niver a face ye ken weel."

"Whisht, gudewife, whisht!" replied Martin, patting her on the shoulder; "dinna ye see how ye are skeering t' little 'un? I tell ye what, auld wifie, I'll see if I canna git ye carried to Eagles-

mere when the Lord ca's ye. I'll spake to my leddy aboot it ane o' furst things. I wonder now what it costs bearing a corpse a' that lang way frae South to North? But wha'tiver it costs, Margery, my woman, I'll do it for thee 'gin it's amang t' possibilities. There, dinna greet; I'll do it, and there's my hand upon it. Sae noo ye may get yer deecin' dune comfortably wheniver t' Lord ca's ye to Himsel'."

But Margery was not consoled. "Ye wael na' moind gin I did dee," she said, bridling in her own peculiar fashion. "An' it seems ye count on me for ganging first; how d'ye ken but what ye may be ca'ed afore me? it's nae always t' yangest, or t' strangest that lasts t' langest. I'm nae but siventy-three."

"Siventy-fower come Martinmas, and Martinmas'll sune be here; it's sax weeks an' mair sin' Lammas Fair, and we're nigh upon the feast o' St. Michael and a' Angels, ye ken; sae ye may as weel ca' yersel' siventy-fower at ance, and ha' dune wi' it."

"An' why for suld I gang mekin' mysel' a day aulder na' I be? Yer allus flyting me aboot bein' sae aged; but ye ken as weel as I do, ye fause loon, that there's on'y twa years atween us; and whatten's that when we're baith auld un ower threescore and tin, and owt to be thinkin' aboot our latter ends, and noo aboot a scrappie piece o' time atween us? Ye didna tell me o' my age when ye cam awooing me, sax-and-forty years ago; an' when we were wedded ye didna keep skirling i' my ears that I were thirty and ye but twenty-het. T' Lord forgie ye, Martin Wray, but ye're nae t' gude man ye owt to be to me in my auld age."

"An' ye're nae the bonnie wifie I thowt ye'd be. I didna ken what a tanguie ye had when I got wedded to ye. Gudesakes! a silly mon niver kens what he's gotten till it's ower late to change."

"Nay, ye canna change noo," said Margery, triumphantly; "sic as I am, ye've got to keep me, an' I'll stek to you, an' whar ye gang I'll gang; an' gin ye flyte me sae oft I'll mak' ye ken t' length o' my tanguie, for ye dinna ken it yet, for a' yer braggin' an' tellin' o' lees aboot me; but——" and Margery melted once more into the tears which her wrath had temporarily dried up; "but I'm verra miserable, an' I wish t' gude Lord would tak' me."

"An' ye keep sae contrary, and wag yer tanguie sae muckle, I sall wish as t' Lord had ye instead of me; maybe He'd mak' better o' ye na' I ha' dune."

"Yes, He would," said Margery, "for He kens my heart; He kens I'm na sae bad as ye think me. He kens it's no but words, jest sounding brass an' tinkling cymbals, an' na mair. T' Lord kens I've been a true gude wife to ye these fower-and-forty years, though I hev let my tanguie get onruly now and then. He knows I ha' lo'ed ye weel, for a' my cross-grainedness atimes, an' it's

reaight glad I am that t' Lord does ken what is in me, and sees not as man sees. An' as He unnerstan's me sae much better na ye, I'd best gang to Him, an' I'm reddy an' willin' when He ca's, for I'm nae wanted here, an' my ain auld man, t' father o' my bairns as are a' in heaven, doesna care gin he sees my place empty. Wae is me, but it's a weary warld."

"Come, come, auld wifie," replied Martin, a good deal softened, and his own voice a little shaky, "ye tak' me wrang, ye do; an' to spak' plain truth, the which owt to be spaken always, I'm afeard that I let my tanguie git t' mastery o' me oft-times. But dinna think I wish ye awa', lassie; it'll be a sair day when ye are ta'en fra' my side gin ye do gang furst. Lave off greetin', and let's be blithe as birds, for I ken weel ye'll be reaight happy at Dovercourt; an' I'll mind my promise, an' git ye carried to yer ain folk when yer time comes."

And then the pair had a reconciliation, as they usually had after a quarrel, and the burst of tears and passion had evidently done Margery good. It had cleared the air like a thunderstorm, and we knew that now, for a season at least, all would be sunshine, and we might venture upon promiscuous remarks, without running the risk of giving mortal offence and being fatally misunderstood.

It was a lovely September day, and the coach took us through some fair scenes such as I had never dreamed of. For I had been used all my life to a wild country, to rugged, scarred cliffs, and lonely fells, and rushing torrents; and here were only low green hills, smooth, shining brooks or rivers that meandered through rich, park-like meadows, studded with many noble forest trees. The corn was all reaped, while we had left ours not yet ready for the sickle, but enough of crops of one sort or another remained to show how fertile was the soil. As we got deeper and deeper into the true Southamshire country we saw pretty villages nestling under the chalky hills upon our left; cottages in the midst of teeming gardens and fruitful orchards; hedge-rows already glowing with scarlet hips and crimson haws and shining privet berries. Our blackberries, or bramble berries as we called them in the North, were not half ripe when we came away. Only the day before we set out I had rejoiced as over great spoil because in a sunny, sheltered nook I had found for Phoebe a full spray—six or seven good-sized, juicy, jet-black berries, all waiting to be gathered and eaten, and here they hung in tempting clusters on every bush. I could have pulled a handful in a very short time I was certain; and then we saw hazel nuts, and great walnut trees, and rosy-red apples and golden pippins thick upon the branches. The land had a well-to-do aspect, the very reverse of that about Eaglesmere, which might be and really was extremely picturesque, but by no means pro-

fitable, and requiring a great deal of cultivation in order to ensure a very small return.

"Didna I tell ye it was a land flowin' wi' milk an' honey?" said Martin, exultingly. "It's a reaight gude land, Margery, my woman. Look at t' kye stannin' reddy for t' milkin' pails, and a' t' cotters has their bees, and flocks o' sheep upon t' open ground yonder; an' there's bin plenty of the gowden corn cut down here I'se warrant, an' them barns be filled to overflowin' nae doot. Eh! it's a gradely land, and we'll do weel here, Margery, my lass."

And Margery replied, "Happens we sall, happens not. It'll be as t' gude Lord gie's His blessing; but I canna' feel sure as 'twas the Lord as ca'd us South, and we're ower auld folk for sic gret changes."

And so the coach went on, and once or twice we saw grand houses, and I wondered if we were coming to Dovercourt. It grew to afternoon, and the sun's slanting rays on the changing woodlands showed all manner of brave hues among the trees. The green and russet of the oak, the deeper green of the firs, the gorgeous dyes of the horse-chestnut, the pale emerald of the lime, and the tawny glories of the beech, mingled gorgeously on the hillside, and in the meadow pastures, and in the lordly parks we passed upon our way; and every now and then we saw a mountain ash, its coral berries all aflame in the rich sunset light, or a virginian-creeper trained over some cottage gable, or in front of some roadside inn, and burning like an oriflamme; or we gazed on autumn flowers still radiant with beauty in well-kept gardens, such gardens as I had fancied existed nowhere but in story-books, till at last we reached the top of a hill, and there below us, at several miles' distance, yet as it seemed almost at our feet, were the broad blue waters of the English Channel.

"The sea! the sea!" I cried, springing to my feet so suddenly as to endanger my equilibrium. If I had been on the other side of Martin, where I had very much wanted to sit, I must have tumbled off the coach, which just then gave a great swerve as it answered to the drag while the horses began the descent rather frantically. Nothing happened, though the coach rocked rather wildly now and then; but we had a splendid team, and our coachman knew very well what he was about—the very way he handled the reins and flourished the whip gave one confidence. Even Margery was not frightened as we dashed down into the village of Dovercourt at express speed, for this was the way she assured us that God intended us to travel. He gave horses to draw coaches and waggons, and it was sheer presumption, or something worse, trying to do without them, and flying along by steam.

Yes, this was really the sea, the wide, glittering, restless blue waves stretched before me, and on either hand, as far as ever I could gaze, till they melted into the dim horizon of pale, azure, and golden sky. Ah! this was something like. How different from the shallow pools, and the wet, sandy plains I had looked on at Carnforth and Hest Bank, and with the sight of that great waste of rolling waters came the thought of my father, and I felt as if I were going to be brought in some way nearer to him, and a thrill of pleasure passed over me as I remembered that I was Captain Vassall's son.

In a few minutes we were in the village street, and the coach stopped at the "Dovercourt Arms," a very respectable, quaint-looking inn, but with a rustic air about it that struck us far from unpleasantly after our London hotel experiences. How strange it seemed to me then, how familiar it afterwards came to be, that long, low, stuccoed house, with its casement windows, its banner-like virginian-creeper, and its wealth of autumn roses mantling its white walls; and swinging over the principal entrance was a heavy signboard, on which were emblazoned the arms of the noble house of Dovercourt,—“a varra queer-lookin', uncanny sort o' picture,” Margery called it, “and varra heathenish.”

Lounging in the doorway was an important-looking person, in what I had learned in London to know for *livery*; he had on silk stockings and knee-breeches, and bright buckles in his shoes, and he had a gold band round his hat. In one hand he held a pair of delicate-tinted kid gloves, in the other a cigar which he removed from his lips in order to address the coachman, with whom he seemed on terms of intimacy. I, profiting by my brief London experiences and a lesson or two from the vicar, had a strong suspicion of what he really was. Martin was puzzled, and both Margery and Phoebe curtsayed, believing they saw the marquis himself in all his glory.

The stately creature presently lisped out, “Aw say, coachee, 'ave you brought a gentleman and lady answering to the name of Wray? Because if you 'ave you 'ad better introjuice them to me. My lady sent me down to see them safely to the Gate-house.”

“I am Martin Wray,” said my grandfather, coming forwards, and trying to speak with a Southern accent, “an' I'm much obligated to ye, Mr., Mr.—; I dinna ken yer name, that is, I don't know it, ye ken; an' to yer noble mistress, the marchioness.”

Martin's endeavour to drop his native dialect and to assume a proper Southern pronunciation was, it must be confessed, rather a failure, and that our new acquaintance should turn down the corners of his mouth to conceal a smile was not at all surprising.

"My name is Mr. Duckett, Mr. Wray," replied the gentleman, condescendingly, "Mr. Samuel Duckett, at your service, and I'm 'appy, sir, to make your acquaintance, and also that of Mrs. Wray," and, turning graciously to where I stood, holding Phoebe's hand and grasping one of Margery's bundles, "and of Master Wray and Miss Wray, I presume."

"I felt very angry at hearing myself called Master Wray. Nothing annoyed me so much as being taken for a Wray; but it amused me mightily to hear Martin and Margery styled Mr. and Mrs. I had never before heard any sort of prefix applied to the name of Wray except that now and then some of the poorer neighbours used to call Margery "Dame." I think Margery hardly knew herself under her new title. I was just going to disclaim the patronymic with which I had been favoured by Mr. Duckett when Martin, who had been watching me keenly if not anxiously, bade me hush.

"Whisht, lassie, whisht!" he whispered to me. "Dinna ye say nowt noo. Least said sunest mendit, ye ken."

Of course I submitted, but how any harm could possibly come of my correcting so simple a mistake was more than I could divine. I began to puzzle over it in my usual "queer" fashion, but forgot it again when Mr. Duckett announced that the omnibus was in the inn-yard, and that he was to have the great pleasure of escorting us to the Gate-house. He also informed us that certain properties, which had been forwarded from Eaglesmere per waggon and goods train, had duly arrived, and that we should find all things in order and readiness, and only have to sit down and take possession.

"And my lady," he added, "was going down to the Gate-house herself before dinner to see that all her commands had been obeyed. You served my lady well in her youth, I'm given to understand?"

"Ay, ay," said Martin, briefly, and relapsed into silence. The omnibus came out, and into it we all got, our luggage being heaped on the top of the vehicle, which I soon discovered was not at all like the huge *pro bono publico* machines we had stared at in London. This was a roomy but very comfortable private conveyance, belonging to the marquis, and pretty freely used by the upper servants whenever they required it. It was only called an *omnibus*, because it resembled in shape, though scarcely in size, the modern constructions with which we are now so familiar, and which are rationally named since they provide accommodation for all who can afford to pay the modest fare, and are literally at the service of the public.

CHAPTER V.—THE GATE HOUSE.

The omnibus rattled away fast enough when once it started, and now we were fairly on the last stage of our long, long journey. I have been half over the world since those days, but no journey by land or by water, in city or in desert, has seemed to me so long and so eventful as that first wonderful journey of mine from a border county down into the South. It did not last long, however, this final stage of all; we turned out of the village street, and made a circuit of about half a mile, skirting the park railings; then all suddenly we came to an old lichen-covered grey wall hung with ivy, and tufted with ferns and moss and long wreaths of the elegant *Linaria*. Then there was a beautiful old gateway of feudal aspect, with a house attached to it, growing out of it, so to speak; and here we stopped, and our wanderings were over. This was the Gate-house, and we were at home. Compared with the humble little tenement at Waterhead this was a mansion. I even doubted for one moment whether we had not been brought by mistake to the Castle itself, so grand and imposing looked the ancient, grey, battlemented house, overshadowed by noble trees, and entirely covered on one side with *noisette* roses, and creepers of various kinds.

"This is it, ma'am," said Mr. Duckett, alighting and gallantly offering his services to Margery, who, besides being chronically stiff in the joints, as it is the nature of old people to be, was tottering and feeble from excitement and fatigue, and necessarily cramped, as indeed we all were by being huddled up on the back seat of the coach so long. If Margery had trusted to her poor old spouse, I believe they would both have rolled over together, for Martin, in spite of his greater youthfulness, was nearly as much exhausted as his wife, and I began to think there was not much appreciable difference between seventy-two and seventy-four.

But Mr. Duckett, greatly to Margery's astonishment and to her indignation as well, took the old lady in his arms, and lifted her from the omnibus, clear of the steps, and set her down within the great archway as easily and gently as if she had been a baby.

The dear old woman's face grew red.

"I tell ye what," she began, as Mr. Duckett placed Phoebe by her side; "I dinna ca' that manners; na' man but my ain gude man as wedded me i' kirk iver put his twa arms aboot me afore! it's not t' way we treat women folk i' our counthry."

"Hoot, woman!" cried Martin, in disdain; "dinna clatter sae; I could na' hev lifted ye a' that gate, though I'm na' sae auld as ye; I'm na' sae yang as ance I was, and I'm varra much obligated to ye, Mr. Duckett. Niver moind my wife; she maun wag her

tangue, come what will. Noo, auld woman, what gars ye put on sic fule's airs? Is na' the yang man fit to be yer grandson? Sae jest be freendly."

Margery turned away only half subdued; it was quite true that Mr. Duckett might have been her grandson, for he was full forty-five years her junior; but old women, of Margery's standing, in the north country, cling pertinaciously to the proprieties as well as to the privileges of the sex. Mr. Duckett meant it kindly—for, as I soon found out, he was one of the kindest of men, in spite of his overweening vanity and his foppish affectation; but "Mrs. Wray," to whom he made all sorts of apologies, could not take his attentions as they deserved. But, mollified at last by his deferential manner, and piqued perhaps by Martin's carelessness of his rights, she condescended to say, "Niver moind lad, niver fash, say na mair about it; if he dinna fash, why for suld I? Nae doot ye meant it reaight kindly, and I gie ye thanks; but it's na t' fashion i' my counthry!"

Then Mr. Duckett took his leave, promising to visit us again next morning; "but now," he concluded, "I must go straight up to the Castle and see my lady before dinner. She desired me to certify to her that you had safely reached the Gate-house. If you are in any difficulty, Mrs. Wray, send your little maid up to the house; she knows the way to the housekeeper's room, and she can find Mam'sell Sophie, who is my lady's 'lady.'"

We all went into the house, and there stood the "little maid" referred to, a cleanly, strapping young damsel of fourteen or thereabouts, who had been chosen by the marchioness as Mrs. Wray's servant. Fancy Margery with a servant of her own! there would be singular relations I imagined between the maiden and her mistress. The house was not really so large as it looked; but to my idea it was a perfect palace, quite the sort of house I had read about in my favourite Scott's novels;—why I could actually go to bed if I liked, up a winding stone stair, very steep and narrow, and eminently calculated for breaking necks,—a stair in a round tower, which was pierced with arrow-slits or loopholes, whence one might take sure aim at an enemy, if only there would come one and attack the gateway. There was another and a more convenient way certainly; but the windows were all glazed, and the stairs were of good sturdy dark old oak instead of mouldering stone, worn with the footsteps of long-past generations,—possibly of knights and fighting men who defended the Gate-house when the Castle was besieged. Being of a romantic turn of mind, I naturally preferred the dilapidated steps, and rather relished the notion of having my candle blown out on gusty nights; for I do not think I was afraid of ghosts, though I lived in mortal terror of rats, bats, "and other

small deer." To say the truth, I don't like rats now, and would infinitely prefer a house haunted by ghosts to one tenanted by rats. Perhaps it is a natural antipathy; perhaps I am a descendant of the luckless Bishop Hatto who fared so badly, in the paws of these noisome rodents, in his tower of Bingen on the Rhine.

But if I ran wild with delight that first night in my new home, my companions did not. Martin looked serious and perplexed; the place and its appointments awed him. Margery walked doggedly from room to room, sinking down in each, and starting up oddly enough whenever the seat yielded to her pressure. She had been accustomed all her days to hard, uncompromising wood, and a cushion stuffed with hay she had always accounted as the climax of luxury. When at last she sat down on the special, chintz-covered, spring-cushioned easy-chair provided for her own use, she jumped up again with a shriek: "The deil's in t'chair," she muttered. "I thoct I was gaun fleein thro t' air I did." It was some time before Margery could be persuaded to use that chair continually. She came however at last to own that it was "varra comfortable, and gude for auld banes;" and at length she reached the point of taking it in high dudgeon if any one presumed to sit in it without her express permission. So kindly do we take to luxuries, whatever be our prejudices, and howsoever hardy the habits of a lifetime.

Some of the furniture from Waterhead had been transmitted to Dovercourt, the rest was in safe custody at Eaglesmere. The sneezy eight-day clock had duly arrived, and had been set up in what both Martin and Margery persisted in calling the "house-place," greatly to the perplexity of Rebecca, the young servant, who recognised it as "the parlour." It must once have been worthy of the name of "drawing-room." Indeed even then it merited the title far more than any of the little stuffy, crowded, gaudily furnished dens which I have since heard styled "drawing-rooms" by their pretentious and vain-glorious possessors. Both the walls and the ceiling were panelled, and both showed the legendary inscription and the emblematic raven of the Dovercourts, and the beautiful oriel window glowed with the device of the family, quartered in violets and emeralds, and blood-red ruby tints, with those of the heiresses with whom the lords of the noble house of Dovercourt had from time to time intermarried. I soon learned to know them all. Heraldry seemed to come to me quite naturally, and I took an immense pride and interest in the marquis's long pedigree. Two hundred years ago the Gate-house had been the dwelling-place of younger brothers, or of the unmarried female branches of the family; and as late as the commencement of the eighteenth century it had been the temporary residence of the Lady

Dorothea Walton, a grim, solitude-loving spinster aunt of the then reigning marquis. This accounted for many pieces of stateliness, many antique and elaborate decorations, which would have been singularly inconsistent in a mere keeper's lodge.

I was glad to recognise the sneezy clock, and to my amazement I found out, when Phoebe's bedtime came, that it was actually right to a minute. I had listened to the chiming quarters of the church clock all the evening; now it struck eight, and, lo! and behold, the venerable *horloge*, which had travelled so far, struck eight likewise. Surely the air of Dovercourt must be favourable to truth telling I thought. But the veracity of our old friend pleased not its lawful owners. Margery was speedily irate, and Martin said that would never do, and we with so much on our shoulders; we should be behind time for ever and a day. So the hands were triumphantly pushed forward to twenty minutes after nine, and the old people were contented.

Margery went upstairs with Phoebe, and Martin and I were left alone. I saw that something was on his mind, that he was weighing certain words he wished to utter, and I prepared myself for information. It came as I expected after a preliminary pause, but it was scarcely of the nature I had anticipated.

"Laddie," said the old man, speaking in the most Southern accent he could command, "ye mind when that chap i' the fine claithe—Mr. Duckett didna he ca' himself?—ca'ed you Maister Wray, takin' you naturally enough for my own grandson and for li'e Phoebe's brother?"

"Yes," I answered, "I mind; I remember of course; it was very stupid of him."

"None sae stupid, laddie; t' man could na' ken what he did na' ken, an' what no one would telt him. Folk here think you belong to us; why shouldn't they? The folk at Eaglesmere knew weel you did na, for they knew all our kith and kin; they knew that Margery and me had nae bairns i' this warld. There was our Ailie; she were living when first you came amang us, but a' folk kenned—I mean *knowned*—as she were naething to you. As for t' ither bairns, they'd bin i' the Kingdom years and years, for Ailie was our last, and cam' late when we didna expect anither wean, t' wife and me being na' sae yang as ance we were. Sae, t' neebors could na be med to think as ye were our ain, ye percave."

"Why should they?" I replied, haughtily. "And I do not look like a Wray."

"Noo, ye dinna—I mean ye *don't*. Hech, sirs; but it's hard to break yourself o' bad habits, an' I canna somehow gie my stupid auld tangle the reaight South-country twist. Noo, ye're name like the Wrays; I wish ye were."

"Why? Is it not better that people should grow up like their own folk?"

"Na doot when they hev folk o' their ain; but, Hughy, my laddie, ye've na folk i' this warld belonging to ye. Ye've lost baith father and mither, puir bairn, an' there's nane for ye to leuk to but me and yer granny. It's better that here among unco' folk ye suld be thocht to be li'le Phoebe's brother, or at least her cousin."

"I don't like pretences," I said, hotly. "If I am not Phoebe's relation, why should I try to make people believe that I am? What is it to anybody whether Phoebe and I are kin or no?"

"It's not that, bairn; it is na touching t' wean Phoebe I'm consarned; on'y if ye be our ain and Phoebe's our ain ye twa *maun* be sib. Canna ye see?"

"I see what you mean, grandfather; but I am as far as ever from understanding your reasons. I am Captain Vassall's son, and *I will not* be called Wray—I may as well say it at once—for I don't like it, and I will not be called by a name that is not mine. It would be a sort of lie, you know, and you are always angry and so is granny if you think either Phoebe or I do not speak the very truth, though for the matter of that I never did tell a lie that I recollect, and I hope I never will."

Martin groaned. "Ah, laddie, it's hard to thole"—i.e., "endure or bear"—"crookit ways. Noo, I dinna want ye to tell lees, nor to answer to name o' Wray if ye dinna like it; but ye are ower hasty, ower hasty, Hughy, as yer father were afore ye; m'appen it's i' t' bluid, an' ye canna help it. Noo listen: when ye say t' Church Catechism, and ye're askit, 'What is your name?' what do ye answer?"

"Why, Hugh Travis," I responded, for that was indeed my Christian name as I was informed, only the second name was more for show than for use, as I had never called myself or been called "Travis," and I uniformly signed myself "*Hugh Vassall*" at the bottom of my copies and exercises. So that I should have quite forgotten that my godfathers and godmother had given me two names in my baptism had not the catechism, dominically repeated, perpetually reminded me of it.

"And 'Travis' is your name, yer ain name, quite as much as Hugh or Vassall?"

"Y—es! I suppose so, though it does not feel like it; I never think of myself as Travis, ye see."

"Aweel, ye *are* Travis; there canna' be t' glint o' doot about it! Noo, what I want ye to do is just to say, when folk speer about yer name, as they're sure to do, 'Hugh Travis,' and leave oot t' Vassall! Ye understan' that, sure—ly?"

"No, I do not. I do not understand why I must not own to my father's name, nor why I should be ashamed of it. Grandfather, why cannot you speak out, and tell me all about myself? I must know some day; why not now? Perhaps if you told me, what I am sure there must be to tell, I might feel that it was best to call myself only Travis, leaving out the Vassall that I love so much, and that I am so proud of. But I am too old to be treated like a baby."

"Hech, sirs! what's to be dune?" cried Martin, in real distress, and appealing as it would seem to the sneezy clock; "he wunna be guided; he wunna obey them as is set over him, and we'll a' be ruined, ay, and mair na we. Heaven help us a'. T' auld woman were reaight; t' Lord niver ca'ed us South, and we suld ha' tarried safe an' blithe amang our own folk at hame. Laddie, ye little ken the mischief ye'll do if ye perseest in bein' sae head-strang. A bairn may set a stane a-rollin' from fell-top wi' aue keek o' his wee futie, but ten growed men canna' stap it when ance it's fairly startit. An' I tell ye, Hugh, ye may mek a terrible mischance wi'out meanin' ony ill, and when ye wad gie yer ain life to stop it ye wunna be able."

Martin's evident trouble touched me: in spite of a great deal of self-will and boyish conceit, and what Margery called my "head-strang pride," I loved Martin dearly. I should never have given in to Margery, for the antagonism between us was growing stronger and stronger daily; but I could not bear to hear the old man's tremulous tones, or to see his piteous, beseeching glances directed towards my own stubborn, sullen countenance, which I was trying to make as impenetrable as possible. But I felt I was giving way; I could not hold out much longer, and I made one more effort, trying, but in vain, to speak as doggedly as before—"If you would only tell me all about it."

"My laddie, I canna tell ye!" and Martin's voice deepened, and his manner became very serious. "I'm pledged, ye see, Hugh; I'm under a *solemn vow*! it was amaist an aith; indeed, I think it was quite an aith. I canna spake the noo, it maun na' be, or I wad spake oot, for yere a bairn o' sense, though ye are a varra queer bairn. Bide a wee, Hughy, and ye *sall* ken a' that is to be kenned, I gie ye my wurd. An' till then be a gude and meek bairn, and do as yer tould wi'out speering for the why and the wherefore. It will na' hurt ye, Hughy, ye ken fu' weel that your auld grand-dad would niver ask ye to do aught to yer ain ill; he'd suner dee than ye suld come to harm."

"Tell me one thing only," I said, with softened heart and choked voice; "tell me one thing, and I will be content; at least I will try to be content, and I will not vex you with any more questions; in this thing that I must not ask about is there any *shame*?"

"No, my bairn; not the least bit o' shame; ye niver need be 'shamed for father or mither; ay, remember that, laddie, o'ny say nowt aboot 'em till reaight time comes, as come it maun, when t' gude Lord has warked His will. Just be content, laddie, and larn yer buik and play yer games like ither bairns. T' marchioness 'll be wantin' to see you and Phœbe t' morn, na doot."

"How long have you known the marchioness?" I asked, willing to change the subject.

"Iver sin' she were *that* high," replied Martin, with his hand on the table.

"Is she old, grandfather?"

"Hoot! auld, indeed! No, she's yang and bonnie, bonnier than any lassie I iver saw in a' my life—bonnier na her mither afore her, and she were reckoned t' greatest beauty in a' Wensleydale. Why, t' marchioness were but a bairn hersel' when her first bairn were born—just a slip of a girl, scarce siventeen; she were 'ower yang to marry,' as the auld sang says; but my Ailie were na' aulder. It's t' way o' t' lasses, Hughy; t' li'le birdies canna bide safe at hame in t' auld ness; they maun flee awa' and mate and build nesses o' their ain. Ilka lassie maun ha' her laddie; but Margery and me we bided lang, till we'd gotten ripe an' prudent, and kenned the 'sponsibilities o' life. Dinna wed in haste, Hughy; many a braw laddie weds in hot haste, and after, when it's too late, he's fain to greet, for thinking on what a fule he's med of himsel'. A lassie suld be twenty-five afore she's wed, an' a laddie fu' thirty; they do na' ken their ain moinds afore that. A mistake that ye canna set reaight is aye t' wofullest mistake."

I thought it probably might be so; but the matrimonial question was not yet sufficiently interesting to engage my attention, and presently Margery came down, and Rebecca laid the table, greatly to her mistress's astonishment, and to my unfeigned satisfaction. The absence of table decencies at Waterhead had troubled me greatly ever since I had begun to dine occasionally with the vicar, who would as soon have thought of setting down without knife and fork as without damask tablecloth and napkin; and the "napery" was always white as snow, for his wife had been a Musgrave, who brought with her a good "plenishing," and Dame Foster was a conscientious housekeeper, and looked well to her master's properties.

Of course we had got in no provisions, but an excellent cold supper was served, and both Martin and Margery ate game-pie with a relish. I was allowed to sit up and partake with them; indeed, the strict control which they had hitherto exercised seemed in some sort to have been relaxed ever since that eventful Saturday night, when I had been tempted to eavesdropping on the old stair-

head. We soon went to bed—I in the “gate chamber,” as it was called, because it was over the archway of the gate; and it was a grand room—spacious, lofty, and, as it seemed to me, splendidly furnished. I lay on a huge oaken four-post bed; I knew afterwards that it was the Lady Dorothea’s own couch, and I thought I was going to lie awake all night, but youth and fatigue quickly triumphed, and ere the church clock chimed the first quarter after ten I was fast asleep and dreaming of my old haunts at Eaglesmere.

CHAPTER VI.—MR. DUCKETT’S CONFIDENCES.

The Marchioness did not send for us on the morrow, as Martin had predicted, and I fancied he seemed disturbed and disappointed. Suddenly released from the labours of his vocation, the old man felt out of his element, and especially was he chagrined as Sunday approached, knowing that he was to take no responsible part in the services, and envying the person whom he had fixed upon as most likely to occupy the vacant post of parish clerk at Eaglesmere.

The fact was no one occupied it. Mr. Gibson said nothing to Martin before his departure, and he received in silence all the hints which tended to recommend a successor, for he had fully made up his mind that a clerk in a church was a very unnecessary official, and under certain circumstances an incubus, threatening to become a nuisance; and he quietly resolved when Martin sent in his resignation that his parishioners should henceforth respond and say “Amen” for themselves. But Martin would have been so shocked and so grieved at the idea of so important a personage being pronounced a supernumerary that the vicar kept his counsel, and said not a word about the matter till he returned to Eaglesmere.

It was on Friday that we reached Dovercourt, and all day on Saturday we were busy enough getting the newly constituted household into decent order, and expecting the summons to the Castle, which never came. There was not much to be done in the house itself, for it was beautifully clean and neat, and Rebecca had scrubbed all that could be scrubbed, and polished all that could be polished, and not a particle of dust was anywhere. Nevertheless there was unpacking to be attended to, and Margery had special views of her own as to the arrangement of certain properties—views which the damsel Rebecca did not share, all her housewifely habits being framed on principles essentially different from those which regulated her mistress’s ideas. It was decidedly a case of “North and South,” and it was easy to foresee that there would be battle-royal presently. I determined to give in my adherence

to Rebecca, and to influence Martin in the same direction; for the new Southern *régime* was delightful to my tastes, which had never accorded with those of the excellent but decidedly rough-and-ready Margery Wray. Margery rejoiced in confusion, and though really as industrious and hard-working a woman as any in the dales, she strongly objected to what she held to be fastidiousness and superfluous order. She could not bear taking trouble—"takin' tent" was her expression—where it was not needed, and when things were once cleaned and made to shine she expected them to last nice and bright for many days, if not for weeks afterwards. To use china tea-cups and glass tumblers, and to clean knives and forks every day, seemed to her in the last degree finnick and unnecessary, and I could see that Rebecca's well-furnished and conveniently arranged kitchen would soon be a source of serious altercation. At present granny was too much subdued and awed at the grandeur of her new abode and too tired with her long journey to presume to interfere or to make alterations; but as soon as she began to feel herself at home her scruples would disappear, and it would be far otherwise.

The garden was beautiful and in perfect order; the small lawn was of the finest turf and well trimmed, the borders were gay with autumn flowers, and, as there had not yet been any frost to speak of, the bedders—chiefly scarlet geraniums, golden calceolarias, and deep blue lobelias—were still in all their glory. There were also plenty of late roses, a few choice dahlias, and china-asters, and everywhere the fragrance of mignonette. We were astonished, having never seen anything like it before, for in those days "bedding-plants" had not begun to be the rage. Only the rich and great knew anything about them, and middle-class people and all the humbler folk of course, were quite contented with the common flowers of the season—hardy perennials, or the stereotyped annuals, which were sown every spring to flower in due course, and die down sooner or later in the autumn. There was a nice little kitchen garden, too, well stocked with winter vegetables and fruit trees, at sight of which Phoebe and I exulted, thinking of what awaited us when another summer came. There was a grape vine at one end of the house and an old, profusely bearing jargonelle round the corner; there was another tree we could not name, though Martin thought it was "a sort o' plum," but Rebecca said it was an apricot, and generally bore well. The strawberry bed looked healthy; there were bees under a south wall, and, grandest of all, there was a small, well-stocked greenhouse, which actually sent Margery into raptures, so that she ceased to bewail the loss of her sickly geraniums, and her persistently phlegmatic arums and cacti, which had been presented

with all due solemnities to a neighbour who was reported to have "great luck with plants and herbs." Her floral treasures reconciled her more than anything else to the changes which had befallen her.

In the evening Mr. Duckett came, and we heard all the news. Late on the night before, the marquis had brought home some friends; he had returned quite unexpectedly from Scotland, and the marchioness, of course, had been particularly engaged. All had been bustle and confusion at the Castle during the day, and Mr. Duckett himself had been unusually busy, but the marquis would be off again in a few days; he did not like Dovercourt—he never had liked it; he preferred his shooting-box in the Highlands, or his lodge in Snowdonia, or his place in Gloucestershire, or his house in town, or Paris, or Homburg, or Norway, or his yacht, or anywhere in fact, to his stately ancestral Castle of Dovercourt.

Now, my lady loved Dovercourt, and never left it if she could avoid it, and always came back again as soon as ever she could. She very seldom accompanied the marquis in his rambles, but stayed at home with her children, and occupied herself with her flowers; for she was passionately devoted to horticulture, and to her schools, which were famous all over the country.

The marquis let her do exactly as she liked, Mr. Duckett told us, and she never interfered with any of his pursuits, and always entertained his guests cordially, though her own tastes led her rather to shun than to court society. Yes, they got on very well together for people of rank, Mr. Duckett further said, in reply to some remark of Margery's; but they had not much in common; and he thought they agreed all the better because they were frequently separated, and met only at long and very uncertain intervals.

"Had not the marquis been much at Dovercourt lately?" Martin inquired.

Mr. Duckett reflected.

"Well, when I come to think of it, Mr. Wray, this is the first time he has been here this year. He was away in France all the winter—sometimes in Paris, sometimes in the provinces. In the spring he came to London, and my lady did go up to town for two or three weeks in the height of the season, but she came back not very well. The fatigues of society don't suit her; she is not to call strong—my lady—indeed I may say few ladies of quality ever are. My lord stayed on in town, and then went off with a party to Scotland; he was going somewhere else in October, but he was not expected at Dovercourt till Christmas, and the chances were ten to one, we all thought, that he would not come then. However, news came yesterday afternoon that he was on the

road, with half a dozen of his friends; an express arrived while I was here gossiping with you. When I went back I found the servants flying about, and Mrs. Miller, the housekeeper, quite flustered; and Mam'sell Sophie said my lady was put out—not that she didn't want to see my lord, of course, but she's not fond of surprises, and she does not like visitors coming promiscuous at an hour's notice. I went myself to tell her you were all safe here, and she received me very graciously, and hoped Mr. and Mrs. Wray were not excessively fatigued, and that the children were quite well. She looked pale, did my lady, as if she had been disturbed in her mind, but she was kind and condescending as she always is. It was very thoughtful of her now, asking about you children," continued Mr. Duckett, turning suddenly to the corner where Phoebe and I sat together. "There's many a grand lady wouldn't concern herself about the children or grandchildren of their old servants; they'd know nothing about them, or if they had ever known them they would no more think of them or remember them than they would think of or remember all the kittens that the cat has had. But my lady is one in a thousand, as I daresay you know well enough, Mr. Wray, having served her years ago, before she was married, I reckon; my lady was a Miss Grahame, I'm told?"

"Yes, a Miss Grahame. Phoebe, my bairnie, isn't it time ye went to bed?"

"Miss Phoebe and her brother are not at all alike," remarked Mr. Duckett, looking from me—I had an olive skin, dark eyes, and curly, black hair—to the blue-eyed, golden-headed little maiden, fair as any lily. "I suppose one favours the father, and the other the mother."

"Hugh and Phoebe are not brother and sister," replied Martin, quietly, puffing at his pipe. "This is Hugh Travis, and this is Phoebe Milner."

"Oh, indeed, neither of them Wrays—both of them daughters' children? It's a pity when a respectable old name isn't carried on. Now, I'm the last of the Ducketts at present, but I hope when I die I shall leave more of my name behind me, for the Ducketts are a good sort, such as you don't meet with any day. Poor children! *Both* orphans, Mr. Wray?"

Martin puffed vigorously but silently for a minute; then he replied, "Ailie, li'e Phoebe's mother, died five years ago, and she were the last o' our bairns; yes, a' our bairns are in the Kingdom noo. Please t' gude Lord we'll gang to 'em, for they canna come to us na mair."

"And the fathers—both dead?" inquired the persistent Mr. Duckett.

"Both on them," returned Martin, sadly. "Dinna talk about the bairns; it's mair na t' auld wife can thole; dinna greet, mither."

For Margery was fast melting into tears, as she always did when her daughter Alice Milner was mentioned.

"I'm sure I beg a thousand pardons," exclaimed Mr. Duckett; "I'll never say another word about your family. I know now exactly how it is, and I'll tell people, and then you won't be bothered. It must be a great affliction to outlive all your children, but grandchildren's the next best thing, and so you may be thankful, for this is a fine lad, and the little girl's as good as she's pretty I'll go bail. She's as pretty again as my Lady Olive."

"And who is she?" I eagerly inquired.

"She is my lord's eldest daughter and eldest child, the only one by the first wife. She's a little thin, sallow-skinned child, not much bigger than this little maid, but older I should say by two years or more. Lady Olive is not a bit like her stepmamma; we all say the first marchioness could not have been fit to hold a candle to her present ladyship. Lady Olive is proud and disdainful, and turns up her ugly little pug nose at everybody who is not what she calls her equal. She has small black eyes, with plenty of cunning in them, and she minces her words and walks along as if the earth wasn't good enough for such as she to tread on. She and her governess, Miss Flogg, have a suite of rooms in the east wing; and if ever there was a nasty, spiteful, envious old maid, false and toadying, it's Miss Flogg. We hate her like pison every one of us, from Mrs. Miller and Mr. Drew, the house steward, down to the meanest little scullery wench in the place. She's a regular '*lick-spittle*'—that's what *she* is. She'll come carneying here before you're a fortnight older, see if she don't. And my Lady Juliana is pretty well as bad."

"Who is Lady Juliana?"

"The marquis's eldest sister. She's been married three times, and now she's a widow again. She lives in the house we call 'The Hollies,' just t'other side of the park, but she's a good deal at the Castle, the sneaking old thing. She don't like my lady—it's easy to find that out—though she's always 'my dearing' and 'my loving' her, and she and Lady Olive is as thick as thieves. Oh! they're a precious set—Lady Juliana, and Lady Olive, and the governess, Miss Flogg. Lady Juliana married first of all a yellow oid nabob from India, with a temper like his fiery dishes, and a skin the colour of his gold. He'd settled all his money on her, and he died in less than a year. Then she married a dashing young captain of dragoons, who ran through most of the nabob's tin, and did so many bad things that nobody ever names him; and last

of all she married a parson, who they do say was the worst of the lot. And I don't doubt it, for I've seen his reverence's portrait, and it's villanous. I must say she'd a bad taste in husbands had my Lady Juliana. And now I must be off, for it's getting to supper-time. Somebody will show you where to sit to-morrow in church. Good night, Mr. Wray; good night, ma'am, and good night, Master Hugh."

And Mr. Duckett knocked the ashes out of his pipe and walked away.

(To be continued.)

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK II.

I do not know how it has come about that the use of the proverb is usually supposed to indicate a want of refinement; "No man of fashion," says Lord Chesterfield, "ever uses a proverb." No doubt with the age of fastidiousness, and in that superfluity of speech which such an age always brings, proverbs go out of use. The proverb is too curt, blunt, and honest; in an age which measures its dignity by the precepts of the dancing-master, proverbs are, of course, unfashionable; they are esteemed as contemptible old saws, and the worn-out garments, or at best the faded tassels of old-world society. And yet the most famous scholars have not disdained them. The noblest collection of proverbs is that of Erasmus; Aristotle did not think it beneath him to write a treatise upon them; and Plutarch in one age, and Plato in another, availed themselves of them. But they probably grew upon the tree of speech before its foliage was so full of leaves as it usually is in the age of fashion and refinement, which has also usually been the time when peoples and manners have declined, although their intercourse has seemed more polite. And yet as to the dignity which appears to be sacrificed when speech indulges in the homeliness of the proverb, if the proverb belongs to an age of comparative taciturnity, when men thought more and talked less, the Spanish has usually been regarded as a very dignified character, and the Spanish language seems to overflowing with proverbs. Here I have lying under my eye two old folio Spanish dictionaries, the one by Pedro Pineda, the other by Captain John Stevens, marvellously rich in proverbs,

pretty well the half of each bulky folio made up of Spanish proverbs and their expositions. We must look at the inscriptions on some of the old bricks of the great Proverb City as we walk along. Mr. Thornbury too, in his entertaining book on "Life in Spain," has gathered and grouped a number into one of the most interesting chapters in his volumes. Your Spaniard is an exceedingly dignified person; but it seems as if he can only hold intercourse with you by proverbs, and when, says Mr. Thornbury, a cigar is not in his mouth a proverb is coming out of it. Spanish wit is, it seems, compounded of proverbs—what millions there must be floating about all over the country; the proverb is the Spaniard's shield and stillito; and if you travel in Spain you are pelted with proverbs everywhere. As it was in the days of Cervantes and of Sancho Panza, so it is now. If a Spaniard has not any great quantity of pecuniary small change in his pocket, he has plenty of these on his tongue ever ready; his country has been very badly off for books—indeed, books wear out proverbs—so the Spaniard has cultivated this sauce for taciturnity, and he sanctifies by their use his everlasting propensity to smoke. "*He who smokes makes his own cloud, and need not care how the sky is.*" "*One cannot always have the church censer under one's nose.*" Not that all their proverbs are in honour of their cigar. "*A cloak covers everything.*" "*There is many a good drinker under a ragged cloak.*" "*A draught is like a bull, you should never get in its way.*" "*Long tongues want scissors.*" "*Jewellers' daughters have diamond eyes.*" Some of the proverbs of Spain, too, not only speak plainly of the old sad Reformation days, but contain also a promise of that reformation Spain seems to be attempting to accomplish now: one says, "*We pray for saints, but we don't want so many of them;*" and another, "*We pray by saints, but not by all of them;*" and another, "*If God pleases, and John comes, we will turn Peter out of doors;*" again, "*The devil gets up into the belfry by the vicar's skirts.*" Thus, notwithstanding the intensely Romanist character of Spain, many of those proverbs, which are the common sense of a people, the common colloquial life, have a very doubtful Romanist tendency. The proverb is quite a chief national characteristic of Spain, but most of the proverbs speak out the lazy Orientalism of the people; still a pair of good ones are—"A partridge frightened is half cooked," and "*God made us and we wonder at it.*" Spain prides itself much upon its dignity of character, but notwithstanding the verdict of Chesterfield the Spanish proverb is as remarkable a property of the country as its architecture, its painting, or its laziness. But perhaps its inertia and its proverb utterances have developed themselves side by side; its art was an older, nobler growth, and there are proverbs likely to grow out of the experience of a prostrate people; a

proverb may be at once the most persuasive and enigmatical form of speech, "a dark saying" in a word, as the parable is rather "a dark saying" in a song.

Shakespeare, with his usual wisdom, knew too that even popular revolutions are winged by proverbs; and in his *Coriolanus* he represents Caius Marcius expressing his contempt of the Roman people who had just poured forth a troop of proverbs expressive of their misery:—

" Hang 'em !
They said they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only—with these shreds
They vented their complainings."

It is in harmony with what we have before said that a brooding bitterness knits up speech to the tightness of whipcord, among people who are unable to revolt or rebel ; dark speeches, concentrated but full of meaning, go wandering about, until at last they are gathered like thunderbolts and hurled at the heads of their tyrants. In the fine expression of Sir James Mackintosh—an expression which contains much of the proverb and the parable combined—"They rise and break their chains upon the heads of their oppressors."

I suppose all symbolism, all symbolic forms, and the whole science of heraldry, had originally much the same purpose as proverbs and parables ; they were significative ; these, too, are eminently significative, they are spoken signs. When the smouldering fires of revolution broke out in the Netherlands, at the close of the fifteenth century, the people, crushed by war and cruel taxation, gathered together beneath a banner on which was the picture of a saint at whose feet were seen a coarse loaf and a green cheese ; this was all they wanted. They wore round their necks, like an order, a piece of bread and cheese, and they called themselves "*The Order of Bread and Cheese* ;" this was their proverb and parable. Sad it seems in God's rich and redundant earth that men should have to revolt who wanted so little ; and when this order was extinguished—for it was soon extinguished—in a year or two rose a new league ; and as the knightly order was permitted to wear boots, and peasants were only allowed to wear rough shoes, or, as they were called, "clouted shoon," the league was called "*The Order of the Clouted Shoon*," or the "*Bund Shuh* ;" and they had a banner on which was painted, on a ground half white and half blue, a clouted shoe, at the foot of the Saviour on the cross, with the inscription, "*Nothing but the justice of God.*" This was their proverb and their parable ; the story is one of the most interesting in the history of Germany. Men have always sought for mystic

signs, and in great popular movements have folded up their speech into sharp watchwords, which have been like trumpet-calls or volleys of artillery. Sometimes they have been given out by telegraphic letters as a fleet has moved into action, or thundered out by the leader at the head of his army; they all partake of the nature of the proverb—short, quick, and quickening sentences, perhaps not always pictorial, but usually effective. And there are words which great men have uttered in moments of their own despondency, or of great national depression, or when they were on the eve of some great triumph, which have ever since retained their place in the language, and which in their pith and point have retained also ever since the power of the proverb, and which men will never allow to die, such as that saying of the dying Wolsey, "*If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have cast me off in my grey hairs;*" such words as Latimer's chained to the stake while the sharp flames were consuming his body, "*Cheer up, Brother Ridley, by the grace of God, thou and I will kindle such a fire in England this day as will never go out any more.*" And that word when the brave Raleigh mounted the scaffold, and felt the keen axe beneath the light of his clear, undaunted eye, "*It is a sharp medicine, but it cures all diseases;*" and beautiful Madame Roland, at the foot of the scaffold, "*O Liberty, what things have been done in thy name!*" and Nelson's last signal flaming across the Bay of Trafalgar, "*England expects every man to do his duty.*" Such sentences as these have acquired grandeur and dignity from the circumstances in which they were spoken, and have become proverbs.

And this strain of citation from the proverbial repertory, proverbs of brave and noble natures, uttered when clouds were darkening around them, reminds me of the large store of proverbs inculcating a cheerful endurance of the ills of life. "*Cheer up, God is where He was,*" says one; "*Patience is a plaster for all sores;*" "*Patience and perseverance will carry us through;*" "*Fret not.*" But it will be often a very difficult thing to keep from fretting, and *fretfulness* it is which wears life threadbare; *fret* is *frayed*, and points to that which may be *frayed* or *worn out* by perpetual irritation. Few can be quite so indifferent as was Sir Thomas More, who, when he was prisoner in the Tower, and one reminding him that he had not been careful about the pointing of his beard and the dressing of his hair, replied that there was a great controversy going on betwixt the King and himself for his head, and until that was brought to a happy end, one way or the other, he should take no care about it. There are persons whose sum of existence seems to be in their fretfulness; such persons do not usually wait for subjects on which to occupy their peculiar genius for discomfort; every

object, moment, and circumstance supplies the opportunity. There are noble cares and pathetic sorrows, but that which we call fretfulness is very often a sorrow in the fancy, a complexion of the imagination, and more frequently arises from the absence than the presence of great and real grief; it is what is usually complimented with the denomination of nervousness. Care and carefulness are of a higher order of trouble; they have their proverbs too. "*Cor ne edito*," "*Let not care gnaw the heart*." When we begin to reflect upon our own disappointments, the subject is very fruitful, and some throw away all the blessings of life in such vain work, and some think upon it so intently that the thought becomes a disease, and at last they throw away their own life. "*Fret not thyself*," says the Psalmist, "*lest thou be moved to do evil*." The lazy Spaniards are wiser than they know when they say, "*If you rise ever so early the day won't get up any the sooner*." And the Italians, "*A hundred cart-loads of care won't pay an ounce of debt*." "*Care brings grey hairs*." "*Care killed a cat*," and yet they say a cat has nine lives. Yet, "*Man is born to trouble as surely as the sparks fly upward*." No one can escape the fangs of care. Old Burton says, "*You may as soon separate weight from lead, heat from fire, moisture from water, and brightness from the sun, as misery, discontent, care, calamity, and danger from man*." Poor old Burton, pity his wisdom did not make him wiser: he committed suicide. An old poet says:

" We urge in vain the courser's pace,
The stag's device in vain we learn,
While *Care* maintains an equal race
While dogg'd by fate at every turn.

" In vain we rear the soaring mast,
And spread the swelling sail in vain,
Care, swifter than the viewless blast,
O'ertakes us on the stormy main.

" For not a vessel cleaves the tide
But misery finds a cabin there,
Love, malice, envy, climb her side,
And freight her with corroding *care*.

" 'Tis well to praise her burnish'd deck,
Her gallant trim, and hearts of oak;
Oh, many a heart has suffer'd wreck,
And many a tender cord is broke.

" What then remains if hope be vain
From canvas wing, and breezes fair?
Reverse the sage's moral strain,*
Confront the fell pursuer—*Care*.

Turn round and say to care, "*What do you mean by it?*" "*Care is a coward, and flies from the fearless*." We have heard the old story of the man who contemplated suicide, and in order to nerve his hand, and prepare himself for the moment, had in a bottle of

* "*And since 'tis vain to combat, learn to fly*."

wine and his pipe of tobacco, and as the clouds rolled up, and as the war spirit of the wine enlivened him, the thought of suicide became less and less agreeable, and he gave up the idea altogether. There is an anodyne for every fretful nature, "*Si gravis brevis, si longus levis.*" "If it is very severe and heavy it can't last; if it is long it is light and may be borne." For "He who loses money loses much, he who loses a friend loses more, but he who loses his spirits loses all." And over and above all this, faith furnishes a fine armour against fretfulness; and the Saviour's word, "*Fear not, little flock,*" is an illustrious proverb.

And this region of proverb is very closely indeed related to another, the limitation of our desires. This often strikes me as the most unprofitable subject on which to hang our moralities or preach our sermons. Very few amongst us give the slightest heed to the sentiments to which we all give our most eulogistic admiration; we admire Horace immensely—*Odi profanum vulgus, &c., &c.*

This celebrated ode has been translated again and again; admiration, beyond all computation, has been meted out to it. Its fine homage to the sweet sleep of the labouring man, its congratulation to him who, having curbed desire within the bounds of the enough, has no fear of blasts which heave the seas, or hail storms which dispoil vineyards and orchards of their fruits. But I have often thought I would have liked to look in upon Horace in his home in the Sabine vale, perhaps we should have found him no more contented than the rest of us. I question whether he had attained to the state of a probable contemporary of his who never wrote poetry about it, but who did say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." I fancy that is a *Jam satis* beyond the reach of Horace.

The science of contentment has had many a pretty proverb, and many a lovely parable hung upon it; and few words are better known than Agur's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say 'Who is the Lord?' or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." "*Enough,*" says the proverb, "*is as good as a feast,*" but few people know when they have had enough, or have got enough. I remember to have heard, many years since, a tale of an ogre, an imp, and a fairy; they were all enchanters. The name of the ogre was *Toolittle*; he martyred his victims by starving them, and pinching them, and subjecting them to every variety of tortures. It was very true that some people fancied themselves in his power when they were only suffering from their own nervous fears; but he was no doubt a very grim ogre, and had very sad ways of doing people mischief. But the other was a perfect imp, *Toomuch*, and he tortured those who fell into his hands

in an extraordinary fashion, compelling them to gorge at luxurious banquets until they were sickened; to toil by jumping about to the sound of music until they were ready to drop with fatigue; to sit all night long at tables covered with green baize and call it playing; to smile at what they disliked, to caress what they scorned, and to embrace what they hated. Then this mischievous imp had another always in his pay and service called *Ennui*. This wretched creature had a way of confining people, preventing them from doing anything, and yet when they were unable to move tickling them so severely as to give a sense of exquisite pain. Now between the dreary castle of *Toolittle*, a sort of summer residence of Giant Despair, and the splendid palace and large estates of *Toomuch*, there dwelt a benevolent fairy named *Enough*. Within her beautiful domain there reigned perfect peace and happiness, yet few people ever chose to stop there; they constantly passed through, and seldom seemed to admire the beauty of the spot. Those who had escaped from the clutches of *Toolittle* made all possible haste to reach the fatal land of *Toomuch*; while very often those who were already there fancied themselves to be suffering from the tyranny of *Toolittle*, and did not discover their mistake until they really fell into the grasp of that grim giant and his tormentors. It has always been a rare thing to find any one who owned their love for the benevolent *Enough*, and enjoyed the repose of her protection. Contentment has been called the true philosopher's stone, turning all its touches into gold; while, on the contrary, we have heard of the fool who sought to turn lead into gold. He failed, indeed, to do that, but found it not so difficult to turn gold into lead. Holmes has satirised the contentment of some who are rather fond of the sentiment that "man wants but little here below"—

"Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin—
Some, *not so large*, in rings—
A ruby and a pearl or so
Will do for me—I laugh at show."

Contentment is a refined, a blessed, and beautiful virtue, but it does not imply want of energy. It should not be the inertia of the soul, but the *satisfaction*; it is a sense of *containment*—in a word, *enough*. Eliza Cook's lines are almost proverbial—

"Out upon the calf I say
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay
Because it is not clover;
Give to me the happy mind,
That can always seek and find
Something good and something kind,
All the wide world over."

"We may be poor, but then I guess
Our troubles with our pomps are less;
And those who wear a russet dress
Need never fear the rumpling.
And though champagne froth seldom hums
Between our fingers and our thumbs,
Red apoplexy seldom comes
To dine with plain stone dumpling."

"*There is an hour wherein a man might be happy all his life could he find it;*" but "*None says his garner is full,*" and so the hour is never known.

"*In a great river fish are to be found,
But they who go fishing are often drowned.*"

We need not interpret this proverb upon the lazy side, for it is very true if the fisherman sits lazily at home there will be no fish that day in the market; but he who strikes out into deep seas should recollect that he is in danger among the deep waters, and much of the misery and unrest of life arises from the care many give themselves about what never can be theirs, and matters in which they have little or no personal interest. A man need not be a cynic or a satirist sometimes to say with Goethe—

"All this is neither my coat nor my cake:
Why fill my hand with other men's charges?
*The fishes swim at ease in the lake,
And take no thought of the barges.*"

We have so far left contentment behind us, I believe, in this age that the virtue is almost regarded as a shabby piece of antiquity. An old, discoloured, and worn-out dress, all very well in the wardrobe of our ancestors, but as much out of place in our busy and stirring times as any of the ruffs and doublets would be with which they were wont to adorn themselves. Old Jeremiah Burroughs said a number of fine and racy things about the science of contentment. It is, says he, like the science of navigation—it brings all things; for, as by the first, men can fetch silks, and spices, and gold from the East and West Indies, by this other science a man may sit at home and fetch in the comfort of any condition whatsoever—that is, have the comfort in contentment without the things another has in the things themselves. And truly, he says elsewhere, it is with things as it was with the manna. So long as the Israelites gathered enough of it and not too much it was good, but when they gathered too much it became useless and bred worms. Too much is a sad worm for eating, or rust for corrupting. "*Riches breed care; poverty is safe.*" Not, as we said just now, that these sayings have very much effect in converting people. We are like travellers, who, having reached the top of a hill, see another a great way off; but it seems as if, having reached that, they might almost touch the clouds, but when that is climbed they are as far from the clouds and as far indeed from the highest earthly summit as ever.

An old and very well-known story tells us that when Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, invaded Italy, or was about to do so, with a large army, his friend and councillor Cineas said, "Your majesty intends to march against the Romans. Should victory crown your arms, what advantage would you derive from the conquest?" "Oh, then," said Pyrrhus, "having conquered the Romans, all Italy will be ours." "Yes," said Cineas, "and supposing ourselves masters of that country, what shall we do next?" "Oh, then," said the king, "of course we shall take possession of Sicily." "And then, I suppose," said Cineas, "your majesty will end?" "End there?" said the king. "What, stop short in so glorious a career? No, having conquered so far, Carthage with all Africa, Macedonia with all Greece, will be sure to yield to us." "And when we have achieved all this," said Cineas, "how shall we dispose of ourselves?" "Why, then," said the king, "I think we may live at our ease." "Oh, my king," said the philosopher, "what prevents us from doing all this now? Why should we go so far in search of happiness when it is already in our power, and pay so dear for what it is quite uncertain whether we shall ever obtain?" "I am afraid this will be thought rather an ignoble, little morality; and it will be said, if the race in general acted upon the principle of Cineas', nations would be very poor and men very low-spirited. But it is not impossible to carry the spirit of contentment even into the energies of active life when we attempt to extend ourselves without tripping up our neighbour. But, indeed, this last is a sad mark upon the times in which we live. We are monopolists. The Chinese say, "*A bird can roost only on one branch; a mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river.*" But there are many amongst us whom no number of branches can supply with a nest large enough, and whom no river can fill. No man seems to be satisfied with his own business; he takes up so many others. We might think there was a great scarcity of labourers in the market. Men seem to attend to so many things. To whom can you apply the Arab proverb, "*His eye is full*"? The Scotch one would be much more suitable, "*He'll get enough one day when his mouth is full of mould.*" Hence it is that "*The greedy man and the cheat soon agree.*" And all our groans about the adulteration everywhere alike in our food and our finery, our nicknacks and our necessities, arise from this; and "*Two hungry meals make the third a glutton.*" There is wisdom in the old saying, *Dimidium plus toto*, "*The half is better than the whole.*" "*Too much of one thing is good for nothing.*" "*One may be surfeited by eating tarts.*" "*Better a little fire to warm us than a big fire to burn us.*" "*Give me,*" says the Spanish, "*the ass that carries me rather than the horse that throws me.*"

There is a story told of a rich old farmer who lived many ages

since at Plymouth. He perceived that many of his neighbours who traded on the sea came home very rich and lived in a very abundant manner; so he would go to sea too. He parted with his farms, sold all that he had, left his wife and children with friends, and traded into Spain, and his freight, with which he was returning, was in figs; but upon his way home a great hurricane of wind arose, the vessel had to be lightened, and overboard went crate after crate of his figs, while the poor man, as he saw them swimming away or sinking out of sight, exclaimed, "Oh! there go my sheep, my oxen; there goes my farm, all that I have in this world!" and instead of returning home rich he came home poor—he had lost his all; but his neighbours pitied his folly. One gave him an ox, and another a horse, and so on, "until by sagacity and energy," says the story, "he had picked up all his crumbs again." But following the plough one fine day in a field whence there was a fine view of the sea, very still, and calm, and shining bright in the glorious sunshine, he bade his ploughboy stand still while he looked towards it. "Ah," he said, "I see how it is with you. *You want more figs*; but your fine, smooth, bright looks shall never deceive me again. Drive on, boy." There are many things in the world which may strike a man of experience as the sea did the old farmer; they deceive, and they only put on a fair appearance, shining and resplendent, to deceive. The world itself is spoken of in the Book of Revelation as a "sea of glass," and it is said, too, to be mingled with fire. The traveller in Switzerland crosses the *Mer de Glace*, the sea of glass or ice, but he has to do it with exceeding caution and care. At every step fissures yawn fearfully, sharp and cruel, too, as knives or razors; and so the world, where it is most shining and resplendent, cracks and breaks asunder; its transparency allures to deceive, and few, however they may repent and grieve, are so wise as the old farmer, having been deceived once, to turn a back upon the enchantment or enchantress, to bethink them of the old proverb, "*Once bit twice shy*," and say, "*No, no; you only want more figs.*" This is the lesson of *Dimidium plus toto*, "*The half is better than the whole.*"

The dog caught at the shadow of a piece of meat in the water, and so he lost that he had in his mouth. The ancients recommended the *Aurea mediocritas*, or the golden mean. A Spanish story tells us:—"A dragon guarded with anxiety an immense treasure in a profound cave. He neither slept by day nor by night for the purpose of guarding it. Two foxes, artful, flattering, and villains by profession, introduced themselves into his favour with their deceitful praises. Both were his intimate friends. Those who are the most courteous and officious are not always the most sincere. They rendered their compliments with the greatest sub-

mission, admiring his idle fancies, and agreed with him in his opinions, and amused themselves by his ridiculous foolishness. Finally one day he reposed himself, sleeping between his two confidants. They killed him and took possession of his treasure. It was necessary to divide the pillage—a point very delicate, and not easy to adjust, because two villains seldom agree, except in the execution of their crimes. One of them began to exhort the other in these words: ‘In what way will all these riches benefit us? A young rabbit would be to us a prize more agreeable. We cannot make a meal of these doubloons, they are very indigestible. Men are great fools in wishing to obtain such imaginary riches. We ought not to be such foolish creatures as they are.’ The other pretended that these reflections had made a powerful impression upon him, and assured his companion that in future he should be content to lead a philosophic life and to leave his treasure entirely alone. Apparently both were disposed to abandon their badly acquired wealth; but finally they both fought till they had nearly destroyed each other. One of them, expiring, said to the other, who was as mortally wounded as himself, ‘What did you intend to do with all that gold?’ ‘The same that you had proposed to do with it,’ replied the other. A traveller, being informed of their dispute, told them that they were both stupid. ‘So is the majority of the human race,’ replied one of the foxes. ‘Gold cannot serve you for food, and yet you assassinate each other for it. The foxes have been sufficiently wise, at least until now, to admire wealth as a useless thing. What you have introduced among you as a convenience has become your disgrace. You reject a substantial good merely to follow an imaginary one.’ Thus in fact we shall often find that we have to renounce the ambition to gain, in order that we may the more safely retain.

Such proverbs, with their correspondencies in parable, remind us of that other which at first sight seems quite occult, and altogether out of the way of cause and effect, the old proverb that “*Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands.*” Bishop Latimer, in one of his famous sermons, quotes this as a notable instance of bad logic, and tells the old story of Sir Thomas More going down by commission into Kent to discover the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shelf which stopped up Sandwich Haven. There a venerable old man, who seemed to be little less than a hundred years of age, replied to Master More in language which has become proverbial since:—“Forsooth,” quoth he, “I am an old man, sir: I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands, for I am an old man, I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there, and before the Tenterden steeple was in building there was no manner

of talking of any flats or sands that stopped up the haven; and therefore I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the decay and destroying of Sandwich Haven." So reasoned the old man, and he has been laughed at ever since; but it is probable that the ancient father was a satirist in his way, and witty old Thomas Fuller puts quite another construction than that of folly upon the old man's words, and by his exposition of them it appeared that many ages since money was collected out of the country to fence the east banks against the eruption of the sea. These sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester. The sea having been for some time quiet, the Bishop thought it unnecessary to expend the money on the purpose for which it had been levied, and with it built a steeple, and endowed the church at Tenterden. By-and-bye sands gather, wrecks are multiplied, making the coast a terror; and Sir Thomas More goes down to inquire into the cause. The old man utters his dark saying, perhaps under some fear in speaking out more plainly. He gets laughed at through all ages afterwards for a very foolish old father; yet he told a very rational tale after all. Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands, and probably Tenterden itself lost in its gain. It is not a difficult thing to see that to those able to receive it it is an illustration of *Dimidium plus toto*.

I began this paper with a cluster of Spanish proverbs, and some of them seem to be more than many readers may like—eulogistic of cigars and smoking. Let us close then by picking up two or three proverbs, or perhaps a parable, out of the kitchen. I suppose one of the best known of proverbs is that old one, "*God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.*"

It is a great thing to know, not only what to eat, but how to eat it. "*They that serve the beast shall have no rest day nor night.*" And this might pass into a very fitting and descriptive proverb for many who mourn and wail night and day over their fits of dyspeptics and indigestion. It is very true, "*Serve the stomach and you serve the beast;*" and there are those whose days are past in preparations for the dinner-table, and their nights beneath the tyranny of nightmare and harassing and disordering dreams. Hence the proverb, "*Better lose a supper than have a hundred physicians,*" but some read it another way, "*Better lose a hundred suppers than have one physician.*" "*Diet cures more than the lancet.*" "*A man has often more trouble to digest meat than to get meat.*" "*The difference between the poor man and the rich is, that the poor man walketh to get meat for his stomach, the rich to get a stomach for his meat.*" Dr. Watts, in some very happy verses, has described and satirised those who only live to eat, and forget that the purpose of eating is to live:—

“ There are a number of us creep
 Into the word to eat and sleep,
 And know no reason why they're born
 Save to consume the flesh and corn ;
 Unliky birds of hateful name,
 Ravens and crows might do the same,
 Ravens and crows might fill their places,
 And feed on corn and carcases.
 Then if their tombstones, when they die,
 Beant taught to flatter, or to lie,
 Why then, what further can be said,
 Than that they've ate up all their bread,
 Drank up their drink, and gone to bed ? ”

“ *The devil sends the cooks ;* ” it seems a coarse, strong proverb, but when I remember the enormous and horrible cruelties of the kitchen I think the proverb is very just ; and when I remember the ridiculous usages and inventions to please the taste, and pamper the appetite, I become still more persuaded of its justice. Here is an extract from Soyer's “ *Modern Housewife* : ” — “ My Dear Eloise, — Do not make any mistakes in the way you describe the above receipts, which might be made very ridiculous if wrongly explained. For example, I once had an old French cookery-book in my hand which had the fifteenth edition stamped on its old brown leather cheek, in which a receipt for ‘ *Tete de veau à la poulette*, ’ that is, a calf's head, with white sauce, in which small onions and mushrooms are introduced, read as follows ; but, before describing it, allow me to indulge in a hearty laugh at the absurd manner in which it is explained ; it reads thus : — ‘ First choose *your head* as thick, and as fat as you can ! then plunge it into two gallons of water, which must be nearly boiling, in a pan on the fire ! Let your head remain about ten minutes ; then take it out by the ears, and, after remaining a short time, scrape your hair off with the back of a knife, without injuring your cheek, and pull your eyes out ; break your jaw-bone and saw your head in two, without smashing your brains, which take out carefully ! set it in cold water, to get clean and white ; then pull out your tongue, scrape and dry it, having previously boiled it with your head, which, after two hours' ebullition, will feel as soft as possible ; when see that your head is in the centre of the dish, your tongue divided in two, and placed on each side of it ; sharp sauce, according to number, is allowed to be served with either head or tongue ! ’ I assure you, although I do not profess to be a scholar in that fashionable language, French, I believe this to be as near as possible the true translation of the original. Then follow calves' feet, which is nearly as absurd as the former. “ *Pieds de veau au naturel*, ” calves' feet the natural way. Choose *your* fine feet in the rough state, and, *as with your head*, place a pan of water on the fire ; when hot, but not too much so, put your feet

into the water for about ten minutes ; try if you can easily clean them, as your head, with a knife ; if not, put a spoonful of salt into the water, and let them remain a few minutes longer ; then scrape like your head ; when well cleaned wipe them dry, and they are ready for dressing, which may be done in almost twenty different ways. When your feet are tender, set them on a dish, take out the big bone, surround them with sausage meat, wrap them up in caul, and form a heart with them. Then *place your feet on a gridiron, let them gently broil, and when done eat them* for breakfast or luncheon, after which a gentle walk might give you an appetite for dinner."

But this sounds merely ludicrous. The stories, however, of old cookery abundantly justify the sharp proverbs of our forefathers about the cooks. A doctor, once enraged with a fastidious patient, when at last the question was put to him, "But, doctor, what may I eat?" replied, "Anything, anything but the poker, tongs, and shovel." And another, when a lady inquired if she might eat some oysters, answered, "Oh, yee, ma'am, shells and all." It is probable, however, that "the ministry of the interior," or stomach affairs, may need a little more regulation than such answers would seem to imply, and it is wise to regulate diet by age, climate, weather, and exercise. Hence that capital proverb :—

"Joy, and temperance, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

Or in its rhymeless form, the best physicians are, "*Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman*;" and that is another good proverb, which implies a walk for breakfast and water for supper,

"*In the morning to the mountain,
In the evening to the fountain.*"

It is rather an amazing thing to notice how we have laid under contribution the whole wide earth to please and pamper our fastidious appetites. What spices, what marvellous condiments, "all to please and sate the curious taste!" Very wonderful some of these have seemed to those who have been permitted to taste of them for the first time, as several stories show more wonderful than pleasant. There is a humorous Cornish tale in the Cornish dialect illustrating this ; but "*Laurie Todd*," or "*Grant Thorburn*," was in the habit of telling such a story, a Scottish experience in the olden time. It was one market day Margaret, the wife of a neighbouring farmer, had come into the market, and in addition to her load of hens, geese, &c., brought a small basket of eggs as a present to the minister. Having sold her load of merchandise, she took her way to the manse, and after inquiring how the wife and all the bairns were, she said, "I hae brought ye twa or three fresh eggs for the gude wife, to help her in making your bannocks." The present was kindly received, and being dinner time, the good woman was invited to

stop and eat her kail. "Nae, nae!" she said; "I dinna ken to behave at great folks' table." "Oh, never mind!" said the minister, "only you just do as you see we do." This seemed very simple, and good, and natural advice. So Margaret sat down at table; the minister was old, his hand shook, for he had been visited by a stroke of palsy. In conveying the spoon from the dish to his mouth, his arm being unsteady, was apt to spill; to prevent it from going on his clothes, it was his habit, old-world like, to tie one end of the table-cloth to the top of his waistcoat, just under his chin. Margaret's keen eye took in this, so she pinned the other end of the table-cloth to a strong homespun shawl, under her chin. She watched every move. It was a time when condiments were not much known in farm-houses among the hills. The minister deposited a quantity of mustard on the side of his plate. Margaret, not exactly measuring the proportion the minister had taken, conveyed a spoonful of mustard to her mouth. It soon began to operate. She had never seen mustard, and knew not what it meant, only it seemed to her that she was bewitched. She was crazy with pain; to spit upon the carpet would have been indeed a sin. At this moment the girl Janet opened the door, bringing in some clean plates. The unhappy woman at once sprang up, upset the girl, plates and all, swept the table of its contents, upset the minister too; the crash of the battle behind her added speed to her flight as to a retreating warrior; she was pulling the minister after her, who had been fast at the other end of the table; he was drawn on until the pins gave way, and then away flew Margaret, a pretty story to tell when she got that night to her farm among the hills. The minister received no more donations of eggs. I have no doubt had you quoted to her our proverb, "*God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks,*" it would have received a very warm assent. But a whole troop of proverbs remain behind, and yet to quote, concerning this continent of meat and drink upon which we have entered.

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER VI.—WRITTEN BY PANSIE TREVOR.

WE were out all the day following that upon which we arrived at Lucerne, enjoying the fresh air and the glorious mountain views in the environs of the lake. Papa once spent some time in this neighbourhood in his bachelor days, and used to indulge in daily boatings on the water.

How delightful! Violet and I have been wishing for a boat all day; but mamma, I am afraid, would never venture in one, she has a great terror of being overtaken by a *Vent d'Italie* when out on the water.

Mamma is fatigued, and will dine in her own room to-day. Violet and I are going to the *table d'hôte* with papa. Violet has just left me. We have been discussing the knotty question as to what we shall wear. Violet need not have made so important a matter of it, as I fancy there are very few people here. Mad'line says the hotel is almost empty.

* * * * *

The evening has not been so dull as we imagined it would be. Now that I am retired to my own room, I am going to chronicle its events just as they occurred.

There is a moon to-night. I draw my writing-table into a corner so that the light from my *bougie* shall not fall upon the window, and draw up the blind.

White crests of moonshine crown the mountain summits, and silver the dark pines. How lovely everything appears!

But to my task, or my eyes will be heavy with sleep ere it is finished. Yet it is because sleep seems so far from them that I am reversing my usual practice, and writing at night instead of in the morning.

At the dinner hour Violet and I descended the broad staircase, one of us on either arm of papa's. We were dressed both alike in evening dresses of blue silk, with mantillas of white lace thrown across our shoulders.

Mad'line was right, the *table d'hôte* was but sparsely attended. Instantaneously we recognised two of the guests as the gentlemen who yesterday rendered us so kindly a service at the little *auberge*.

The recognition was mutual; but they did not seem so surprised by it as we were. Papa and they were as much at home in a few minutes as though they were acquaintances of long standing; but people do fraternise more quickly when they meet abroad than they do in England. I am convinced that my dear Violet has made a conquest. The dark gentleman, whose name is De l'Orme, repeated the stare that angered me so yesterday. When he catches Violet's eyes or mine, he certainly withdraws his, and I ought perhaps to qualify the word I have used. It is not a bold stare, neither is it a stare respectful, it is as though he were constrained to give it by some powerful attraction her beauty wields; and yet there is more than that in it, for there is something about it I do not like. I wish he would not follow Violet so persistently with his eyes. What a different countenance his friend Lord Haig has—a face that at once wins my confidence, for I feel certain that it is an index

to a noble heart. There is something both frank and winsome in his bearing. Violet does not admire him so much as she does Mr. De l'Orme; but then in some respect she has a much more romantic imagination than I have, and likes to be at once awed and mystified. I do not. I like the open, honest palm that one does not fear to lay one's hand within; the steady, earnest gaze that meets one's own, and that one feels instinctively has nothing to conceal; and a speech that has the ring of truth in its tones, and is free from bitterness.

When we left the table we threw shawls around us, and strolled out into the verandah with papa and our new acquaintances. I had papa's arm, Lord Haig walked on the other side of him as they continued their conversation; Violet lingered a little in the rear with Mr. De l'Orme. Papa paused near the end of the verandah.

"It seems but the other day since I was here, a gay young bachelor, with a party of equally light-hearted bachelor friends. We had lodgings at Brunen, on the other side of the lake yonder, in a large old château pulled down long ago doubtless. We could only get empty rooms, which we had to furnish for ourselves after a fashion of our own, and were put to some of the greatest straits, even for some of what we had been taught to consider the necessities of life; added to which the natives then spoke a barbarous kind of German there was no comprehending, nor was there hardly a person who could understand our French. But it was fine fun notwithstanding all the shifts we were put to. We had a little skiff upon the water, and we occupied our time chiefly when on board, German student fashion, in smoking and reading. When I look upon the old familiar scenes I can recall even the favourite passages in the books I was perusing."

Then papa quoted—

" 'And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose upon the murky earth
A white and shapeless mass.' "

"It is hardly a happy thought to compare our fair, round, lovely moon to a 'dying lady, lean and pale,' or to term her 'a shapeless mass,'" said Lord Haig, raising his boyish face to the grand luminary of the night; then he slightly inclined his head towards me.

" 'On the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;

Whoever gazed upon them shining
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray?"

"Do you not feel the cold, Pansie?"

It was papa who put the question.

"No, papa, not in the least."

Papa moved away, walking to and fro to warm himself, and finally went indoors for his overcoat. Lord Haig exclaimed eagerly, but with something so frank and boyish in his manner that made it impossible for me to consider he had taken a liberty in so doing—

"Pansie! Is that your name?"

"Yes, I am always called by that name; but it is only a fanciful one of mamma's bestowing. I do not suppose I shall ever be called by any other; I do not even know what my rightful one is."

"You need not wish to be called anything else. Nothing can be prettier than 'Pansie,' and it seems to suit you so well."

"My sister's name is Violet. And that is another fancy of mamma's. I do not know whether she has another. I asked mamma once, and she said it was quite sufficient for me, and every one else, to know that the Violet and the Pansie are sister flowers."

"And so your floral names have a gentle mystery, thrown like a silver veil about them, to render them doubly enchanting."

"I never regarded it as a mystery; I always have such perfect confidence in mamma, and in whatever she does and says, that I never think of questioning anything she states for my acceptance."

Lord Haig sighed and turned his face partly from me in the moonlight. Had my words touched any sad chord in his heart that such a look of sadness swept over his face? It was impossible for me to see such an expression upon any one's face as that the moonlight revealed upon his without being impelled to say something that would relieve it.

For an instant I forgot that he was a stranger, that we had never met until yesterday. There are some people one feels to know so quickly, and others again one might spend a lifetime with, and they would still remain sealed books.

I drew a step nearer to him. I looked into his clouded face.

"I am sorry if I have said anything to cause you pain."

"You, Miss Trevor?—you give me pain? Oh, no! I have felt nothing but delight since I met you."

The simple earnestness of his words caused my heart to bound with joy.

"But you looked very sad only a minute ago."

He hesitated a moment, then turned towards me, and laid one of his slender, nervous white hands down upon the one of mine that rested upon the balustrade.

"I will tell you what caused my sadness if you care to listen."

I bent my head, and my eyes fell to the slender hand under whose soft palm mine lay. He took this, as I intended he should, as an intimation of my desire to listen, and continued—

"A year ago I lost both my parents suddenly by death under distressing circumstances. I cannot describe to you what an effect this sudden bereavement had upon me; it was a delirium of agony, nothing less. I was their only child, their darling, their first thought and consideration from the hour of my birth. I looked up to them with a love and reverence nothing short of idolatry. When they spoke to me of God I believed His love could not exceed theirs; when they spoke to me of worship I could only glorify my Maker through them."

Lord Haig was deeply moved while he spoke thus; he trembled from head to foot, and his face was white in the moonlight.

"The paroxysm of despair gave place to a deep and settled melancholy. Doctors and friends strove to arouse me from it, but in vain; then the former ordered me away for change. It was like tearing out my heart anew to bid me leave Craigdallie and the scenes they had loved. Every familiar object in my dear Scottish mountain home spoke to me of them, and the only consolation I had was in listening. I obeyed my advisers at length, because health and mind were alike beginning to suffer under such heavy strain. Change of scene has helped me in part to conquer that anguish; but sometimes, as just now, a chance word will open those wounds afresh. I was reminded by what you said of all I have lost."

His confession moved me to a great pity for him. Might I not comfort, though I had never felt the agony he described? but I spoke my words timidly, fearing he should think me incapable of comprehending.

"The ties loosened on earth are reunited in heaven. I sometimes think, when our dear ones leave us, we can have no greater consolation than the remembrance of this. When our clinging affections are detached here it is that they may soar the higher; that those whom we love only precede us for a little while to that land where there are no partings and no tears; and the thought of them awaiting us on the other side will make our passage of the dark stream lighter."

Lord Haig carried my hand impulsively to his lips—an act that made me start and crimson in the moonlight, though now, when I look back upon it, I am certain that to him it was only a simple expression of gratitude. It ought not to have caused me one flush of resentment or shame; only the girlish vanity that I possess in common with others of my age and sex could misinterpret it as the

action of a lover, since it is that which leads us to set down as such the commonest tokens of regard or interest. The thought occurs to me how Violet would interpret such an act of gallantry did she know of it; but then she shall not know of it until Lord Haig is far away and is never likely to cross our path again and his name is almost forgotten.

But I have not chronicled the words with which Lord Haig accompanied this acknowledgment of the success of my effort to solace his grief.

"How appropriately you are called Pansie!" he said. "Don't let them change your name. I shall always remember you by it,—the truest little bit of Heartsease that ever dispensed its blessings, and lightened a human breast of its load of sorrow."

Papa came back to us at that instant with his overcoat on.

"Take my arm, Pansie, and come and walk; I am sure you will take a chill remaining so long in one position."

So we commenced to stroll again, and Violet and Mr. De l'Orme joined us. The conversation became general, and Lord Haig was the life of it. How well stored his mind appears to be! How general seems his knowledge of books and literature! and how noble and how generous are his sentiments contrasted with the cynicisms now and then thrown in by his friend! Papa was delighted with him, and I heard him express his astonishment to mamma before we retired to our rooms for the night, at finding such just views, such quick perception, and such clear ideas united in one such boyish person.

Papa, for his own part, was brilliant enough; Violet held her ground very ably in the conversation, for my dear Violet is no empty headed beauty; but I was satisfied to walk and listen.

I have been writing for a long while, but I have not written myself into a sleepy fit.

The moon is past her zenith, the shadows grow longer, and that "snow of deepest silence" lies everywhere. How lovely everything is! I have never observed such effects of light and shadow in the moonlight before; it lies like a radiance upon all the prominent parts of the landscape, leaving the rest in a darkness more intense by comparison. What will heaven be like, I wonder, that has no need of the sun, nor of the moon; and what will that glory of God be that exceeds the light of these? To-morrow we leave for Geneva, but can Lake Leman be half as lovely as Lucerne?

* * * * *

I can answer the question fully now with which I concluded the last portion of my diary. Geneva is lovely, exquisitely lovely, but still the sacred solitude and sombre beauty of Lucerne will for ever stand apart in my memory.

We are domiciled in the hotel looking over the lake. Above the sloping vine-covered shore opposite rise the snowy Alps, and, towering from their midst their majestic monarch, Mont Blanc, lifts his dazzling crest to the blue heavens.

Lord Haig and Mr. De l'Orme are here also; they travelled with us from Lucerne, and now form quite a recognised portion of our party. Although papa seems to delight in tempting him into argument, and compelling him to defend some imaginary citadel that he attacks, Lord Haig likes best to devote himself to mamma; and there is something so delicate and so respectfully tender in the attentions that he bestows that endears him to the hearts of all of us. He must have been a dutiful and devoted son to his own mother, for nothing but experience could have given him the knowledge he seems to possess concerning the wishes and requirements of an invalid. Mamma told him so, half laughingly, one day. Her light words brought the dark shadow over his bright face that I had once before seen there. His reply and explanation were quietly, though sadly, given.

"Though my mother died suddenly at last, she had been an invalid for several years before."

This is the only time I have heard him allude to that yet unhealed sorrow since that evening at Lucerne, but then the deepest feelings only rise to the surface upon solemn occasions, and we have been a merry party since then.

Lord Haig was before papa in engaging a boat upon the lake, and he insists upon it becoming property common to all. He is nominally its captain, by right of his experience in navigating the lochs of bonnie Scotland. And then he is silent, and there comes the quick change upon lip and brow I have noticed are ever there when any chance allusion is made to the country of his birth. But papa appeals to him for some trivial information concerning the management of the sails, and a transition is effected. His fair face becomes intent and business-like in an instant as he explains and illustrates.

By-and-bye he comes to me as I sit by the vessel's side looking over into the clear blue depths of the water below, and hearing, without remarking, the light bantering tone of converse that Violet and Mr. De l'Orme keep up between them, and he asks—

"Cannot we persuade Lady Trevor out of her fear of the water and get her to venture herself under our care?"

And I look up eagerly in reply.

"I do so wish we could. Her presence is the only earthly desire we can have in such a glorious scene as this. How lovely the lake is! How the waters sparkle with the golden beams that fall from the heavens! Look at that beautiful, fleecy cloud sailing across

the bosom of Mont Jura! When shall we go up to the Castle of Chillon?"

"As soon as ever you wish. To-morrow, if we can persuade Sir William and Lady Trevor. We must prepare for an absence of some little time and make the whole tour of the lake. Do you not think that excursion will tempt Lady Trevor?"

It did. Mamma could not resist it. It took us several days to complete our preparations, and at the commencement of the week all was in readiness. Mamma had some nervous misgivings just at the last, but so desirous was she of beholding the towers and dungeons of the Castle of Chillon, and so eager were we all in our importunities, that she was fain to conquer her fears. Lord Haig ran up a flag to the mast-head when she was seen approaching the shore leaning upon papa's arm, and followed by Mad'line. We all made our triumph the occasion of high jubilee. Our captain devised an easy couch underneath an awning upon deck for our dear invalid, and we sat round about her while Mr. De l'Orme read,

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow."

Mr. De l'Orme has a pleasant, mellow-sounding voice, and his reading is very effective, I cannot say expressive. The only time it appeared to me that he himself seemed to enter into what he was reading was when the younger brother of the prisoner dies, and Bonnivard snaps his chain with one violent wrench to get to him.

"I found him not;
I only stirred in this black spot;
I only lived; I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew."

Then so dark grew his face, so bitter was the expression he contrived to infuse into his words, that involuntarily I shuddered and drew back from him. Lord Haig was leaning upon a heap of cordage by my side, and he whispered low in my ear, "What a little sensitive heart it is—affected by the mere echo of a distant woe."

"Hardly that," I said, hurriedly. "I was not thinking of the prisoner of Chillon then. Mr. De l'Orme drew my attention from the book to himself. Had he suffered one tithe of what Bonnivard did, I am convinced he would have hated his kind for ever more with a wild, fierce hatred that death hardly could conquer, to say nothing of his jailors and captors and all who had been instrumental in his incarceration."

Lord Haig offered me his arm, and led me away from the sound of the reader's voice to the after part of the deck.

"I am sorry you do not like my friend, Pansie."

He spoke my name deprecatingly, hesitatingly, looking down into my face half pleading for permission.

"He frightens me at times," I faltered; and I could not show displeasure at the liberty taken, for it gave me pleasure to hear my name upon his lips.

"You do not know him, or your pity would create an interest for him in your heart."

And standing there by the vessel's bulwarks, with my hand upon his arm, with the cool breezes playing familiarly amongst our hair, he gave me the outlines of the history of his friend, acquainting me with a bare narrative of facts, and leaving me to draw my own deductions thence. He has had hard times to contend with certainly; I am glad I know more about him than a casual acquaintanceship would give me, for his very faults, one cannot but admit, possess some excuse in having had so much to encourage and foster them. But looking up into the bright young face at my side I was certain that even had his life been subjected to the adverse influences that had warped his friend's the effect would have been widely dissimilar, and my heart confirmed my supposition with a wild throb. That is a noble nature that rises superior to circumstances; a base one sinks beneath them.

During that glorious voyage we called at many of the towns and villages upon the borders of the lake, spending a day and night where the scenery, or something in the associations of the place, enticed us to prolong our stay.

Instead of feeling the fatigue too great for her, mamma's health improved daily. Every day that we were on board the awning above her couch was made to serve us as a salon, and first one and then another of the gentlemen read aloud to us. From some of his treasure houses on board Lord Haig produced a copy of "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*," with which both Violet and I were unacquainted. Mamma and papa willingly listened to the re-reading of it, and afterwards we visited all the places it immortalises—Meillerie, the scene of St. Preux's visionary exile; the Castle of Chillon; Clarens, where is "*le bosquet de Julie*;" and Vevai, where Rousseau conceived the design of the whole story. But I have not time to tell of one-half of the beauties we saw, nor of the deeds we achieved; of our sunny, dreamy journeys by sea, nor our shorter excursions by land; of the thoughts and fancies that sprang up as we trod the scenes that genius has hallowed; how we discussed our favourite authors, and learned to know each other more perfectly by the free interchange of opinions. Mr. De l'Orme seemed transformed under the happy influence of the time.

How well I remember the very hour and spot where, standing by Lord Haig's side one evening, when a ruby light from the dying

sun flushed all the sky and waters, I retracted the words I had once uttered concerning his friend, and admitted that I had misjudged him.

"I remember when I was a boy," replied Lord Haig, "one day my father's gardener brought to me what appeared like a dull piece of glass. I took it, loth to offend him, though I was at a loss to perceive what his object in presenting this to me could be. He noticed my puzzled expression of face, and chuckled to himself. He was wont to devise little gifts or pleasures for me, such as lads love, and money cannot procure; but I saw nothing pleasurable in his dirty piece of glass. 'It's unco frousty lookin,' he said, 'for its been kickin' about our bit house place at hame this lang while; but dip it into water, Maister Robert, an' then tak' it intil the sun, an' ye'll see something ye don't see every day, I'm thinkin'.' I was but a wee boy then, and I had never seen a prism. This was what old McDougal had given me, a broken lustre off some old chandelier; how it had become part of their family property, goodness knows. I followed the old man's advice. I washed the glass, and held it up to the sun. Rainbow lights flashed through it like the dance of innumerable fairies, the dull bit of glass was alive with beauty. The impression made by it upon my mind was so vivid that it is alive to this day."

"And you think, figuratively, Mr. De l'Orme is like your prism?"

"I think that our first impressions of men and things are often so erroneous that we should be wise not to put faith in them. We do not know what radiance the sun may discover in what we presumed to be *only* a dull piece of glass. Judging De l'Orme by what I know of him, by what he has been to me, I have no fault to find with him. If he be not quite so attractive in some respects as other men I have met, I can make allowance, knowing what he has had to contend with in the past.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

These were the sentiments constantly heard upon the lips of Lord Haig, that caused my respect for him to grow as rapidly as my liking.

At Vevai we had an adventure, which, however, I must leave for Violet to relate.

CHAPTER VII.—VIOLET CONTINUES THE NARRATIVE.

Pansie constrains me to write for her diary a narrative of the events that preceded our final departure from Vevai, and that rendered our short sojourn there so remarkable. So, without

further preamble, I will rush at once *in medias res*, as papa would say.

So far in our tour we had been most fortunate in the weather, cloudless and sunny skies environed us every day. Mamma began to feel a little fatigue, and resolved upon taking an entire day's rest at Vevai. So we left her there with her maid in attendance, and started for a day's excursion to Duchy.

The coast we skirted was very lovely. Pansie would describe it better than I can, for though I sometimes (not always, it depends very much upon my mood at the time) feel the influence of beautiful scenery, I cannot depict it in detail, so that this narrative will be spared whatever is prolix of that kind.

When we left Duchy, and started upon our return voyage to Vevai, the lake was perfectly calm. It was evening, and we were anticipating the rising of the moon, which should illuminate our passage over the waters. We all stood upon deck, our gallant vessel scudding right joyously before the wind. It was papa who first called Lord Haig's attention to an ominous bank of clouds that were rapidly rising and spreading themselves over the purple evening sky. Lord Haig gave his orders promptly, and soon every stitch of canvass the little ship possessed was spread to the breeze. On we went, our bark skimming the waves like a sea-gull. We congratulated ourselves that we should reach home before the storm—if storm it were that was coming—overtook us. But Pansie, I fancied, scanned the face of our captain a little doubtfully, and I noticed an unwonted paleness there while the flexible lips were set in almost stern lines, and the blue eyes gazed intently upon the rising tokens of storm.

Presently came a quick, firm command, in obedience to which every stitch of canvass disappeared in an instant. Not one moment too soon, for to our inexperienced eyes, which had not read the preliminary signs, in one second, and as it appeared without warning, the storm in its fury was upon us. The wind increased to a hurricane, lashing the waves to a frightful height, covering and recovering the deck of our gallant little skiff, that bounded like a live thing before the blast, and drenching us to the skin.

In the first horror of the danger as it came upon us, I saw Mr. De l'Orme cowering in the stern of the boat, his white face bowed to two trembling hands. He, *a man*, and show so cowardly a fear! Papa stood by us, calm, though pale to the lips, while Lord Haig seemed more master of himself in the storm than in the calm. His voice and influence, aided by the exertions he used to work with them, kept the frightened boatmen to their duty. For my own part, I felt something rise and swell within me that was not fear,

for never had I looked upon the waves with more awe but less trepidation than at that moment.

"Is there great danger?" asked Pansie of Lord Haig in a momentary lull of the storm.

The half-suppressed passionate tenderness of the reply recurs to me now in the light of a revelation.

"No, *dear* Pansie, no. Please God, we shall weather the storm and do bravely yet."

Was it only the desire to comfort, born of the danger and excitement of the time, that animated his voice? Had I addressed the same question to him would he have replied to me in the same words? Nay, I think the utmost kindness even such an emergency would call forth would be expressed in some such sentence as this, "Dear Miss Trevor, I see no cause for fear. Please God we shall weather the storm." Or it might have been the same sentence unprelaced by any adjective.

Ours was not the only boat that had left Vevai that day. At the hotel in the beautiful little town where we were staying was another party of English, consisting, as nearly as Pansie and I could make out, of a Mr. and Mrs. Deverel, their son and daughter, and some young ladies who might be nieces or merely acquaintances. We saw the young ladies upon the lake in the morning, but they were with other people whom we had not seen before.

The boat had only touched the shore, taken up the young ladies, and gone out again. We had seen them depart, waving gay signals from the deck in response to those we could not see made from some part of the hotel.

When we were all safely landed, as Lord Haig had predicted we should be, he was the first to detect another bark still struggling with the waves, more hardly beset than ours had been.

"She lies close off that low line of shore. Why does she not put in?" he said, as with hand shading his brows he watched her. "Are there fools on board? Do they not know that they might easily reach that harbour?"

"They are in distress," said papa; "the boat is drifting, she does not obey the helm."

"Why do we not proceed to our hotel?" asked Mr. De l'Orme. "It is madness to linger here in our wet garments. Will the ladies permit me to escort them?"

Both Pansie and I refused to quit our posts of observation while peril was being encountered by others upon the storm-tossed waters, whose fury we had so mercifully escaped; and Mr. De l'Orme could not for very shame go while we remained.

"Who will go back with me to their assistance?" asked Lord Haig, impetuously.

The boatmen were securing the vessel, when Lord Haig reversed his orders and bade them launch her again; they made no reply, for Lord Haig remunerates them right royally, but their brows grew black as the thunder clouds overhead.

Papa volunteered to accompany him.

"You must not," said Lord Haig, with his customary forethought. "Lady Trevor will be anxious until she knows of your safe return. De l'Orme will go with me; we two shall be quite sufficient."

"You really must excuse me," began De l'Orme, and I see before me now Pansie's pale look of contemptuous indignation, and feel again the thrill of scorn that tingled all through me to my very finger ends.

If men were only such heroes as women's enthusiasm would make them!

And only last evening I, Violet Trevor, walked by that man's side in sight of the lofty mountains of Savoy and La Valais, and thought him worthy of all honour.

"Violet and Pansie shall carry the news of our arrival," said papa. "Mr. De l'Orme, doubtless, will not object to the office of escort."

Had I been in papa's place I could not for the life of me have kept a withering touch of sarcasm from stinging him to the quick through those words. Papa spoke them mildly enough, for men are far more merciful to the faults of their kind than women are.

At that instant a quick footstep came bounding across the shore behind us. We all turned simultaneously, and saw only a flying figure, with streaming hair, madly vaulting over the space between us and halting breathlessly in our midst. Pansie and I recognised him as the young man whom yesterday we had set down as the son of Mr. and Mrs. Deverel, from his resemblance to the former. Last night, in his evening dress, we had laughingly likened him to a bear in leading-strings, his gigantic stature and rather clumsy figure seeming to warrant the similitude, as he paced to and fro under the walnut-trees with the ladies of his party, shortening his lengthy strides to suit theirs. But now he looked every inch a man. I can find words no worthier to describe him; his broad shoulders thrown back, his figure all alert, his hair blowing about his flushed and eager face. There was something grand in his appearance; he might have been a river god who had risen from the bosom of the waters, and set himself before us *in propria persona*.

"Have you been watching that boat?" he cried, eagerly. "Is she disabled? Is she in danger?"

Lord Haig replied by giving what knowledge he had gained by his observations.

"We were just about to put to sea again to render what assistance we can. Have you friends on board?"

"My sister and two young cousins. God bless you for your kind thought. Let us make haste to get to them."

We saw the boat leave the shore with the two young men on board; papa relinquished his intention of accompanying Lord Haig as soon as Mr. Deverel appeared on the scene.

"We will go home to your mamma, Violet, for we can do no more good here as watchers now."

We turned from the lake, and, as we turned, encountered Mr. De l'Orme standing gazing out over the heaving waters where the little vessel rode gallantly on, as though a spell had fallen upon him. His face was white, his eyes fixed, his hands clenched. Papa spoke to him kindly, but firmly, and passed his arm through his. Pansie and I walked on before them.

"The coward!" I began.

"Oh, hush, Violet!" said Pansie, imploringly; "he will hear you, and your words will add to his anguish. Indeed, we must pity more than blame. Try and think leniently of what you have seen, and I will tell you, when we have leisure, what Lord Haig told me concerning him."

Before that leisure arrived, before that story was told, came news that saddened all our hearts. Lord Haig conveyed the intelligence. Through neglect or want of skill of some of the boatmen on board the little yacht, the waves engulfed it before those bound to its assistance could reach it and prevent the catastrophe. The "river god" (Pansie insists upon this name for him being retained on account of its appropriateness) was like a madman when the waves seized their prey before his very eyes. He tore off his superfluous clothing and leaped into the seething waters. His efforts, seconded as they were by Lord Haig, were successful in preserving several lives, but his two cousins were drowned, locked in each other's arms, with one of the members of the party to whose care all three girls had been confided that morning, and both of the boatmen.

This event has cast a deep gloom over the little town; mamma, in her highly nervous state, feels it exceedingly, for nothing can disabuse her mind of the idea that it might have been Pansie and me who were drowned, nor can we persuade her that we ran less danger.

That night Pansie gave me the particulars she had promised me concerning Mr. De l'Orme's past life. He is indeed very much to be pitied, but I do not see why mere misfortune should make such an arrant coward of him. What we saw in our danger upon Lake

Leman is not ameliorated in the least by this intelligence. Perhaps I owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to Lake Leman's stormy waves, for I believe I was upon the very verge of liking him as much as he very evidently desires I should. There is no danger of that now ; I cannot love where I so thoroughly despise.

CHAPTER VIII.—“WILL YOU COME, PANSIE?”

We are back in our hotel at Geneva. Our excursion round the lake would have been one of the most delightfully memorable ones but for the sad catastrophe that occurred at its close.

We left the Deverels behind us at Vevai ; they had intended to make a stay there, but their plans are altered now, and they are coming to Geneva in a few days.

Violet and I have gathered from Mad'line, who scraped an acquaintance with Mrs. Deverel's maid, that Mr. Deverel is a merchant, his home is in Sussex, and that they are immensely rich.

At home, at Crowland, mamma would never have thought of forming acquaintance with them ; but the circumstance that Violet related, occurring at Vevai, she remembered nothing but that she and Mrs. Deverel were women, and, moreover, countrywomen. She and papa sent their cards to Mrs. Deverel with inquiries for her health ; and before we left they called upon her.

The funeral of the two girls was a melancholy sight ; it was attended by quite a concourse of people ; papa and Lord Haig were amongst the mourners. I do not know what became of Mr. De l'Orme that day ; he seems to avoid the Deverels as much as possible. Did he, or does he, know them ? Are they in any way connected with his past life ? From my window one day I saw him inadvertently met by Mr. Hugh Deverel, as he walked beneath the walnut-trees ; a greeting of some kind passed between them, but I was too far away to hear what words were exchanged ; Mr. De l'Orme passed on with that ugly scowl upon his brow that I never saw there until our misadventures at Vevai began. My old dislike of him is returning stronger than ever. I distrust him without being able to explain the grounds of that distrust.

Violet's feelings are altered towards him also. She no longer permits him the monopoly of her company at all times and seasons ; she no longer listens to his light tones in converse and replies in a similar strain ; all their old intercourse seems broken off, and a new and more reserved one established, notwithstanding the efforts Mr. De l'Orme makes to restore the old. He does not accept the difference resignedly ; he struggles against Violet's persistent estrangement, but ineffectually, and every day the gloom grows darker upon

his brow. Is Violet contrasting him with the river god? If so, he cannot fail to suffer by the comparison.

Papa and mamma begin to talk of curtailing the tour we originally planned, and returning to Crowland earlier than we intended to do. Oh, how I long to revisit my bonnie English home! It lingers in my memory like some dim vision of beauty. We left it when Violet and I were very young. Since then I have been once to Crowland with papa. I spent my ninth birthday there. But we were barely a month away from mamma and Violet altogether, so that I had scanty time in which to make myself acquainted with Crowland. Violet cannot remember anything of it. I have tried to recall some of its most prominent features to her mind, but it is of no use; she says there is no idea of it in her thoughts but what I have put there. The effort to look back seems to cause her pain.

"The dim sort of notions I have, Pansie, when I do try to recall the past are so different from what you tell me. There does not seem to have been the quiet, radiant beauty of the country in my past, but there seems a confused idea of numbers, of noise, of hurry, and bustle, and a sombre recollection of wearing black."

"Ah, that was when we went to London," I answered; "mamma has told me about it. We left Crowland when our little sister Janette was drowned; we wore black dresses for her, of course, and we went to London for awhile before coming abroad."

Violet shook off her depression as she shakes off disagreeable things generally.

"What is the use of troubling about the past, you doleful little Pansie? the present is enough, and more than enough for some of us."

But nevertheless the past and the future filled my mind. I could not help feeling elated at the thought of returning to the home I had been so longing for all these years. My heart has been yearning for it in the midst of Italia's present beauty and faded glory, and the yearning has grown so strong at times as to be exquisite pain. I have not confided it to any one because papa has considered this foreign residence best for mamma. I often wonder has it taken all these long years to deaden the memory of the shock of little Janette's death, and to enable mamma to endure the sight of Crowland where the tragedy occurred? Or is there some secondary reason for our long residence abroad?

Mamma thinks now that her health would be better in England than it is here; but she never will be perfectly strong again. My dear mamma, great as is my desire to return to Crowland, I would spend the whole of my life abroad were it to benefit her one bit.

Lord Haig looked at me reproachfully this morning when I had been indulging in some of my blissful anticipations.

"Are you really so glad that your summer tour is to end so shortly?"

"Not glad on that account. I shall be very sorry, indeed, to part company with—with those who have added so much to our enjoyment."

"You group all the chance acquaintances of your travels together in a most unkind manner. Is there *no* one whom you will regret to part from in particular?"

There was no reason why I should be ashamed to confess it, nor why the foolish blood should rush to my cheeks with burning heat. He has been most kind; he has won and has a right to my gratitude, my protector, companion, friend!

"Yes, I shall miss you very much indeed."

Once more, and very gravely now, he carried my hand to his lips.

"Thank you for that admission. I will not grudge Crowland the monopoly of your regard after that."

When he released my hand I clasped both tightly together.

"You do not know what it is to be returning *home* after a long, long exile. Perhaps I should prize it less if I had had opportunity of enjoying its pleasures more."

Carried away by the eloquence born of my subject, I described to my companion some of the beauties and delights of Crowland, until suddenly I paused, seeing the sadness that had arraigned itself upon his ingenuous brow.

"Home is woman's true sphere," he replied; "it is right that you should revel in its joys. I am glad you are returning, since you so intensely desire it. My home too was once the centre of all my earthly ambition; God keep you from knowing such desolation as that which has laid mine waste. I know not when I shall dare to look upon the familiar scenes again, or encounter the loneliness that has become the occupant of the place. I dread returning to it; I dread meeting the ghosts of memory that haunt the desolate magnificence of its surroundings, unless——" and instantly there beamed the light cast by a radiant thought over his countenance, whose expression underwent a sudden transition,—
"unless I can persuade Sir William and Lady Trevor to become my guests. Scotland is glorious in the autumn season; you have never seen the splendour of her mountains bathed in the gorgeous hues of dawn and sunset,—never seen her heath-clad hills and glassy lakes. Will you come, Pansie? Will you let me show you the glories of my mountain home? Can you quit Crowland so speedily after you regain it?"

"If mamma and papa are willing; I long very much to see bonnie Scotland."

"The Pansie flourishes there," he continued, with laughing eagerness. "I will show you whole moors covered with your golden petalled namesakes. Heartsease grows all around Craigdallie Castle; it is but fair that its walls should enshrine some too."

Then he proceeded to make me acquainted with every one of his favourite haunts in and about Craigdallie, to give me as much knowledge of them as words could give. I seemed to know the large western room, with its oriel windows overlooking the lake, where the long mornings were passed at Craigdallie; the cheerful, habitable rooms of the modern part of the mansion, if that might be called modern which was more than a hundred years old; and the gloomy turrets and towers of the old baronial pile, hung as thickly with traditions as its walls were with ivy. Long ago, before Stirling and Holyrood were recognised as royal dwellings, Craigdallie was an abode of Scottish kings; and tradition pointed out a solitary room in one of the towers as the scene of the murder of one of the ancient monarchs.

"When you come to Craigdallie, Pansie, I will be chronicler and you shall be listener, and I will tell you stories by the hour, if you care to listen to traditions of old romance."

The Haigs of Craigdallie have married and intermarried with royalty. Violet has several times declared that she knew Lord Haig must be nobly descended, from the patrician cast of his features and the unmistakable traces of high birth his bearing betrays. She is right. Lord Haig has never alluded to it until to-day, when the fact transpired simply enough in our conversation.

The few remaining days at Geneva passed swiftly after that. We did not see much of the Deverels, though several times Mr. Hugh joined our excursions. I noticed that whenever he did so Mr. De l'Orme absented himself altogether, or assumed his most forbidding aspect.

Before we bade all these pleasant companions of our sojourn farewell, and set forth upon our homeward journey, Lord Haig won a promise from papa that, if mamma's health permitted, September should witness the reunion of our pleasant party at Craigdallie.

The crimson hues of a glowing sunset shone full upon the mansion front of Crowland Abbey, when the open carriage that had conveyed us from the station emerged from the lime-tree avenue and swept round the drive to the entrance portico. My heart was throbbing wildly when we alighted. Home, home! my darling home at last!

There was Harrison in a new suit of black, his head powdered

by the frost of many winters' faithful services, bowing upon the steps. The hall inside was lined with domestics, all strange faces, though we had come *home*.

Violet and I had to be shown to our rooms by a stranger, for Crowland is as foreign to Mad'line as to us, and she has been in our service for more than ten years.

We have an elegant suite of rooms between us, newly fitted up under the superintendence of Harrison, to whom papa trusted all preparations. We have a bed-room and dressing-room each, and a boudoir in common; the difference in our rooms being that mine are hung and furnished with pink and gold and white, and Violet's with blue. The windows of our boudoir overlook one of the side lawns, where is a group of magnificent chestnut trees. I was kneeling by the window, my elbows upon the sill, looking forth, when Violet came to my side.

"Well, Pansie, my dear, we are home at last!"

"Yes; say, what do you think of Crowland, Violet?"

"I have had but a glimpse of it at present, but it seems to me like one of those stately homes of England somebody writes about; dear me, who is it, Pansie? What a wretched brain mine is for poetry!"

"Mrs. Hemans. Why, how stupid you are to forget that, Violet! Perhaps you have a better memory for the author of the lines—

" 'A warlock, a wizard is he,
And lord of the wind and the sea;
And which ever way he sails,
He has ever favouring gales,
By his craft and sorcery;
So it cannot yet be said
That all the old gods are dead.' "

"That is a misquotation. Pansie, you are wicked to mangle an author's creation in that manner."

"I thought your memory for poetry was so bad that you would not detect my re-arrangement of the lines."

Violet laughed, and a soft rose-tint spread itself over her face.

"Perhaps I should not have done, only after Lord Haig's application of it to the river god, I picked up the book and read it through again. Let us walk out, Pansie. Shall I ring and bid Mad'line bring our hats?"

I willingly assented, and, with my arm in Violet's, we were soon strolling over the velvety lawns under the limes and chestnuts. A lingering memory of their past sweetness was in the air, and the ground beneath our feet was strewn with their withered blossoms.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF CHARACTER.

BY REV. W. M. STATHAM.

A TERRIBLE crisis had come in the history of Belshazzar the King. Fear and trembling took hold upon him. The fingers of a man's hand wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace, and the King saw the part of the hand that wrote, and the King's countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished. The King's wise men who were assembled could not read the writing, and the Queen, saluting him with Eastern homage, "O King, live for ever," uttered these memorable words, "Let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed. *THERE IS A MAN IN THY KINGDOM.*"

We are all conversant with the life and character of Daniel, the man to whom these words refer. One of the moral giants of the old world, his character stands forth in the grand range of mountain heights which circle the Hebrew history. Like the everlasting hills which were in one sense the glory of Jerusalem, so such men as Abraham, Moses, Daniel are the spiritual peaks which attract our vision as we look back to the spiritual history of the Jewish Church. The Hebrew heroism, born of faith in the true God, blossomed out in a few special characters such as the world elsewhere never saw. We lay claim to this fact, on behalf of the Divine Revelation which we all venerate and love, that if religions are to be judged by fruits—if this is to be ranked as one of the highest grounds of evidence—then neither Egypt, rich in civilisation, nor Greece, rich in science, could or did ever raise such a race of heroes as the saints of the old dispensation. Each character has some special feature in it, and there is a certain *calmness of strength* in the character of Daniel which awakens our admiration and affection for him. With what unwavering steadiness did he plant his foot on the rock of truth! We feel as we watch him how near the man must have lived to God who could live so nobly before his fellow-men. The fact, however, which appears so prominently on the page of inspiration is the *impossibility of hiding holy character*—how it is known and revered even by those who may affect to despise it. Yes, the Queen knows all about this Daniel. There is a man in thy kingdom.

This reminds us that *every earthly kingdom is a kingdom within a kingdom*. As John Knox said to the base and treacherous Stuart King, "There be twa kings and twa kingdoms." Yes, and brave John Knox was determined that he would not offend the one to gratify the other. So it was with Daniel; it mattered little to

him what was the decree of the earthly potentate; if it conflicted with his sense of duty to the Most High God, he would suffer the worst penalties of the one rather than venture the frown of the other. Not that he was a wild and errant spirit, a presumptuous man speaking evil of dignities, a man who forgot that rulers and magistrates wield the sword for God. No; he was a man of sense and sound judgment, not a demagogue or a disputer. But when it comes to the question of disobeying God, then there is another kingdom. So it was with our noble Puritan forefathers. History is doing them justice now. A nobler race never lived; they bent even to the severest laws until the stern hand of tyranny touched the sphere of conscience and Christ. There *are* two kingdoms now—the kingdom of this world and that of Christ; the kingdom of visible things which so often rules men, wherein are place, and wealth, and power; the kingdom of invisible things, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; the material kingdom of earth, the spiritual kingdom of heaven. Oh, to be a man in the choice of kingdoms when they conflict with each other, a man in firmness, faith, and courage—a known and felt power, quiet but strong, such a man as the Queen called to remembrance then—There is a man in thy kingdom!

This leads us to the consideration that *every man is known to what kingdom he belongs*; known in the truest sense, not by some affectation in his dress or demeanour—not by something accidental in his history—not by some strangeness in his dialect—but known as A MAN, deserving that name which is one of the noblest in our English speech. Not that other titles are invaluable; when well earned and truly won, like all symbols they are useful. But to be called honourable and be dishonourable, to be called lord and to have no mastery over self, is a dishonour done to human speech. After all, as we must have felt often in the case of lofty characters, no titles reach their altitude,—they are greater than all names; and to be a MAN is more than to be a prince or peer. Daniel was known, then, by his *character*. This takes a long time to form. Characters are no mushroom growth of a day. It is true that conversion may be quick, and even sudden; it is true that under religious impressions men may come into church communion, and into connection with Christian work and worship; but it takes long time to deepen and strengthen faith into earnest Christian manhood. Once formed, how it tells! what an immeasurable influence it exerts! There were multitudes of renowned men in Belshazzar's Court, there was a large sphere of life outside it; but the Queen fixes on one man, on Daniel. But now notice *how* he was known: "The spirit of the holy gods is in him." Surely at first sight a strange sentence! The Queen does not refer to his actions. Men

are not known so much by *what* they do as by *who they are* that do it. Men are known after all by *the spirit* of their lives. This seems a subtle sort of thing, but after all it is very real. You find out more concerning religious character by *that* than aught else. When I hear that a man has left a thousand pounds to an hospital or asylum I am not transformed all at once into his admirer. He might have done that for name or fame, or in the prospect of death, or because he had no special direction to leave his money in. I should like to know the daily tone, temper, and spirit of his life—whether there dwelt in him the Spirit of the holy God. We have it on the highest authority, “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His.”

We are next reminded *that righteous men are ever sought out in trouble!* There are dark days in most kingdoms; times of apprehension, times of sedition and rebellion, times of famine, times of war, times of civil conflict. This was, however, indeed a terrible time. “God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.” There was need of a righteous man then, and they sent for Daniel. So it ever is. Gaiety might do for the Stuart days, and perfumed propriety might do for the pulpit as for the pew, but when the terrible plague came smiting down thousands upon thousands, they sent for the Puritan preachers to come and fill the empty pulpits. We remember how early in sacred history we find Joseph sent for, and what the heroism of his character did for Egypt. We remember how Saul sent for David, and how Jesse’s son became ruler over Israel. So now the Queen recommends that Daniel be sent for. Yes, here is a woman’s instinct at work, at work quickly, and at work *rightly*, as for the most part it does work. Women judge character more keenly and intuitively than men do. He is not wise who sets light value upon their first revulsions or preferences. The Queen knew where to go, and she exercises a wise power in the introduction of the matter. How is she to recommend him? She refers to “the days of thy father,” to the light, and understanding, and wisdom which dwelt in this Daniel then. Time had indeed elapsed, but the aroma had not departed from the character of Daniel. Years do not hide deeds as distance hides the landscape from view. No, character does not suffer from long perspective; unlike the objects of the natural world, moral greatness retains its magnificent proportions when at a distance from us. Let us be thankful that the tendency of nations is to honour the good. Bad men, though they have worn coronets, have their statues neglected and their memories rot. But the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Yes, years had come and gone, but this same Daniel was honoured and known. Trouble comes, and he is sent for now. In dark days those who have the Lord for their light are welcome everywhere.

Who do people send for in disaster and difficulty? Surely Christian men and women. Even if aforetime they have expressed repugnance to the Gospel, the utterance is heard that "they will see the Christian man if he likes to call." In seasons of tribulation, when the wicked flee, when the world drives past on a visit to other friends who are not troubled with misfortune or death, then, then it is that the righteous go to the house of weeping even at the request of worldly men. Those that have the fear of God before their eyes, and are known to walk with Him, need never fear that they shall be forgotten. There will be some whose thoughts, like this Queen's, fly to them in the hour of distress, and the righteous will as of old be sought out in trouble.

We are next reminded *that the unconscious influence of holy lives reaches to highest places.* Here in the Court was the influence of this man's life felt! This is no isolated case. It was the same in the days of Herod. The character of John the Baptist was not, could not be forgotten. So much so that when he hears of Christ he exclaims, "John have I beheaded; but who is this of whom I hear such things?" and he desires to see him. Yes, in that conscience still lingered the memory of the good man he had slain. Thus, too, when Paul was in the palace of Cæsar, his influence would be sure to reach beyond the prison walls. We cannot stop the fragrance of a flower. It will breathe out its incense beneath the walls of a peasant's cottage as well as on a peer's estate. The jessamine and the honeysuckle have no favourites in the passers-by; they are with their sweet breath affecting all. So it is with holy character; it reaches everywhere, and exerts an influence even when we know it not. Great events often hang on personal influences; the Daniel-like devotedness of our lives may determine the destiny of others. Let us never complain of want of opportunity. The fact is that opportunities are not to be made; they come casually; they come on the wings of the passing moment. This is the beauty of Christian character—that it is not to be made up for set occasions, but to be ready always. Nor can we miss the great lesson, that if we are faithless to-day, we shall not be called for in the grand emergency of to-morrow. Suppose it had been recorded thus, that the Queen spake of one who *said* that he was a servant of the Most High God, and that amongst the assembled courtiers some could have been found to accuse him of sensuality, time-serving, or hypocrisy, then how lost would have been the opportunity thus vouchsafed! It was the past history and consistency of Daniel that made him ready for the opportunity, as well as the opportunity ready for him, and his influence now reaches to the high places of the earth.

We are further reminded *that the disciple of Christ need never seek*

for places free from temptation. They are not to be found. We always walk in slippery places. There is the manifest desire on the part of some persons to escape from their present position; they could live holy lives anywhere else—anywhere indeed but where they are. Put into practical form their ideas run thus: Oh, if I had not such and such companions—if I lived at a greater distance from Vanity Fair—if I were preserved from such spectacles as meet my eye and so reach my heart—then I could be earnest and godly. What a mistaken conception this is of the condition of things in this life. The fact is that temptation lurks everywhere, and if we are not faithful where we are, we shall be faithless everywhere else. Think as we may of surrounding difficulties, what temptations could be greater than those which beset Daniel when the Queen said, “There is a man in thy kingdom”?

We are finally reminded in this touch of history that *those who are right with God are ultimately right with men.* We are in danger of seeing nothing beyond our own little world of to-day. Multitudes think that time-serving and temporising expediency pay well; whereas the green bay tree, though it spread its branches wide for the time in seeming prosperity, soon withers at the root. “I passed by, and lo, he was not!” But the righteous are like a tree *planted* by the rivers of water, whose leaf shall not wither. All is right and sound at the root of the plant; there is no worm of worldly policy there. The Daniels of the world come right at the end. History does justice to truth, and makes terrible havoc with shams and corruptions. Some men who were lauded in their days only live now on the dedication pages of books where the flattery of the author was paid for by the patronage of the titled profligate to whom it was dedicated. Men are ultimately honoured according to character. From silent graves the giants of past days come forth to be garlanded with honour. Under stateliest tombs the wicked perish; their names must be sought for with diligent search; they are forgotten now. They do not live in the warm speech of living men who love and honour them for their fidelity to conscience and to God. But good men live for ever. They never die. Everlasting remembrance is no figure of speech concerning them. Being dead, they have influence too. They speak to-day. This Daniel does to us when we, remembering the essential manliness of his character, resolve in our small sphere to emulate the heroics of his history. We live in a day which he was only privileged to see through the glasses of an inspired prophecy. We who are Christian men and women know how to gain strength for duty by a life hid with Christ in God. We know full well that none of us liveth unto himself. It will be well if we so live that of us too it may be said, “There is a man in thy kingdom.”

The Children's Hour.

CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER IV.—TIDY WAYS.

It is a good thing for a girl to have some purpose in life, something to think of, and work for, and pray over, something that takes her out of herself, makes her forget her own little sorrows and vexations, and fills her with untiring zeal. It is natural for girls to like brightness, and gaiety, and fun; they think they would be very happy to have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves; and it sometimes seems to them that for a year or two at least they could dispense with the graver duties of life. They imagine that they want nothing so much as to be happy, and have their hearts free from care. But that is because they do not know. There is nothing so good for any of us as to have plenty to do, and something to think about, and somebody to care for. There is nothing so really injurious as to be entirely absorbed in ourselves, and to have no care excepting about our own vexations and ailments.

Caroline Lacey had a very severe trial to bear, but it was a blessed one. It caused her to be more thoughtful, and earnest, and self-forgetful than she would have been otherwise. It was the means of leading her often to pour out her heart before her Father in heaven; and prayer always brings a blessing, even when it does not seem to be answered. It also made her very tender and devoted to her parents.

"If it troubles me so much, what must it be to them!" she often thought. "I cannot lessen their sorrow, but I will be all I can to them, and until Harry comes back I will at least give them the love of two." And this unspoken thought regulated her conduct constantly. Carrie never omitted any of those loving little attentions which, as all girls know who use their eyes and ears, are so dear to mothers. It was only a little that she did, but she never forgot to do the little. It is very easy to be courteous and attentive now and then, but in order to be constantly so it is necessary to have

"A heart at leisure from itself."

And this is one of the things for which Caroline constantly prayed.

After her visit to her brother she felt very hopeful. "Mamma dear, this is going to be the happiest of all the years," she said. "I feel sure that long before it is gone we shall have Harry

at home with us, and papa will have forgiven him, and we shall almost forget all this time which has been so sad."

"We shall not forget it, Carrie, but perhaps the remembrance of it will only make us all more thankful, and more careful too of ourselves and each other."

"Harry will never forget it, but we may; and then what merry times we will have together. I have begun a painting, which I mean to put into his room as a happy surprise for him. I have been into it this morning, mamma, to see how it looks. It is a long time since I have been there, for until I had such a great hope of seeing him back in it I could not bear to visit it; but now we shall begin to arrange it, shall we not, mamma?"

"My child, do not be too sanguine. If you should, after all, be disappointed, it would be very hard to endure."

"But I shall not be, mamma."

"Youth is very hopeful, Carrie."

But Carrie had something more than hope. She had faith in God. In her room there was a text in illuminated letters, which she was never tired of looking at: "*If ye ask anything in My name I will do it.*"

"He will keep His promise," Carrie said softly to herself over and over again.

So several weeks passed, and Carrie still had her friend Bessie with her.

One day Bessie came to Mrs. Lacey with a very serious face.

"Oh, Mrs. Lacey, I am so unhappy; I am afraid my heart will break."

"Oh, I hope not, Bessie, that would be such a terrible catastrophe, especially at your age."

"But people do have broken hearts, and even die of them, don't they?"

"Not very often, I think."

"Well, I really am in trouble, and I want to tell you the secret. Will you listen?"

"Yes, certainly, and I will keep your secret too, for I suppose it is a very important one."

"I don't know whether it is a secret, after all; perhaps you know, for I told Carrie, and she says she tells her mother everything, though everything is a great deal to tell. But I will tell you now. On New Year's Eve both Carrie and I formed resolutions. Did Carrie tell you what hers was, Mrs. Lacey?"

"No."

"Ah, then, she does not tell you quite everything, and she would not tell me either. But mine was, that I would learn to be very tidy. And oh, Mrs. Lacey, I do so hate being tidy."

Bessie's distress was very amusing.

"That is unfortunate, Bessie, for all girls should be tidy."

"Oh, yes, I know. Mamma has often told me so, and so has Carrie, and most other people have told me the same. But I am so careless. I like to throw my hat and jacket in one chair, and my gloves and muff in another."

"Like to do it, Bessie? I suppose you mean that you dislike the trouble of putting them away in their proper places?"

"Yes, it is so delightful to be quite easy and careless about everything."

"Well, I think your resolution was a very necessary one, and I hope you will be brave enough to carry it out. I am sure it will be a good thing for you."

"That is just what I wanted to ask you, dear Mrs. Lacey. May I practise upon your rooms?"

"Oh, yes, I have no objection whatever to your doing so. I think we are none of us very untidy people here; but perhaps you may find enough to do even here to exercise your ingenuity."

"Oh, thank you, dear Mrs. Lacey. I shall begin again now. I was very careful and tidy for the first week; indeed, Carrie quite laughed at me for being so particular; but I soon left off, and got careless again. But I do not think that will be the case any more. I mean to surprise mamma by my clever ways when I go home, and unless I practise now I shall not do anything very extraordinary, for 'Practice makes perfect,' doesn't it?"

"Yes, and perseverance will accomplish almost anything."

Bessie set to work in real earnest after that. Every morning, for an hour at least, she dressed herself in a holland apron (with a bib) and made herself very busy, to the great amusement of Mr. and Mrs. Lacey and Carrie.

At first Mr. Lacey could not understand it. He looked at her for quite a minute, and then put his spectacles on that he might see her better.

"Is it play, or real life, Bessie?" he asked.

"Very real life, Mr. Lacey."

"I thought you must be acting a charade, only that they generally come off in the evening."

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Lacey, I am only learning to be busy."

"Well, you look something like a housemaid, Bessie. But why don't you wear a cap? Every housemaid wears a cap, you know. Can't you borrow one from the kitchen?"

"Oh, I don't think I should look well in a cap."

"Try. If you put on a cap you might help the servants."

"I don't want to help them, Mr. Lacey; I only want to learn."

"Well, begin at once."

Bessie demurely dusted the chairs, and the window-ledges, and everything else that was likely to be dusty. She moved the chairs, tried to put the table-cover straighter than straight, and put everything away that could possibly be put out of sight.

But although this might be very pleasant to Bessie, it was not always pleasant to everybody else. For her ideas of tidiness were rather strange.

"I must hide it away," she used to say to herself, when she saw anything upon the table; and any one knows that it is disagreeable to have one's things hidden away.

One day Bessie was especially busy, and seeing this everybody laughed at her. She was a great favourite with them all the same for that. For she was loving and kind, and always merry, and would not willingly do any mischief.

Happening to go into the library she saw three things out of order, and immediately, to use her own words, "pounced upon them."

They were Mr. Lacey's spectacle case, his newspaper, and a letter. She folded the newspaper, and put it under the sofa cushion. The spectacle case was not easily disposed of; at first she put it upon the chimney-piece, but, not liking the look of it there, she laid it on the floor, close up in a corner, but that seemed worse than the other place, so at last it was safely disposed of in her own pocket. At that moment she remembered something that she had left undone in her own room, so she hastily took up the letter, and, without looking to see if it had been opened or not, put it behind a mirror, taking care that it should be quite out of sight, and then hastened away.

Half an hour afterward she was called by Mr. Lacey: "Bessie, have you tidied away my newspaper?"

"Yes, here it is." And she took it from its hiding-place.

"That is a strange place to put it," he said. "And I cannot find my spectacles."

"Were they in the case?"

"Certainly. Where else should they be?"

Mr. Lacey laughed as she took the case from her pocket, which indeed was quite full of articles which Bessie had stowed away there, not knowing what else to do with them.

But Mr. Lacey did not ask her about the letter, nor did Bessie remember to tell any one that she had put it away.

CHAPTER V.—A DRIVE.

It was a beautiful morning, the sun shone, and the air was clear and warm like spring. The larks rose overhead, and poured down their beautiful music as if they would urge everything that had breath to praise the Lord. Carrie and Bessie were looking up through the window at the blue sky above when they heard the sound of wheels, and saw Mr. Lacey drive up.

"Will you come with me?" he asked.

"I have to go to Bowden to-day; it will be a beautiful drive, not at all cold."

The girls were delighted.

"Will mamma come too?"

But Mrs. Lacey had an engagement which would prevent her going.

Carrie was especially glad to go. It was at Bowden that Harry lived. She had been a little disappointed that no letter had come from him; but she was ready to make all kinds of excuses in her heart for the brother who was still so dear to her. But she wished she could see him just for a few minutes, and say a word or two to him.

"And perhaps I shall to-day," she thought. "Papa will not let me call at his lodgings; but we shall be in the town for some time while the business is settled, and I might see him in the street, and if papa should see him too, and speak to him, how delightful it would be."

Carrie was always ready to hope, and she hoped great things from this drive. It was very beautiful, going quickly along the roads and lanes. The hedges and trees and barren fields were enough to prove that the spring had not yet come. But still they were beginning to turn a little brown with the many buds that were gradually swelling and getting ready to burst. And the air was so soft and warm that it seemed as if the winter was certainly past."

"I believe we could find some primroses and violets," exclaimed Bessie, as they passed a sunny bank.

"I can see some violet leaves," said Carrie, "but I suppose it is no use looking for flowers."

"Would you like to see?" asked Mr. Lacey, and the horse was soon stopped, and the girls were busy searching for treasures.

"Here are several buds; and, oh, here is a dear little white violet just opening."

Thus encouraged they looked more eagerly still, and presently their search was rewarded with another, and yet another.

"I have three purple ones and two white ones," said Carrie. She did not say, "I shall give them all to Harry," but she hoped

to do it. She remembered how in better days he had been very fond of flowers. They were soon on their way again, and Bowden was reached all too quickly for Bessie, who declared she would like to be driven along in the carriage all day and all night.

When they reached Bowden Mr. Lacey told them that they might amuse themselves as best they pleased for an hour, after which they were to meet him at a certain place.

Carrie felt as if she would give a great deal to spend the time with her brother. But she could not leave Bessie alone, and besides, she reflected that at that time he was most likely at the office hard at work.

So they walked about together, looking at the shop windows, and presently, coming to a church that was open, they went in and listened to the organ which some one was playing. So the time passed pleasantly enough, only Carrie was very restless, continually going to the door hoping to see Harry pass.

At length, when the time was nearly gone, they went out and began to walk slowly toward the place where Mr. Lacey would meet them.

As they did so Bessie's attention was called to a curious picture in a book which lay open on a second-hand bookstall. And Carrie stopped a moment while she satisfied her curiosity. But all at once an exclamation came from Carrie. She had seen a sight which made her feel ready to faint. And yet it was only a Bible which was exposed for sale. But as she looked it became still more familiar to her.

"I have seen that Bible before," she thought. And yet she could scarcely bring herself to believe that it was the Bible she had given her brother only a week or two ago. "It cannot be the same. Of course, there are many Bibles alike." But while she thought thus she took it up and looked at it. The blank page on which the name was written was torn out, but Carrie turned over the leaves, fearing to see what she sought, and looked at several passages to see if they were marked. They were! The verses which she had underscored in her brother's Bible were underscored in this which lay on the second-hand stall.

"I will buy this Bible," she said to the man, trying to hide her emotion, while Bessie looked in wonder at the white, pained face.

"It is a beautiful book, and was only brought to me this morning," said the man.

"Poor Harry! perhaps he really needed the money," said Carrie, anxious to screen her brother even in her own thoughts.

The parcel was given to her, and paid for just as her father drove up. He was looking very strange and excited.

"Now, girls, get up quickly, and let us get away from this

place. Take your seat, Carrie, and do not stare about you," he said.

But the warning came too late. Carrie had seen a sight which made her heart ache.

It was her brother Harry, staggering along the street in a state of drunkenness.

Mr. Lacey drove on as quickly as he could, looking very white and haggard. He did not speak; neither of them spoke until they had nearly reached home. Then he said to Carrie, "Don't tell your mother."

Caroline was a brave girl. She kept back her tears, and strove to speak cheerfully to her mother. But loving eyes are quick to see.

Mrs. Lacey took her daughter's pale face between her hands, and looked down into the sad but truthful eyes.

"Tell me all about it, my darling. I can see that you have seen him."

For a moment Carrie gave way.

"Oh, my mother! don't ask me. I cannot give you the pain it would be. Forgive me; do not make me tell you."

"My darling, I can bear it as well as you can."

And Carrie told her mother.

(To be continued.)

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1870.

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB
AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK III.—A WALK AMONG BIRDS.

THE Book of God often sends us down among our humbler fellow-mortals to learn ; but, probably, from none do we learn with more pleasure than from birds—those bright and mystical creatures who have given to them so much more than we have attained to of wing, and voice, and skill—the bright, beautiful orphanage of the sky and the woods. “Yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them.” They are among the most beautiful of God’s creatures, and “not one is forgotten before God.” “Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even Thy altars,” just as we find them building now in the old ivy-mantled church or its turreted pinnacle ; the Gothic ornaments of the old gray tower are not of much account with it, only there, amidst its carvings and foliations, it is able to find a home ; and thus God, who cares for little things and little creatures, is able to enfold us. “*Ye are of more value than many sparrows,*” and thus you have your dwelling-place in the great Church not made with hands, and build your nest in the Eternal Habitation ; as the prophet says, “Leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the side of the hole’s mouth”—a bird in the temple, so said an old writer. “God give me the sparrow’s and the swallow’s nest ;” some would scorn that and desire rather the glorious home of the eagle, or the solitary and distant sea crag in which the sea bird finds her

home. But the Bible has an analogy and a blessing in both—in the eagle, which “renews its youth,” and its likeness to lofty, spiritual states; in the humbler nature which finds its nest in the altar’s and the temple’s shade. God loves birds. It is like the tenderness of that Book—so thoughtful, although often apparently so cruel—that it thinks of the lone bird in the forest. When you have been in the deep shades of the wood have you not seen some little bird noiselessly passing from bough to bough or to the spring bubbling up in the centre of the leafy shade? God has thought of that little bird. It is written, “If a bird’s nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the mother sitting upon the young or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, but thou shalt in anywise let the dam go, and take the young to thee, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days.” Doth God take care of birds? Yes, even birds are not beneath His notice—He has thought of them and He loves them. God cares for the lone bird of the forest. Let us stop and think of a bird’s nest. True, says the proverb, “*A little bird wants but a little nest,*” but then, says the other proverb, “*Though a bird be ever so small, it always seeks a nest of its own,*” and “*By little and little the bird makes its nest;*” and, anyhow, let it be ever so insignificant, what a wonderful little piece of architecture—not Gothic fanes or Corinthian pillars, not the fluted marble or the flowers of the Alhambra, are more wonderful, are so wonderful; he who wrought it had no tool, no knife to cut, no nail to fix, no glue to join, his little beak was all—and yet how neatly finished. No long years of apprenticeship, and all aids of tools and appliances to boot, could not, in your hands or in mine, make such another. A bird’s nest! Stop, Christian! Pause beneath the branches. Thy Saviour says, Behold the birds. Naturalists tell us of birds in the wide-spread forests of America—the little woodpecker. The top of the tree in which it usually builds is inhabited by monkeys—fierce, cunning, of a particular kind; lower down, large snakes coil and twine about the trunk, waiting till some unwary animal comes within their spring; but yet on the very edges of these trees the bright woodpecker cheerfully builds his nest. There it hangs like a pouch from the tree; the beast and the snake cannot touch it or venture near it. Ingenious little home, beautiful little pentile palace! Did you ever see the tailor-bird’s nest? Also a wonderful little home, wondrously wrought—a leaf or two, a little tiny nest, so warm, so safe. One looks at it and says, “How good it is to be small!” And there it hangs; rave the tempest ever so loudly it has twisted it so tightly to the branch that the wind which tears the leaf will not touch it. Beautiful little tailor bird! God devised for it, God de-

signed for it. "Behold the birds." "Ye are of more value than many birds." Why did God give to the little tailor bird instincts and so cunning a wit, and place it there among the leaves? "Oh! ye of little faith." Have ye no nest in the tempest? Know ye not how to build in the storm? Take a leaf of the promises. Take that—"Ye are of more value than they." He who taught them has taught thee. He who taught them to use leaves has taught you to use holy texts, the Holy Word. Wrap thyself warm in some precious text, or textlet, twine thyself round the branches of the Tree of Life, and then let the winds rave ever so loudly, let the storms come on. How safely you are, there, in the pentile palace of the Promises. Divine intelligence! But has God given intelligence only of one sort, or for one kind of creature? You think what intelligent things they are, be you intelligent too; they are wise, be you wise; they use their wisdom with wondrous sagacity, use yours to build yourself your spiritual home. Why these words? why these thoughts? Put thy thought against God's word and believe He who provided for those has provided all for thee. Go to the birds!

Wise men have found sweet parables while they have studied the birds. Bishop Hall has a beautiful meditation upon the occasion of a red-breast coming into his chamber, "Pretty bird, how cheerfully doth thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for a lodging. What a shame is it for me, that I see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sitting warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness. Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful how little list should I have to make music to thee, or to myself surely thou comest not hither without a providence. God sent thee, not so much to delight as to shame me, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident; reason and faith have not done so much in me as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here than the foresight of better things maketh me. O God, Thy providence is not impaired by those powers Thou has given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security and comfortable reliance upon Thee." Thus our Lord's parabolic proverb telling us to consider the birds was turned by the meditative old bishop to very good account. John Pulsford's sermon of a little bird is very well known, and to others. birds have been very effective preachers. The good bishop, Jeremy Taylor, sweeps with a noble wing of meditation, following the lark in his flight, "So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass:

and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and in hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighing of an Eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than all the vibrations of his wings served to exalt him, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was overpast, and then it made a prosperous flight, for then it did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from some angel, as he passed some time through the air. So is the prayer of a good man when agitated by any passion; he fain would speak to God, and his words are of this earth, earthy; he would look to his Maker, but he could not help seeing also that which distracted him, and a tempest was raised and the man over-ruled; his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled; his words ascended to the clouds, and the wanderings of his imagination recalled them, and in all the fluctuating varieties of passion they are never like to reach God at all; but he sits him down and sighs over his infirmity, and fixes his thoughts upon things above, and forgets all the little vain passages of this life, and his spirit is becalmed, and his soul is even and still, and then it softly and sweetly ascends to heaven on holy wings, and dwells with God until it returns laden with blessings and the dews of heaven." Otherwise man realises in himself the parable of the Merops. The proverb says, "*He was in great want of a bird who gave a groat for an owl,*" but if all owls always talked as wisely as in the following parable they would be worth the money. "I have something more to ask you," said a young eagle to a learned, melancholy owl. "Men say there is a bird, by name Merops, who, when he rises in the air, flies with his tail upwards and his head towards the ground. Is that true?" "Certainly not," answered the owl, "it is only a foolish tradition of man; he is himself a Merops, for he would fly to heaven without for a moment losing sight of earth." Such is the parable of Lessing; it is only the meditation of Jeremy Taylor beneath another image.

What suggestive things wings are! although the suggestion has always depended much upon the bird. "*Noctua volavit,*" an owl flew by us, was a variously interpreted proverb. These creatures with wings—how they rise, how they gleam! How the throat of the lark shows like speckled gold as he goes up through the blue lift! How the wing shows far out at sea like a white silvery sail! Our efforts to rise or to travel—our balloon how clumsy, our railway how slow, how ungainly, compared with their flight who only breathe and respire, and, as they respire, aspire and ascend! Behold the birds! Oh, the little things are full of mystery. A falcon was once set at liberty in Fontainebleau, and the next day it

was found, by its ring, in Malta. In 1833 a Polish gentleman put an iron collar round a stork with the inscription, "This stork comes from Poland," and set it at liberty. In 1834 the same bird returned to the same spot to the same person with a collar of gold and the inscription, "India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts." Before such incidents how can we talk of laws of nature? Yet so true it is, "*Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.*" How marvellous are those migrations! They know. Behold the birds! They know; unerring instinct points the way for them. See that mighty flock on its way through the sky; no regiment ever marched with more order. See how they part company as they arrive at the well-known fields and woods. They know. Go to the birds! Has man no instincts, or, if he has, are they only the instincts of an animal and a creature? How suggestive are the wings of birds! Suggestive of what? Is there nothing within thee which invites to flight? Hast thou no heaven, no blue lift or country beyond the blue? Hast thou no home? Hast thou not a fatherland? Who has not from childhood to age rejoiced to see the bird

"Whom man loves best—
The pious bird with a scarlet breast,
Our little English robin?
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing—
The Peter of Norway boors,
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland;
The bird who by some name or other
All men who know do call a brother."

Of whom the same poet, Wordsworth, says—

"He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole house is Robin's cage."

The love of these pleasant little creatures is very simple and natural, and our affection to them has the advantage over many of our other affections that it does not need to be stirred up with a golden spoon. What is that within thee which brings a tear to thine eye while the lark poised on the wing shakes down its notes from the upper air?

"That happy, happy liver,
With a song as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out thanks to the Almighty Giver."

What makes the shout of the cuckoo so mystical through the depths of the wood, from the far-off hill? I think it is something from afar echoing that cry, saying "Come home! Come home! Come home!" I think it is something within thee, saying, "I will arise and go to my Father." Very suggestive is a bird on the wing. Through birds we get to love all creatures; they are so

pensive, so confident. Often seems it to me providence, cheerfulness, and purpose all gleam out to me as I see the dear flash of a bird's wing. Go to the birds. Whither do they go in the winter? How safely they sleep so long, and each little head buried beneath its wing, or, as we have seen, they travel far away; some presentiment, even when all things are bright and fair, bids them to begin their journey and way. Exquisite sensibility, almighty law, and then the winter rest. Almighty intelligence, let me adore thee; "for who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this." Let us think of God; what He does with the birds in winter. I often think God buries the birds. They do not meet us in our walk; they do not lie dead beneath our feet. God cares for them. Where do they die, and where do they fall in the winter? "Ye are of more value than the birds." "Be of good cheer." Go to the birds and learn faith in Almighty protection; think what the sparrow finds—a place, a rest for herself; there she lays her young. Oh, I hope there is something within which urges me along through my blindness to His blessedness. "Oh," you say, "what shall I do in old age? what shall I do in winter? what shall I do in the grave?" Ye are of more value than many sparrows, and the sparrows find a home; not one is forgotten before God; He who watches them in their flight and in their place of repose will watch thee, will wake for thee. I have heard one tell how a thousand miles out of sea, amidst the rushing tempest, and the wind, and lightning flash, the good ship went down with all its costly freight of life; but as one or two formed a raft, or manned the longboat, amidst the storm he looked up and saw the stormy petrel touching the billows, and then flashing back into the light of the sky, and said he, "He who has created that bird, and brought it so far from land, and fitted it for the tempest and storm, and to outlive it all, must know those who are below, and must know me." He is infinite, and if the sea is in the hollow of His hand they are in the hollow of His hand, and I am in the hollow of His hand! Did you ever hear them sing in the night? Sweet in the fern or in the forest, the bird that sings darkling or in the morning. Very sweet are the devotions of the birds. Dost thou realise in God's house that great intelligence beneath His wing? "Even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God." Ye are of more value than they, my pretty, bright wing friends. Bright-wing for you, for me.

Yes, birds are mysteries, as I said. Their deaths—who buries the birds? We seldom see them lying dead in our wood-walks; and to what an age some of them survive! The poet Bryant, walking in the forest, and meditating on the perpetuity of nature in the life of old oaks, says:—

"The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops grew old, and died
Amidst their branches."

The passionate nightingale indeed, like a child of genius, dies young, and will only live for sixteen years; but the linnet will live forty, our imitative parrot sixty. It is said a falcon will live two hundred, and swans two hundred and ninety years. When I was a child I sat one summer evening in my little bed-room attic beneath the shade of an old elder-tree, and I saw in an old book, and put in my memory two verses I have never seen since. I should like to know whose they are. I suppose the production of some unknown one, for really no one besides myself would find much poetical merit in them; but they have often been a comfort and strength to me in life:—

"Yon raven once an acorn took
From Romney's tallest, stoutest tree;
He hid it by a limpid brook,
And lived another oak to see.
Thus Melancholy buries Hope,
But Providence keeps still alive,
And bids us with afflictions cope,
And all anxieties survive."

So cheerfulness is taught by the black-winged raven, or crow, and yet this is the bird to which the old proverb attributes the incessant cry, "*cras cras*," to-morrow, to-morrow. Welsh tradition indeed assigns to the owl the honour, according to Mr. Borrow, of being the oldest creature in the world. And a pretty tradition which he recites in his "*Wild Wales*" shows how the eagle, desirous of finding the oldest inhabitant, went from creature to creature until at last the most ancient was found to be the owl; but this I fancy is only a fancy.

In the sweet season of spring, when nature invites us to her concerts in the woods, the notes of birds richly harmonise with the glory and gaiety of universal nature; and the song in the deep covert of the wood, or up high in the heavens, is finely in unison with nature's wide and amply flowing tapestry of green and gold. There is a wonderful exhilaration in the song of a bird. If it is true, as one proverb says, "*Every bird is known by his feathers*," so also is that other, "*Every bird is known by its note*." But we need not think only of the rich music of the nightingale, or even the melody of the woodlark, or the soft note of the linnet, innumerable birds have delightful notes. Association lends a charm to notes which could scarcely be considered musical. The Lapland mocking bird, or "hundered tuner," and our cuckoo, that "blithe new comer," which we remember to have heard shouting through a long spring day in the green alcoves of Fontainebleau, no science of music could ever make them melodious, but how charming they are.

Dear old Isaac Walton, his soul filled with the music of the nightingale, says in one of his most melodious and best-known passages, "He that at midnight, when the labourers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descant, the rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music upon the earth.'" But a man must have his soul very much in harmony with this life of joy in order that he may enjoy it; and who has not known seasons when the rapid trill of birds in the woodland, the grove, or the cage, have only been an insupportable and wearying succession of noises? The soul of the listener distuned the sounds, and made them all "like sweet bells jangled." So says the wise man in a well-known proverb, "*As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart.*" The sweet music distracts the listener, and he exclaims, like, "Bianca among the Nightingales,"

"I marvel how the birds can sing."

It is a strange thing that few people seem to know how to deal with sorrow; with the best intentions they very often rather add to it than diminish it, sometimes by endless talk, in which nothing is said, sometimes by selecting the very topics for consolation only in such a manner as to add to the acuteness of the grief. They do worse than leave the sufferer alone; they take away the benedictions of silence; they rob of the garment in cold weather; they add the sharp to the sharp, the sour to the sour. Very few are they who are "brothers born for adversity." Sympathy is a rare gift, and where it is felt most it expresses itself with fewest words. It has nothing to say, but it makes itself felt, and so far it is a consolation. It is to be hoped that there are very few who, in the presence of suffering, are merely unfeeling. It is only that there is no adequacy, no depth of feeling. The poor sufferer sits mute and spell-bound in heaviness and despair of heart, and one comes in and says, "I'll play to you, I'll sing to you." And there are songs and chords which can find their way to the innermost mourning chambers and most secret sorrows of the soul. There are tones and strains which are exactly those it would soothe a heavy heart to hear, but then they need to be selected with wonderful care and wisdom. Soothing sorrow is as delicate an affair as surgery, and needs as delicate and adroit as the operation for some dangerous disease, or the dressing of some most painful wound. And when some one who has never known a grief comes and with careless tongue recites some worldly gossip, or sings some recent opera strain, the poor victim feels a millionfold more sad, must almost scream as if some rugged Indian, rather than skilful surgeon,

were tearing open the wounds afresh. This is the "*vinegar upon nitre*," the "*singing of songs to a heavy heart*." Very few have ever passed through a great grief without experiencing the painful absence of sympathy in nature—a fine day, the rich luminousness of natural scenery, the calm, graceful, beautiful indifference of all natural objects. How can the sun shine so when I am so desolate? Rivers—how can they sing so when my heart is breaking? Nature never puts on mourning weeds on account of personal griefs. She seems to have some great heart-breaking cause of her own sometimes, but her sympathy is never extorted for individual sufferers. She goes on just in her usual way, and it is very merciful and very great that she does so; but it is none the less true that her gladness in seasons of isolation and bereavement adds a sombreness to the spirit, and seems to give so much of brightness as to enable us to look down into a vault and read a loved name on the plate upon a coffin lid. In such seasons she seems to bring vinegar to the soul's nitre, and to sing songs to a heavy heart. The song of birds, however, have that rich commendation, they are unbought lyrics. A proverb says, "*Little birds that can sing and won't must be made to sing*." But little need is there of such a proverb. Birds in the woods sing blithely enough; sometimes in the cage indeed they pine away. But even there the blackbird outside the cottage in the large wicker prison, or even the linnet or canary behind their glittering wires in the drawing-room, pour out torrents of what sometimes sound like heart-broken and heart-breaking airs. They have neither sentimental joys nor sentimental griefs; their little throats are the vehicles of reality. Their songs are not mock sentiment. While we pave and lay out with porcelain from Sèvres our beautiful sentimental Calvaries and Golgothas, and do all our Church wailing even after the most approved scientific method, the gushing flow of birds' voices rebukes our vanity and our falsehood.

Of all vagrants in nature there are few, I suppose, which wander so wide and far as birds, beautiful, aerial vagabonds; but they have their centre of radiation and their law of flight; the gyre eagle, sweeping over the lofty Alpine cliff, and the lark, with speckled breast, singing up high in the blue lift, know their homes and return to them. It is an edifying thing to see rook after rook returning, and sometimes a whole regiment flying back to the "rooky wood." There are vagrants, says the wise man, not so wise as birds. "*As a bird that wandereth from her nest so is a man that wandereth from his place*." The proverb only needs to be announced for the force, the common-sense like force of it to be seen and felt. It is indeed an image easily apprehended. Wonderful is the instinct which prompts many kinds of birds to select the place of their nest; wonderful creatures, searching out artificial

fixtures and retreats to be occupied by them during the period of incubation or hybernation; wonderful the watchfulness, the steadfastness of purpose, industry, and fidelity! Chosen, there they remain in it; it is not deserted until they are either driven forth, or the end is accomplished for which the wonderful little structure was reared. Few are the exceptions to the rule, and we know the exceptions are fatal. "*The eggs of the wandering bird are barren,*" the brood dies from neglect. Or conceive the bird to be so foolish as to be untrue, faithless to its own instincts; conceive it to go forth, away; the day is bright, it can play, and rest, and sing among the boughs of the trees, if it is the bright summer time, beyond the world, beyond and far away from the towns—its danger does not lie there—but on into the desert, where there are no shrubs, no trees, hard stone and sand, no shelter, no food, no rest; it has lost its home, its wings become languid, it droops, it dies. Or perhaps the thought of the wise man was like that of Elihu, in Job, "*The nest is forsaken, and the young perish.*" A common lesson, but a natural one; no matter how beautiful the plumage, how gaily and sweetly the bird may sing, how graceful the motion roaming among fields and flowers, to neglect the home is to destroy the nest and perhaps to be its own destroyer. "*A silly bird.*" The wise man takes up a lesson which, if it was not beneath the condescension of Infinite Wisdom to utter, it ought not to be beneath us to ponder. He teaches that there are persons, reasonable beings, who are chargeable with similar inconsistency and folly. For every man has a place which is by special fitness his place. The proverb does not speak of mere human vacuities but of men, men who squander what they never earned, who know no bond, who have never given hostages to society—a man to whom the face of a stranger is as acceptable as the face of a friend, who only lives for his appetites, who has no roots in his heart, no fixed sympathies in his soul, who floats like a feather on the wind—he has no place nor would be fit for one if he had; but it is not of such a one, it is of a man, foolish but yet a man, the wise man speaks. A man must have a place—his own place. It is good when a man or a woman can say, Successful or unsuccessful, happy or unhappy, I am in my place. And it must take the gist and intentness from life when either the one or the other cannot say this. A man has his place of business—look at the proverb in its simple relation to worldly avocation—a place where he may steadily fulfil and pursue his calling, of which he can say, "Well, you know where to find me;" where his energies take root, where his industry may be found productive. If he wanders from his place his projects will be added projects. Test the proverb. Is the merchant a wanderer from his counting-house or room? Is the mechanic

away from his shop? Is the market man away from his stand? And what will become of them, and what will become of society if it is so? It is true of the professional man; he has his place, and his family has its place, and that place should be, not a mere dormitory, a sleeping-room, or a mere refectory, a home where the kindly sympathies of the heart expand, where well-regulated social affections grow up into blessed and useful living. Every man has a place. But man is not merely a creature who eats, and drinks, and sleeps; he has another calling. I speak not disparagingly of any earthly avocations, but he has other and higher; the soul is in a spiritual as well as a natural sense the life of the body. Where is the place of the soul? It is even as when the sun shineth comfortably. Birds sing merrily, and the beasts play, and the whole creation enjoys the life and joy; but by-and-bye the sun departs, and horror follows; all things are wrapt in the sable mantle of darkness, the creatures are all buried beneath the winding-sheet of snow, the winter ice and frost. Let the soul shine on the body. It is all a pleasant and enjoyable light of summer, heat and strength. Such a soul in such a body is a happy combination, like a pure flame in a crystal vase, or, to change the figure, the body is the ship in which the soul sails; if that be safe the body is safe, if that sinks the body sinks. Where then is the place of the soul? And I am reminded of an anecdote of Socrates and Xenophon. Socrates inquired of Xenophon when they first met where were the places where several commodities were to be had, which when he had told him he inquired where was the place where a man might be made good, and Xenophon said he could not tell. "Follow me, then," said Socrates, "and thou shalt learn." So the Word of God and the ordinances of God aid more effectively to that place, for there is a Being who is more to a man than any other being. And there is a place for man which is by moral pre-eminence and distinction his place. That being is God, and that place is a right attitude of soul towards God. God is the great centre of beings in the spiritual as well as the natural world. In the compass of all surrounding beings and things God is the soul's solar point of rest, his heart's home, his place. See the magnetic needle, that wonderful and beautiful thing, how still it lies until disturbed and agitated. See how, when the disturbing cause is removed, it flies back to its place. Now, God is the pole, and the soul is the magnetic needle, and the affections of the heart should point to God. This is Piety, when, after the wanderings of the spirit, it returns glad back to the centre. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." And this spirit, once fairly known, is the strength of all happiness and joy, as its contrary is that of all misery. I admire that reply in the Church Catechism, "That I should learn and labour to do my duty

in that state of life in which it shall please God to call me." Men that have wandered have often in Holy Scripture met with the retribution of God. There was David, who, although he had the promise of God that he should succeed to the throne, fled from the face of Saul, and involved himself in many difficulties; there was Jonah, who fled from God to Tarshish; there was Elijah, who wandered from the path of duty because of its danger. On the contrary, a very inferior, even common-place character, Nehemiah, simply stood his ground, and did his duty in the place to which God called him, and he was honoured with success and Divine approbation. Life does become sublime. Life only becomes sublime when God is known and felt to be the place and the rest of the soul: without this sustaining faith all men become what Cain was, only fugitives and vagabonds on the face of the earth; with it we shall indeed be strangers and pilgrims, but "we seek a country," and we know that is the city which hath foundations. To be sure our proverb is a proverb of prudence, but the proverbs of prudence are not quite beyond the need of recitation. That is a famous and well-known one, "*The early bird catches the worm*," to which, however, laziness has often replied, "What a fool the worm was to be out so soon."

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home,"

says Wordsworth:—

"The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground its lowly nest,"

says Montgomery, and, says the proverb, "*A bird never flew so high but it had to come to the ground for food.*" "*I'll go myself, and I'll see to it, are the two best lads the farmer had,*" says one old proverb. "*Where God gives a place He gives brains to fill it,*" says another. "*The mill does not grind with the water that's lost and gone by.*" "*Luck tapped at the door and said 'Does Prudence live here?'*" In a million proverbs like these our fathers expressed the wisdom hinted in that mentioned above. But I have said there is more. When a man puts himself in a right attitude towards God his attitude becomes right towards all inferior concerns. Heavenly prudence is highest prudence, and it is inclusive of every other. How many are like the Duke of Alva when Henry IV. asked him if he had seen the eclipse of the sun, he said he had so much business on earth he could not look towards heaven. And is it not so with many, they can only mind earthly things? I have heard of a philosopher who, living within the neighbourhood of a blacksmith's shop, and hearing the hammer and the anvil talking together always early in the morning, being indeed awakened by it, he said, "What, can a smith with his furnace and tongs be more in earnest than I with my studies?" And the man of trade, if he serve his trade better

than his God, is yet "like the bird from her nest," he has wandered from his place.

At the risk of being thought sentimental, I confess to a feeling of pity and tender compassion for my little friends, the birds, who return the homeward way to find their nest with all its rich family of eggs stolen, and I lay an injunction upon all youngsters who desire my love that they steal no birds' nests or eggs. I tell them that the bird-catcher and the egg-stealer is like a little grey wolf on his hind legs charmed from his rough hide into the skin of a man. But our feathered friends have furnished us with a very well-known proverb beneath this range of remark, "*Sic vos non vobis*," "*One beats the bush and another catches the bird*." Plenty of illustrations of this common proverb occur to the memory both from the world of books and the world of observation. Passing along by a field, writes a friend, I saw this proverb exactly illustrated; a man fired a gun, a rabbit fell, another man passing along that way unseen by the sportsman picked up the rabbit and put it in his pocket, leaving the sportsman the additional task of beating the bush and wasting his time in search of the lost game. But the proverb is illustrated in innumerable particulars. It is Virgil who says:—

*" Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves ;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves ;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes ;
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves."*

Meaning

" Thus, but, ye birds, not for yourselves, your nests build ye ;
Thus, but, ye sheep, not for yourselves, bear ye fleeces ;
Thus, but, ye bees, not for yourselves, make ye honey ;
Thus, but, ye oxen, not for yourselves, drag ye ploughshares."

There is a wisdom which men use for themselves, but on the other hand, it would seem that very extensively through the world we have realised the parable of the poor wise man. It is the wise preacher who says, " This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it seemed great unto me: there was a little city and few men within it, and there came a great king against it and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man; then said I, ' Wisdom is better than strength; ' nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard." History furnishes with many illustrations in which this parable has been realised. Men have developed wisdom which has been the salvation of others, while it has possibly only procured for the possessor an inheritance of wretchedness and shame. Lord Bacon discourses on the importance of " wisdom for a man's self ; " and he says, " Truly there are those who will set a house on fire if only to roast their

own eggs." Further he continues, "Wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of crocodiles that shed tears when they would devour." Selfishness is no doubt, from this point of view, a very base and merely animal attribute, but yet it seems as if it ought to be possible for a man to be wise for himself without being merely the possessor of those ugly qualities to which Lord Bacon points the type. The Baron Harthausen, in his "Transcaucasia," has a legend of a place to which he came called "the mine," or cave of treasures, a secret cavern the entrance of which was only visible during certain hours in the year. One day, a legend says, a peasant mounted on an ass was riding past the mountain, and he saw a gate which led to a cavern; he stepped in and beheld before him amazing treasures in gold and precious stones. With these he filled his sack, and placed it upon his ass; but as he was about to depart he found that he had left his old thorn-stick behind him in the cave, and returned to fetch it; but the hour for the gate to be open was passed, the cavern closed, and the peasant was never heard of again. The ass, indeed, returned home with its load, and the family of the peasant became very rich, but the peasant made his discovery for himself in vain. Such is the history and the result of many a happy thought and many a noble enterprise. It is the repetition of the wise man's parable of the little city and the poor man, or the proverb we have quoted, "*One beats the bush and another catches the bird.*" Ah, that catching the birds, it too wakes up the memory of some proverbs, especially that "*Surely in vain is the net spread in sight of any bird.*" The Hebrew poets and Psalmists and proverb utterers were impressed often by the spectacle of the quivering wing of the spell-bound bird, and they liken the perils and terrors of an ensnared soul to its efforts to be free; hence that hymn of David's: "Our soul has escaped like a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we have escaped." There is a pretty little allegoric incident in the life of the useful missionary La Croix, of Calcutta. Sitting in his study he was attracted by a strange cry from a bird, and a loud fluttering of wings beneath his window; looking out he saw the bird fluttering over a particular spot, and uttering the shrillest cries of distress; upon the ground was a snake, lying close to the house, its eye fixed intently on the sparrow, evidently fascinated, unable to free itself, fluttering, but slowly drawing nearer and nearer to its dreadful enemy. Before the fatal moment Mr. La Croix hastened into the garden, broke the spell, drove the snake away, and set the bird free. Poor little flutterer,

if it could have sung a hymn it would have said, "The snare is broken, and I have escaped."

Amazing seems the number of birds, amazing their varieties; but for the most part they take up very little room, and they seem to agree very well among themselves; for the most part they keep their own way, and however some rare instances may show to the contrary, they do not quarrel with each other; they always keep the same fashion, and very pretty some of their fashions are. With us, as an old proverb says, "*The world is so full of other folk,*" and therefore we always seem to be in each other's way, and multitudes waste life in attempting not to please themselves, or those with whom they are most immediately connected, so much as other people, and those other people are very often exactly those upon whom we are least dependent for our happiness; thus in England our separation from each other is as rigid as if we had here a Hindoo caste; we cannot step over into each other's societies or sets; the fences are put up even as a Roman Catholic knows nothing of a Jew, and a Jew knows nothing of a Roman Catholic, so we know nothing of each other outside of certain sets or circles. The first question put before people take sitting at a church or chapel is "Who goes there?" The first question before we call upon any person is, "Who visits them?" for it would be shocking to find ourselves in the wrong set. How dreadful it would be if one of the professions should call in the way of society upon a tradesman, even if the tradesman should have a better character or be the better educated of the two! How dreadful if the large butcher should meet in society the little butcher! People who sold meat or bread, candles or candlesticks once, but who do not now, are raised to a far greater social elevation than those who are still engaged in such pursuits, while those whose fathers and distant forbears were engaged in the dishonourable practice of trade look down with pity and contempt on those who still loiter

"On Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver."

They have gathered all their gold and silver into heaps.

"The baronet, the highest flyer,
Lifts up his head above the squire;
The squire in turn the doctor shuns;
The doctor from the grocer runs!
While he the latter, as before,
Against the huckster bars the door.
Thus all, alas! as on they go,
Blame those above, shun those below,
And prove, though from the truth they start,
That pride lies hid in every heart.
Oh, let us strive, ere time has flown,
To know ourselves as we are known;
To live in love with best endeavour,
And cast away our pride for ever."

Proverbs, however, take the revenge of society upon all these persons when they say, "*He is as fine as a dung-heap stuck with roses,*" or, "*She looks like a sow saddled.*" And, "*That which covers thee discovers thee.*" And, "*Don't make thy tail broader than thy wings.*" These social foibles also have originated those many proverbs which revolve round the "*pot calling the kettle black,*" and which remind us that prosperity forgets father and mother. "*Look,*" says a well-known Scripture, "*to the rock whence thou wast hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence thou wast digged.*" And the Danish proverb reminds us that "*Adam got a hoe, and Eve a spinning-wheel, and thence come all our nobles.*" But there is the running satire of truth in the proverb, "*Ever since we wore clothes we do not know each other.*" None are more earnest to imitate grand appearances, and to find an entrance into grand society, than those who have but very recently known either a full pocket or a large house. "*It has been blowing hard,*" says the proverb, "*the dirt has been blown into high places.*" And such persons are always in danger of making a revelation of that which they would most carefully hide, but which their aim to display brings into notice. "*Ladies have ladies' whims, said crazy Anne, when she dragged her cloak in the gutter.*" Thus, "*Great are the quarrels among the pans and the kettles.*" "*Fie upon thee, how black thou art, said the kettle to the saucepan.*" Or again, "*The raven quarrels with black things.*" And again, "*The raven said to the rook, Stand aside, black coat.*" Thus some birds have only become texts for unflattering proverbs, and the narrow-minded and mean-spirited miser is I suppose satirised in that—"*Ask a kite for a feather, and she will say she has just enough to fly with.*" And in that other in which the cheerlessness of ambition and great place is depicted, "*Birds of prey do not sing.*" I wonder that parrots have not been made the subjects, more than they have, alike of proverb and of parable, for assuredly there is something very instructive in their wholly mimetic and altogether convictionless style of dealing with language, though that proverb "*He prays as beautiful as our parrot*" seems to look that way; and that other, "*Our parson was beautiful this morning; he preached almost better than our Poll.*" Not I suppose that there is any mischief in poor Poll; I don't know that, with her singular combinations of words, she has any idea of playing the hypocrite, but she sometimes amazingly shocks our sensibilities. Mr. Tregelles, in his "*Sketches of Cornish Character,*" tells the story of one. He fell in with a respectable kind of publican, who supposed that it might be an advantage to his business to have such an entertaining creature in the house. "*I'd heerd the parrot ovver to Sir Betchet's and different places go on talking like, and I thot how we should love to have waun ef*"

we could meet with waun cheap." In good time, in the good town of Falmouth, the worthy innkeeper fell in with a sailor with a parrot in a cage. "What do 'ee ax for 'un?" said the publican. "Should be a hundred pounds," said the sailor; "he is such a beautiful spaiker. But," he continued, "I shall never get nawthin' like that for 'un in this outlandish country, I suppose; but he'll talk everything like a Christian, and praich a sarmunt ef 'twas wanted." But they could not agree about terms in Falmouth. The sailor wanted five pounds, and the publican would only give three. However, the next day the sailor followed the publican to his village, for it seemed there was no one in Falmouth would raise five pounds to buy the bird. The publican's wife was in Cornish dialect rather "poor tempered" about the transaction, especially, as she said, "the bird anyhow was not good to eat." At last the bargain was concluded, and "The sailor went to the bird," said the publican, "and cried to 'un, and ax'd 'un to spake to 'un for the last time; but the bird wouldn't spake to 'un nor nobody else for days; he awnly 'craake, craake' like, but a wouldn't spake at all. So he went on with his creaking till about the fourth day, when I went up to talk to 'un and to scratch his head. 'How do 'ee do, Poll?' says I. Oh, lor'! oh, Jemminy!" said the publican, "my dear, my dear" (the Cornish expression in conversation for everybody), "if you'd a heerd 'un, oh, you never! How he did go on! Sich swearin', such empidunces! 'Will a talk?' says my wife. 'Oh, iss,' says I. With that she come down from our parlour and tried to make 'un talk to she. Oh, my dear, if you'd a heerd 'un. There was nawthing half so bad I think ever said before. And at last the bird called her an empidunt hussey, and told her to go to hum and sew up her stockings. 'Oh, lor',' says I. 'My dear, this'll never do for our carreter, I reckon. Get a blanket,' says I, 'and throw it over the thing and keep 'un quiet,' and that was the only way we stopped his tongue. Then I sent for my ostler. 'Take the bird down to Falmouth,' says I, 'and ef you caan't get the sailor man to take 'un back sell 'un for anything you can get.' The sailor man had gone to say, and James sawld 'un to a man for twenty shillin', and he put 'un outside his door, and there a es cussin' and swearin' ever since. Oh, lor'! oh, Jemminy. He is the wickedest owld bird I suppose was ever seen, and to think I lost two pound by 'un, I ded." Such a story as this seems to remove our feathered cho-risters altogether out of all sentimental relations; but true it is, "and pity 'tis 'tis true," that disreputable parrot has so many analogies among his human fellow-creatures, for the proverb says, "*A bird is known by his no'e and a man by his talk.*"

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.—SUNDAY MORNING.

I AWOKE next morning early, and I had slept so soundly that for the first few minutes I could do nothing but rub my eyes and wonder where I was. The leaving Eaglesmere, the long journey, the arrival at the Gate House, and everything else connected with our recent exodus seemed very much like a long, dimly-remembered dream, and I half expected, when I opened my eyes a little wider, to see the walls of my own old room at Waterhead, with its low ceiling and its small-paned window, and its decent but humble furniture. But stare as hard as I would, I saw no blue and white check-curtains, no rush-bottomed chairs, no rickety deal table; instead thereof I perceived the grand carved oaken pillars of the vast bed on which I lay, the rich, heavy curtains of faded damask, the elaborately carved chimney-piece, the massive chairs and tables all of solid oak, worn dark with age, and the large oriel window, the centre pane of each compartment bearing the emblazoned arms of the noble Dovercourts. Instead of the rugged brow of Canter Fell, and the shadowy outline of the distant mountains against a hazy sky, I saw tall waving trees, an undulating expanse of emerald greensward, and between an opening in a little copse not far away the glittering waters of the bright blue sea! Then I knew where I was, and I recollected all about it, and flinging off the last remnant of drowsiness, I sprang from my couch and began to dress as fast as I could in the new Sunday clothes placed ready for me on the carved and inlaid lid of a mighty chest, which resisted all my sturdiest endeavours to open it. I learned afterwards that it was a "Venetian coffer," that it was the property of the Lady Dorothea, who had once filled it with rustling silks and costly laces, and all the purple and fine linen of the days of her first youth; in short, with what we in the North would have called her marriage-providing—only the marriage never took place, being summarily broken off by her father, the stern, old, arbitrary Marquis. Poor Lady Dorothea! who knows what tears of anguish she shed in that stately gate-chamber, now given over to the occupation of a boy, all careless and all unconscious of the griefs and agonies which come in later years? Who knows what weary nights she spent beneath those canopied rich hangings, where now a child, an alien of her proud house, slept the untroubled sleep of childhood?

I was soon dressed, and then I stole down the winding stone

stairway, and felt the glorious sea breeze mingled with sweet land scents coming in through the narrow loopholes of the tower, and, looking out, I saw the sunshine on the trees, and falling in great flecks of light and shadow on the ferny glades beneath, where a herd of deer were just then quietly browsing; and between the branches I caught the glint of distant waves that made my heart rejoice, for ever since I had seen the sea I had felt its mysterious influence; it seemed like an old friend who could tell me of the past, and I longed to be down upon the shore, listening to the low thunder of the resistless surges, with the wild wind in my hair and the salt spray in my face.

When I reached the parlour, I found that it was exactly twenty minutes past seven by the clock, which meant that it was just six by the sun. I listened; all was profoundly still, no one was stirring in the house; should I sit down and read something? there were plenty of books that I longed to open in a huge, old-fashioned book-case in a recess; or should I go out among the deer, and drink in the fresh morning air, and brush the dew off the grass, and get an appetite for breakfast?

One look into the sunshiny world without decided me; there would be many a rainy day and many a long evening for the bees; there might not be many more sweet, bright Sunday mornings such as this, so I would go out into the breezy park, and perhaps get a distant view of the Castle of which I had as yet seen no more than its turrets, and part of one grey wing which was visible from the gate-house. Or I might go into the church; or surely I might climb some knoll or wooded height, and feast my eyes upon the broad and glittering Channel, for the glimpses I caught of it through the woods were very far from satisfying, they only served to provoke the insatiate desire I had for the full glory of the salt sea wave.

I was just undoing the fastenings of the outer door, when I heard a step behind me, and, turning, saw Rebecca.

"Oh! it's you, Master Hugh," said the damsel.

She was not quite four years older than myself, but she seemed to me a woman grown—only a *young* woman, and I had an idea that all young women were pleasant and good-tempered, and all old women disagreeable and cross. It was Rebecca's grown-up, capable air, no doubt, that impressed me so vividly, and she really was a very clever and energetic girl, with a downright passion for *thoroughness* in everything she said or did. Indeed, she was a living impersonation of the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Thoroughness was not so much a guiding principle as an instinct with her; she could not help going heart and soul into everything she undertook; she was firm even

to obstinacy, slow in making up her mind, but utterly immovable when once it was made up; finally, she was true and truthful, and fidelity seemed to be, and indeed was, as much a part of her individual nature as were the flesh, and blood, and marrow, without which she could not live.

"Yes! it's me, Rebecca," I said, lapsing into a popular error of speech.

I was at once corrected. "The Marchioness would say, it is *I*!"

"I suppose she would," I replied. "I knew it was wrong the moment I said it; but it is so easy to get wrong."

Rebecca shook her head sententiously. "Nothing in the world is so easy as to get wrong, whether it's speaking or doing. But, Master Hugh, what language is it the master and the mistress speak? Half of it is just Dutch to me."

"It's the Border dialect," I replied, grandly. "The Border country, you see, lies just between Scotland and England. In the old times, hundreds of years ago, it was always being fought for; the two nations quarrelled over it, just as two dogs fight and snarl over a bone, which each thinks he ought to get; and sometimes one got it, and sometimes another. Anyhow, we were mixed up so much with the Scotch, that we came at last to talk very much like them, though all the time we were English to the backbone, you know! And it's gone on so ever since; and it isn't a language that the Border folk speak, but a dialect."

"What is the difference between a dialect and a language?" asked Rebecca.

This was quite beyond me. I knew pretty well where the difference lay, but cursorily knowing a thing and lucidly explaining it are two very distinct matters. How I explained it may be guessed from Rebecca's thoughtful rejoinder, "Oh! I see—at least I think I do. A language is the proper speech of a people; a dialect is a muddle of the people's own improper speech and that of their next-door neighbour."

"Not *quite* that," I returned, thinking of some things the vicar had said to me on this very subject; but Rebecca nodded her head. "That's near enough for me at present; I'll find out for certain by-and-bye. The first thing I've got to do is to learn to know what my master and mistress are saying to me. I can catch at the master's meaning, but as for the mistress—laws! I don't know one word in six that she says—no, nor yet one in ten. But where are you going so early, Master Hugh?"

"I am going for a walk in the park, Rebecca; there will be time before breakfast."

"Plenty of time if you do not go too far, and mind you do not lose yourself."

"I shall not go out of the park."

"You may lose yourself in the park easier than out of it. Why, the park goes miles and miles, Master Hugh. It runs up there among the hills, and it takes in all yon valley, and it stretches right over to the cliffs. Dovercourt is a little kingdom in itself, people do say."

"And the Marquis and the Marchioness are the king and queen."

"I suppose they are, and the Marchioness is a good queen too. As for the Marquis we see but little of him; but he's a fine man, the very picture of a man, my mother says."

"I shall see him at church to-day."

"That is not certain; he is not over fond of church. Perhaps he will come to-day because of his visitors, just to show respect to them; but it depends upon who they are. Some of my lord's friends don't think much of church-going."

I felt greatly shocked, for I had been carefully trained to church-going, and the idea of attending Divine service merely from respect to one's friends was something I could not understand. "Dear me," I said. "I thought it was a *duty* to go to church, and I thought we went there to worship God."

"And right you are," quickly rejoined Rebecca; "but just don't you go judging the Marquis. It's nothing to you nor to me what he does or what he leaves undone, so long as he does not injure us in any way. Our concern is for ourselves; at least mine is with myself, I know. Perhaps it would become us both to ask ourselves whether we do go to church to worship God and for nothing else."

I felt myself getting very hot. Surely Rebecca by some strange intuition knew the reprehensible state of mind in which I had passed my last Sabbaths at Eaglesmere. I had been in my place of course, and I had held my Prayer-book in my hand, and I even joined mechanically now and then in the responses, but my thoughts were far way. I had been so absorbed in passing events and pending changes that I scarcely knew whether I sat, or stood, or knelt. I did as the rest did, I suppose, or I should have been chidden by Margery, who always kept a watchful eye upon "the bairns;" but I changed my attitude quite unconsciously. I found the Psalms and the Lessons like one in a waking trance, and one Sunday in particular I remembered that I never heard a word of the service nor received a single impression of the act in which it was presumed I was engaged. I remembered kneeling down and calling myself a "miserable sinner" several times in succession according to the ritual, and then all through the rest of the Litany I must have been in dreamland, for the very next thing I heard—and it seemed but a minute afterwards—was the Prayer of St. Chrysostom. And

yet I had been wide awake all the time, in the full possession of my senses, but totally absorbed in reflections in which worship certainly had no part. So after all perhaps I was not so much better than the Marquis of Dovercourt, who went to church not at all or else to please his friends.

"I shall see the Marchioness at least?" I resumed, wishing to change the subject.

"Yes, you will see her, Master Hugh, as sure as Sunday is Sunday. Wet or dry, hail, rain, or shine, my lady is always in her seat. Nothing but illness ever keeps her away from church. And when she is singing the hymns and chanting the *Te Deum* she looks for all the world like an angel. I am one of her girls, you know, and she chose me her own self to be in service here."

"I do not quite understand."

"Why, my lady has a school, you see—a school she takes great pride in, and I was one of the elder scholars. And a fortnight ago my lady sent for me up to the Castle, and asked me if I would like to go into service. I hoped I was going to be taken on at the Castle as under-housemaid or kitchenmaid, but my lady explained how Mr. and Mrs. Wray were coming from the North, and how she wished me to be their servant, to serve them with as much goodwill and faithfulness as I would serve herself. And so it was settled. It was so kind of my lady to speak to me herself in her own beautiful sitting-room. All that sort of thing is generally left to Mrs. Miller. My lady's rooms are fit for any queen, Master Hugh. I shouldn't think Windsor Castle itself can be much finer than our Dovercourt. Oh! it must be grand to be born heir to such a noble name and such a lordly place."

"And who is heir after the Marquis himself, Rebecca? Do you know?"

"Do I know? Of course I know. Who but my lord's own and only son, the Earl of Felixstowe."

"Is he grown up, this Earl?"

"Bless us, Master Hugh, where have you lived all your life that you ask such a question? Oh! I forgot you were strange in these parts; but still I should have thought everybody in England knew all about the Dovercourt family, because, you see, they are one of the first and oldest families in the country, a part of the history of England, as Mr. Drew says; and he has got a book—a big, thick book in a red cover, that tells you who people are—that is, people who are nobly born. It doesn't trouble about such as you and me, of course; and in this book is set down the whole pedigree of the Dovercourts, or Waltons rather, for that is the family name. Dovercourt is only the title, but of course you knew that."

I did not know it, and I felt very ignorant and stupid, and I

resolved to commence the study of patrician genealogies as speedily as possible. Only a month ago I did not even know that such a family existed, and Mr. Gibson was the most important personage in my little world.

Rebecca went on, "Yes, as I said, you will find all about them in the big red book. Mr. Drew will allow you to look into it, I daresay, though he will not let you carry it away with you. He is a very kind gentleman is Mr. Drew—the house steward, you know. He lives at the Moat House on the north side of the park. But as for the pedigree it is wonderful; the Waltons began hundreds and hundreds of years back. Oh! I should like to come of such an old, old family.

"Didn't we all begin hundreds and hundreds of years ago?" I asked. "Why, Rebecca, your ancestors and mine must have been alive at the same time as were these ancestors of the Waltons who are put down in the book. Only nobody thought it worth while to make any mention of them."

"That's just it; that makes all the difference, you see. Of course everybody is descended from somebody, only some of us come of grand people, and some of us, the most part of us indeed, come of no one in particular. It is rather puzzling, though, because you see there was but one beginning of people; we are all of us descended in a straight line from Adam and from Noah, I suppose, for fresh families don't spring up out of the ground. Pedigree is a puzzling thing when you come to reason about it, Master Hugh. Look here: suppose I knew who all my grand-parents were, and could trace them right back, one by one, all the way to the old Bible times, there would come a point where my relations and the Marquis's relations would meet and be akin, and more than that—we should both get back to Noah, though I might come from Shem and he from Japheth. It's very odd."

"But you have not told me whether the Earl of Felixstowe is a man, or a boy like myself, or a little child."

"Oh, quite a little fellow, but such a beauty! He is as fair as a lily, and he has great blue eyes, and such lovely hair, curling all round his white forehead. He is not more than five years old. I remember his birth well enough, there were such great rejoicings. I mind, too, when the Lady Maud was born; people did say that the Marquis was terribly disappointed, for he had one girl already; my Lady Olive, her mother, was the first Marchioness, you know. And naturally he wanted an heir to his estates and titles, and all the neighbourhood was glad when the little Earl arrived. His christening was the grandest day I ever knew; his name is Philip Henry Augustus Frederik Walton. My mother took me afterwards to see the christening robes and the presents, and I never shall forget

them. And my mother said, 'Ah! but he'll have the stomach-ache and his teeth will plague him just the same as if he were a workhouse child, for all his fine clothes and mugs of silver and gold.' And she was right, for the little lord had a hard time of it till he was almost two years old; he was ever pining and ailing something, and people did say he would never be reared, and then all of a sudden he mended, and got quite hearty and rosy, and now he's as fine a little fellow of his age as anybody can see, and we are all proud of our Earl of Felixstowe, that some day, if he lives, will be the Marquis and reign at Dovercourt."

"And is Lady Maud like her brother?"

"Not a bit. Lady Maud is not like her father or her mother. Why, she is as black-browed as you are, and I declare she has just the same dark eyes; why, you might be brother and sister, you are so alike. Who do you take after?"

"My father, I believe," I replied; "but I think if I do not set out for my walk it will be breakfast-time before I get to the end of the avenue."

"And there'll be no breakfast if I don't leave off clicketing and get on with my work. I hear the mistress afoot overhead, so you had better go at once, Master Hugh; and if you turn to the left when you get beyond that great oak that was struck by lightning, and keep along by the laurels, you will come to a narrow path which will lead you up a little hill with firs a-top, and from there you will see a rare fine sight—the castle with the flag flying on the tower, in token that my lord himself is at home, and the park, or at least a big piece of it, and the great downs beyond the park, and then the sea. It will be as blue as blue such a morning as this. I'd run up with you and see it myself if it was but an hour earlier, for it's splendid to look at when there is not a cloud in the sky and just a gentle breeze ruffling all the little waves. When we sing in church, 'The sea is His, and He made made it, and His hands prepared the dry land,' I always think of that view from Fir-tree Mount, as it is called. Just at your feet the beautiful land, so rich and green, with the tall trees, and the cattle grazing under them, and the Castle standing up so old and grey and grand, and then beyond them all the great and wide sea, as the Psalmist says—at least it seems great and wide because we cannot see the bounds of it, though I do know it is *only* the Channel, and nothing to be compared to the broad ocean itself. We learned geography, you see, at school; my lady wished us to learn anything we had a gift for, and I always took to maps and liked to know about foreign countries. There's your cap, Master Hugh; you'll come back with a fine appetite for your breakfast, only be sure you are back in an hour's time."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CHANCEL PEWS.

The church was just on the outskirts of the park; whether it was dedicated to any saint I do not now recollect, but it seemed to be chiefly associated with Dovercourts past and present, and gave one the idea of having been erected to their honour and glory. The chancel and the side-chapels were crowded with the tombs of deceased Waltons; the richly painted windows displayed their arms and quarterings, and crests in all sorts of brilliant hues; their escutcheons hung between the arches in the aisles, and their banners of battle, all mildewed and tattered, hung high above the marble pavement, which was chronicled with their histories. Even the very bells, I soon found out, bore the antique inscription—

“Walton of Dovrecourte gave me,
That I God’s name might glorifie.”

And merrily they did ring that Sunday morning, their brave music swelling on the breeze, and dying in sweet, low echoes on the sea. I had never heard church bells before, and the sound made my heart beat half with pain and half with pleasure, and I felt very much as I did when, a few years later, I first heard Handel’s “Hallelujah Chorus” sung by a full orchestra.

“What ails the bairn?” said Margery, peering at me over her spectacles, for I was looking pale and awe-stricken. We had finished breakfast, and were all sitting on the little green lawn at the side of the house. Of course I replied that nothing ailed me, only it felt strange.

And Margery rejoined that it did feel strange, “unco’ strange,” and she felt strange in herself, and everything was strange, and she would give something to see herself back again at Eaglesmere. And the bells were very noisy, and made her head ache, and helped to confuse her thoughts.

But Martin answered, “Whisht, woman, dinna say nowt against t’ bells, they’re loike the voices o’ angels ca’ing us with sweet accord to come oop t’ Lord’s hoose and pay our vows! Phoebe, my wean, dinna ye loike to listen to t’ bonnie bells i’ steeple?”

“I’m afeard,” said Phoebe; “they seem as if they would ring the dead folk out of their graves. Can the dead folk hear, think ye, Hughy?”

“No,” I replied, gravely, “they are dead and gone to dust, so, of course, they cannot hear—they will hear again some day, though.”

“And how do you know they do not hear now?” said Rebecca, who just then came out with some crumbs for the birds; “they are not dead, you know, only their bodies are asleep, their spirits

are all alive; perhaps they are hovering up there now!" And she pointed upwards to the deep blue morning sky, filled with the sweet golden Sabbath sunshine.

"Ay! who knows?" said Margery; "maybe our Ailie and t' lile bairns are not sae far away as we think for, gudeman! What tens to hinder souls fra fleein where they list? I wonder if John and Ailie ken that we're cam awa' fra t' old kirk-yard, where they rest in peace! Ye need na be skeered, Phoebe lassie, t' bells do mak bonnie music; there, now, t' wind soughs t'other way, and is na it grand and beautiful?"

The bells did not ring long. I suppose the full peal rang out in honour of the Marquis and his noble friends, for, as a rule, we had nothing but ordinary chiming and tolling on Sunday morning. Phoebe resumed her catechism at the point where she had left off the Sunday before at Eaglesmere, and I sat among the mignonette, learning a chapter out of one of the Epistles. Martin was very fond of the Epistles, whereas I preferred the Gospels. "Gospels are a' varra weel, laddie," he used to say; "they larn ye about our Lord's ain life and death, and about Peter and John and t' rest o' t' disciples; but it's needfu' for ye to larn sound docthrine, and for a gude screed o' docthrine give me t' Apostle Paul, especially his Romans, which is fine and hard t' unnerstand, but, at same time, varra instrooctive."

Of course we looked out the Lessons and the Psalms and the Collect for the day, just as usual; but Martin sighed and shook his head when he remembered that he could take no active part in the service of that morning. He would just be one of the congregation, and he must not uplift his voice above the rest; it would be very hard to sit still and hear the hymns given out by a stranger, and to say "Amen" in the proper undertone of a private worshipper. And he was really apprehensive, lest, yielding to habit, he should forget his altered position, and respond too audibly, which would be disrespectful to the officiating clerk; for Martin strongly objected to anything beyond an indistinct murmur from the congregation, and one of our old friends at Eaglesmere had sorely displeased him by uttering the responses in a clear and audible voice, saying "Amen" so that all in the little church could hear.

We set out in good time, though we had not far to go—just across a corner of the park, and through a little wood or spinney which bordered on the churchyard. And the bells were chiming softly now, and seemed more than ever like the sweet, solemn music of the skies. Hand in hand Phoebe and I passed through the deep porch, and there we stood wondering where we ought to go; not daring to walk up the aisle at the bottom of which we

waited. Presently a reverend-looking man, staff in hand, accosted Martin. "Be ye Muster Wray?"

"Yes, I'm Martin Wray," was the quick response, "late parish clerk of Eaglesmere, in the county of Cumberland."

"Then come this way; I'll show you to the Gate House pew."

Which said pew was quite a small apartment, square of course, with a curious sort of *pris-dieu* or faldstool in the middle, and shut in on three sides from the vulgar gaze by a curiously wrought oaken screen. The fourth side, looking towards the chancel, was open, so that we could see the minister and all the grand folk from the Castle who sat within the chancel. Presently a door in the south transept opened, and our friend Mr. Duckett appeared, resplendent in his freshest liveries, holding back the door for "the family" to enter. They swept in—a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, all as it seemed to me magnificently dressed. There were six or seven ladies and half a score of gentlemen, and how was I to know which of them was the Marquis and which the Marchioness? I watched them till they were all seated, and while their heads were bowed in prayer I ventured to nudge Martin, and whisper, "Which is the Marchioness, grandfather?"

But Martin never countenanced talking in church. He shook his head, and frowned, and looked extremely scandalised, so I had to resign myself to general uncertainties, consoling myself with the reflection that I could ask Rebecca when we got home, for she would know exactly where Lady Dovercourt sat and what she wore. And in the meantime I resolved to use my eyes as freely as was consistent with good manners. As for joining fervently in the service: that was out of the question. I knew I was wrong, but I effected a sort of compromise with my conscience; that one Sunday I would give to looking about me and to my own secret thoughts, on the next I would turn over a new leaf, repent of my sins, and join heartily in the service and listen to the sermon. Having made this little arrangement I felt quite comfortable, and I was amused to see Martin peering over the people's heads in the direction of the reading-desk, evidently seeking for the clerk, who appeared not to be forthcoming.

The service opened with the Morning Hymn. It was not given out. Everybody stood up; the organ poured forth its strains, and the choristers united in a burst of melody—a most irregular proceeding both to Martin and to Margery. And now I could see the lords and ladies from the Castle, and as I never supposed they would look at me I felt no scruples about looking at them long and attentively as I pleased. I soon picked out the Lady Juliana. There she was in modified widow's weeds, tall and lean, grim and severe, with eagle grey eyes, a hooked nose, thin lips, square chin, and the

highest forehead I ever knew an unfortunate woman to display. By her side stood a little girl, not much larger than Phœbe, but undoubtedly older by several years. Indeed, as I afterwards discovered, the young lady was only a few weeks my junior. Of course I had no difficulty in recognising Lady Olive; a prouder and more disdainful-looking little mortal it would be difficult to imagine. She held her hymn-book with an air, she opened her lips as if singing in church were a condescension, and through her half-closed, haughty eyelids she stared scornfully at the congregation. And I felt sure she singled our pew out from all the others; probably ours were the only strange faces she could see, and I thought she glanced at me with proud disapprobation. Once I was certain I caught her gaze fixed on me with freezing disdain and contemptuous displeasure. But she was not so ugly as Mr. Duckett had pictured her. She had a patrician cast of feature; her complexion was not so very sallow after all, and her eyebrows were most delicately pencilled. Handsome I suppose she was not, proud and unamiable she certainly was, but somehow I was strangely attracted towards her. I could not help looking at her and thinking about her, and wondering what she thought of me, and whether she knew anything about me. I felt too that I defied her, that I would give her back scorn for scorn, that if we talked together I would return thrust for thrust; for I knew instinctively that, child as she was, she was an adept in the art of wounding, that she could say things to make one writhe and wince, that she could turn her sentences into keenest arrows and poisoned darts. The strongest antagonism sprang up in my heart as I regarded her; I longed to humble her, to shame her, even to torture her if such a thing might be. I thought how I should like to watch the scalding tears streaming down those pale cheeks, how I should rejoice to hear her sob and cry, and to see her wring her small, slender hands in all the abandonment of grief. And yet all the while I wanted her to like me, and determined that she should like me some day or other. If I wished to make her cry I wished also to console her; if I desired to see her troubled and abased I desired also to help her out of her distress, and with my own hand and by my own will raise her up out of the dust of her humiliation.

Next to Lady Olive was Miss Flegg, the governess, an elderly, sour visaged spinster, who looked quite as spiteful as she really was. She was proud and disdainful too, and evidently despised all those whom she considered her inferiors; but she had not the patrician air of her pupil, and I decided at once that she came of obscure parentage, and had lots of vulgar relatives. I fancied she looked like a very unhappy person, and I could not help pitying Lady Olive for being under her domination.

The Castle pews were three in number, without reckoning those occupied by the servants; and this morning they were all full. Indeed, such an influx was there in the servants' pews that some of the Dovercourt domestics were obliged to sit with the ordinary congregation; and just before the Confession began Mr. Duckett entered our pew and seated himself by me.

When we stood up again for the *Venite*, he whispered, "That's the Marchioness, Master Hugh, that one with the feathery bonnet and the white lace veil. See! just under Sir Robert Walton's monument; and that little girl by her side is my Lady Maud. And that's the Marquis, by the pew door, the tall gentleman looking through a gold eye-glass."

Yes! I knew that. I was sure it was the Marquis, because I had seen him handing books to his visitors; moreover, I could trace the likeness between him and Lady Olive. He looked much younger than his sister, the Lady Juliana, and was certainly much handsomer; but I did not like him, and I felt as if in some way he had injured me. But that of course was all nonsense, as the Marquis had probably never heard my name, and would never know me from any other lad on the estate; but the longer I looked at him, the more the feeling of repulsion strengthened, and by the time the service was concluded, I am afraid I was in a very unchristian state of mind, for I cordially hated him, and was conscious of owing him a grudge, wherefore I could not tell! Indeed, I was sorely puzzled at myself, both as regarded my feelings towards the Marquis and towards his elder daughter.

But when Mr. Duckett spoke, I looked first at the Marchioness; she must have been sitting down during the singing of the opening hymn, for I had not noticed her before, and yet I am sure if I had seen her I should have been at once struck by her appearance. Anything so lovely I had never imagined. I did not wonder at Rebecca saying she looked like an angel, only to-day she was not singing, her head was bent over her Prayer-book, and she never looked up once, and I watched her very closely,—till the middle of the Creed. She was very pale. Her perfect features looked as if they were sculptured out of purest marble. She was rather tall, and for a matron, rather slight; but her figure had a wand-like grace that made me think of the stately yet drooping lilies in our garden at Eaglesmere. The outlines of the face were most delicate, the expression sweet and noble, but very pensive; and there were certain tremulous curves about the exquisitely cut mouth that spoke of an habitual sadness. Of course I do not mean to say that I noticed all this at the time. It was rather by slow degrees that I learned to understand that most lovely countenance, and to read its lines of care, and sadness, and grave anxiety; I only knew that

I saw something of a beauty so rare, so transcendent, that I half doubted whether it could be of ordinary mortal mould!

I said that Lady Dovercourt did not look up from her Prayer-book till towards the middle of the Creed. I was watching her intently, although I was mechanically repeating after the clergyman, and I was wishing she were not so devoutly good, for I was impatient to see the angelic face more fully, and somehow I longed for those lovely violet eyes to be looking into mine. The grave, set expression, the down-glancing, full white lids, the almost enforced attention to the service wearied and half angered me. Why did she not look up just for one instant? And at last I felt that I *must* see her more satisfactorily, that my eyes *must* meet hers, that I must see her smile, or move, or cry, or do something, no matter what, which should break the spell her strange immobility had cast upon me! Suddenly, and as if the movement required a physical effort, she did look up, and look straight towards our pew. Nay, more than that, she looked at *me*, and I looked at her, and we stedfastly regarded each other as if we two had been alone in the great church. I forgot, and I am sure she forgot, that any one else was present. She let her gold-clasped Prayer-book slip from her trembling fingers, she made a slight gesture with her hands as if she would embrace something; the pale features lighted up with a sort of rapture such as I have seen since in the faces of haloed pictured saints; a mute entreaty seemed breathing from her lips; while I! I longed to rush to her, to feel her arms folded about me, and her sweet lips pressed to mine. Surely I had dreamt of her, or was there any truth in the theory of transmigration? Had I seen her and known her in some other stage of existence?

Verily the Eaglesmere people were right; I was a remarkably queer child, or else why was I seized with this wild worship for the beautiful Marchioness, whom *certainly* I had never seen before? What could she ever be to me, or I to her?—I, the orphan son of an obscure, middle-class sea captain, and the supposed grandchild of Martin Wray the shoemaker, and Margery his wife? Did she know, I wondered, that I was *not* Martin's grandson? And when and where had Martin been her servant? Martin had lived for more than thirty years in Eaglesmere, diligently making shoes and clogs, and discharging his clerky duties as well as those which pertained to him as husband and father. And Lady Dovercourt could not be more than thirty years of age, if, indeed, she were so old, for there was something child-like, almost infantile, in her dimpled beauty that made her look much younger than she really was. Where and when, then, could it have been that Martin Wray had served her and earned so much gratitude and thoughtful kindness from her? She must have cared very much for the old

man to give herself so much trouble on his behalf, and to bring him all the way from Eaglesmere to the confines of her own park. And Martin must have cared greatly for her, or he would never have made so thorough a change at his time of life, and in opposition to his wife, to whom, as a rule, he succumbed, after fighting awhile vainly for his own way. Were there always these incomprehensible relations between great ladies and their faithful servitors of past days?

But all this was my meditation during the sermon, of which I did not hear a single word, of which I could not even recall the text when, according to custom, Martin expected me to repeat it at dinner-time. I said boldly that I had not listened, that I was thinking of something else. What the "something else" was he did not inquire, and if he had, most decidedly I should have declined to tell. To go back to the middle of the "Apostles' Creed," as it is called; though unnumbered sensations passed through my frame, though thought after thought flashed through my brain, and though a new instinct sprang up within me, it all passed in less than half a minute. While the words "the life everlasting" were still upon our tongues, the passionate, rapt look faded from the Marchioness's face, her lips quivered, the delicate flush faded away, her hands fell, and the next minute there was commotion in all the chancel-pews.

"My lady had fainted," Mr. Duckett said; "she did sometimes, for she was very far from strong."

And when he came down to the Gate-house in the evening, he remarked that she had been very much put about; my lord's coming down so unexpectedly, and with such a large party, had flurried her—had flurried them all, indeed, and quite upset Mrs. Miller and Mr. Drew. My lady was unequal to much fatigue, and was accustomed to a quiet life; no wonder she gave way under the pressure of entertaining such company. Why, there were three dukes, and two duchesses, and a foreign prince at the Castle at that identical moment. But Sophie said my lady was pretty well again this evening.

CHAPTER IX.—GOING TO THE CASTLE.

The Marquis and his guests remained but a very short time at the Castle; I think it was on the Wednesday that they went away as suddenly as they came, and the same evening Martin received a message from my lady, who wished to speak with him. He did not return till quite late, for the sneezy clock was well on towards midnight when Rebecca let him in. Phoebe had gone to bed long ago, and I had sat up ostensibly to bear Margery company. But Mar-

gery had slept peacefully ever since her supper, the new easy chair was a "reaight lazy ane," she said, and I had been reading alone, though in a subdued tone, the "Scottish Chiefs," and both Rebecca and I enjoyed it so intensely that we were unconscious of the flight of time, and were only sorry when Martin's footstep in the porch told us that for that night at least our pleasure must be suspended.

"Hech! but ye're varra leet, my mon," said Margery, beginning to knit with furious speed; "I was gettin' quite drowsed, amaisht asleep, I think."

"Amaisht asleep!" Rebecca and I exchanged glances, for indeed the mistress's snoring had been the one crumpled rose-leaf in our hour of Elysian enjoyment. Of course Wallace, and Marion, and the Lady Helen Mar never snored!

"Bairn, ye ought to be in yer bed," said Martin, addressing me. "Gang ye noo this minute."

I obeyed, though I lingered in putting away the books I had taken from the shelves. I hoped to hear something of the interview that was just concluded, but I was disappointed, for as long as I remained below Martin maintained an impenetrable silence, neither did Margery, as was her wont, bother him with questions. I could perceive that nothing would be said on either side till Rebecca and I had taken our departure, probably not till the husband and wife were safely shut up in that inviolable sanctum of married life, their own chamber. And if I had wished to go eavesdropping, as had happened once before at Waterhead, it would not now be possible, as my room was at some distance from their room and from the parlour, and walls of immense thickness, heavy oak doors, and sound-proof floors and ceilings would effectually prevent my overhearing a single word. So I went to bed and slept badly, and when, towards morning, I dreamed, it was of the Marchioness and Lady Helen Mar, and of Mr. Duckett and William Wallace, a perfect jumble of terror, confusion, and absurdity.

I got up, not much the better for my bed, feeling cross and tired, and wishing I could go to Mr. Gibson for my lessons. I was getting wearied already of my holidays. After breakfast, when I was running off into the garden, Martin called me back.

"Dinna ye gang and tire yersel', Hugh; it's hot i' t' sun, and ye'll hev to be walkin' oop t' Castle presently. Ye'd better sit ye down wi' t' bukes awhile, till it is time to be gangin. T' Marchioness did say one o'clock."

"Am I going to see the Marchioness?" I asked eagerly, all my weariness and dullness passing suddenly away.

"Yes! my leddy wants to see my bairns, she says; sae ye'll baith gang oop, ye and Phoebe."

Martin's bairns! Then she did believe me to be the old clerk's grandson? And we were *both* to go up, Phœbe as well as myself. And somehow I felt that I would have much preferred to go without Phœbe—for the first time in my life I experienced the pangs of jealousy, and I would have given much to be permitted to make my *début* at the Castle, unaccompanied by my little sister, as I had once been pleased to call her. I don't know what possessed me, but I blurted out, "What does the Marchioness want to see Phœbe for?"

Martin seemed startled; then he regarded me keenly. "And why for suld my ain leddy not want to see t' wean Phœbe? Is na' Phœbe my ain flesh and bluid, and ye wi' nae drap of Wray's bluid in yer veins? It would be mair sense-like if ye speered on to why she wanted to see *you*!—*Hugh Travis*!"

I was dumb-founded; Martin had only spoken rationally. Martin was the lady's humble but honoured friend, that was very clear; Phœbe was his own veritable grandchild, while I was nothing to him, except as foster-child, or the son of his adoption, or whatever I might choose to call the connection between us. What was I to the beautiful lady? what could I be? What did she know about Captain Vassall's son, or care about him either? No! it was Phœbe for whom she cared; it must have been at Phœbe she looked so wildly, so wistfully, on Sunday. She only sent for me, because, in her kindness, she would not make any difference between the alien child and the child of Martin Wray's own daughter. I was convinced and humbled, but not in the least consoled. Foolish boy that I was! I had been feeling as if there were some mysterious link between the Marchioness and myself; and now I perceived how truly ridiculous I had been; it had even come into my romantic young head that she might be akin to that unknown mother of mine, who "lived but not for me," and about whom I had resolved never to inquire again. Suppose the Marchioness should turn out to be my aunt! I had thought on the Sunday night, as I lay tossing, with sleep far from my eyes, on my bed in the Gate-chamber. Martin's few cool, plain words put all such vain imaginings to flight; besides, was it at all likely that the wife of the captain of a small trading vessel and the wife of the most noble the Marquis of Dovercourt should be even remotely allied? Why, they would not know each other, supposing they lived in the same town, so wide, so impassable is the gulf which separates rank from rank!

I was silent, and went away fallen and abased in my own estimation. At twelve o'clock I was called in to be dressed, and Margery was very particular about my hands, and fidgeted because she thought my new jacket—made of finer cloth than I had ever worn before—did not fit me perfectly. She brushed my hair so long and

so vigorously that I had to cry for mercy; she turned me round and about, contemplating me as critically as if I had been a mere lay figure or a wax-work in a show; and, finally, she went to the box where she kept treasures and special articles of finery, and brought forth a navy-blue neck-tie, which she arranged jauntily round my neck, and my toilet was complete. It did not escape me that equal pains were not taken with Phoebe's dress; she wore her usual Sunday white frock and sky-blue sash, and her pretty flaxen or golden hair was simply snooded in a ribbon which exactly matched the cerulean sash and sleeve-knots. But to Rebecca was entrusted the charge of "getting her ready" for the all-important visit.

At half-past twelve we set out with Martin for the Castle; Phoebe bashful, though elate; I moody, depressed, and almost ill with repressed emotion and secret anxiety; for I longed with a vehement and passionate longing to be more to the Marchioness than Phoebe was, to be loved by her for my very own sake, and not for any sake of faithful Martin Wray. Poor, foolish, presumptuous Hugh Vassall! I was always speaking of myself to myself, as Hugh Vassall, ignoring as much as I could the interloping "Travis," which I was beginning cordially to dislike.

Martin was grave and unusually silent, as we walked slowly up the grand avenue. We were in sight of the Castle—oh, what a glorious place it was! grey and hoar, and battlemented; as goodly and stately a pile, not being royal, as any in the three kingdoms—before he spoke: then he said, in a low voice, but very distinctly: "Of course ye'll mind yer manners, Hugh?"

"Of course I shall," I replied, proudly. "A gentleman is always polite to a lady!"

"A gentleman! Gudesakes! Whatten maggot hae ye gotten i' yer head noo, laddie? A puir laddie left his lane i' this cauld warld suld na git uplifted crankees i' his brain; nae gude'll iver come o' it; moind that, Hugh Travis, my bairn! Be content wi' what ye are; serve t' Lord i' yer day and generation, and ye'll live happy an' die respectit."

"I do not know what I am," I replied, sullenly; "if I did, I might know my duty better."

"Hech, bairn, but ye're varra tiresome! Hevn't I told ye my ain sel', and hasn't Margery tell't ye, an' t' Vicar, has na he confirmed the words we spak' unto ye, touchin' this matter? Ye're *Captain Vassall's son, and yer mither was his wedded wife!* the captain's dead and gane these ten years an' mair; as for yer mither ye'd better niver think on her; ye've lost her as if she'd gane down to Davy's Locker alang wi' her husban', puir lassie! Ye'll *niver see Nellie Vassall any mair in this world!* God grant ye may a' meet i' th' Kingdom—father an' mither, and their ane lad-bairn."

The kind, sad tone in which Martin spoke softened and subdued me a little; nevertheless, I persisted in questioning him. "Can you tell me nothing more about my father? I don't ask you about my mother, for both you and Mr. Gibson say I must not, and I have said I will not; but you might tell me what my father was like."

"I niver saw him but ance, laddie, an a varra foine young mon he was—tall and stately, and dark, like yersel', Hugh, wi' a fire i' his een, jest like t' fire that glowers i' yer ain black een sae aften. Ye'll grow oop t' varra picture of yer father, yer every bit like him, ye see! ye hev his een, as I said, an' his olive dark skin, like a furineer, as he was on his mither's side, I've heard tell; an' ye've his curly black hair and his strecht nose, and ye throw yer head back, jest as he did, an' ye're ower hasty wi' yer tongue, as he was; it's the same hot fiery bluid; an' ye've his gait, and when ye come to his stature ye'll hev pretty much his figure, I'm thinking."

"Thank you, Martin, for telling me so much. How I wish I had my father's portrait! I'm not at all like my mother, then?"

"Not in face, not in colour, no! but ye've some of her ways; she was impatient and wadna bide God's time, an' ye're impatient, too, Hughey. She was a reaght pretty lassie, but she was nae yer father's equal."

I asked no more, for my father, I knew, was of obscure origin, the son of poor though worthy people, and I did not care to be told how much lowlier and poorer was my mother before she was taken from her own kinsfolk. I had only one more question to put, and I put it. "Grandfather, I want to know, I think I ought to know, does the Marchioness understand that I am no grandchild of yours? From what you said just now I supposed it was so. *She* knows who I am?"

Martin hesitated; then he replied, "Yes, Hugh, she does know; I have told her all your story. My leddy has grat discretion, an' I keppit naething from her. But mind! ye maun niver say aught aboot yersel', tho' ye may answer any questions she may chose to put to ye. An' because it's niver well to clatter aboot t' doins o' grand folk, ye'd better keep a quiet tongue i' yer head, consarnin' a' that ye see an' hear, whiles ye's at the Castle; specially it's yer dooty niver to repeat onything the Marchioness says to you, at ony time. It would be a great disrespect to her noble leddyship. Queens, and marchionesses, an' princesses, an' such like are not to be talked aboot. Gin they honour ye by condescendin' to talk to ye, ye maun alway keep silent consarnin' them, baith o' their words which ye have heard and o' their actions which ye have witnessed. That's a part o' the way in which you must order yersel', lowly an' riverently, to a' your betters. Sae mind an' be a gude laddie, and do credit to yer bringin' oop; it isna every bairn that's had yer

advantages, I can tell you! brawt oop, an' wi' care, by t' parish clerk, an' t' parson, by t' twa maist 'sponsible people in ony place!" And then Martin sighed deeply, if, indeed, I may not say he groaned. Doubtless he was mourning over his departed glories; for he was no longer parish clerk, and of course no longer "one of the maist 'sponsible people." And there seemed to be no parish clerk at Dovercourt, which amazed us all considerably; we should just as soon have expected to find no church or no clergyman. Mr. Duckett informed us that "clerks" were going out of fashion in churches. Both Martin and Margery, who continually lamented the degeneracy of the age, took this as a new and melancholy proof of the irreligious tendency of the nineteenth century.

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY; OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER V.—The Author in this chapter endeavours to understand the art and mystery of pew-opening.

My reader being sufficiently refreshed by the last chapter is now able to proceed with the investigation of the nature and character of those most important ecclesiastical functionaries to whom we have given the name of Thyroigoi. They are to the author a most interesting study. Indeed he is not quite sure if from them has not arisen these very papers which are so evidently the delight of both writer and reader. Had there been no Thyroigos there would have been no Glimpses through the Clerestory. It may as well be told how the habits and manners of this officer gave occasion for these most learned lucubrations.

It was a fine summer Sunday evening. On referring to my diary the date I find is July 22, 18—; well, never mind the exact year, though I like to be particular in these things. I had been out in the morning at the service of Salem. To have been out once in the day is generally as much as I can manage. Conscience this Sunday was thoroughly at rest. Had not conscience been to chapel, and *enjoyed* the service, come home and made a good dinner, indulged in a quiet nap in the afternoon, refreshed herself with a cup of tea; at least had not I done all this, and of course conscience kept me company—and what possible reason in the world could conscience have, even had she been the most barefaced and

irrepressible of consciences, now to venture on a single qualm, much less a rebuke? At least there we were at my window lying upon the couch, looking out upon the street, and looking in through the side windows of Salem. It was a lovely evening; earth was holding Sabbath. Not too warm, for a gentle breeze whispered, and brought refreshing coolness in its breath. The day had gathered beauty as it grew, and now, somewhere about six o'clock, had all the mellow glory of its later afternoon. A few fleecy clouds floated across the sky; the birds kept twittering in the trees that grew behind the chapel; while a flood of melody from the bells of the parish church was poured out to add another element of beauty to the hour. The people began to gather in the streets. Some were making their way to evening service, others were going out for their Sunday walk after tea. And there I lay, watching now the sky and now the street, now listening to the bells and now to the birds, giving myself up to the enjoyment which was gathered from the whole. The minutes quickly slipped away, and I found myself watching so much of the interior of the chapel as could be seen through the windows. I do not now remember that I had ever noticed the doings of the Salemites so carefully before. Whether it was the clearness of the air or an unusually transparent state of the windows arising from a new chapel-cleaner having been put on the staff on the previous Friday, or a mere accident, or whether all these circumstances contributed to the result, I cannot tell; but this is quite certain, I observed what went on inside the chapel more carefully than ever before. It was one person who caught my eye most of all. I knew her well; she was the chapel-keeper's wife—a very worthy, respectable woman, and she occupied at Salem the post of pew-opener. Of course I had known this, and had seen her many times—I was going to say thousands of times, but that, on computation of the fifty-twos which make up the Sundays of the year, comes to rather too long a period, and, as I said, I wish to be very exact. But I had never intently examined pew-opening before, as I found I was examining it now. Now she journeyed up to the end of the building, now to the middle, and now hardly left the door. At one time I saw her stand very quietly and wait while the person admitted went into the pew; at another time she would indicate from her own location the seat intended, and allow the worshipper to settle himself or herself into a becoming attitude of devotion. I confess I was interested; I did not notice the bells ceasing, the service beginning, for she still plied her occupation, and I only ceased in some half-hour or so after worship began, and she took up her position in her own pew and disappeared from my sight. Then came my musing on what I had seen. The whys and wherefores of those peculiar marches along the aisle were dis-

cussed by me. The memories of other pew-openers came over me, and ever since then I have been a careful student of the church-officer above described, and have felt no common interest in their somewhat peculiar movements.

Many have been the pew-openers of Salem. Back into the past memory will travel, and brings up the dear old Thyroigoi who have long ago departed. They open pews no more. I wonder—I trust, that for them there is an opening of the golden gates, and an entrance into the temple of the Lord, where are provided for the saints the everlasting state of high felicity and glorious blessedness.

The reader will pardon me if I linger over the recollections of one of these ancient Thyroigoi. He was an official in the days of Salem's greatest glory, when the Rev. Jeconiah Brown was minister, who afterwards went up to London and became a metropolitan light. In these days we were "very full," as the pew-letting deacon used to say. Although our little town had only begun to grow, yet upon rare occasions, when some extraordinary event, such as the death of a public man, or a frightful fire, or even some mere local topic, gave Mr. Brown an opportunity which he might "improve," Salem was crowded. They even put strangers into the square baize-covered pew which Lawyer Smithson and his maiden sister occupied, and which pew the latter personage not only closed when she went into it, but even drew the bolt, and asserted by a powerful symbol that she was indeed a "garden walled around." But upon these occasions good old White would most deferentially make his way to Miss Smithson, and with a profound bow, leaning over the top of the door, or rather bending his head over it, for he was not a tall man, and the pews in old Salem were very high, request the spinster that she would "kindly accommodate." "Of course, Mr. White," was the reply; "you know I always tell you there is room in our pew." Whereupon the little man, with many acknowledgments, would put *two* of the most discreet-looking people he could find among the strangers into the pew, and the four corners would then be occupied, Miss Smithson instantly diving into the recesses of her book box, and emerging with an antediluvian fan, whereby she cooled herself and maintained her dignity during the rest of the service.

But this was a mere episode in White's undertaking on such days. He had a quiet, easy gait with him—not the stealthy creep of some movers about chapels and churches, which I fancy must be the most annoying of all things to a nervous minister, but a steady, self-possessed walk, with eyes upon every position, hitting upon the right places at the right time. You never saw old White put seven people into a pew that held only six, while in that immediately in front of it there were only four. He knew too the habits and likings

of the people. For example, there was Mrs. Curds, the wife of the dairyman—a very stout woman, who insisted upon sitting at the door of the pew while her thin husband emigrated to the top of it. Mrs. Curds would not leave that seat even if the next churning depended upon it, and as Salem pews were not very wide you may be sure it was no easy matter to pass her, and “turn out,” as she said, “she could not abide.” Now, I have seen in White’s occasional, though very occasional, absences his *locum tenens* put five people equally as stout as Mrs. Curds into that pew. The choking and plethora of that narrow pew must be left to my reader’s imagination. Suffice it to say that twice had the Rev. Jeconiah to stop in his reading to permit of the successful passage. But you never saw White make a mistake like that. He and Mrs. Curds were upon the best of understandings. The thinnest possible men and the most taper of dames alone went into the dairyman’s seat, and these could always pass. The radiancy of Mrs. Curds’s countenance at such times was a sufficient reward for the virtuous pew-opener. Then he had such an art of popping people into their places during any lull in the service. The preacher was a nervous man, but neither White nor White’s *protégés* ever disturbed him for an instant. On the very fullest nights Mr. White was calm, collected, master of the situation, most efficient packer of a congregation I ever knew. Not a vacant spot could be seen except the seats of the Smithsons, and even they were filled up with the dignity of the maiden sister, and somehow never presented an appearance of emptiness.

But days and months and years crept on with the good old White. He “put in” as long as he could, and then he retired into the safe keeping of a second wife, and an ear-trumpet, to one of the most comfortable seats in the gallery, and there overlooked the arrangements of his successors, often, I have no doubt, sighing for his quondam strength in the days of youth. He was middle-aged when I was a lad, and now the dear old man is gone. Ministers came and went, but old White lived on. Deacons changed. The suns of the singing quire rose and set, but the old Thyroigos endured and saw them all out. But his time came at last, and quietly, as if he were himself opening the door of some heavenly pew, the old messenger let him in, and he was gone. I am getting old myself now, but fresh and bright is my memory of Salem’s best pew-opener, and a tear I drop and wreath of living recollection cast upon the little mound in Salem’s burying-place, where lies old White. Reader, pardon the sentiment which has carried me off in my pen to an *in memoriam* perhaps wearisome to your patience.

Sometimes the pew-openers are women. Indeed, that official whose doings I first of all observed, and from which I was led to

study and describe them more fully, was of the gentler sex. They make very good Thyroigoi, or rather Thyroigai. They are quiet, do their work generally with less fuss than men, and have a certain staid, resigned appearance which comports very properly with a religious service. There is a touch of widowhood in their appearance generally, an undoubted matronly aspect which is very becoming; and Salem I fancy has a kind of self-complacency in feeling that by the employment of such persons she is not only being served, but is also doing a sort of kind and benevolent act. This happy union of advantage and beneficence Salem is very fond of. There is something very satisfactory in the being able to make the best of both worlds. The deacons dearly love a little clever business-like proceeding even in the affairs of the church.

These women pew-openers, then, have strong argument in their favour. But I have observed one little feminine weakness which is not a good, and has sometimes, as I have looked in through the windows, made me doubt whether, after all, the male Thyroigos is not the better officer. Service is concluded. The people are streaming out of the chapel; but here and there little knots are gathered, the centre of which I have generally observed is the pew-opener. Mrs. Robinson has something to say to her, and when that is said a little gossip is indulged in. Thyroige is on friendly terms with most of the people who come to Salem, and the grand opportunity for cultivating these friendly relations is on the Sunday morning as the people leave the place of worship. But this is a nuisance. I have found it once or twice for myself quite a difficulty to get by, to say nothing of the tittle-tattle which too often arises from these morning gossips. They are slight things I know, but it is the slight things of which I treat; and, after all, the discomfort of life does not depend upon the great sorrows, but upon the small annoyances. These things are often sufficient to keep folks from Salem, and now and then may become serious enough.

The fault of men engaged in this office is the danger of their not being sufficiently careful of strangers. Pew-opening for the people who are regular attendants seems to me to be the very height of absurdity. There is Mr. Winchfield, who considers himself somebody, both at Market Brampton, where he manages the bank, and especially at Salem, where he manages the fund for the relief of the poor. Every Sunday morning he expects to be marshalled up to his pew, and the pew-door opened, whilst Mrs. Winchfield and Master Winchfield, and the governess and three Miss Winchfields, all file in, at three minutes after the hour, with the gentleman himself to bring up the rear; and the pew-opener is expected all the while to be holding the door, and then shut them in, closing it carefully, and fastening the little button which preserves the Winch-

field sanctity from all vulgar profanation. Now, it makes me quite indignant when I see that ceremony duly performed every morning throughout the year when I am present to see it, and very often from my window I can perceive the same ceremony performed in the evening, when I can indulge only in my Glimpses. Winchfield has attended Salem some twenty-five years, has sat in that pew to my knowledge for the last eighteen. Do you mean to tell me that he does not know the way to his pew after so long a time; that he is unable to unfasten that button for himself; that he is really too weak to close the pew-door, but must get the church to employ somebody to do it for him? Pack of stuff. It is nothing but a piece of display and pride which is utterly unbecoming to the house of God. Strangers of course should be shown to seats because they cannot be expected to know where to go; but for the *habitude* of Salem to need the services of Thyroigos is quite contemptible.

Let me here record an observation which, though not exactly bearing upon the officer, has to do with his office.

The congregation on Sunday morning is a very regular one—that is to say, it probably never varies more than some score or thirty people in the general averages for the year. But it is not so on the Sunday night. I know most of the people who go there on Sunday morning, but many of those whom I see on Sunday evening are strangers. And yet they are only strangers in a certain sense. I have occupied my watch-post at the window for some time, and naturally have come to be pretty well acquainted with the aspect of some of these folks, for they are regular attendants. I have seen them too often not to recognise them again. They are always there, and yet they are strangers who need the kind attention of the pew-opener more than Salem's regulars themselves. Does the reader understand the mystery? How is it that they are strangers, and yet I know their faces so well? Let me just whisper the secret, lest we should hurt their feelings and offend their sensibilities, which must be very delicate. *They have no seats.* Just look! There goes one of them: I know the fellow well—a little dark man, dressed in a brownish coat, with hair brushed tightly to the head, shaved, with mutton-chop whiskers, such as policemen once affected. He used to go to the old Salem, and then I saw him better. To-day he went in at one side; next Sunday he tried the other. Then he would betake himself to the gallery for two or three weeks, suddenly to appear once more, after a round of locations, in one of the old places, and so complete the cycle of his sittings. He is by no means the only one who does the same thing. They come to chapel, and always; but never take a seat. Now, I do not much admire the system of pew letting by which

Salem exists; but still it is perhaps as good a mode as any other; and if there be a sufficiency of free sittings given for the poor, and these are not placed in some horrid or back-slum position, there does not seem much to be said against pews and pew rents. But what shall be said of the people who will come to a place of worship, and that regularly, who never contribute a fraction towards the expenses of the place? I say nothing of what is due to the service which my friend Watson performs for them; but there is a roof over their head; there is gas, and fire, and cleaning; there is music—and for all these such people let others pay their share. Talk of hearts of stone! Their faces must indeed be of brass, and that well burnished. I have no patience with them, and lose temper as soon as I talk or write of what I can call nothing short of dishonesty.

Yes, there that little man goes. I can see him slip in. He waits awhile at the door among several who are in some cases *bona fide* strangers, but in others frequenters of the place like himself. Then the pew-opener beckons them forward, conducts them to seats, and, just look at it—does it not make one almost mad with rage?—actually has put him into my seat; for “you see Mr. Vane, he ain’t but seldom here of nights.”

O, Thyroigos and Tyroige, whether of Salem or Bethesda, or any church whatsoever within Christendom! Have ye some spot where all the icy winds of the regions-super-rafters do blow with bitterest breath upon the coldest day in winter? Put such miserable sinners there. Have ye some place where wafts of hot air, sickly, faint-producing, rise from some patent heating apparatus through pierced iron sheets? Put them there, and let them roast or suffocate. Have ye mighty pillars through which not even keenest vision can pierce, from behind which preacher’s face and preacher’s voice alike are hindered? Put them there. Have ye no lobby where they may be left wretched outsiders of the house of prayer? Leave them there. But stay. This is not Christian. The Apostle bids us heap coals of fire on their head; take them regularly and establish them in the pulpit or on the stairs; and giving them thus the best seats of the synagogue, leave them to be a spectacle for men and angels, and deacons too.

And if such creatures e’er peruse this most excellent magazine, hearken unto me if thou who readest this art one. Go upon thy swiftest legs to the minister whom thou hast so long defrauded, pay him with interest at 5 per cent. what thou shouldst have paid long ago; then hurry (not even staying to conclude this article) to the nearest deacon, take a sitting, pay a quarter in advance, and then look out upon the world with the clear face and conscience of an honest man, and thou shalt have not only the sense of virtue

which for years thou hast lacked, but also the benediction of me, Timothy B. Vane.

But I must recover myself from this long digression. It was remarked above that there was some fear lest men as pew-openers were not sufficiently careful of strangers. And yet perhaps that is as true of women as of men. I remember at one time I used to watch the doings of two persons, a man and his wife, who were both employed in this office. The man was at one side and the wife at the other. They were indeed *enfants terribles*. There was a hardness of face about them that, to begin with, was not inviting. Then their voices were neither mellowed nor melodious. They seemed as two dragons who guarded Salem's gates, and the strangers who visited the conventicle were at times alarmed by the awful appearance of these janitors. The reader, I have no doubt, knows the kind of feeling which a man experiences as he goes into a strange place of worship. In the first place there is the gate to be passed, then comes the front door, when at once you are perplexed if you happen to be going in alone, for in front of you are two doors, and at either side a door. Now, which shall you choose? You choose the right hand side-door. This leads to the stairs, and creaks as you open it, whereupon somebody at the top of the stairs cries out, hush! and you retreat half frightened at the sudden noise, and half unwilling to go into the gallery. You determine upon the middle door. It opens easily, and you find yourself in another lobby, with a door again on either hand. You choose the right hand. Gently opening it, lest you should cause another disturbance, it is suddenly pulled from your grasp, and you confront thyroigos. Now, I put it to you, candid reader, Does it not make all the difference in the world whether that official is a pleasant or a painful looking man? If he has a kind of welcoming air about him, a genial countenance, not a pew-opening smirk—if he quietly but kindly lets you in, and conducts you to a seat not too far up, if you are late especially—there is a satisfaction with the place and the people that goes a long way to make you feel at home, and perhaps give the first impression of the chapel or church which leads you to settle down there. But should the attendant, on the other hand, prove an ogre or ogress, looking at you with a sort of obstacle or defiance-giving air, as much as to say, "What business have you here?" the chances are that you will turn upon your heel and beat a hasty retreat, and never darken those doors again.

As I said, Salem at one time employed two such people as these. It was a most harmful thing. People would never go there twice, that is to say those wandering people or new comers

who have not quite decided to settle down anywhere. They were frowned at, and put into a pew as if it were a great trouble and a fatigue—"thrust in," indeed, as if the seats were stocks, and not pews, books given without grace, questions asked rudely answered, until at last even Salem's deacons were aroused, and the doomed couple were deposed from office.

But what was then to be done? It had long been a fancy of one of the deacons to enlist the service of some of the members of the church in the office of pew-opener. It would seem more like a welcome to the strangers who attended. There would be a courtesy and a kind of hospitality in the treatment which they would receive, and so after much talk the plan was tried.

It worked well for a while. Even then the gentlemen, though it was a new thing, and they were not tired of it, often made mistakes, and put people into pews which turned out afterwards to be overcrowded, and out of which sometimes even the owners requested the strangers to retire. But it was soon wearied of. Some Sundays the appointed official was not present, and then the whole thing was left at haphazard. At other times persons supposed themselves the object of special slight, and offence was taken, which a paid pew-opener could never be supposed to render; and so it came to pass that Salem reverted to paid pew-openers, and has them now. Still I fancy that some such plan as this would be a good one, or at least pew-openers might be employed, and with them certain of the officers of the church might make it their duty to see that strangers were properly treated. A little tact on the part of two or three men in a congregation, even of vast numbers, will go a great way towards ensuring the comfort of those who have not their own pews; and a church which is careful of its hospitality is a church which will assuredly gather many who love a welcome when they enter the house of God.

My chapter has, I fear, run to an exorbitant length; but the only excuse I offer is the importance of the matter, though too often it is ignored. I can only add one or two practical suggestions to pew-openers, and those who have their management.

Let strangers feel that you are glad to see them. Be provided with books, which you can lend to those who have none. Fill up the parts of the building nearest to the pulpit first. Avoid and refuse all tips from strangers. Be very courteous to those whose appearance may seem to indicate that they belong to the poorer classes. In a word study what apostles have said upon this matter; and may it be the happy reward of all those who perform this office in the earthly temples themselves to be admitted through the open door, even the gates of heaven!

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER IX.—VIOLET'S DISCOURSE.

"PANSIE, my dear," said Violet, as we walked forth together, "when we parted from Lord Haig, it was with the promise to meet again shortly; in all probability we shall find Mr. De l'Orme at Craigdallie when we arrive there. But with Mr. Deverel it is different; he is not of our *caste*. We should have formed no acquaintance with him and his family but for the accidental circumstances that threw us together. They were not ordinary circumstances, and yet they were circumstances that might occur many times without drawing forth such an act of heroism as that we witnessed. It compelled our involuntary admiration, and for awhile broke down barriers and levelled social differences, but the instant the excitement was over the curtains of exclusiveness were drawn round us again. We parted from the Deverels without the slightest hint being thrown out on our side, the side from which it must come, for the renewal of that temporary intimacy. They, I know, were going north, we came southward. England is large enough to continue a large tract of land between us. In all human probability we shall never meet any of that family again. Let our river-god be forgotten, or rather let his memory remain linked with some of the most pleasant reminiscences of this summer's tour, remembered only when we feel desirous of recalling to mind some of our happy memories of Lake Leman."

"Why, Violet, how thoroughly you must have studied this subject in all its phases! You arrived at this wise conclusion before now when you present it to me?"

Violet was silent.

Presently we came out upon an open glade where, across the dewy lawns, rose the grey walls of the abbey, ancient and modern mansion blended in one grand whole in the imperfect light. The moon rising above the trees softly tipped the turrets with silver, and shone in broad, sheeted lights upon the glazed windows.

Violet gazed while her breast heaved and her brow was raised.

"Pansie, it is good to be born to such a position as ours, that leaves nothing for the heart to desire! It seems to me now that, did I gaze upon such a pile as that, being an alien and poor, all sorts of bad passions would be kindled in my breast, envy, hatred, malice, covetousness; I think I could sin to raise myself to the position in which I now stand."

"Oh, Violet!" I exclaimed in horror.

"Don't be shocked; it is a mere supposition; I am never likely to be tempted in that way. Nothing can deprive me of my birth-right, nothing hurl me from the social elevation that is mine as a daughter of the house of Trevor. I don't believe you half enjoy your life as I do. Your tastes are so simple you could confine your desires within very small bounds, and be happy anywhere, so that love was given you ungrudgingly. Well, my dear, yours is the happier disposition after all. But I, you know, wrap the mantle of luxury around me and cradle myself in its Sybarite indulgence. What virtues I have are the mere result of the accident that placed me with such parents. I *might* have been born in a cottage, and, if so, oh, Pansie! what a different creature I should have been! What amiability I have now is mine without any merit. We blame people for their faults, and condemn them for wrong-doing, forgetting all the time that nine-tenths of the amiable people are amiable because they have never been tempted to be anything else; their slumbering passions have never been roused. Human nature is just about the same everywhere."

"I did not know my sister was such a philosopher."

"No, Pansie; and you might live with me to my life's end without knowing me then, unless some particular circumstances should occur to kindle into activity those forces that lie dormant now."

"But your life shall be all sunshine, Violet."

"That we cannot tell, my dear; that must be as God wills; He knows best, and will send me what is most fitting. It seems to me now, certainly, that my virtues flourish most in prosperity; that my faults would be quickened did adversity overtake me; but I may be wrong; anyway I am content to leave it to Him. If no storms arise—if, as you say it shall, my life be all sunshine, I shall inherit some such tribute to my memory as this put upon my tombstone—'An amiable and virtuous lady, God rest her soul.' And yet, all the while, I may be as bad as the poor creature buried at four cross roads, with no stone to mark the spot, only I was removed from temptation, she exposed to it. It is a humiliating thought, Pansie, but nevertheless it is a true one."

"What has prompted you to study yourself so closely, sister?"

"Our acquaintance with Mr. De l'Orme. My knowledge of what he is, and the circumstances that have combined to form his character have led me to fathom my own heart. I pity him so deeply, Pansie, because I feel that the result in my case, exposed as he has been, would have been something similar."

"Ah! but, Violet, he is a man; he might overcome those circumstances; he might have built up a better position than the one his family lost. When his uncle's fortune was gone irrecoverably

from him, why was he not man enough to cease to repine over what could not be helped? Why did he not bestir himself and enrol himself amongst the workers of life?"

"That is precisely what you do not understand, Pansie, and I do. Because he was beset and hemmed in with prejudices that hampered his free will."

"You mean that he allowed himself to become the slave of indolence and pride because he would not nerve himself to endure."

"Take care what you say, little Heartsease, for I fear I should have acted just as he has done, and drifted with the tide."

"But you are a woman, Violet!"

"Would you excuse such lethargy on that score? I will not call it lethargy, or his senses would have been steeped in it, and there is no such happiness for them as that stupor. No; if anything dashed the full cup of plenty from my lips, I should pine for it evermore, and die of such pining, while hating every one that was happier than I. This is why I pity Mr. De l'Orme so sincerely."

"Pity, Violet! Lord Haig and I both thought——"

"Lord Haig and you are a precious pair of little simpletons," said Violet, hastily; "you remind me of those birds—what do you call them?—that stick their heads in the sand, and imagine no one can see them. My dear little Heartsease," and Violet gathered me up in her arms, "had Providence read every thought of your heart; and every instinct of your soul, and then set to work to endue a second person with qualities likely to harmonise with them, it could not have apportioned two people more perfectly to each other than you and Lord Haig."

What did she mean? and why did her idle words set all my pulses throbbing?

"But, oh, my dear!" continued Violet, with a sigh; "how different you are from me! In your breast there is a Divine sense of right, pure and strong, that you would fight for, and die for, against all inclinations, with the heroism of a martyr, if need be. As for me, 'I know that in me dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me. But how to perform that which is good I find not. I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.'"

I could not understand Violet that night, I had never heard her talk in such a manner before; and if this were to be the influence of Mr. De l'Orme's unhappy life upon her, I devoutly wished we had never met him.

The next morning I arose early, before anyone else was astir but

the servants, eager to pay my first visit in Crowland without any unnecessary delay.

Crowland lies in the lovely vale of Eversley. I have heard papa allude to this valley in his conversations with strangers abroad, when he has been led by them to speak of the geographical surface of our native country; and he says this vale of Eversley must once have been a vast primeval ocean bed, and that its blue clay retains the imprints of fossilised remains of animals, insects, and vegetables that lived and flourished in the earliest ages of the world. Crowland lies to the east of the vale, and behind the village rise the undulating ridges of the Downscote Hills. Facing us, and seen through every opening of the trees in park and shrubbery, is the solitary hill of Brierdon, behind whose inky outline the sun sets in golden glory.

Passing down the lime-tree avenue, a turn in the road affords me a view of the grand old Abbey, its turrets and chimneys thrown into relief by the verdant groves in the background; in the plain below winds the river Nova; in the distance, on its opposite banks, can be seen the many roofs of Eversley, clustering round the lofty bell-tower and the church spires. The village of Crowland is separated by a little distance from the Abbey, and is reached by one of the most pleasant country lanes imaginable. The village is nothing more than a straggling, nondescript lane, winding under the shade of magnificent beech trees, through which one catches glimpses of blue heights afar off, with houses at intervals adown it. When I came to Crowland with papa it was in the spring time, and, in the picture impressed upon my memory, the hedges are white with sloe and apple blossom, and golden cowslips gird the pathway; all the fields are sheeted with the same pale, yellow cowslip bloom, and bell-shaped hyacinths border them with heavenly blue.

The tenements of the village are old, and many of them have their white outer walls crossed and recrossed with black oaken beams; the low, thatched roofs form wide eaves to shelter the broods of birds who build their nests there. The rooms of the cottages are spacious, though the ceilings are so low; and the floors are paved with broad flags, it is every woman's ambition to keep sanded of a snowy whiteness; the diamond or lozenge paned windows are set in deep embrasures, and have their casements framed with roses, honeysuckle, or ivy. In the middle of the village, by the side of the road, there is a pool of clear water, where families of white-feathered ducks swim under the shade of the tree branches that bend from above, almost touching the water below.

Early as the hour at which I am walking is considered at Crowland Abbey, here in the village the day is fully begun. The hens

are clucking to their well-grown broods of young ones, the ducks are performing their morning ablutions in the glassy pool; little children cross the door-steps with school books in their hands; the good men have long ago gone forth to their labours in the fields, and their wives are well on with their morning household duties.

They all know that we are back again at the Abbey. I daresay it has been the one topic of conversation amongst them for weeks past; some of them recognise me, and I am greeted by many a rude bow and bobbing courtesy as I pass.

I am bent upon visiting one particular person, and suddenly it strikes me as I near her abode what a change all these long years must have produced, that perhaps my visit is too early, perhaps I shall not find her I seek amongst the living, perhaps she may not be astir at present, or perhaps the ailments of old age may confine her entirely to her room. But there is the ivy-embowered cottage, and the little paled gate that leads to its doorway; and there, yes, there is a thin, blue stream of smoke ascending from the chimney on the roof; and there, too, is the figure of the old woman I am seeking, bending over the well, in her quaint, chintz-patterned dress, and letting down her bucket to draw water to fill her little breakfast-kettle.

It can be none other than Nurse Styleman, so I pass on to the gate; I open it softly, and stand within the fragrant little garden, beneath a bowery archway of roses and honeysuckle, wondering whether in my womanhood she will recognise the child she once nursed.

Ah! now she raises herself, and I see the cheery, apple-tinted face of the handsome old woman, the only resident upon my father's broad lands with whom my memory is associated. She is conscious of the presence of a stranger; she draws up her erect figure and gazes at me with hand laid horizontally across her brows. I can bear her scrutiny no longer; I rush forwards, and throw myself into her arms, so eager has been my longing for some familiar welcome to Crowland.

"Don't you know me, Nurse Styleman?"

"Know you, dearie? well enough now, when you greet me as only an old nurse bairn would. They told me you'd come home to Crowland, but I didn't look for you coming to me so soon. Come into the house, and let me read the changes of all these years in your face."

I crossed the threshold, under the woodbine-covered porch. Her three-legged breakfast table was spread with a brown linen cloth, as it stood on the white stone hearth; sticks were blazing in the little grate, as a great lazy cat winked his eyes before them.

Nurse Styleman offered me a seat, and I made her place a stool

for me in the porch, where the bees were humming amongst the flowers, and the cool breeze played. She took a chair in the doorway, and, bending forwards, rested her hands on her knees and looked into my face.

"It's the same face, after all," she said, "the innocent wee face I cradled many a time upon this bosom; the same that peeped into this cottage one spring day and left its memory behind it. Miss Pansie, had you given me time I should have known you. And they call you 'Pansie' still?"

"Yes, nurse, I shall never lose that name now." Then I hesitated, remembering who had praised, admired, and for ever hallowed it by his preference.

"And so you're all come to Crowland for good and aye! The Lord be praised for letting me live to see this day! At one time I never thought it. My lady, they said, could not abide Crowland after poor Miss Janette's death. Tell me, is she better, Miss Pansie?"

"Mamma is very delicate. She will always be that, nurse. The doctors say her heart is diseased; but, with care and ordinary precaution in guarding her from sudden excitement, she may be spared to us for many years."

"Ah! it was a sad time she went through, young Master Philip's death, and she so set on him as she was; and then pretty Miss Janette! The wonder is her heart did not break outright, Miss Pansie. The Lord's will be done. And how is your sister?"

"She is quite well, thank you. You have never seen Violet since she was a babe, have you, nurse? Ah! you will admire Violet, everyone does; she is so truly lovely. People, that is, strangers, can hardly believe that we are sisters."

"But you're lovely yourself, in your own way, my bairn. I don't wish to see a bonnier face. Has no one told you that for your own sake yet? Ah! I see where that flush of colour comes from! Well, I'll bide my time in patience, Miss Pansie, you'll tell me all some day, and may be these are but shy and early days yet. God bless you, my nurse bairn!"

Suddenly I remembered that it was a long walk back to the Abbey, and that I ought to be there by this time. I rose hastily from my seat, and bade Nurse Styleman good morning, promising to bring Violet to see her some day, soon. I passed down the garden walk, and out, through the gate, into the village street behind. Why should mamma, then Violet, and now Nurse Styleman, infer such things from my tell-tale face?

CHAPTER X.—CRAIGDALLIE'S RECEPTION.

The *Forfadine Chronicle* of this week contains the following paragraph :—

"Lord Haig, who is but lately returned from an extended tour upon the Continent, is entertaining a party of distinguished guests at Craigdallie Castle, his hereditary seat in this county. The party includes Sir William and Lady Trevor and the Misses Trevor, from Crowland Abbey, Westernshire; Ernest De l'Orme, Esq., of Dellum Hall, Eastshire; Sir Angus and Lady Craven, Althorpe Lodge, in this county; and Lord Benson. For the amusement of his noble visitors Lord Haig has inaugurated a series of magnificent entertainments."

Yes, we are here in Lord Haig's ancestral home, and a glorious old place it is; but I must, as usual, leave all description for Pansie to give.

Our reception here a week ago transcended everything but what is usually accorded to royalty. It was like the enthusiastic ultrachivalric spirit of Lord Haig to devise and carry out such; but, in his own estimation, he seems unable sufficiently to heap the honours and hospitality of his house upon us. He thanked mamma over and over again for her goodness in coming to his fastness in the mountains, as he calls Craigdallie, and installed her at once as mistress of all it contains for the term of our visit. We have our own especial suite of apartments, in which mamma has her private rooms, where her seclusion is sacred whenever she does not feel well enough to join our gay assemblies, or wishes for quiet and solitude. Her will is law at Craigdallie; the servants, all taking their cue from their master, are most assiduous in their care for her comfort, and mamma declares she has never been so nearly a queen in her life before.

Our arrival is worth chronicling, nor must I omit a pretty little scene that followed close upon it.

Forfadine is ten miles distant, and as that is the nearest railway station, Lord Haig met us there with carriage, horses, and servants. The drive thence to Craigdallie is through some of the most romantic scenery of a country so renowned for beautiful scenery as Scotland. Although my little Pansie had so lately seen the Alps in all their lofty grandeur, her face was all aglow with delight; papa and mamma were enraptured also. Our first consciousness that we were approaching Craigdallie was conveyed to us by a burst of musical pipes echoing over all the hills.

"Are those the bagpipes?" cried my little Heartsease.

Lord Haig smiled delightedly at her enthusiasm, and looked, as he was, immensely gratified by it.

"Yes, those are my native Highland pipes ; I hope their strains will delight you, though I cannot expect them to have the same sound in Lowland ears that they have in mine."

"I have so longed to hear them," cried Pansie ; "sometimes, when I have been reading of Highland scenes and plaided warriors, I have closed my eyes and tried to imagine the mountain strains that kindled such patriotic fire in their hero hearts."

"If my pipers could hear you speak in that way they would play you such notes as the most vivid imagination cannot conceive the power of. Nothing inspires them like appreciation now that the old warlike feuds are no more. You shall have plenty of opportunity, if you wish it, while you are here, to listen to the martial strains of the pibroch, and the wail of the coronach, through the mountain passes, and trembling over the waters."

"That will be glorious !" cried my little Heartsease. "Shall you not like to hear them, Violet ?"

"I do not think there is much music in the pipes," I replied.

"Oh, Violet ! it is not the music one thinks about, but the national associations they awaken. Don't you remember the description ?

" ' See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrow'd bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.
Ever as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.' "

Here Pansie paused, and papa took up the words.

" ' At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellow'd along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail'd every harsher note away ;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill gathering they could hear.
Then prelude light of livelier tone
Express'd their merry marching on.
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan Alpine's conquest—all were there.' "

"You put the countrymen of our national bard to shame," said Lord Haig, regretfully ; "it makes me blush to find more of his poetry in the hearts of English people than there is in my own."

Papa replied.

"Every true Scot has the sentiments of the great Sir Walter enshrined in his heart of hearts, while it is the music of the rhythm that lingers in ours."

" 'The Lady of the Lake' has always been such a favourite poem

with Pansie," said mamma. "I used to read it to her when she was a little girl, and she once had the ambition even to commit the whole of it to memory."

"I can imagine you succeeded," said Lord Haig to her.

"No, I did not; I failed in 'The Combat,' and never could say the whole of that canto through without being prompted."

"Just the one part I did commit to memory when at school and retain still; so, you see, we can manage the whole of it between us."

At which Pansie coloured and turned away her head, and papa and mamma looked amused.

The little hamlet of Craigdallie lying at the foot of the height on the summit of which the castle is built, called the Castle-hill, was gay as gay could be for our reception. Floral arches spanned the roadway; pennons streamed and banners floated, on which were inscribed words of welcome in Gaelic and in English. The pipers met us at the commencement of the town proper (they call every little congregation of cottages a town here), and preceded us through the streets where the people were assembled in groups to see us pass; and the tune they played was,

"Oh! but ye've been lang in comin',
Lang in comin', lang in comin';
Oh! but ye've been lang in comin',
Thrice welcome!"

Papa could not help but acknowledge in words the flattering reception given to us.

"Do not mention it," said Lord Haig; and I fancied his voice was slightly unsteady. "It cannot convey to you half the pleasure it has given me to arrange it. I cannot make you sufficiently welcome to Craigdallie, nor show half the appreciation I feel of your kindness in coming to relieve the solitude of my mountain fastness. It is like an eagle's eyrie, only I have not the same capacity that the bird has for enjoying such an altitude above my kind. I should hardly have dared return to Scotland but for this promised visit."

Emerging from the floral archway we crossed the drawbridge and entered a courtyard levelled on the solid rock. Craigdallie Castle is quite regal in its magnificence. The entrance hall is very large, and has a high timbered roof that is considered a most valuable relic of antiquity.

We broke our journey at Edinburgh last night, and so only travelled from there this morning. We had plenty of time for rest and refreshment before the dinner gong sounded. Our rooms open into a long corridor curtained at the further end. Those curtains we have learnt since shut off Lord Haig's private apartments.

Mamma, having Mad'line in attendance upon her, would remain in her own room for that evening. When papa and Pansie and I

in dinner dress came forth on to the corridor Lord Haig himself appeared to act as our conductor to the drawing-room.

He gave his hand to Pansie with rather stately courtesy. I had previously noticed that Lord Haig, with the shadow of Craigdallie upon him, was hardly the same with the sunny-tempered companion of our sojourn at Geneva. Here, in spite of his indifferent height and slender figure, he spoke and moved every inch a lord. The small, patrician head was raised, the high-born features assumed a serene but gentle dignity not unbecoming to him; and yet I think I liked the gleeful *abandon* to the spirit of the moment that had so endeared him to all of us when abroad, and his more simple bearing, when the impulses of his heart spoke freely in his words and looks, better than this change, *mais, noblesse oblige*.

As we passed down the broad staircase papa paused upon the first landing to admire a beautiful painting that hung there. Papa is considered a clever connoisseur of art, and was attracted more by the execution of the picture than by the subject of it. It represents Abraham offering up his son Isaac. The youth lies bound upon the rude altar of sacrifice, and Abraham's eyes and hands are raised to the heavens, where a group of angel faces look down pityingly upon him. While papa scanned it closely through his eyeglass Lord Haig said, "I never look at this picture but I am reminded of the beautiful old legend which declares that the tears of pity shed by the angels then, falling upon the upturned face of Isaac, produced that merciful blindness of his old age."

"But was it a merciful blindness?" I asked.

"Would you not consider it so? I should deem anything merciful that interposed itself between me and the sight of a loved face grown treacherous."

"The blindness induced the treachery," said papa.

"Not altogether, I think; it aided the practice of it."

"But if it were grown treacherous, no matter how dear the face had been before, I should cease to love it," I exclaimed.

Lord Haig shook his head.

"The ties of blood are not so easily broken; we cannot tear their clinging fibres from our hearts at will."

"You are forgetting the main subject of the picture," said Pansie, 'and taking exception to quite a minor one. Is not the figure of Abraham perfect, papa, and is not that expression of sublime devotion upon his face just such an one as the patriarch must really have worn when his heart triumphed over its human tenderness, and yielded the thing it most cherished in obedience to the Divine command?"

Papa replied to her with ample criticism, and then Lord Haig asked, inclining his head towards her, and speaking eagerly, "Do

you believe, Pansie, that the affection for which, if need were, one would be willing to sacrifice one's dearest earthly delights, the affection that absorbs everything that has gone before, everything that may come after, is in the fullest sense true and reliable? I have wandered from the subject, I know; I am talking of love in the abstract, not of the Divine submission which was the form it assumed when it elevated the soul of Abraham; but I need your answer to my question."

Pansie's eyelashes swept her pure young cheeks as she replied in the words of One whose opinion was so conveyed, "'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' As the highest authority of all supports self-sacrifice as the standard of true affection, there can be no truer test."

"Would you stake your own faith undoubtingly upon a devotion that felt itself capable of emerging unscathed from such an ordeal?"

Pansie lifted her eyes in shy inquiry to his face. They fell more quickly than they had been raised, and my little Heartsease flushed up all over her pretty face, and neck, and bosom.

She made no reply, nor did Lord Haig press the inquiry; but a glow like the reflex of hers spread itself over his face. He did not take her hand to lead her forwards down the few remaining steps of the staircase, but he held out his own, and Pansie, after a little fluttering hesitation, laid hers shyly within it. For an instant I believe they stood in Elysium, and instead of the skeleton men and the painted faces of Lord Haig's ancestors surrounding them, they were environed by the roses and the golden lights of Paradise.

The beautiful dream, however, was rudely broken. A lady and gentleman had followed us down the staircase, and we all turned at the exclamation of the former—

"Oh, here you are, Craigdallie! I was certain you had returned some little time ago, though Craven said not. But then he was away in the woods with his gun, when I heard the blasts of the pipes wafted even to my retreat."

They might both have stepped out of picture frames, so fresh, *petite*, elegant, were the toilets of both; only every fold of creamy satin pertaining to the robes of the lady was in motion, and she carried herself forwards as though moved by a multitude of springs.

Lord Haig hastened to make Lord and Lady Craven and ourselves mutually known. Then we all proceeded to the drawing-room, Lady Craven chattering volubly all the time. We found Mr. De l'Orme there in conversation with Lord Benson.

Lord Benson is a handsome young aristocrat who has lately condescended to honour the University of Oxford by graduating with

honours there, an exertion that seems to be followed by so great a reaction that he is quite too listless to take any but a passive part in society for the present. He lifts his eyelids languidly and speaks with a drawl when addressed, but Lord Haig assures me that he is a downright good fellow at heart, an opinion I am bound to accept.

Mr. De l'Orme took the seat by my side. "My friend has been unwarrantably selfish in the monopoly of your company so far," he said, glancing reproachfully in the direction of our youthful host. "Would you believe it, he positively refused to allow me to accompany him when he went to meet you, and organised a shooting party that should keep all of us occupied in the woods for the whole of the morning. There was no slipping away from the rest of the party, neither."

"If you are intending to make apology, I assure you it is quite unnecessary. We neither expected nor desired to see any one but Lord Haig at Forfadine."

"Desired!" a cloud lowered upon his brow. "Do you intend to observe the same coldness here that distinguished the last days of our sojourn at Geneva? You can hardly be so cruel as that!"

"I intended no cruelty when I spoke the simple truth. Mamma is not strong, she cannot bear the excitement of meeting and conversing with many people, especially when fatigued by a long journey. Lord Haig promised her that she should be as much secluded and as quiet as she likes at Craigdallie. I have no doubt that it was in observance of that promise that he practised the seeming unkindness you accuse him of."

Then Mr. De l'Orme changed the subject of our converse, transferring it readily from the present moment to the time immediately following our departure from Geneva.

"Did you linger long after we were gone?" I asked.

"Linger!" he exclaimed; "we could not endure the place, it became dreary in the extreme. We explored a portion of the Alps, visited Chamouni and a few more orthodox places that it is considered the thing for tourists to 'do.' Then we returned together to Scotland, for Haig will not hear of my leaving him at present. The vessel we shipped in encountered a great deal of rough weather, at one time we thought we never should reach dry land again."

Mr. De l'Orme spoke of their perils quite calmly now, but I could not help wondering whether he had been as great a coward in that danger as in our yacht on Lake Leman.

"We had adventures on board, too, which it will interest you to hear of another time. Dinner is announced, and Lord Craven is crossing towards you with a hop, skip, and a jump. Haig is cruel enough to assign the honour of conducting you to the banquetting-

hall to him. Had there been a mistress of the ceremonies, I am convinced she would have been kinder."

I preferred Lord Craven's companionship to that of Mr. De l'Orme, but I could hardly tell the latter so. We dined in the magnificent baronial hall, surrounded by banners and escutcheons, almost as though a page of one of Sir Walter Scott's romances had suddenly become a reality. Our party was augmented by many additions, besides the guests sojourning in the Castle, yet the table was but as a speck in the centre of the vast space of the hall. We were waited on by old Highland retainers of the family in their national costume that infinitely amused me; but I could gain no answering smile from Pansie in reply to mine; my little Heartsease looked pale, with the shadow of some deep thought upon her brow. It is such a timid little heart, I fear this Highland magnificence awed her; or perhaps the screech of those dreadful pipes jarred upon her nerves, for they played all the time we were at dinner, only mercifully they were removed to some little distance. It strikes me that there is something of barbarism in all these clannish observances. When I expressed so much to my neighbour, his mercurial little lordship was all excitement immediately.

"Barbarism! my dear Miss Trevor, it is one of the pre-eminent attractions of Craigdallie that these old customs have been continued from time immemorial by Barons resident in their own halls in the midst of their retainers. The Lords of Craigdallie have never sought to waste their substance, nor diminish their ancestral dignity by squandering their revenues upon a foreign soil. They have always been fathers of their people, and residents in their midst, save for such occasional absences as the duties of their lordly estates entailed. Time and civilisation have only refined, without diminishing the observances of old, and at Craigdallie you may see in reality the glories whose remembrance tradition has preserved and romance has appropriated. The guests of Craigdallie are a privileged number, I can assure you."

I saw what a mistake I had made, and so hastened to smoothe the perturbation of the little Lord by allowing myself to be convinced by his arguments.

(To be continued.)

"FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

I.

"AND the Lord said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him a helpmeet for him." This, then, was the intent of the Almighty when in the beginning He brought the woman He had made to her husband. Matrimony was His own sacred institution, and from the first He clearly designed that man should have, in the woman chosen to be bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, a friend, a companion, a sharer in all his joys and woes, and cares and pleasures, a partner, in the truest and fullest acceptation of the word. "A prudent wife is from the Lord." And again and again, all through the Bible we find that a good wife is commended, while in the chronicle of history and in the pages of romance, whether ancient or modern, she is eulogised; and even in our own day, when marriage has become far too much of a speculation, the good wife, either real or ideal, receives her just share of encomium.

It may be naturally asked, What constitutes "a good wife"? Is there any exact model, after which a woman earnestly desiring to do her best may shape herself; any prototype which she may safely imitate; any well-defined and perfectly painted picture of such a thrice-blessed creature? The words of King Lemuel, that his mother taught him, will of course occur at once to every one; and certainly a finer, completer portraiture of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,"

has never existed in any of the ages of the world. But then, it may be asked again, Will the characteristics of this justly celebrated portraiture, this study from the antique, be such as to commend themselves, and be worthy of imitation in the daughters of the last half, almost the final quarter, of the nineteenth century? Unhesitatingly we answer *yes*, for the type of perfect womanhood remains essentially the same through all time, though the mere design, the fashion, the colouring, and the accessories of the picture may and must vary according to the usage of the period.

"*The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.*" That is as true to-day as it was when it was uttered by King Lemuel, whoever he might be, a thousand years before the Christian era. If a man, being himself at all just and wise, *cannot* trust his wife, certainly the very foundation, the actual substratum of wedded happiness is wanting, and no other graces or perfections can ever atone for the absence of that without which all the rest are valueless. Trust implies so much: it means confidence, faith, and

rest in the person in whom you believe, and in the relations to which we now refer it not only involves completeness in itself, but it permits of scarcely any limitation; it must be deep as it is wide, and thorough as it is comprehensive.

How many men are there who can *to the full* trust their wives? I do not mean, trust them merely "with their honour," as society has it. Thank God, in spite of all that is said and written about modern femininity, the caricatured "Girl of the Period," and the audacious "frisky matron," the English wife, as a rule, is trusted *and trustworthy*, in this sense at least. But a man has to trust for much more than this: he has to trust his honour to his wife generally and comprehensively; he has to trust, not only to her purity, but to her principle, to her wisdom, to her judgment, to her temper, in a thousand instances, some of them seemingly trivial enough, yet possibly having such weighty issues as to affect most seriously his entire future.

How can a man trust a woman whose judgment is deficient, or whose temper is hasty or capricious? With the best intentions in the world she may do him evil and not good all the days of his life; thus at once reversing the precept of King Lemuel. Some of the most mischievous people on the face of the earth are those who "mean no harm," but only *do it*, and do it so effectually that it is too frequently never undone any more. They want common sense and simple reason, or else they yield to selfish impulse or to "mood,"—and I do not know anything more fatal than indulging in moods; it is so hurtful in its results that it ought to be held, not weak merely, but criminal,—and they never take the trouble to ascertain what is the very best thing to do; and so, being foolish, or ignorant, or self-absorbed, or cross, they do—unintentionally, no doubt—the very worst thing they could have done, or at least do that from which the very worst ensues. But we may plead Are we then to be condemned for being foolish, and for "knowing no better"? Can we help want of brains any more than want of beauty? Is lack of wisdom in an inexperienced person to be counted a cardinal sin? Are we to be blamed when, having done our best, we fail? Is it not rather our misfortune than our fault that we are not clever and far-seeing, as some other women are?

It is a misfortune certainly, and it only becomes a fault when it is not remedied. A really silly woman, incapable of improvement, has no right to marry, and the man who marries her has no right to complain, for either he took her notwithstanding her obvious incapacity, or else he made a leap in the dark and deserves no better than he has found. But there are few, very few women who cannot improve if they will; if "experience makes fools wise,"

surely it may be doubly useful to women, who are very far from fools, though they make the most provoking blunders, purely from lack of thought. If we have made a mistake,—and who of us do not make mistakes?—let us review our conduct in this particular, and try to find out where lay the error, and in what it practically consisted. Having found out wherein we are wrong, surely the next step is to try to be right; and trying never yet was known to be ineffectual, provided one tried long enough and in a proper spirit. The most fatal of all conclusions to which a married woman can arrive is that somebody else, and not herself, is invariably to blame. *She* did it all for the best; *she* always understood that so and so, in such and such a case, was notoriously the line of action to be taken; *she* always had heard this, and been told that, and her mother before her, &c., till one loses all common patience, and declares to one's self that, of all simpletons, a self-reliant, self-conceited, pragmatistical simpleton is the worst to deal with. Better far the woman who wants sense and deplors it than the woman who wants sense and believes she has a double portion of it, or the woman of narrow notions and harsh judgments, who makes a creed of her own, and insists that all over whom she has any authority shall profess it, and who too often sets up a God of her own as well, and insists upon everybody worshipping *him*, who is as much a false deity as any graven image which she righteously abhors.

King Lemuel's virtuous woman girded her loins with strength, and strengthened her arms; she laid her hands to the spindle, and her hands held the distaff; also she stretched forth her hand to the poor and needy. Well, spindles and distaffs have sunk into oblivion, and we have sewing-machines instead, and a precious boon they are to the mistress of a numerous household. It simply meant that the woman whose price was above rubies was *INDUSTRIOUS*; she did not sit still with her hands in her lap except upon occasion; whatsoever she found to do she did it with her might; and, as we find afterwards, she looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Now women are always being classified; we live in an age of method and classification, and one especial way of distinguishing them in their household condition is to divide them into *Marthas* and *Marys*. This is a grand mistake; we hope there are very few women who are purely *Marthas*, and very few who are unmingled *Marys*; for the one is a drudge, and the other a fanatic. Neither of them is doing God's work in the world, and either of them is a terrible curse to the man who calls her wife, and to any family which she may have. Let us take first the unmitigated, unblended "*Martha*," if indeed there be such a person. Work, and work with the hands, is her supreme

delight ; the more there is to do the better she is pleased, though very likely she grumbles as she goes, and feels herself every inch a martyr, for Martha is constitutionally of a temper that, to speak mildly, is not of the sweetest. Understand, please, I am not describing the actual Martha and Mary of Bethany, but the typical Martha and Mary, who are mere perversions of their anti-types, and who have come to be proverbial as representatives of two kinds of women all the world over. Martha, I say, is generally cross-grained ; and no wonder, poor soul ! for troubles and cares perpetually surround her. She fully believes that " Cleanliness is next to godliness " is a text of Scripture. And an excellent text it is whoever said it, for cleanliness and godliness are so intimately allied that they cannot be dissevered. That is to say, godliness must include cleanliness. I do not believe a dirty person ever really loved and served God ; having washed his soul from its sins he would naturally, and as a sequence, desire that his body and its surroundings should be clean as well, for dirt and true piety can no more go together than piety and swearing, or true love and selfishness. But there may be cleanliness and no godliness, or cleanliness which wars against godliness ; for when household cares and toils are allowed to sour the temper, to cause a fractious, wrangling, irritable frame of mind, they produce an incalculable evil. Better the carpet left unshaken till next week, better even a little tarnished silver or a smeared glass or two, better the dust left undisturbed till to-morrow, than that the husband should find no peace in his home, and that the children drowned in tears should retire to bed with a confused sense of having been dreadfully naughty, though they know not what fault they have committed. Though, by the way, they very likely have been what is called " naughty ; " the children of a Martha are never very happy, and consequently never very good ; a cross, uncertain-tempered mother rears ill-conditioned, saucy, untruthful, uncertain-tempered children, for children hate injustice, and instinctively struggle against tyranny, and they have not the strength to be patient, or the sense to weigh the good against the evil. It is not enough that they are well fed and decently, perhaps daintily clothed, and that they receive the instruction popularly called education, if they are to be thwarted, scolded, lectured, and punished, not accordingly as they deserve it, but just as the " mood " of their mother Martha may be propitious or otherwise.

Martha does much which is good and desirable, much which is essential, and she deserves praise ; but the mischief is that she gives an undue value to things which are excellent only in their places. Martha may be her husband's housekeeper and head cook ; she may take care that his linen is spotless, and never lacking

buttons, and that his socks are duly and deftly mended; she may nurse his children, and dress them prettily, and at the same time economically, and he may always find a bright hearth and his slippers warming for him when he comes in at night. But for all that she is not his companion or his closest friend. Of course there are degrees of Martha, and we are speaking of the Martha who repudiates Mary entirely, and would be sorry indeed to be "so nonsensical and fine-ladyish." How can she talk pleasantly with her husband, supposing him to be a man of any mind and culture, when he sits opposite to her of an evening, tired out with the day's fatigues and worries, perhaps nervous, and consequently irritable, and requiring solace and soothing? She has literally nothing to talk about, save the affairs of the house, the shortcomings and offences of the servants, and the poor children's misdeeds; or if she be in an unusually good temper, little pieces of gossip about their neighbour, or an intimation that her last silk dress is growing shabby, and must be replaced. She does not recognise the golden rule, perhaps she never heard it, for Martha is seldom 'in the way of hearing much that is important:—"*Never pester a man with things that he cannot remedy, and cannot understand!*" So she either sits in silence mending the week's stockings, while he reads the newspaper also in silence, or perhaps goes to sleep; or else he gets provoked at the twaddle or querulous jargon to which he has been listening, and he lights his cigar and walks away in the middle of a sentence, or he goes early to bed, or says something unkind and not at all polite. Or, worst of all, he goes off to his sanctum, if he has one, his smoking-room, den, or library, as the case may be, and there absorbed in his books and papers he finishes the evening, leaving her to loneliness and tears.

Poor woman! she is much to be pitied, for she feels herself unappreciated, and tells herself, over her darning-cotton, that she toils like any slave, and meets with no reward. Yes, Madame Martha, that is precisely how it is. But grubbing, and drudging, and worrying, are not essential to good housekeeping. You would be a very nice woman if only your zeal were tempered; and if with your own qualifications, which have their value, you would combine some of your sister's, you would be a really charming person. But how can you be your husband's companion? You read nothing, unless it be a religious story, or a volume of sermons on Sunday afternoon. You know nothing of the great questions of the day, you take no interest in politics, nor in science, nor in literature, though you say you like reading, but have no time for it. When you meet with your friends you tell them all about your cook and your nurse, and hear about theirs, or how all Mrs. B——'s children took that cold one after the other, and how it led on to measles,

and how they went away to Ramsgate to get strong again, and what a pilfering landlady they had, and how they met the T——'s down there, and they were living at such an expense, and he only with a clerk's salary, and she without any fortune of her own; and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Now all this may be very amusing, but it does not improve the mind. I suppose we may have our "woman's talk," as the men call it, sometimes; I suppose we cannot very well do without it altogether; but one thing is certain, that if we *only* talk this "small-talk" and nothing else, we shall find ourselves sadly deteriorated as time goes on. It is a common complaint that the wife does not *grow* with the husband. As he increases in mental stature she remains puny, stunted, dwarfed; and the reason of this is that the woman contents herself with the lowest materialities, giving all her strength and the greater part of her affections to what she calls practical domestic duties, and to what really are such, only that she mistakes the part for the whole, and sees but one side of the glorious polygon of truth. What is it to be "domesticated"? Is it to sweep, to scrub, to dust, to roast and boil, and make puddings, and achieve irreproachable pickles and delicious marmalades? Nay; but a woman may do all this, and sew her fingers to the bone besides, and yet *not* be domesticated. She may be qualified for the housekeeper of a gentleman,—and by a gentleman I mean a man of intelligence and culture and breeding, whatever may be his position or his circumstance of birth,—but she is disqualified from being his wife; for, though she looks well to the ways of her household, she openeth *not* her mouth with wisdom; and though she disdain to eat the bread of idleness, in her tongue is *not* the law of kindness.

And now a word with the Marys—the unmitigated Marys I mean. Mary may do all that Martha leaves undone. Intellectual culture is with her a necessity; she can no more exist without mental aliment than without her daily bread. *She* finds time for reading, and she can discuss all the newest books. She does more than glance down the "ladies' column" of the newspaper. She can enjoy a debate, devour a good essay, and give a decent account of all the leading reviews and magazines. And all this is delightful. The man of culture needs for his complement the woman of like tastes, and he has certainly secured an eligible companion, and, if a literary man, perhaps a valuable helpmeet. But woe to Mary's household, and woe, in spite of all her intellectual graces, to Mary's husband! While she is absorbed in the new volume of Froude, or bending entranced over "The Holy Grail," he is wondering why it is that so much confusion is around him, why his children are always quarrelling and untidy, or coming to

grief, why his dinners are served up in such extraordinary fashion, why his servants are the scandal of the neighbourhood, why his shirts are buttonless, and why he never finds a pair of socks in readiness. He discovers how it is in due course of time. Sweet Mary was interpreting Mendelssohn or studying Bach when she ought to have been in the nursery. She was composing verses or translating Goethe when she ought to have been in the kitchen. Her pencil was in her hand when she ought to have held the needle. She was reading the novel when she ought to have been checking her tradesman's accounts. Or, it may be, that she is what is called "a religious woman," making what appertains to religion her chief hobby.

Of personal piety no woman can have too much, but there is a sort of bastard piety which is religionism rather than religion, and which expends itself in a great deal of extraneous activity and fervour. If the religionistic Mary is High Church she embroiders banners and altar-cloths instead of mending her husband's socks, and she goes to church when she would be serving God far more acceptably by going into the nursery; perhaps even she is at confession while her careless or untrusty servants are making wilful waste or carrying on systematic speculation. But it is not alone the Ritualistic Mary who makes this terrible mistake, the Evangelical Mary is quite as bad, or worse. She conducts mothers' meetings while her own children are being ruined at home; she is at the night-school when her husband wants her to pour out his cup of tea, and caress him a little, and cheer him up after his long day's City toil; she is out in her district when he comes home to dinner, or she is at the sewing-meeting while the children want new clothes, and their father looks despairingly at their rent, shabby garments and at his own unmended gloves. If the husband of either Mary be not a true Christian, he will learn to charge Christianity with his wife's faults, and to hate churches and chapels and all belonging to them; and can we wonder? Not many years since I knew intimately a good woman of the Methodist persuasion. I believe that she was a good woman, though I never could comprehend the extraordinary hallucination which led her to believe that she was pleasing God by leaving the post which He had assigned her to fill another of her own choosing. She was a "class-leader," and one day she said to me exultingly, "Ah, in my best day I led *nine classes*!" I had no right to reprove her, for she was accounted a "mother in Israel," but I felt it in my heart to say, "The more shame for you!" For this Methodist matron was the mother of a large family, and she had an unconverted, unsteady, but not badly disposed husband at the time she was thus devoting herself to outside work. While she was leading her nine classes, or engaging in

prayer at a vestry-meeting, or practising in the choir—she did all these things—her children were running riot and growing up uncared for in health and morals. Out of thirteen only four survived, and of those four not one worships his or her mother's God. They are parents now themselves, and they look back with horror on their own sad training; they mistook religionism for religion itself, and now they distrust all profession of Christianity, make none themselves, and sneer at "cant" whenever Christian work is talked of in their presence. The husband died unreclaimed.

The æsthetical, the religionistic, the literary Mary is as harmful in her day and generation as the grubbing, busy, worldly-minded, pelf-loving Martha. "Passive sweetness will never make up for active goodness," neither will the energies of hand and brain ever atone for a deficiency in Christian womanly virtues.

The woman whose price is far above rubies must blend happily and equally the Martha and the Mary attributes; and that there are such women no one can deny. Why should our Marthas be Cinderellas, and why should our Marys be Santa Teresas or St. Cecílias? Why not blend the *utile et dulce*, and be mentally as well as physically industrious? To Marthas be it said—I quote from a good though terribly severe book lately written,—“Lie not contentedly among the ashes; use not the precious time when the Master comes to teach in troubling about much serving;” to Marys, “Let not practical duties be shunned, in order to give yourself up to the luxury of hearing only, and to the indolent enjoyment of thought.” Martha of Bethany was not wrong to serve her illustrious Guest, but she chose the wrong time for so doing; a little forecast, and she might have had things ready beforehand; and we think Mary might then have helped her, so that both might have sat at Jesus' feet when the time arrived. Yes! it is possible to have earnest, lofty aspirations, and yet be capable of *doing*; to be ideal and yet practical, to be strong-minded and yet sweet-tempered, to compose a poem and yet dress a child, to write a book even and yet know how to make puddings and sew on buttons. That character is richest which includes many diversities; that soul is grandest in which contrasts blend harmoniously. Practical yet intellectual, strong yet tender, broad yet devout, many-sided in apprehension of gifts and graces and work generally should be the woman who aspires to be a crown to her husband, and *far above rubies!*

I must refer to another month the conclusion of this subject; and I shall have something to say too on the other side the question, since assuredly all the “bearing and forbearing,” all the patience, all the catholicity, all the united poetry and action

are not to be confined to the weaker vessel. If men would win and wear women whose price is beyond that of rubies, they ought to be worthy to possess, and know how to keep unblemished jewels so inestimably precious.

SPRING-TIME IN NATURE AND IN EXPERIENCE.

BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ALMOST all of every degree of sensibility are conscious of receiving some influence from nature at two periods of the year—autumn and spring. The shortening of the days is the first token that acts seriously upon the mind. The early morning hour that used to be full of sun, at length comes; but no sun is in it: he is not yet risen. Then, too, along with changes in the heavens are others upon the earth. The first colour of red in the maples upon some single branch, set like a lamp in the whole topful of green leaves, is the earliest hint of autumn; and we parry the thought. We say, "Ah! it is only a sickly limb, prematurely ripe: it is not autumn yet." So, in consumptions, men find reasons for the hectic blush; but death is under it. Soon come the crimsons and scarlet of the forest edges—the sumach, the vines. We find no more flowers where never a day refused us one all summer long. The asters flourish—the asters, that are fitly called star-flowers, not only from their rayed disk, but because, when the day is done, stars redeem the night from utter darkness; and asters are the latest flowers of autumn, and are bright though the golden-rod is dim, and trees are sear, and russet leaves are rustling around their stems. They blossom bravely on till the very frost comes.

The spirit goes with the seasons. Our thoughts may not be expressly busy with all these signs in the heaven and on the earth, but we sigh oftener; we sit silent more frequently; our walks are shortened; we remember the absent; we muse upon the worth of life, upon its course and issues. We are not sombre exactly, but we are sweetly sad. There is something even more touching than this: it is the flight of birds. All summer they have filled the woods. They sing from the trees. They rise from thickets and weed-muffled fences as in our wanderings we scale them. They sing in the air. They wake us with their matins. They chant vespers with glorious discordance of sweet medley. They flit across the lawn, rise and fall on the swinging twig, or rock to the wind on their aerial grass-perch. But after August they become mute, and

in October days they begin to recede from the dwellings. No more twittering wrens; no more circling swallows; no more grotesque bobolinks; no more meadow-larks. At last come the December days. The shortest is reached. Then a few days stand alike. Then the solar blaze creeps forward a minute in the evening; a little more; again more, till half-hours swing round the horizon—till hours are strung upon the days—till noons grow warm—till storms are full of melted snow—till the earth comes back—till ponds unlock themselves. The forests grow purple-twigged; the great winds sigh and rage. The calves begin to come; lambs bleat; the warm hills are ploughed. At last the nights are without frost.

At length we wake, some unexpected morning, and the song-bird's call is in the tree. We throw up the sash. The sun lies flush on all the landscape. There is a smell of soil and leaf in the air. The poplar buds are fragrant as balm. The air is warm and moist. The birds are surely here; they answer each other—the sparrow, the robin, and afar off, on the edges of the swamp, the harsh, twanging notes of the blackbird. It is spring! It is the time of the singing of birds. No one forgets the wild thrill of the heart at the first sound of birds in spring.

Oh! with what a sense of emancipation do we hear the birds sing again. God sends his choirs to sing victory over night and death for us. Winter, that buried all, is herself put away. Death is swallowed up in victory, and nature chants the requiem of the past and the joy of the future. Now days shall grow longer and warmer. Now industry shall move more freely. Now flowers shall come up; seed shall be sown; doors and windows shall stand open all day long. Round about the barn the hens shall cackle. Children shall shout. Spring has come, and all things rejoice at their release. No more locking ice; no more inhospitable snow; no more blight of cold. All is promise. Men go forth with seed, and roots, and scions. The orchard, and garden, and field are full of life. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Nature, then, teaches that to every season of trouble and overthrow there comes resurrection. In the deepest January of the year there is a nerve that runs forward to June. Life is never extinguished. That which seems to be death reaches forward and touches that which is vital. The year breaks cloudily, with many slips and many retrocessions. To-day open, to-morrow shut. Birds too early tempted are driven away by bleak winds. And yet spring, once come upon the earth, is never banished again until it has reaped a victory. All checks, and haltings, and struggles, and storms cannot alter the inevitable year. So is it in human affairs.

There are cold and dark December days. But be patient; they too have a June waiting for them. To the earlier openings which come among men in darkness and trouble, there are retrocessions. There are promises suddenly blighted; but every spring has its March, and March never killed a spring. Men that have early hopes beginning may have them checked and driven back; but this is not a sign that summer has not come to them, or begun to come. The time of the singing of birds is the time of hope.

The year lies open before us. We open the furrow. We hide therein our seed. We sow in hope, with eager industry, and rejoice beforehand. Our seed is not sprouted, our flowers are not blossomed, our fruits are not ripe, and yet by faith we rejoice in them, foreseeing the future. If we let the seed-time go past, we lose the year. And so it is in human life. In the State, in the Church, in the household, and in the individual heart, there is a time for the sowing of seed. We sow amid hopes and expectations. The result is not yet. We wait for it, and are sure that it will come.

Nations seem to have their periods like the year. Neither in civilisation nor in Christian elements do they seem to mount up with a steady growth. They move, rather, as it were, in spirals. They often return as if falling back, and yet their progress, on the whole, is onward. There are times of struggle, of darkness, and of disaster in the history of every nation.

There are the same experiences in families as in nations and industrial communities. There are some families that seem compelled to go to the promised land, as the Israelites did, through a desert. There are many that, having experienced long years of toil and suffering, come out only at last. But there are many that, having been prospered and happy, lapse into a state of want and trouble. The streams that swelled with prosperity, swell no more; the birds that sang of prosperity, sing no more. They come from wealth and comfort into distress and poverty.

It is hard to go down into the winter of trouble. It is hard to find one's self beset with all the difficulties that oftentimes attend the household. But when a family has through trouble and affliction found the way to God, when through trials and sufferings a family has come to the knowledge of an ever-present Saviour, who is afflicted in all our afflictions, who bears our sins, and who carries our sorrows, to that family, though it be in its darkest January days, has come the time of the singing of birds. It is not so much matter that you should be lifted out of your want as that you should have peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Are there not some households upon whose walls first fell the pale light of spring, and then arose the Sun of Righteousness in their deep distress? Are there

not some here that can say this morning, "The time of the singing of birds is come to us"?

There are times of great sickness, bereavement, and sorrow that befall our families. There are days that, though they are very short and mid-winter days, are, oh! how long; for, as a short distance is long to one that carries a heavy burden, so days that are sorrow-clad, and that measure the minutes by the tick and fall of tears, are long days, though they are short ones. How many wade the sea of troubles. How many that seek to ford the stream of grief are unable to go from bank to bank, and are caught when but half-way across, and carried down; and you cannot ford a stream by going lengthwise in it. How many seem to be going down in sickness; and yet either the sickness departs or the spirit departs. How many are borne down by bereavements; and yet consolations come, or the prayer asking that the trouble may be removed is answered by the voice that says, "Let it abide, that My grace may be sufficient for you." There is great joy of prosperity, of love, of victory; but there is a joy that belongs to the experience of suffering and sorrow which is more Divine and exquisite than any joy the heart ever knows outside of trouble. When a soul is afflicted till it is driven into the very pavilion of God; till Christ, as it were, wraps His arms about it, and says, Rest here till the storm be overpast, that soul experiences an exquisiteness of joy which only those who have felt it can understand.

There are times of anguish in those nameless sorrows which belong to the sacredness of households. The best parts of the history of households are never written. What is it to us that kings go out with armies, and trample each other under foot, and produce great revolutions on the surface of the earth? What is it that all these external and more obvious events are occurring in the world? The real life is, after all, going on behind these things. You see a few leaves, but all those myriad drops of vital sap that, beginning with the root, work up through the tree, and minister to those leaves, are never seen. The sap of life is the invisible life of the household. The nameless experiences of the hearts of parents and children, which have no expression, these are the sap of life.

But are there no spring-like days that come upon the winter of troubles in the household? Is it all blast, all blight, all burying? Is there nothing but pale, white, unwrapping snow? Are there no birds that ever fly athwart the sky of the bereaved family? Is there an utter absence of everything like comfort and cheer? Blessed be God, even though trouble may abide, joy comes too. I sometimes think that it is in the household as it is in those matchless Miltonic symphonies of Beethoven, or of Weber's overture to *Der Freischutz*. There seems to be the discord, the wail, the fierce

fight, the struggle of spirits that come together and blend in terrific clash and controversy; and yet some exquisite strain of melody begins here, and flashes out there again, and grows louder and louder, till at last it seems to predominate over all the rush of other sounds, and they become an undertone of harmonious base, while high above them, filling the air with ecstasy and joy, rises the descant and song of triumph. And above the wail of sorrow and trouble in many a household rises a song of rejoicing. Aspirations, and longings, and yearnings, and prayers, and anxiety, and discontent throng together and mingle in harsh discord; but by-and-bye hope, faith, gleams of expectation, take possession of the soul, and at last, ransomed, it begins, with victory, to rise above all these struggles, and its very sorrows roll beneath it as only a kind of foundation thunder on which to lift up its notes of joy and triumph.

The same is eminently true of individuals. There are those who have broken away from the thralls of life. There are some who were born to better things than they have seen; to truer companions than they have found; to holier thoughts, higher purposes, and nobler aspirations than they have had. They have been caught, been snared, been swept part way down—almost quite down, perhaps. But a brighter day has begun to dawn for them. A loftier ambition has inspired them. They have begun to feel that the evil influences that have surrounded them and thrallled them are withdrawing from them. They have formed worthier purposes. They have entered upon a more honourable life. The winter has gone from their soul. Some rude storms may yet beat upon them, but a new spring has come to them; a new light has dawned upon them; a new summer is just before them; a new hope is theirs.

There is the exclamation of the Psalmist, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers." There are those who have been going through transitions of life in which great ambitions, of pride, of vanity, of love, of various descriptions, have been overthrown. They know not why things have gone against them. If you were to hear some men's experience, you would think that they grow as the white pine grows, with straight grain, and easily split—for I notice that all that grow easy split easy. But there are some that grow as the mahogany grows, with veneering knots, and all quirks and contortions of grain. That is the best timber of the forest which has the most knots. Everybody seeks it, because, being hard to grow, it is hard to wear out. And when knots have been sawn and polished, how beautiful they are!

There are many who are content to grow straight like weeds on a dunghill; but there are many others who want to be stalwart and strong like the monarchs of the forest; and yet, when God sends

winds of adversity to sing a lullaby in their branches, they do not like to grow in that way. They dread the culture that is really giving toughness to their soul, strength to its fibre. But the moment a man submits to the discipline and affliction that he is called to pass through in the providence of God, that moment he sees that the way against which his pride and vanity have rebelled is the right way. Nine parts out of ten of your griefs are cured the moment you accept with cheerfulness the lot to which God has appointed you in this life. Nine hundred and ninety-nine parts out of a thousand of human trouble are only rebellion; and the moment a soul says, "Lord, Thy will be done," that moment its trouble is over, and the time of the singing of birds has come. There will still be wind in the pine and winter in the field, but when birds have once sung they will sing again.

There are those who have fought the fight of great trouble in sickness. Not all the soldiers of God are in the battle-field. There are those there who are strong-backed, whose muscles are like brawn, whose bones are like flint, and whose faces, for zeal, are like the face of January, and for enthusiasm are like the face of July. But these are not God's only soldiers, nor His strongest soldiers. Some of God's most heroic soldiers are the bedridden. Look at that sweet child of eighteen, full of aspiration and hope to whom has been denied, not loving father, not loving mother, not sisters and more than anxious brothers, but health. She has made a weary fight for one year, for two years, for three years, and at last she says, "If God has planted me to grow as a night-shade here; if I am to be a flower in the forest, that knows no sun; if it is here that God wants me to show patience and zeal, then I am content with my lot; I accept it, and I will ask and expect nothing more. Let this be my sphere of duty, and let my life be spent on the bed, the couch, the cot, if God wishes it. If sickness be God's will, even so. His will be done, not mine." The time of the singing of birds has come to such a heart. To such a heart spring has come, and summer is not far off. Such I have seen.

We are all of us going through life as a kind of winter. We are, as we go toward age, dropping our hair, and losing, one by one, our senses. We are drifting toward autumn. Then come the vacuous days of the winter of seeming uselessness—declines which men dread. How many hate age. This is the winter of human life, to be sure; but just beyond is the rising of that bright, immortal spring where the birds of heaven sing, and which, when it has once begun, shall never be followed by winter, and shall never be visited by storms. We are all of us drawing near to the sweet spring of resurrection. Some have gone. Methinks I hear, to-day, strange sounds. My mother, my brother, my children and

my friends, many have gone before ; but their voices come back, and I hear them to-day. The time of the singing of birds is come. Our spring is not far away. Our summer is near. Let every one look up, and, in the light and the glory of the eternal world, take cheer. With a holier faith and a truer consecration, let us to-day march on in our Christian life, believing that He that hath pledged His word will never leave us nor forsake us. Wherever you may be, whether in battle, in the hospitals, among enemies, or in business, whatever may befall you, whether you be wounded, or captive, or sick, or maligned and traduced, or tossed hither and thither, sweet spring is coming on, and the summer of heaven is just before you. Be patient to the end and finally you shall be saved.

A BIRTHDAY LYRIC.

You ask for a birthday lyric ;
 But what can I send to you,
 Who have travelled life's pathway longer,
 That shall be pleasant and new ?

It were vain to warn or to counsel,
 The spring-tide will never return ;
 And you will have learned the lessons
 I am only beginning to learn.

But the sun is not always shining,
 We have twilight, and shadow, and night ;
 So I'll be a star in the darkness,
 And cheer with my one ray of light.

Summer is followed by winter,
 Hushed is the linnet and lark ;
 So I'll be a brave little robin,
 And carol from day-dawn to dark.

The Hand that is guiding us ever,
 Leads sometimes through desert and plain ;
 So I'll be a daisy to tell you
 The roses will blossom again.

Ah, why are we yearning and striving,
 To grasp the immeasured unknown ?
 When the commonest things are the sweetest,
 The best of life's blessings our own.

So I'll turn to the dear old wishes,—
 If sick, I will wish you good health ;
 If grumbling, I'll wish you contentment ;
 If needful, I'll wish for you wealth.

The autumn of life is approaching,
May the blooms of its spring appear
In a harvest of golden fruitage,
And crown the departing year.

Then what can I wish you further,
But the light of Heaven alway
To shine on the seasons, bringing
"Many happy returns of the day!"

LUCINDA BOWSER.

The Children's Hour.

CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER VI.—No Hope.

It was a very sad and silent home to which Carrie returned after the drive into Bowden. The few flowers she had gathered on her way there, while her heart was so full of hope, and which she had unconsciously brought back with her, she threw into the fire, not because they were withered, but because she could not bear to be reminded of the way in which her hopes had been dashed to the ground. And yet she knew that she could never forget what she had seen. She, usually so hopeful, almost, for the time, lost all hope. When her mother obliged her to confess to her that she had seen her brother she told her no more than she could help, but she was a truthful girl, and was not able to hide the worst. She put her arms around her mother, and kissed her tenderly, weeping at the sight of her deep grief, but she had not a word of comfort to say.

"It is of no use trying, and praying, and loving. There is no hope for Harry now." This is the thought which was in Carrie's mind, and she knew that she had better say nothing than grieve her mother by uttering it. She was greatly disappointed. Like all young people, she wanted her prayers answered at once; she felt as if she could not wait patiently. Perhaps she did not yet quite understand the meaning of that verse "He that believeth shall not make haste."

When the family met together in the evening there was not one who felt able to talk, and a dreary silence reigned, only occasionally broken by Bessie, who could not understand what was the matter,

but who saw that some sorrow had fallen upon the household, and did everything she could think of to cheer her friends. But it needed a better comforter than Bessie could be to lighten their grief, and she soon saw that it would be more kind to say nothing.

If Harry could only have known what intense sorrow he was causing those who loved him, perhaps it would have influenced him. But the worst of it is that we so seldom do know, and really comprehend, what are the consequences of our evil-doing. We may be always sure, however, that they are worse than we see them to be. Boys who are tempted to do wrong and do not resist the temptation, but for their own pleasure and self-indulgence go on in what they know to be a downward course, may be sure that they are doing a most cruel thing. They in their selfishness think only of themselves, but they are bringing terrible punishment upon those who are entirely innocent.

At quite an early hour Mr. Lacey said, "Carrie, had you not better retire? You are looking very tired."

Carrie gladly availed herself of this suggestion. She was feeling utterly weary, and was thankful to be alone.

Always Carrie set apart a few minutes three times a day to pray for her brother. On this night, when she knelt down, she felt as if she could not pray. It seemed as if even praying had done no good. And so, as she knelt beside her bed, she could do nothing but weep. She had no words, and yet her heart went up to God in her sorrow, for she knew that He was over all, and that help could come from none other than Him. After a time she became quieted and soothed.

"He is my Father, and He loves me, and He knows all about it. It cannot be so very bad and hopeless as it seems, because He lets it come."

That was all she thought, but it comforted her, and at last she was able to send up one cry—a cry which many girls besides Carrie had sent up to God—"Lord, help me."

And then she tried to sleep. But sleep would not come, her mind was so full of painful thoughts that she could not keep even her aching eyes closed.

She had been trying for more than one hour, when she heard a sound which made her forget herself and her own sorrow. In less than a minute she had thrown on a dressing-gown and was in her mother's room.

"Mamma dear, what is it? Are you so ill?"

Mrs. Lacey's face was perfectly white, and drawn with pain. Excitement always had the effect of making her ill.

"My child, why have you come? I am sorry I have disturbed you," she said.

But Carrie was soon busy applying the usual remedies, and speaking gently and tenderly to her mother. The pain was stubborn, and would not be coaxed away for a long time. Carrie wished she might bear it instead, and not only this pain, but the sorrow which had occasioned it. It was almost the worst part of it, she thought, that it brought so great an increase of suffering to her mother. Carrie had not been able to pray much for herself that night, but she could pray now that the pain might be lessened. Still she could think of no words of her own, and so she said, "Speak the word only, and Thy servant shall be healed." It seemed a long time that the suffering was continued, and Carrie could hear the steps of her father downstairs, as he drearily paced to and fro, and knew that he too had much to bear.

At last she saw with thankfulness that her mother was growing calmer, and looking better.

"The suffering is over now, my darling," she said, feebly. "Go and try to get some rest for yourself."

"Can you bear me to read to you first, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be glad if you will."

Carrie knew that there was strength for her mother in the Word of God.

She read the forty-sixth Psalm, and then, as the recollection of her own one prayer came into her mind, she turned to the New Testament, and read a few verses from the fifteenth chapter of St. Matthew. "*Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And behold a woman of Canaan came out of these same coasts, and cried unto Him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David: my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But He answered Her not a word. And His disciples came and besought Him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us. But He answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me.*"

"Mamma," said Carrie, when she had read thus far, "do you notice that the woman asks for her daughter to be cured as if it were something for herself?"

"Yes, my child, and so it was. No doubt she felt her daughter's affliction more than if it had been her own personally."

"And so she does not say 'Have mercy on my daughter,' but 'Have mercy on me,' 'Lord, help me.' And her prayer was answered. For presently Jesus said to her, 'O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.' It seems as if Jesus healed her, not for her own faith, but the faith of her mother."

"Yes, Carrie; and there were several other times when Christ did the same. A nobleman came to Him about his son, who was

very ill, and Jesus said, 'Go thy way, thy son liveth.' Then a servant was healed because of his master's prayer. Besides that, there was the man sick of the palsy whom his friends let down through the roof of the house, and the blind man of Bethsaida. Often Jesus healed persons because of the prayer and faith of their friends."

Carrie bent over her mother and kissed her.

"I was beginning to fear that there was no hope for Harry, mamma; but there is, is there not?"

"My darling, there is always hope while we can pray."

And so Carrie went away with a lighter and more thankful heart.

CHAPTER VII.—A MISSING LETTER.

When Carrie awoke the next morning her first thought was to wonder what had happened. When she remembered she felt for some time quite bowed down with grief. But then there came to her mind the words she had read to her mother, and she felt that there was yet hope for her brother. And so, although it all looked very dark, and she could not see how the light would come again, she arose from her bed more than ever determined to keep her new year's resolution and to pray and trust until God answered her prayers. Again her eyes rested upon the verse which had so often cheered her before, "If ye ask anything in My name I will do it;" and that morning Carrie did not kneel down and *say* her prayers, as people do when they do not feel to want anything very badly, but she prayed earnestly, with all her heart, and the prayer certainly went up to Him who hears even our softest words. Carrie asked for patience, as well as the other blessings which she wanted. She knew that God's time would be the right time, although she hoped she would not have to wait very long. But she was so sure that God would send the great blessing for which she asked that she did not again feel so sad and hopeless as she had felt before.

She had need both of patience and faith before many days had passed. She was very eager to do something, and after thinking about it most anxiously she came to the determination to talk to her father about her brother. This would be very difficult, she knew, for though he had not exactly forbidden the subject, it always seemed to make him angry to hear his name mentioned.

But love made Carrie bold, and so one morning she knocked at the door of her father's study, and was invited to enter. "Papa," she said, timidly looking into his face, "I am so unhappy about my brother Harry that I must talk to you."

"You may well be unhappy, Carrie," he said, gravely, "but you had better not talk about the matter. No good can come of it."

"But I am sure he must be very miserable, too, papa."

"I hope he is. Does he deserve to be otherwise? I have done everything I can for him, as you know; I spared no expense in his education, I strove to lead him into the right path, and to make it as pleasant as I could; but he has wilfully chosen to become wicked, and coarse, and almost everything that is bad. He has poisoned the lives of us all; it is killing your mother; it is making you old and sad while you are still a child; and, as for me, I wish I had followed him to the grave before this had happened."

Carrie could not help crying at her father's words. He had never spoken out so plainly before.

"I wish Harry could know how much we all love him, papa. He thinks that none of us care for him because he has been so bad."

"He knows that he does not deserve to be loved."

"But, papa dear, if he knew that we do perhaps he would be different."

"Well, Carrie, he might know if he liked. I think he does not wish us to care for him. If he thought of us at all he would surely write to us now and then."

"He does not like to, papa. I feel sure that Harry loves us all still; and please don't be angry, papa dear, but I wish you would do something."

"I tell you, Carrie, that I have done all that I can."

"No, papa, there is one thing more you might do. If you would go over to him, and speak kindly to him, and ask him again to come home, I think he would come."

Mr. Lacey looked quite astonished as well as displeased. Poor Carrie trembled, for she did not know what he would do or say next. He got up, and walked several times across the room and sat down again without speaking. Carrie went to him and put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Dear papa," she said, presently, afraid to speak louder than a whisper; "we must try to save Harry, and Jesus said we were to forgive seventy times seven."

After a time her father said, "My child, I will gladly forgive Harry. I am afraid I am more anxious to do so than he is to be forgiven; but I fear that he will not be willing to leave the sins he has been indulging in. And if we have him at home what shall we do with him?"

"I am not afraid, papa. I am sure he would be different if he were at home with us."

Mr. Lacey was very thoughtful for a few minutes. Then he laid his hand on Carrie's head, and said, "I will try again once more. I will go over to Bowden and find Harry, and do my best to bring him home."

Carrie was so overwhelmed with joy that she could scarcely speak. Mr. Lacey said he would go at once, that they might not be long kept in suspense.

You may guess how glad and thankful Carrie felt. She longed to tell her mother the good result of her conversation with papa, but she was afraid to do so, lest after all they should be disappointed. But she went to Harry's room and began arranging it.

"If he should return with papa he must find everything ready for him," she thought; so she gathered some spring flowers and arranged them in a vase for his table, and beside them she placed the Bible which she had twice bought. "He will not want to sell it when he is at home, and I think if he finds it here he will read it sometimes," she said to herself.

When the time for Mr. Lacey's return was drawing near she was so restless that she could not help going to the window frequently at the sound of carriage wheels. Everything was in readiness for Harry, if only he would come. Carrie pictured to herself the meeting; how at first Harry would be rather quiet, and shy, and afraid to look into their faces; but how, when she had welcomed him, and their mother had drawn her son to her and given him a few loving kisses, he would sit by the fire and say presently that it was very good to be at home.

"He *shall* be happy!" thought Carrie, and she even said it aloud; and the next thing she heard the horse coming home, and ran quickly to the door.

But Harry was not there, his father had returned without him, and he looked even more anxious than when he left.

"Papa, tell me all about it," she said.

"I think you have enough to bear already, my poor child," he said, reading her deep disappointment in her face.

"Do tell me, please, papa, I would rather know. He will come some time, if he has not come to-day."

"I have not seen him, Carrie, and I am afraid he has left Bowden. He has had some misunderstanding with his employer, who lost all patience with him, and had dismissed him suddenly on the very day that we saw him in the street. I have been to the place where he lodged, but they do not know where he is. The woman tells me that he certainly wrote to me two or three days before, and she believes that he has left partly in consequence of not having received a reply."

"Oh, papa, what a pity! What can have become of that letter? It must have been lost in the post, and I would not have had it lost for all the world."

"My dear, letters are not often lost. I am afraid it was never posted, or it would surely have come to us."

"But Harry would not say he had written it if he had not."

"I don't know. That would not be worse than many things which he has certainly done. I have called at the Post-office, and made inquiries, but the people there assure me that it would certainly have been delivered if it had come."

Carrie said nothing, but she felt confident that Harry had certainly written and sent the letter, and, oh! how she longed to know what it had contained.

"It could not have been lost if it had come to the house," she said, and then she stopped, for a thought had come into her mind.

"Oh, papa, supposing Bessie has tidied it away somewhere?"

"She would not be likely to put such an important thing as a letter out of my sight, surely. But perhaps you had better ask her."

Carrie looked for Bessie directly.

"Bessie," she said, "there has been a very important letter lost. Do you know anything about it?"

"No; I don't think I have it in my pocket," and Bessie began turning out a number of various things.

"But you would not put another person's letter in your pocket, Bessie!"

"Not unless it was making the room look untidy, dear."

"Oh, Bessie, do think if you have put a letter away anywhere!" cried Carrie, in an agony of apprehension.

"When ought it to have come?" inquired Bessie.

"A week ago."

"I think I do remember putting a letter away. Where was it?" Carrie watched her friend with terrible anxiety. "Oh, I know, I have just remembered; it is behind the looking-glass in the drawing-room."

"Oh, Bessie, what have you done?"

Carrie flew into the room, and after looking nervously for a few seconds she found the letter.

"Yes, this is it. Oh, I pray that we have not found it too late."

Mr. Lacey took it from her hand and read it. It was not very long. This is it:—

"DEAR FATHER,—I am so very miserable that, though I dare not hope you will forgive me, I cannot help asking if you will. I think if you could, you would be able to save me from myself. I am getting worse and worse; I have no power to struggle against temptation, and I have made up my mind to leave Bowden. I wish I might see you, and my mother, and Carrie once more, but perhaps it is too much to ask. I will wait two days for an answer, and then, if I do not hear from you, I will go away where I shall not disgrace you.
"HARRY."

The letter was dated three days before the day on which they had with such sorrow recognised Harry.

"We have found the letter too late," said Carrie, bursting into tears.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSING STRING.

I HAVE a harp in my hand,
 But O, there is one—
 Just one of the strings, the sweetest of all,
 Broken and gone.
 I sweep my fingers across,
 But the missing string
 Makes a pause there should not be in the song
 I try to sing.
 The wind may breathe on the wave
 Till a song is born
 Of the buried shells and the jagged rocks,
 And seaweed torn.
 The lilies may break the flow
 Of the glassy lake,
 And be rocked asleep to the lullaby
 Its ripples make.
 The sun may look at the shower
 Till adown the way
 Of the fading bow some fugitive note
 From heaven doth stray.
 The moon may glance through the woods,
 And with one still beam
 Wake the nightingale to such melodies
 As poets dream.
 But there never comes to me
 The beloved tone;
 So I sit by my silent harp and weep
 For what is gone.
 Did I say 'twas gone for aye?
 No! the missing string
 I shall find on another harp that waits
 Where angels sing. **MEERB MANTON.**

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1870.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF HENRY SELWYN,
CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY HIS FRIEND, RICHARD MORTON.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY (BY THE EDITOR).

HENRY SELWYN, the manuscript records of whose brief but very honourable and useful ministerial course have been placed in my hands, was a man of rare intellectual endowments, and of a catholic spirit unfortunately still more uncommon. My strong personal affection for him may doubtless dispose me to form too high an estimate of him, but my opinion was shared by all who enjoyed his friendship, and were capable of appreciating his high qualities both of mind and heart. My acquaintance with him was formed more than thirty years ago when we were fellow-students in the Dissenting College of Chatterton, and, though he was then extremely young, in fact the youngest student in the house, there were already sufficient indications of that nobility and force of character which he afterwards developed. He was a great favourite in the house, for his tutors could not but regard with interest one who combined with considerable talent an industry and perseverance which promised to earn high distinction for himself and to shed a lustre upon his Alma Mater, while the feeling of envy with which his companions might have viewed his acknowledged superiority was held in check by his own unpretending and genial spirit. At all times he was a generous rival, an entertaining companion, a kind and sympathising friend.

I feel as though I must linger for a little among the memories of those college days. Selwyn was my senior in the college by two years, and when I entered was in the enjoyment of a position and influence far beyond that to which his academic standing would have entitled him. It was my misfortune to fall into the hands of a designing fellow, whose conduct shortly afterwards led to his expulsion from the establishment, who had taken a dislike to Selwyn because of his having detected and exposed him in an act of extreme meanness, and whose aim was to undermine the influence of one whose high-minded and honourable character was a standing rebuke to his own baseness. He painted him to me in colours the very opposite of the truth, represented him as consumed by egotism and jealousy, unable to tolerate independence or to recognise merit in another, and as wielding, by means of a small clique of admirers, a kind of petty despotism which pressed with special severity upon freshmen. I was fool enough to listen to the slanderer, who had the art to discover and play upon the weakness which led me to fancy myself possessed of powers and attainments which might naturally enough provoke jealousy. I had enjoyed advantages such as had fallen to the lot of few of my fellow-students, having previously spent two years at a German University, where I had earned considerable distinction. With its honours fresh upon me I entered the Dissenting Academy. I was perhaps too disposed to believe that there might be an inclination on the part of older students to regard me with suspicion and dislike, and perhaps to subject me to a kind of snubbing which young men know only too well how to administer. Two or three incidents which occurred served to feed this feeling. They were so trivial in themselves that they would have been unnoticed but that Price, for this was the name of the student in question, artfully represented them in such a way as most to annoy and irritate my foolish sensitiveness. At the same time he taught me to view Selwyn as the real author of the whole, and fostered a feeling of dislike to him in my mind which might have separated us during the whole of our collegiate course, but for a train of circumstances which led to the discovery of the mischief-maker and brought out the character of the man he had so shamefully slandered in such a light as made it impossible not to recognise his true nobility. I saw, and I am thankful to say I had at least the manliness frankly to confess, the mistake I had committed, and the generous mode in which he received my acknowledgments laid the foundations of a friendship which gained strength with each succeeding year, and the termination of which by his comparatively early death was one of the heaviest sorrows of my life.

During the more than twenty years over which it extended we

had never a misunderstanding that lasted over a single day, although we continually differed in opinion, and each of us was disposed to hold his own with sufficient tenacity. There was in him a perfect transparency of character, an utter guilelessness, a generosity of temper, a power of appreciating the motives and feeling the force of the arguments of those from whom he differed most, which rendered it all but impossible to quarrel with him. That he was by no means of that weak and pliable spirit which is afraid to do anything that may by any possibility lead a man into collision with others will appear clearly enough in these extracts from his diary. He had a firm will, and when once his purpose was formed he was not lightly to be turned from it, certainly not by any fear of the opposition it might provoke and the possible difficulties in which it might involve himself. He thought clearly and spoke strongly and forcibly, often too forcibly to be acceptable to those who think that the first and great qualification for a Christian teacher is that he should prophesy smooth things. Men of this sort are apt to be mistaken. Their outspokenness is regarded as imprudence, their decision mistaken for arrogance or obstinacy, their earnestness put down to passion or violence. So it often happened with my friend, especially in the case of those who knew him only superficially, perhaps entirely by what they saw of him in public. Those who saw him urging some point to which he attached supreme importance, putting his argument in keen and incisive form,—much keener and more telling than his opponents relished,—meeting some objection with a directness and force which sometimes appeared needlessly harsh, were apt to form very wrong conceptions of him. They knew not how little there was of personal feeling in his hardest hitting, how the strength of his utterances only reflected the force of his convictions, how superficial was the apparent harshness, how deep and genuine the vein of kindness which was underneath. I do not pretend that he was always wise or prudent, but he was always true, and even in his imprudences there was so much of nobility, they were so generally to be traced to a scorn of meanness, a dislike (perhaps sometimes carried too far) of mere expediency, a determination to speak that which he believed, and to follow that which he held to be right, and that only, whatever might be the consequences, that high-minded men soon learned to condone and forgive these slight mistakes. He was too fervid ever to earn that praise for moderation and safety which is the highest object of ambition to some, but all who knew him felt him to be trusty and loyal, and to have also an amount of practical wisdom which those who believe that wisdom can dwell only with perfect calmness and a watchful regard to the opinions of the outside world would never have suspected.

Such was my friend—bright, brilliant, hopeful, kindly, yet with a dash of vehemence and impetuosity in his character which men cast in another mould failed to understand. His greatest fault, perhaps, was an impatience with those whose slower brains failed readily to grasp the point of an argument, or whose regard to the proprieties and conventionalisms of society or fear of being esteemed imprudent prevented them from following out their principles to their issue. He made too little allowances for the force of prejudice, for the fear of losing caste, for the weakness of those who in Hezekiah's spirit were ready to say, "Let there be peace in my time." He fancied that he saw great principles hindered in their progress by these weaknesses on the part of the men who ought to have stood in the fore-front of the battle as their champions, and he was prone to form judgments which a little friendly intercourse would soon have toned down, but which were sometimes expressed in terms which certainly did injustice to the kindness of his genial and sympathising nature. How deeply he regretted any expressions of this character which fell from him, and how utterly they misrepresented the sentiments he entertained only those knew who were admitted to close intimacy. With all his strength of character he was by no means a hard or morose man. He had no faith in the religion which teaches its professors to wear a sad countenance and to abjure everything that is glad and joyous in human life. He was naturally of a happy spirit, fond of fun, as ready for recreation as for work, and believing that the one as well as the other was essential to physical and spiritual health. When, in his graver moods, battling for a principle or labouring to master some difficult piece of work, there were no signs of that mirthfulness which in his hours of *abandon* made him one of the liveliest of companions. I have often found it hard to make those who knew nothing of his private life believe that he could and did, when his work or conflict was over, thoroughly unbend himself, and while never forgetting what was due to his manhood, to say nothing of his Christian character, enter into the enjoyment of the hour with all the zest and earnestness of a boy out for a holiday. His religion kept him from folly and from sin, from unbecoming levity or riotous excess, but it made him light-hearted, buoyant, and vivacious. In the college he was the life and soul of the innocent amusements of our leisure hours. I remember one particular occasion when, after an unusually protracted spell of severe work, he was seeking relief along with others in some game, whose sounds of boisterous merriment reached the ears of our learned tutor, Dr. Gaussen, and drew him to the spot. The Professor was a man of singular gravity, a perfect bookworm, who never seemed to weary of the driest studies himself, and was unable therefore to

understand the relief which those whose nervous systems were more highly strung absolutely needed. To him these sportive ebullitions, which unfortunately sometimes interrupted his own meditations, appeared little short of folly, and his idea was that none but the idlers of the college ever took part in them. What was his horror, therefore, when he found his favourite student, the one of all others whose earnestness and diligence it was impossible to doubt, in the midst of the scene of confusion which met his eye, the very chief and-ringleader of the whole? I cannot even to this day forget the look of sadness and the tone of astonishment with which he exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Selwyn! I did not think you would have played such antic tricks."

In truth Selwyn was every inch a man, and he had no faith in the notion that his religion was to dwarf or maim his manhood. He had been well trained by his father, a Congregational minister, whom I met occasionally, and found to be one of the olden type, a decided if not extreme and severe Calvinist in doctrine, a Puritan in practice, of vigorous though not highly cultivated intellect, with more shrewdness than scholarship, and more knowledge of men than of books, but with a clear head and a manly, straightforward style of character which was reproduced in his son. He owed more, however, to his mother, who had just those qualities in which her husband was lacking, the refinement and taste which it is all but impossible to get except from early culture and mingling in superior society. She did not bring her husband a fortune, and at the time of their marriage there were not a few who doubted the wisdom of a poor Dissenting minister marrying one who had all the associations, habits, and the tastes of a lady without pecuniary means to gratify her inclinations. But the event proved their mistake. She was a helpmeet to him in every respect. She brought light and gentleness into his home; she made herself useful and beloved in his congregation, where even the poorest felt the blessedness of her kind and sympathising spirit; she exerted a happy and refining influence on her husband, while her son—her only one—always felt and confessed, for the best elements both of his intellectual and moral powers, for any measure of poetic temperament which he enjoyed, for his power to take broad views of life and character, for his nervous force and energy, he was indebted principally to the mother whom he deeply revered.

As the son of a Dissenting minister, of course he was familiar with the manners and customs of Dissenters, and it may be questioned whether that intimate familiarity was calculated to inspire profound veneration and respect. The old proverb that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre is capable of a wider range of application, and it is at least doubtful whether any sect can appear in

exactly the same colours to one who looks at its practices from behind the scenes as to those who contemplate them from the outside and at a considerable distance. That Selwyn found nothing in Dissent to alienate his affection and loyalty from it is a proof that, whatever defects there might be in some of its modes of operation, he still believed its principles to be right and its institutions sound at the core. He had seen a good deal that annoyed and perplexed him, he had known little men who fancied themselves great, and were determined to secure pre-eminence in the Church, and he had often wondered how his father endured the insufferable airs of those who fancied themselves entitled to dictate to him almost on every subject, from the tone of his sermons to the shape of his cravat; but he was capable of separating between the principles of the system and the faults of the men by whom it was worked. He had faith in perfect principles, but he did not look for a perfect development of them at the hands of feeble men, and he did not, therefore, like a great many men of less wisdom, hastily abandon that which he believed to be right because of the weaknesses and errors of those connected with it. He remembered that in the first Churches with which Apostles had to deal were men who thought more highly of themselves than they ought to think, some who measured themselves by themselves and compared themselves among themselves, many who fancied themselves to be somebody, whereas they were nobody, some who were so far from having respect to authority, even of the highest kind, that they preached the Gospel only in the hope that they might increase the trouble of the imprisoned Apostle. But, if he did not expect Congregational churches to be perfect, and did not sever himself from their communion because they were not so, he saw many crooked things which he desired to make straight, felt that there were many things lacking which he resolved if possible to help to supply. A peculiar concurrence of circumstances had thrown him a good deal into the society of liberal men of other Churches, and he had shaken himself free to a large extent from sectarian prejudices. If the truth must be told, his sympathies and his opinions were often in collision. He had a good deal of poetic and chivalrous sentiment in his nature, he had a reverence for the great men of the past, and he loved to wander in the cloisters of an old cathedral and join in its worship, he felt often that he could envy the members of the Anglican Church their relations to the Catholic Church of the past, and he mourned that the sentiment of Catholicity was so imperfectly developed among the members of his own community. Such feelings might seem to be at variance with the strong Radicalism, both in ecclesiastical and political matters, which he never hesitated to avow; but such a

phenomenon is not very uncommon. Sentiment and conviction are thus often opposed to each other, and where it is so it requires some strength of character to secure the complete victory for reason and principle. This was peculiarly Selwyn's case. He loved Congregationalism intensely, though perhaps he loved it better by its old name of Independency than by that which has become more common of late years. He loved its freedom, he was proud of the services which it had rendered to the liberty and constitution of his country, he felt that it had its heroes, and his heart was drawn towards them, but he mourned, too, that its power should be reduced and its progress hindered by accidental usages and ideas which had gathered round it in the course of centuries and which adhered to it so closely that they seemed in truth to be part of itself.

In these views he was encouraged by Dr. Sanderson, then President of the Colleges, one of the leaders of Congregationalism, and one whose reputation had extended far beyond the circle of his own denomination. In years he belonged to the older men, but in heart, in freshness of spirit, in largeness of view, he was one of the new generation. He was a remarkable example of a man who had become more liberal and advanced as he had become older. Congregationalism had not a more devoted and loyal son, but it had not one who had dared to speak out more plainly as to its mistakes and shortcomings. His devotion was not a blind, unreasoning superstition, it was an intelligent adherence to principles his very zeal for which made him desire that they should have fair play, and that their triumph should not be impeded by the narrowness or prejudice of those to whom their advocacy was entrusted. He impressed upon all his students the duty which belonged to them of leading the churches on to the fuller exercise of the freedom which they enjoy, but which they are often more ready to vaunt than to put to practical use. He had conceived, as may well be understood, a strong affection for Selwyn, who was, in truth, a man after his own heart, entering thoroughly into his aims and opinions, and whose great desire in commencing his work as a Congregational minister was (next to that which must be first in the heart of every true preacher of the Gospel, a passionate longing to win souls for Christ) to develop fully the power of Congregationalism, and so to show its fitness for meeting the great wants of the times.

It was in the year 184— that he commenced his pastoral life in Millport, a large manufacturing town in the north of England. The Congregational church of this place had grown in numbers and importance of recent years, but it had a history extending over nearly two hundred years with venerable traditions, which had been handed down from generation to generation, and which still

exercised a powerful influence on the descendants of the noble-hearted men by whom it had been founded. It was planted in the days of weakness and persecution immediately succeeding the Act of Uniformity, and its members would have been untrue to themselves, and the legacy of high principles, and stirring memories of sacrifices cheerfully made, and hard work faithfully done for the cause of Christ, if they had not held their great Nonconformist ancestry in deep reverence. Unfortunately, but naturally enough, they had fallen into the error of supposing that they honoured them most, not by cherishing their spirit and adapting their habits and practices to the changed circumstances of the times, doing the work of their generation wisely and fearlessly as their fathers did that of theirs, but by seeking to stereotype all their ideas and customs. They forgot that the nineteenth is not the seventeenth century, and that the men whose authority they quoted in defence of their rigid Conservatism would have been the first to recognise the difference and adapt themselves to it. Thus, while the Church had grown in numbers, owing to the great change in the district and the great accession to its population in consequence of the rapid development of its manufacturing industry, it was essentially a Church formed on the strictest model of the old Nonconformists. Its last minister had presided over it for nearly fifty years, and his influence had done much to prevent the adoption even of such changes as had found their way into neighbouring churches. Selwyn had won the sympathy of the people by his simple earnestness, his unaffected piety, his faithful preaching, but he was the choice of the younger rather than the older members, some of whom regarded his settlement with no little anxiety. He was not himself insensible to the difficulties with which one of his views and tastes would have to grapple in undertaking the pastorate of such a church. But the place had many attractions for him. He loved the thought of working among the masses of the people. He had plans and projects which he believed might be worked out to great advantage among them, and he longed to put them to the test. He had great hope of being able to effect a revolution in some of the points of arrangement which were not in accordance with his notions, and he entered on his work not without anxiety, but still with trustfulness and confidence in Him to whose service he had dedicated his life. How he fared the following selections from his diary and letters will tell.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER X.—THE MARCHIONESS AND I.

UPON reaching the Castle we went straight to the housekeeper's room, where we found Mr. Duckett, in company with Mrs. Miller and Mam'selle Sophie, taking what he called a "snack," and what appeared to me to be a very substantial cold dinner, though he spoke of it as an inferior sort of luncheon, which was not intended to supersede any of the ordinary meals, not even the regularly served luncheon.

"Sit down and take a snack yourself, Mr. Wray," said Mrs. Miller, who was a middle-aged, comely dame, dressed in rustling black silk, and displaying a large gold watch attached to her capacious waist-band. "I am very happy to make your acquaintance, sir; I am sorry that I missed seeing you last night. I was going to ask you to sit down to supper in my room, but Mam'selle Sophie told me you had already left the Castle. And so these are your grand-children! What a very pretty young lady! but not at all like her brother—no, cousin, I think Mr. Duckett said."

"Phœbe takes after t' Wrays, and Hugh is like his father," replied Martin. "If Mam'selle will take t' bairns to t' Marchioness, I will wish ye gude morning, Mistress Miller, for I promised my old woman that I wad come back quickly. T' bairns will be sent hame at her leddyship's pleasure, I believe?"

"Yes," said Sophie, rising, and jauntily settling her pink ribbons and her little trimmed apron. "Miladi will send them back to the Gate-house at such time as shall she please. *Moi*, I myself will, I dare to say, accompany them! Tell to Madame Wray that she need not cause herself the littlest anxiety; they, these *enfants*, what you call children, shall be restored to their parents in all safety. But now it is time that I lead them to Miladi, who awaits their coming in her own *salon*."

Whereupon she took Phœbe by the hand, and I followed; and we went through several passages, and upstairs, and then through more passages, till we came to a long, broad gallery or corridor, as I afterwards learned to call it, upon which many doors opened. Sophie discoursed volubly to the blushing Phœbe as we went along, and now and then she turned to me, explaining for my benefit something which I generally failed to comprehend, as she continually lapsed into her native language, of which I understood scarcely half a dozen words.

The corridor along which we passed was lofty and richly carpeted, and I felt a strange incongruity between my thick, clumsy boots—which, however, were Martin's best make—and the soft, velvet-like substance on which they pressed. At the end of the corridor was a magnificent painted window, through which the noonday sun poured down his beams in broad slants of vivid green and purple, intense amber, and deep flushing rose. I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life, and I would fain have paused to contemplate it at leisure, but Sophie motioned me on, and we turned suddenly from the grand corridor into more retired passages. We seemed now to have entered upon an enchanted region; rich draperies, statues, stands of flowering and fragrant plants, and all sorts of lovely and curious things were lavishly dispersed around me. Wherever I looked, some fresh wonder met my eye, some fresh piece of splendour riveted my attention.

Presently we reached a curtained door, at which Sophie tapped; and then I heard a low, sweet voice say, "Come in!" We entered, and there, sitting on a low chair by the open window, which commanded a lovely prospect of flower-garden, plesance, wooded park, and wide, glittering sea, sat the beautiful lady I had seen in the chancel-pew on Sunday. Such a vision of beauty I had never pictured even in my wildest dreams of romance. I did not know that mortal woman could be so fair. Child as I was, I stood abashed and subdued, not at the splendour in the midst of which I found myself, not at the lady's sparkling gems and graceful flowing drapery, all of which I somehow took in at a glance, but at the perfect and marvellous beauty to which I was now brought face to face. Surely Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Fair Rosamund never boasted of such resplendent loveliness as did Helena, Marchioness of Dovercourt!

I am not clever at word-painting, but I will try to tell you how she looked—my beautiful, worshipped Marchioness—on that bright autumn day, when first I spoke with her. She was pale, pale as the purest marble, when we came in, but the next minute the loveliest carnation dyed her delicate cheeks and slender, almost transparent throat. A light, that made me think of the lustre of a large silvery planet I used to watch rising over the mountains at Eaglesmere, shone out from her sweet violet eyes, shadowed by full snowy lids and long brown, silky lashes. Her eyebrows, of the same hue, were exquisitely pencilled, and round the broad alabaster forehead lay masses of wavy, golden hair, gathered together by filmy lace, and strings of pearls, and falling behind in long, loose, natural ringlets. The sweet lips were rosy as a child's, and the whole face mingled strangely—but, oh! how bewitchingly—the

grace of the high-born, beautiful woman, with the unconscious innocence and purity of the child.

"Here are the children, Miladi!" said Sophie, respectfully. "Monsieur Wray is gone away. I told him that they would be taken back quite safely at the proper time."

"That is well!" said the low, flute-like voice. The Marchioness spoke very quietly, but I thought her tones a little tremulous. Sophie apparently thought so, too.

"Is it not that Miladi is too fatigued to talk to these *enfants*?" she said, anxiously. "Miladi has not been strong for some days; shall it not be that the *enfants* go now to the nursery for a little while, and come to visit Miladi herself another day?"

"No, I thank you, Sophie," replied the Marchioness; "I am not at all tired, and the children will amuse me. Give me that *flacon* of eau-de-cologne, and then you need not stay any longer. But stop, perhaps these young people have not dined. Little one," turning to Phoebe, "have you had your dinner?"

"No, please, leddy," said poor Phoebe, overpowered with bashfulness.

"Well, then, I please that you should have some. Send a tray up here, Sophie, with some chicken, and tarts, and plenty of fruits and creams, and such things as children love; and tell them to be quick about it."

Sophie disappeared, and we were left alone with the Marchioness. She motioned Phoebe to a little chair just opposite to her, but she pointed me to a footstool almost concealed by her long, ample skirts.

"Now tell me your name," she said to Phoebe, who would willingly have dispensed with conversation, and who told me afterwards that she felt so dashed she would have liked to keep utter silence, only she knew it was bad manners not to speak when spoken to, and granny would be rare and angry if she knew she had behaved improperly. So, blushing to the ears, and hanging her head like a pretty little rustic as she was, Phoebe replied—"Phoebe Miller, an' it please your leddyship."

Margery had given us several lessons as to the etiquette to be observed in addressing the Marchioness. Her parting charge had been—"Touch naething ye see, bairns, and dinna speer aboot aught; ask nae questions, but answer plain oot whenever ye are spoken to. An' be sure to say 'my leddy' and 'yer leddyship' each time ye spake to t' Marchioness. An', Hughy lad, mek yer verra best bow, and Phoebe, moind ye mek yer varra prattiest curtesy as often as ye see occasion; and be sure to say 'an' it please yer leddyship' an' 'thank you, my leddy,' as often as ye spake to her."

"And how old are you?" pursued her leddyship. And again

Phoebe dropped her regulation curtsey, and wrung out the ends of her blue sash, and replied with as much confusion as if she had been confessing to a crime—"Past eight, an' it please yer ladyship."

Then the Marchioness turned to me, and asked me my name. Strange to say I felt no bashfulness, and I answered out boldly, "Hugh Travis—*Vassall*." Then she asked me other questions—about *my* age, and what I knew, and about Eaglesmere, till the dainty little dinner she had ordered appeared, and we sat down to table, and regaled ourselves on chicken and partridge-pie, and lemon cream, and peaches, and pears, and plums, and grapes. At least all these things were there, though I do not remember whether we partook of them all. Seeing that Phoebe was too shy to eat, the Marchioness went away, leaving us to Sophie for awhile, and when she came back we had both made an excellent and most *recherché* repast.

As soon as our dinner or luncheon was over, the Marchioness said to Sophie—"I fancy this little girl will be happier in the nursery with Lord Felixstowe and Lady Maude. Take her up to nurse, Sophie, and tell Lady Maude to bring out all her toys. Will you not go, little one? You shall play with a beautiful doll dressed like a real baby; and Maude has a doll's house full of chairs and tables, and tea-things and dinner-things, and she has beautiful picture-books and puzzles, and there is a rocking-horse with a side-saddle, and no end of pretty things. Will you go, Phoebe?"

Phoebe consented quite willingly; she was not afraid of servants or of children, and down here, in the Marchioness's boudoir, her shyness oppressed her so painfully that I knew once or twice she was on the brink of tears. It was a relief to go away to the nursery, and to its paradisiacal pleasures, which, even to my boyish and older notions, sounded most invitingly. I did not want to play with the toys, of course, but I thought I would like to see them. However, Phoebe would tell me all about them when we got home.

Hand in hand my little sister and Sophie went away, the latter casting at me an appealing glance, as if she did not quite like the separation, but accepted her lot with resignation, and as the lesser evil. Then we were left alone, the Marchioness and I.

I hardly know how to describe what followed; it came upon me so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that it took away my breath, and very nearly my senses. I hardly knew whether I was awake or asleep; whether I was really in the Marchioness's boudoir at Dovercourt Castle, or dreaming one of my wild, improbable, romantic dreams in my own bed in the Gate-chamber. For a minute or two we kept silence, and I heard only the soft rustle of

the trees outside, and the low coo of some foreign birds in a great gilt cage at the further end of the room. I was sitting very close to the Marchioness on the stool I before mentioned, and my brown, sturdy little hand rested on her soft, shimmering robe. Suddenly that hand was caught up in the lady's own white, jewelled fingers; it was not simply held, it was clasped as it never had been clasped before; then before I could look my wonder she had burst into a passion of tears and sobs, and she had gathered me up to her bosom as if I were a baby, and was showering kisses on my lips, and cheeks, and brow, on my hair and hands, even on my clothes—warm, ardent, passionate kisses, which thrilled through and through me like an electric current. And, instead of feeling abashed, I flung my arm round her white neck, and pressed my dark cheek against her face, and kissed her back again—not quite kiss for kiss, perhaps—but with an intensity of affection that seemed to myself, when I afterwards thought of it, a rush of sheer insanity.

How long we cried and kissed each other I cannot say, but presently the lady grew calmer; she put me gently from her, though one arm still lovingly encircled me; I could see that she was trying to compose herself, but I could feel her trembling in every nerve.

"Hugh—Hugh Vassall," she said at length, "I am so glad you are come to me. Do you think me very strange, my dear boy? Well, I will tell you—you are like—you remind me of some one I once loved very dearly—some one who is dead, and whom I, Hugh, loved more than all the rest of the world beside! But you need not tell any one this; I do not wish any one—not *any one*, mind—to know it. Can you keep a secret, Hugh?"

"Try me, lady," I replied; "Captain Vassall's son ought to be able to keep a secret, for they tell me he was a most honourable man."

Something seemed to thrill her all over as I said these words; for a moment she was silent, though I could feel her pulses bounding. Then she said steadily, and almost proudly, "Captain Vassall was a most honourable man, the very soul of truth, and honour, and goodness; his son cannot be too proud that he bears his name."

"Lady, did you know my father?" I asked.

Again there was a silence, and her arm tightened round me before she replied—"Yes, Hugh, I knew your father; I knew Captain Vassall."

"Did you know him well? Martin only saw him once, and he says I am like him."

"Like him? You are his living picture. You have his eyes, his beautiful dark shining eyes, his smooth olive skin, which he

inherited from his mother, an Andalusian, his firm chin, and his mouth, with all its lines and curves of blended tenderness and strength. All your features are his; your hands are exact copies of his, for he had just such long, lithe fingers and filbert-shaped nails, and above all your hair is his. He had exactly these masses of raven, silken curls; and when you grow older, and have his thick, soft beard and moustache, Hugh, you will look just as he looked when—when I saw him for the first time. Yes, you are your father's own son, Hugh Vassall. Always remember that, my dear boy."

I cannot describe to you the lingering tenderness of her last words. They were a caress in themselves, and all the while her arm was tightly around me, and I was leaning on her lap, as if I were her child and she my own gentle, loving mother. At last I said, "Lady, will you not tell me all about my father? I know nothing of him save his name, and that he was good and noble, and that he died and was buried in the deep, deep sea."

"Ah! the sea, the cruel, treacherous sea," and she looked shudderingly at the wide expanse of sunlit waters, which we could see from the window. "Sometimes I listen to it, Hugh, on quiet evenings, or when I am lying awake at night, and fancy it is telling of all the treasures which it keeps till the restitution of all things, when it shall give up its dead. Sometimes I think it is whispering of that time,—for it has a strange, sad, mystic voice,—that ever-changing and yet changeless sea, that ebbs and flows now as in the days of Eden, that murmurs on through golden summer noons and stormy wintry days, and makes its ceaseless moan alike on savage shores where all is solitude, and on busy-peopled strands, resounding with the hum of life. It is a great mystery—an awful, beautiful presence—the great, deep sea."

"Have you always lived near it, lady?"

"No, not always. When I was a child I lived in one of the Yorkshire dales, but I was little more than sixteen when I went to live on the coast. Since then I have never left it for long together; I could not be happy away from its 'billowy anthem' that has sounded in my ears through so many days of joy and sorrow, and hope and desolation. But you want to know about your father, Hugh—your dear, dear father, whom you must love and reverence henceforth and for evermore."

"I do love him," I replied; "I loved him ever since I began to think about him."

"And how long has that been?"

"I can hardly tell; it grew upon me so gradually that I was not Martin and Margery's grandson. Then I began to wonder who I was, and who my father was, and I asked those who knew, and they told so much and no more, and bade me ask no further ques-

tions, for only evil and no good could come of curiosity,—not only evil to myself, Martin said one day, but evil to others whom I should be very sorry to harm—evil that I could not undo, however bitterly I might repent it. So I kept silence, but I only thought the more ; I thought till my heart felt fit to break.”

“ Did you ask questions of any one save the Wrays ? ”

“ Yes, I asked Mr. Gibson, for he knew what Martin knew, or at least very much of it. Besides, he understood me better than Martin did, and what he said always calmed me, and made me feel quieter and more contented, while I only got vexed and angry with Martin and Margery, especially with Margery ; she is so cross.”

“ She is kind to you ? ”

The lady spoke quickly and anxiously, looking straight into my eyes.

“ Oh, yes, very kind. It was wrong in me to talk about her being cross, for she cannot help it. It's her way to snap and find fault, and say disagreeable things, Martin says so. He says all old women are scolds. Are they, lady ? ”

“ No, my boy ; an old woman may be as sweet and loving and loveable as a young one, but a woman who does not control her temper in youth and middle age is certain to grow worse as she gets in years. You must not mind Mrs. Wray if she is a little provoking. You must be patient, Hugh, and try to give the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and always be very kind to her, for you say she is very kind to you in spite of her hasty temper.”

“ Oh, yes, very kind. Please not to remember that I called her cross, and yet she is very cross ; it's the truth.”

“ Never mind Mrs. Wray just now ; I want to know what Martin and Mr. Gibson told you.”

“ Only that I was Captain Vassall's son, and that my mother was his wedded wife. Mr. Gibson said I was ‘ born in lawful wedlock,’ I was always to remember that ; but I am not quite sure that I understood what he meant.”

“ Did any one dare to say you were not ? Did any one venture to cast shame on your noble father's head. Tell me, was there any one so wicked, so cruel, as to hint at so black and base a falsehood ? ”

I looked at her in astonishment ; she was sitting quite upright ; a deep flush dyed her cheeks, her violet eyes were burning with a strange, almost wrathful light, her little hands were clenched, and she was pressing her pearly teeth upon her full ruby lip till I feared the blood would start. I was puzzled as well as frightened at her vehemence, and being myself in a very overstrained state of mind, I burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly.

Then her mood changed ; the proud glance, the haughty bearing

vanished, and she flashed at me such a look—oh, *such a look* of passionate love and inexpressible yearning, and before I was aware she had caught me in her arms and drawn me, big boy as I was, on to her lap, and she had cradled my head on her bosom, and covered my face and my hair with fond, gentle kisses, soothing me as if I had been her own little child, weeping out my baby-sorrows in her safe embrace.

"Don't cry, darling," she said at length, as I still wept on quietly but copiously, and chiefly because I could not help it. "I was not angry with you, Hugh. I was angry because I thought people *might* have been saying naughty things, traducing the memory of the best man who ever lived—a man who never had a spot or stain upon him. Like one of old, he walked with God, and then he was not, for God took him. But oh, if he had lived! oh, if God had left him to—to—to you, his child!"

"And to my mother? I was told never to ask about her, but I *may* ask you. I know she is not dead; I made them tell me *that*. Oh, if I did but know where she is! if I might but see her once and call her mother—mother!"

The arms that were folded round me closed on me still more closely, and more kisses were showered on me. Once or twice she sighed deeply. At last she said, "Your mother has been very cruel to you, Hugh, but still more cruel to herself. And yet what she did she did for the best. I think when she left you, when she gave you up—you, the darling of her heart, her husband's baby-boy, all that was left to her in an empty, joyless, weary world—I think she must have been well-nigh distracted, and knew not what she did. Think gently of her, Hugh; she loved you, and she loved your father. Oh, my God! how she loved him! God only knows how great and true her love was. Only God knew her terrible anguish, her unfathomable sorrow, and only God knew how she was tempted; and oh, how bitterly she repented; for she was shut out of Paradise, Hugh, darling—shut out of Paradise, whither she could return never more. Think gently of her, Hugh—tenderly, lovingly if you can. But ask no more about her, and never, never seek to find her. I will be your mother, Hugh; can you love me?"

"I never loved any one half so much," I replied passionately. "I loved you when I saw you in the church on Sunday. I shall love you always, dearly—dearly. And you really will love me?"

"I really will; I do. Yes, indeed I do, dear child."

"But oh, why do you love me? What have I done that you should be so kind to me, so very kind?"

"You have done nothing, but you may do much. All the love except what you give to your dead father you may fearlessly give

to me. All the love you would have given to your poor misguided mother you may give to me. You may obey me, follow out my wishes, become a great and good man like him whose hallowed name you bear. Then shall I be amply repaid for loving you and caring for you. As for *why* I love you, it is because you are the child of those who were very dear to me. I loved your father, and—yes, I loved your mother, your most unhappy mother. Be content to take my love, and do not puzzle yourself to find out where it comes from. Take it as you take the light, the flowers, the summer warmth, as you take any good thing which the gracious God sends you. Will you do so ? ”

“ Oh, yes ; it is only too much happiness. And shall I see you very often ? ”

“ Yes, very often, though there may be—nay, there surely will be—times when we cannot be together, cannot even see each other. For, Hugh, we must not tell any one of the compact that we will make—you and I alone together, no one intermeddling ; no one must know of the tie that binds us two together ; they would not understand it, and things that are not understood are frequently misconstrued. Let us have our love all to ourselves, Hugh, my darling. Think of me as your mother, as your father's friend ; love me as such, and when we are alone, quite safely alone together, as we are now, speak to me, look at me, fondle me as a child speaks to, and looks at, and fondles the mother who is all in all to him. But to the world you are still Hugh Travis, Martin Wray's foster-son, and I am the Marchioness of Dovercourt, a great lady, who chooses to amuse her lonely hours and solace her seclusion by showing kindness to the children of her old retainers. ‘ Great ladies,’ as the world calls women of rank and wealth and power, are allowed to have their whims ; why should not I have mine ? But all this while I have not told you about your father.”

“ No, and I want so much to hear. When did you see him first ? ”

“ Nearly thirteen years ago. Of course you were not born then. Indeed, Captain Vassall and his wife were not then married ; they were in less than a year from the time I speak of. He was twenty-eight years old. He was not rich ; indeed, he was poor, and he had known many troubles. He was quite alone in the world. His parents were dead ; they died when he was a boy, and left him to struggle by himself. He had neither brothers nor sisters ; only some relations on his mother's side in Spain, and he never saw them ; did not even know exactly who they were, nor at what place they lived. Certainly they did not concern themselves about him, and probably were not aware of his existence, so that he was quite alone in the world.”

"Did he recollect his father and mother?"

"Yes, quite well. His mother he often spoke of, and always in terms of the deepest affection. He used to say, 'No son ever had such a mother; so good and so beautiful, though she had not, as far as I could learn, in her veins any of the blue blood of which her countrymen make such boast;' if you understand what that means."

"It means that she was not nobly born, I suppose?"

"Exactly. She came of poor and lowly parentage, but that did not matter, for your father always said the Martinez were a noble race, inasmuch as they feared God, and kept their name—peasant name though it might be—free of stain or blame generation after generation. Your grandfather was a seafaring man, and in one of his voyages to South America he was wrecked off the coast of Spain. He was most hospitably received by the people of Elgos, the small town or village to which the waves swept him and such of the crew as escaped drowning; and during his stay there he met with your grandmother, then a young and very beautiful woman of good repute in the neighbourhood where she had always lived. They were married, and Leonor, who longed to profess openly the purer faith of the Reformed Churches, was quite willing to leave her own country where she might not worship God according to the dictates of her conscience, for her husband's beloved native land, where all were free in matters of religion."

"And so they came to England?"

"Yes. They had not been married many months before they thought it best to leave Spain. Your grandfather, of course, was branded as a heretic, but then he was an Englishman, and so tolerably secure as long as he did not seek to promulgate his heresy. But Leonor was quickly suspected of leaning to her husband's creed, and she, a Spanish subject born and liable to the tyranny of the priests of Rome, might have been seized at any moment and made to suffer for her temerity. Her relations would not denounce her, but they urged her departure. They dreaded the disgrace of a heretic in their family. They were good people, devout people in their way, and they had never been taught to know the truth, so they shunned the light which comes from God Himself, as if it were an emanation of the evil one. They knew no better; how could they? They only believed what had been impressed upon them from infancy as the only truth of God, and there was no open Bible to teach them any better. So Leonor and her husband quietly got away, and came over to England, to Maryport, where the Vassalls had always lived."

"Maryport in Cumberland, do you mean? Why, that is not so very far from Eaglesmere. I know the way to it, at least part of the way, over Wastdale Head."

"Yes, it was Maryport in Cumberland, and there your father was born, though not till his parents had been married so many years that they had given up all hope of having any children of their own, and they were even thinking of adopting a little boy they knew of when God sent them their one son Hugh, even as He sent Samuel to childless Hannah. Of course they regarded him as a most precious treasure, and though they were poor they tried to give him what they esteemed as a liberal education. But when the second Hugh—for you are Hugh the third, you know—when he was eight years old his father died—died of cholera in a smitten Lancashire town, whither he had gone on business, and in which the awful pestilence raged fiercely. The boy and his mother were left with no means of support; but she, like a true, good mother, clung to her child, and toiled day and night for him, keeping him at school and doing her very best for him, regardless of the personal sacrifices her efforts naturally entailed. At fourteen he insisted on working for himself. He wanted to go to sea, for the salt was in his blood from his birth, I have heard him say, but his mother would not hear of it, and so he got a situation on land, and the moment he began to earn a small salary he looked forward to the day when he should be able to support his good and honoured mother in comfort, if not in affluence. But, as I told you, she died, and he was left with only himself to struggle for, only himself to depend upon. He was all alone in the world, for he never thought of claiming kindred with his mother's people in Spain; in fact, he knew nothing about them, for all intercourse between the Vassalls and the Martinez had ceased soon after their separation."

"Well, Hugh, your father, having no one to consult, followed the bent of his inclination, and went to sea. But it was full late to commence a seafaring life, and he had received no proper nautical education, neither was there any one to give him a helping hand. He had to make his way under great disadvantages, beginning as a common sailor-boy. Oh, Hughy, what a handsome sailor-boy he must have been! When I saw you this morning with the blue ribbon round your neck I thought of how *he* must have looked, with the wind in his rich black curls, and his bold, brave eyes looking out across the sea, which he loved—which for many years he called his bride, declaring that he would have no other. You must always love the sea, Hugh, for his sake; but for mine—I mean for your mother's sake—you must always dread it!"

"Yes," I said, softly, and almost to myself, "I do love it, and I know now why I loved it; why I have longed so earnestly to see it—why the salt-breezes seemed to welcome me to the shore, why they seemed like messages from somewhere and somebody, I knew

not where or who; only they told me of another life far, far away, of which I knew not anything! And so my father went to sea, dear lady?"

"Yes; and he had great trials, as many a friendless lad in such a situation always has. Twice he sailed with cruel, wicked captains, and suffered dreadfully, and once, when he refused to join in a mutiny, the sailors set him ashore on a little desert island, hundreds of miles from the mainland, where he lived for some months on fish, and roots, and such poor food as he could find. By degrees he rose, as such patient worth as his is sure to rise; but his health had been injured by long exposure and scanty fare, during his Robinson-Crusoe life on the island, and severe illness disabled him more than once, and kept him back from promotion otherwise inevitable; also, a patron of his, a merchant whom he had served, and who had promised to befriend him, died suddenly. But at last he was appointed captain of a small trading-vessel, and had he lived to make another voyage he would have been appointed to a large and beautiful ship, which he had long aspired to command."

"And, tell me, please, did he ever see me? was he very fond of my mother?"

"He loved your mother more dearly than words can express. Never were two people happier than they. They were poor enough, but they cared so little about this world's pelf. They had a pretty little cottage near the sea; it was scantily furnished, yet so pleasant, and the young wife did her best to make her tiny home cheerful and comfortable, and she succeeded. They were so content—so gay! They never fretted because so many things were quite out of their reach; but sometimes they amused themselves, like children, with planning a splendid mansion in beautiful grounds, which was to be built and magnificently furnished when the captain returned from his last voyage—a famous, wealthy man. Alas! his last voyage came soon enough, but he never returned from it, and his wife and child were left almost penniless."

"But that was after I was born?"

"Yes; your father went to sea a few weeks after his marriage. It was a hard parting, but it could not be helped; and he came back only a few days before you were born. He was so proud of you, Hugh; so proud and so fond! Earnestly he prayed God that you might grow up a good man, an honour to your name, and a blessing to all around you! He stayed on shore till your mother was quite well, and then came the last parting. *She* did not know it was the last, or I think she would have died; but it was almost more than she could bear, that sad, sad, bitter farewell; and when he was gone the solitude was insupportable. But she had you, her little bonnie babe, and you were all her own to nurse and to

tend. She bore you in her arms day and night, she carried you out, she watched by you sleeping, she never left you even for an hour, to another's charge. And you grew and prospered, and people stopped to admire you, and called you a beautiful child. Then you began to take notice, and to laugh and crow, and to make all those little noises which we fond mothers call talking; and what a long letter she wrote to your father one day, to tell him that baby's first tooth had come through, and that he was quite well, and growing stronger, and stouter, and lovelier every day! He never read that letter; it got out to the Mauritius too late, and it came back again unopened. At length the time drew near when she might expect to hear of his return, and she was so happy, poor girl—everybody told her how pretty and blooming she looked, and what a noble little fellow was her baby; and every morning she thought, 'Before evening I shall know what day to expect the ship; it cannot be long now.' At last came—not a letter, but an old gentleman who knew Captain Vassall very well, and to him the first mate had written, begging him to break the news of his captain's death to the young wife at home. He could not bring himself, he said, to write to her the mournful tidings."

"Oh, my poor, poor mother; I wonder she could live. Why did she not die?"

"We cannot always die when we are tired of life, my boy; it is well we cannot, for God knows best, and often He has blessings in store for us of which we know nothing, and there come to us such happy times as we in our blind anguish imagined were gone for ever. But for your mother I often think that it would have been better for her had she died, as she yearned to die, when her great grief overwhelmed her. But you were in her arms—*his* child, all that was left to her of the husband so beloved; and for your sake she strove to live, for your sake she bore up, but, oh! with such a sinking, aching heart. Poor, poor child! she was little more than seventeen, Hugh, when she was widowed—left a widow in her eighteenth year."

"How long did she keep me with her?"

"Of that we will not speak; I have told you now all that it concerns you to know. We will speak as often as you like of your father when we are quite alone, only then mind; but of your mother do not let us talk."

"And Martin and Margery took me when my mother deserted me?"

The Marchioness drew her breath quickly, and a quiver as of pain passed over her sweet face. She put her hand to her side too, and I asked, "Are you ill, dear lady?"

"No, my child," she replied, quietly, "only a spasm, and it is

gone now. Do not say that your mother deserted you—and yet she did, God forgive her! But it was for your sake, and you were placed with Martin and Margery because they were to be trusted, and were good, kind-hearted people. But you have never been dependent upon them; you have never cost them one penny, though you owe them, and especially Martin, more than money can repay.”

“I had no idea of that. I always thought that all I had came from Martin, yet I often wondered that they spent so much more on me than on themselves. I was allowed so many luxuries that they never thought of on their own account, and once I found out that Martin paid Mr. Gibson for teaching me. I said once to Martin that I was afraid I cost him a good deal, and he answered, ‘Never fash about that, laddie; you do not cost any more than you ought;’ but he never said the money he spent for me was not his own.”

“He was under strict injunctions not to say so; but now it is quite as well you should know it is your own money, and not Martin’s, which is spent for you. Though still you will leave everything to Martin.”

“My own money! I never thought I had any. Who gave it to me?”

“Certain funds were placed at your mother’s disposal, and she invested them for your benefit, securing them to you. But you were speaking of Mr. Gibson. Do you not wish to continue your studies?”

I told the Marchioness how weary I was already of doing no lessons; and then she said:—“There is a very good grammar-school at Stoketon, only seven miles distant. Martin and I were thinking it would be good for you to be a weekly boarder there. The head master takes private pupils in his own house, and you could go on Monday mornings and come back to Dovercourt on Friday evenings, spending your Saturdays and Sundays at home always, and of course your holidays, which I know are pretty lengthy; for our rector’s son is one of the scholars on the foundation. You will be paid for of course, and with your own money. Shall you like it?”

I told her that I should like going to school very much, and that I wished for nothing better than to be able to study hard; but that I did not like the idea of seeing her so seldom.

“Every Saturday you will see me,” she said, consolingly, as she played with my short, crisp curls; “you shall always come to me, or I will come to you; that is, when the Marquis is not at Dovercourt, and he comes but seldom, for he does not like the place. But you will not forget, Hugh, that all that has passed is to be entirely between ourselves. You need not even tell Martin what

we have been talking about; and the more you think of me as your mother, the better I shall be pleased. Mother and son may have as many secrets as they please. Simply tell Martin that I told you that I knew your parents well, and speak to him about the Stoketon Grammar School."

Soon afterwards we took a short walk in the gardens; then we had some tea together, Phoebe taking hers quite happily in the nursery, where she had quickly become quite at home. Then the Marchioness showed me some of her pictures and shells, and other beautiful things of which the rooms were full; and just before dark Sophie walked back with us to the Gate-house, Phoebe chattering all the way about the wonderful things in the Castle nursery, and about the doll's feast she and Lady Maude had made. Lady Olive and her governess were away on a visit. Martin asked me no questions, and I was glad to go to bed before my usual time, that I might be alone, and think my own thoughts without interruption.

CHAPTER XL.—MARGERY'S VICTORY.

A few days after my visit to the Castle, it was announced to me that I was to go to school on the following Monday. Dr. Richardson had a vacancy in his house, which must be immediately filled up, as he had already received several applications from the parents of possible boarders; he would, however, decide in favour of the young gentleman in whom the Marchioness was interested, if he were transferred to his care without unnecessary delay. The opportunity was too good to be lost; there were not always vacancies in the head master's own house, and it was considered that to reside beneath his roof and under his special supervision were advantages to be secured at almost any price. So it came to pass that rather suddenly I was removed to Stoketon, and once more I commenced a new era of my life.

It seemed years since the memorable night I had listened to the discourse of the assembled conclave in the house-place at Waterhead; years since I had first heard of Dovercourt, and our probable exodus southwards; years since Martin had disclosed the project of our long journey beside the dying peats, while Margery nodded over her knitting needles! All the Eaglesmere life which had once been so intensely real had become shadowy as a dream, that fades and fades into nothingness, while one is vainly striving to recall it.

I found myself the youngest pupil in Dr. Richardson's house, and also one of the least advanced. Martin had signified his expectations that I should "take the shine out of some of them;" but I was not foolish enough to believe him; I knew very well

that the Stoketon and Eaglesmere standards could not be brought into comparison, and I had an uneasy notion that, in spite of Mr. Gibson, whose method was a trifle old-fashioned, I was by no means as "well up" as boys of my age were supposed to be.

I told all this to Martin the night before I went to school, and begged him to moderate his expectations, for I had a horrible conviction that I should be placed in the lowest form.

"Hoot noo, laddie," replied Martin, confidently; "ye're ower modest, ower modest. No but what modesty's an excellent thing in youth, as well as in woman folk; I do not want to mek ye think too great things on yersel', Hughy, my bairn, but where's t' laddie o' your years as knows t' Church Catechism stretforrard, and dodging, as ye do, and the Catechism with Proofs as weel? An' t' Psalms o' David ye can say reight oot, wi'out mistake, and t' story of Joseph and t' genealogies. And dinna ye ken a' about t' wanderings o' children o' Israel in t' wilderness, an' t' names o' a' t' kings of Judah, and Israel, an' Assyria, not to spake o' New Testament history, which I reckon is mair commonly known among t' boys an' girls o' this contumacious and stiff-neckit generation?"

To which I replied—"I am afraid I shall not be examined in the Church Catechism, nor in Old Testament history; I am afraid, too, such knowledge will be taken as a matter of course, as being what every well-brought-up child ought to know at a very early age. Don't fancy I shall get credit on that score, Martin."

"Dinna ye put yer wisdom afore mine! I that hev' been t' parish clerk year in year out sae lang, sure-ly ought to know best. I wonder if there be any parish clerk at Stoketon?"

"I daresay not," I answered, carelessly; "they are being dispensed with everywhere. Even Mr. Gibson, you see, refuses to nominate a fresh one. What is a clerk wanted for? The people ought to say the responses; the minister is the proper person to give out the hymns and notices, and the organ leads the choir."

Martin shook his head and groaned, then he said, "Noo, laddie, dinna ye gang ower t' enemy! What's t' clerk for, d'ye ask? For many mair things than responses, an' notices, an' pitchin' o' tunes, which I never could do, not heving a partikarly musical ear! What's t' parson for? 'll be next question; an' then 'll follow, *What's t' Church for?* T' clerk, like t' parson, has manifold dooties, which canna be declarit; there's his example in t' parish at large; his solemn deportment in his sacred office; his counsel as bein' next person to t' clergyman; his warnins to evil-doers; his influence generally, which in a place where he's weel kenned an' weel respectit, as I wur at Eaglesmere, canna be ower-rated Hech, Sirs! but it's an ungodly age! an' furst ane gude institution an' then anither gangs to t' wall, an' is debolished; an'

whatten wull be t' end thereof? I'll tell ye, Hughy, though I'll no live to see it mysel', but when it comes to pass, then bethink ye of what I tell to ye this day. When folk hae gotten used to bein' wi'out their parish clerks, they'll say, 'Let's do wi'out parson!' an' bit by bit t' office o' t' sacred ministry 'll fa' under rebuke; it 'll be like as it is noo wi' t' clerks; there'll be ane here, an' ane there, to be lookit on as curiosities, an' ca'ed 'abuses,' yes, *abusers*! that was t' word as Mr. Drew said, when he told how t' holy an' time-out-o'-mind honoured office o' clerk had been debolished i' this sinfu' parish o' Dovercourt! Mark my words, Hugh Vassall, that is to say, *Hugh Travis*, it's t' thin end o' wedge that's gotten in by t' enemies o' Mother Church, an' 'twull be her downfa'! Yes! clerks is gane, or weel-nigh gane; parsons 'll gang next; then kirks, an' o' course kirk-ganging, then t' grand auld Kirk—I mean Church o' England—will fa'; there 'll be nae Establishit Kirk onywhere, an' ungodliness an' infidelity 'll come in like a flood, an' overflow this onfaithfu' land, or else t' Papists 'll rise, sword i' hand, and t' Pope o' Rome 'll come ower wi' a great army o' priests an' soldiers, an' the bluidy days o' Queen Mary 'll be revived, an' there'll be the Inquisition in t' Tower o' London, where them torturing things be kept, an' t' fires o' Smithfield will be rekindled, an' t' Mass set oop, an' images worshipped; an' t' Lord 'ull gie t' counthry ower to her ain ways, an' she sall be desolate, and the nations say of her, 'Ichabod! Ichabod! for the glory is departed.' Mind my words, Hugh, laddie! for a' this, an' mair na this, 'll come upon deloded England afore mony years be past gin she gangs na' back to her auld parish clerks, an' keeps na' oop t' Establishit Church in a' her power and glory! I'll be in my grave then, Hughy, wi' my ten taes turned oop to t' daisies, but ye mebbe 'll be i' t' land o' the leevin'; an' then, when anarchy, an' bluidshed, an' infidelity abound an' rampage, an' t' abomination that maketh desolate be set oop in t' high places—that is when t' Pope o' Rome says High Mass at St. Paul's Cathedral in London town, an' t' Mother o' Harlots, the gret Scarlet Whore o' t' Seven Hills, clad in purple and decket wi' a' precious stanes, shall sit i' Westminster Abbey, drunken wi' t' bluid o' saints—for that's whatten t' Prophet meant by t' 'abomination that meketh desolate' being set oop, as a' knowledgeable persons ken weel—*then*, Hugh, laddie, think on what t' auld parish clerk says to ye this day!"

After that we had family prayers, and Martin read the twelfth chapter of the prophet Daniel, and the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of the Revelation, as being appropriate to the exordium he had just delivered. And departing from his usual custom of using only portions of the Church prayers, he offered up a series of very remarkable supplications, mixed, I am afraid, with solemn de-

nunciations which evidently interested Rebecca and exasperated Margery, who was very sleepy and did not approve of prolonged devotions at so late an hour.

Martin made a sort of apology, when we all rose up very tired, very stiff in the knees, and by no means edified.

"It was just t' occasion," he pleaded, seeing Margery ready to give tongue in spite of her fatigue. "I wanted to wrestle for this ungodly land an' this impious generation also; I wanted to build oop this laddie as is gangin out into a warld o' errors an' temptations in the holy faith i' which he has bin reared. I thoct as it was ony reight that ance mair he suld hear sound docthrine."

"Sund docthrine d'ye ca' that?" cried Margery, resentfully. "I ca' it a' din o' words—words o' yer ain wi' plenty o' sound in 'em and varie little sense. Not that I wad spake ill o' t' Holy Scriptures, but ye've nae reight to string texts together i' that fashion. Ye may turn onything topsy-turvy i' that way, and prove onything ye like i' Scripter language. But it's wrang, it's a'togither wrang, if no' blasphemous."

"An' ye say that to me—to me that hev' been parish clerk sae lang? Tek heed, woman, an' restreen thy tanguae, for there's a law o' t' land against contempt o' t' clergy."

"Whisht!" said Margery, contemptuously. "Contempt o' clergy an' contempt o' parish clerks is varie diffrint, I trow; ony way, I hev' a great contempt o' parish clerks; them that I've known wur sich fules, sae eaten oop wi' silly pride an' vain glory. An' it's a reight gude thing they're bein' dune awa' wi', sin' a' they ever did was to bawl, 'Amen' an' drawl t' words after t' parson wi' half a growl an' half a snuffle like. They wur abuses, an' they wur corruptions, as Mr. Drew said. I've larned a sight o' things sin' I cam' South. As for t' Pope o' Rome comin' to t' big kirk i' London, I wonder at ye for telling sich lees, an' fillin' oop t' laddie's mind wi' sich nonsense an' reight down foolishness. An' then to gangdiscoorsin about the Scarlet Woman, an' ca'ing her by names as ought niver to be said afore lads and lassies. I wonder at ye; oh, I wonder at ye, but ye niver had much sense. Ye've found t' fine words an' made t' grand orations, an' I've found t' common sense evir sin' we were wed, or I dinna ken wha' we wad hev' been. But gin ye talk ony mair about whores an' harlots i' my ears, whether they be o' Rome, or o' Babylon, or o' Westminster, or onywheres i' a' the wide world, for they suldna be naewheres;—I'll jist oop wi' t' pitchers, or t' porringers, or whattern comes convenient to hand, an' I'll jist skirl 'em at yer fulish head that owt to ken better wi' a' its hairs turned grey."

"I ony used Bible language," said Martin, terribly disconcerted. The temporary afflatus had deserted him, and he was beginning to

feel ashamed of the unwonted excitement into which he had been betrayed. He began also to have suspicions that his high-sounding and long-winded prayer contained a good deal of nonsense, which, indeed, was the truth. He really had, as Margery said, strung texts together anyhow, mixing up Jericho and Rome, Solomon's Temple and Westminster Abbey in most inextricable confusion.

And Margery replied, "An' gin ye did, what then? Some o' Bible words are no' for every-day use, an' ye might have respected the Holy Scripters mair than to use 'em for uphanding o' yer ain mad clavers. There, git to bed. I'm jist ashamed on ye, auld man. I'll say nae mair now, but let's hev' prayers oot o' Beuk next time. I dinna like to hear cursin' and ravin' ca'ed prayin'. An' t' lassie Becca there on her knees too. Gang a' to bed, I tell ye."

But Rebecca, being thus appealed to, answered rather pertly, "Indeed I thought it was a very fine prayer, and I like a change sometimes! It was just like the praying and preaching of Job Merrick, the pig-sticker, at Frimley, the village across the great Down, you know. He's of the Methodist persuasion, and they have got no regular minister at Frimley, so Job prays and expounds; and he does preach such fine sermons, and his prayers are fit to lift the roof off! You may hear them a mile off, which makes it much nicer to be outside the chapel than inside. And Mester's prayer to-night reminded me very much of Job's; just the same sort of language that stirs you up, whether you understand it or not! They would be very glad of your help, Mester, at Frimley; they would welcome you at their prayer-meetings anyhow, for you've got the gift, and no mistake! And there are some very stirring people among the Methodists, and I must say they have done good at Frimley, which was a heathen sort of place before they came. Not that I hold with Methodists—only there's good in all persuasions, and there are openings out of the Church that you can't get in it. You might preach the very next Sunday at the Methodist chapel, Mester, and I would be proud to come and hear you. You would have to give them your experience, and evidences, and all that, because they don't let unconverted people, if they know it, into their pulpits, as we do sometimes, when there's a family living to be given away, and a scapegrace son or nephew to be provided for."

Martin looked dumbfounded; Margery was both wrathful and elate.

"There!" she cried; "that's what it's come to! To be counted along wi' Methodies, an' Quakers, an' Baptises, and sech-like cattle! as ou't to be shut up fast in th' innermost prison, till they give oop their wrang notions, an' com back humbly to t' Kirk!"

I'd root a' religions but my ain religion out o' t' land, an I wur Queen Victoria!"

With which Catholic sentiment Mrs. Wray retired into the privacy of her conjugal chamber, Martin slowly following. What happened to him afterwards of course I do not know; but next morning he came down in a very subdued frame of mind, looking so downcast and meek that I did not like the idea of leaving him for five whole days. Margery looked triumphant; she had reduced her liege lord to at least temporary submission. I am afraid she celebrated her victory rather tyrannically.

Mr. Duckett drove me to Stoketon, and put me down at Dr. Richardson's door. I was kindly received, and I liked my companion; but—oh! my prophetic soul—I found myself next morning at the very bottom of the lowest form!

(To be continued.)

LIFE, SOCIAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, AND POLITICAL, IN YORKSHIRE.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

YORKSHIRE is a grand old county. There is a ripe flavour about its very name. It reminds us of days long gone by, when a generation that sleeps now in the dear English country churchyards used to coach it, all the way, down to Boroughbridge or Bolton Abbey! Days? yes, and nights too—when the passengers used to come tumbling down from the top of coaches in the Christmas season, very lobster-like in the expression of their countenances, and in a state of such complete frigidity that nothing but the fire of a Yorkshire inn-kitchen could thaw them properly. In they used to flock, beating their breasts and blowing hard their frost-bitten fingers, and performing all sorts of extraordinary antics. Elephantine-like, indeed, these antics were when "Sam's father," with his capacious frost-clad hat and his magnificently buttoned great-coat, came up the yard with the thunder of his step shaking off the snow, and with the smile of his countenance reminding you that he, at all events, was ready for the breakfast-time onslaught.

Yes, onslaught indeed it was—I know no better designation. A breakfast at the old Yorkshire inn in the coaching days was no social joke, no mere complimentary meal, I can tell you. There had been hurry enough on the road, and you must take it easy a bit now. The horses had come up the inn yard with steaming

sides and with clattering hoofs to their corn and chaff breakfast, and it was but fair that the civilised humanity, who for the last dozen miles or so had sat behind them, should take *their* turn at the well-provisioned table of the hostelry.

Even at this day a regular Yorkshire breakfast or tea is a remarkable phenomenon in the sphere of dietetics; but what is *now-a-days* to *then-a-days*? And if ever a tempting repast could be spread for hungry mortals, I guess that the Yorkshire maids had in the olden times an unsurpassable ability in placing tongue, hams, chickens, eggs, &c., in all sorts of greensurrounding garnitures, most temptingly on the snow-white cloth! The frost had got the better of you for some time, but now—good luck to it—you had got the better of the frost; you had his head in “chancery” just then, and you meant to give it to him roundly and soundly. You pelted him with eggs, you made a scourge of stripes with the ruddy ham, and what with a roaring fire and the excellent viands, you got the better of winter splendidly; but the musical clatter, clatter on the flint-paved yard said here the horses come, and there appeared forthwith the fresh team, their harness spick and span, with its polished brass sparkling in the sun, and a fresh whip too, which the ostler was playing with like an experienced trout-fisher whipping the stream. The call “Ready, gentlemen,” roused all the passengers, and now winter once again—if the pugilistic figure may be forgiven—was about to get our heads into chancery, and have a turn at the more prominent features of the outsiders. Inside, if you could put up with a sense of general stuffiness, you might, by the abnegation of mental comfort, insure, at all events, some physical warmth, only two to one there was a specimen of elderly nervousness inside who would take it out of you in mental worry. Trains and telegraphs have altered all this—not that people travel by the latter, but their thoughts do, which in some cases is something more manageable than the sending themselves. However, these old days, with their light and dark sides (and they, of course, had both), were rich in experiences of English comfort, and in observation of English character. We like to think of these days now, and all we heard about them; many a kind heart that now sleeps in the clods of the valley has brightened our evening hours by tales of Yorkshire in the olden time, and often enough we have had side-shaking laughter at the dialect, so strange in these days to the London citizens’ ears. “What, Mary, you’re making some cakes for the travellers, are you?” said an old friend of mine to a girl who was putting some “pasties” into the inn-kitchen oven. “I’m deen a le’el as ’longs t’l’em,” she said. Alas! who could at first translate that into “I’m doing a little as belongs to them”?

Of course the Yorkshire dialect, through the intercommunication of modern travel, has become more like England's common speech since then, and lost much of its speciality; but in some parts it needs the lexicon of a friend's experience to translate it yet. Without a doubt, however, one thing remains—the *hospitality* of Yorkshire is proverbial. Go where you will, short commons does not frighten the most pike-like appetite, and the products of the farm and the garden all have a freshness and sweetness about them alike wholesome and indescribable. Moreover, Yorkshire people like to see their friends. It is a long journey for most visitors to come even now, and hosts like them, when they do pay a visit, to stay. Moreover, there are pleasant spots enough to show them in the summer days—fine parks, and abbeys, and churches, and homesteads. Mansions, too, which have had for generations association with old English names and families—long may they continue the abodes of scions of noble sires! To meet the future with confidence we must always treat the past with reverence; and with all our hearty love for a wise and healthy “liberalism” we still say, God speed to the families that have taken root in the soil of olden England. Yes, and Yorkshire upon its social side is not a showy place, plainness of appearance and simplicity of style often have behind them reality of position and fulness of hospitality. There is no county perhaps in England where the olden ideas of family life have been better preserved than in Yorkshire, and in the spectacles of home comfort that meet your gaze in its towns and nestling villages you can well appreciate the truth of the proverb which has for many generations treated “Yorkshire” and “hospitality” as synonyms of speech. On its ecclesiastical side Yorkshire has some of the most beautiful specimens of architecture existent anywhere in Britain. Take York Cathedral or Beverley Minster, the latter perhaps one of the best-preserved specimens of the “Early English” anywhere to be found, cared for as it is by the continual annual expenditure, which is the result of some benefaction left for that purpose: workmen are always about it in the labour of restoration and preservation. Certainly, too, the churches generally are amongst the most perfect specimens of their kind. Their quaint windows and venerable doors, their surroundings of quiet reverence, all give them a fascination over the human mind which modern buildings never can gain. To stroll in the aisles and chancels when they are empty is sure to recall the old epochs of English history, and that must be a poor heart which cannot preach a sermon to itself full of profit in the silence of an empty English church. The Free churches are doing a noble work in preaching a pure Gospel in the towns and villages, where in many cases religion has become allied to a sacerdotal superstition.

Yes, a right noble work have they done in the face of difficulty and contumely. But the Free Churches have made great mistakes in their buildings, and continue to make them. It is not a matter of mere money, for elegance and comfort are as cheap as ugliness and discomfort, and some of the Free churches, I mean the new ones, are, so far as architecture is concerned, the triumph of unattractiveness. To use the mildest form of speech I can, they are tiresome to look at. The Primitive Methodists are doing a great and good work I am told in the towns and villages, a work to be rejoiced in, and they have large chapels; but, so far as I have seen them, they are simply hideous—red and white atrocities in brick, with a large circular window in the front like a huge kaleidoscope. Of course constitutions differ. I for one could not go up to such a place to worship without constantly wishing to “smite the walls” that I might worship in the ruins, which a kind Creator would soon cover with touches of lichen and ivy, and beautify in a thousand little ways. But no touch of ivy will be allowed on the present walls, I feel sure of that. They will stand in all their unadorned ugliness. Ivy! why, sir, it will *damp* the walls. (What a mistake, ivy is the driest thing possible on a building!) But if not damp, it will hide the stucco ornaments. What a mercy! But the blessing will be forbidden, be sure of that. Fancy hiding such triumphs of art! In some cases the Free Congregational churches are Gothic and beautiful; in some, of course, they are like square pews, with a lot of little pews inside, like Chinese jara, which fit one into the other. A few of the old remaining meeting-houses I much prefer to modern ones of the semi-Grecian, semi-Italian, semi-town-hall, semi-water-works, semi-soap-factory, semi-mechanic-institute sort of buildings. I visited one old meeting-house the other day, with its wide galleries, its green-baize pews, its general air of old-world decency and comfort; and the place, which had been now and then enlarged and pulled out a bit this way and a bit that, had a history written all over it; and as you sang the hymns you thought of those who had rested from their labours and were singing the songs of Zion in the Father’s house.

I am of those who think that liberty has run to licence in building, not only in Yorkshire, but in every other “shire,” both in houses and churches. I for one would have competent Government inspectors, whose sanction should be first obtained to the plan of any building—from the meanest to the mightiest—before it is put up. Why should educated people, with some taste about them, be made miserable by having some of these chapel uglinesses clapped down at their very doors? They, at all events, should have some right of protest and complaint. And surely it

must be an abuse of liberty for any one sect to have the privilege of making a town or village irredeemably and villanously ugly.

Another aspect of ecclesiastical Free Church life which is not comforting is the multiplicity of "CAUSES" in villages. Will the day never come when the whole Christian Church will help those who are already doing Christ's work in their own way, and not introduce their own special ecclesiasticism into the village? Surely if there is a good Wesleyan chapel, the Congregationalists need not go there to set up "a new cause," and *vice versa*! In a village which I visited the other day there were two orders of Methodists and a Congregationalist interest. What a waste of strength all this, and what a picture it presents of striving for ourselves so far as denominational interests are concerned. Say three men are fishing in a stream; the three floats are on the water; the baits are just visible below. Ah! there comes a gudgeon! he is at *your* bait! No! *you've* got a nibble! No, he's gone at last to yours! "Absurd," you say. Not at all—it *is* just like this! Have you not heard conversations like this? "Mrs. A. is gone over to the Methodists; Mr. B. has been a useful man amongst us, but it is thought probable the Baptist cause will get him," &c. This is the weak side of sectarianism, and doubtless there are those who will not only apologise for it, but plead that such emulation does good. For my part, I have an unhesitating conviction that it is not Christlike or beautiful at all. It is fencing round plots of ground with little ecclesiastical railings. Churches stand in so many separate enclosures where it is difficult for their pastors to live, and where the perpetual problem is being worked out as to which of the three interests shall be foremost in the race, or, in other words, be the least likely to die. That this subject will require the grave thought of Christian men in the coming age I am quite sure. God speed the day when a comprehensive Free Church shall swallow up sectarian competition! In cities and large towns the magnitude of the work to be done hides most of the evils and difficulties of our separations; but in our smaller towns and villages they stand forth, our weakness and our mistake! What wonder that men and women on every hand are to be found who love our Free Church principles, but when they settle in some villages go to the Episcopal Church, rather than attend in chapels where Free Church ministrations cannot be properly supported. We, as Congregationalists, are nobly trying to rectify this by our system of association grants, and by our contemplated Sustentation Fund. But cannot we hope for the day when our Free Churches will leave to the strongest party, whichever among the Free Churches it may happen to be, the work of ministering the Word of Life to the people?

Of course a contemplation of ecclesiastical life in Yorkshire shows

the same varieties of "parties" in the Establishment as out of it, but I do not think that there is so much of acerbity in their relationship to each other. Between sacramentarianism, with its sacerdotal element, and all other Christian communions, there must, however, ever exist oppositeness and separateness. It cannot be that the sacramentarian and evangelistic theories should coalesce. But any work of faith and labour of love in the direction of a "catholic comprehension" should be welcomed by all who believe in the evils of needless separations. Because, say what we will, it is separateness. We meet on platforms now and then, but each denomination does its own work, in its own way, and this separate working involves an immense waste of power. There *need be* nothing in either Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, Wesleyanism, or Congregationalism to prevent an amalgamation of forces, and a wise and healthy unification of the Churches. It may seem too much to hope for such a consummation as this. We are continually pointed to America, and told to admire the perfect freedom with which each denomination does its own work and goes its own way. But some of us *do not* admire it after all our survey of it. There, too, there are "competitive Churches" in towns and villages; there, too, Christian men and women are practically separated from each other by mere shades of thought in ecclesiasticism and doctrine; there, too, power is wasted and love weakened. Besides, the American analogy is not in any sense a perfect one. In the small area of our native land divisions are much more marked, and there is a lesser field for the distribution of the forces. It is not too much to say that a really united Catholic Christian Church would double if not treble its working power in Britain. We have had critiques enough about "organised Christianity," the fact being patent to most minds that wise and healthy organisations are not only Divine but necessary. In this age they are pre-eminently requisite for the progress of every earnest work. It is all very well to indulge in pretty sentimentalities about "healthy emulation;" it may read well on paper, but let any observant man come face to face with the "battle of the sects" in the small towns and villages of England, and ask himself whether it is beautiful at all? Of course it may be answered that "ecclesiastical unity" has had connected with it "ecclesiastical tyranny," and on one side of it this contains a truth we are ready to admit, only the past does not always become a true predicate of the future. We learn by history, we are not affrighted from our work by it. We look to the future for rectifying error and removing difficulty rather than for daunting our courage; and there surely need not be either of the evils of tyranny or licence in a united Church. Amidst the strife and stir of busy cities, where we each and all of us have as much as we can do to

keep pace with our own duties and responsibilities, we sometimes fail to take that "outside" position of observation which asks itself how all this classification of ecclesiastical parties looks, not when it is printed in newspaper sheets, but when we come close to it—in brick, and stone, and stucco, in the Bethels and Ebenezers, and Salems and Zions, and Carmels and Providences, &c., of country places, far away in the rural quietness, and in the ecclesiastico-social coteries which each of the chapels represent. Christian life, before all ecclesiasticism, will be the cry of the coming day, and each denomination will find itself too narrow in and of itself to meet the requirements of men who are tired of party distinctions and perpetuated sectarian strife. It is easy enough, one however may be reminded, to belong to a class of "doctrinaires" in religion as in politics, and difficult enough to do really helpful work in cheering on the many labourers in the vineyard; doubtless many old animosities *have* died away, and many ecclesiastical separations been softened down (as witness the coming union between the Scotch Free and United Presbyterian Churches—may God-speed them in their noble work of consolidation); but much, very much, more might be achieved. Go and ask many faithful, earnest ministerial workers everywhere around you:—About this sectarian life, my brother? About this annual round of meetings, and reports, and going-over-the-same-ground sort of labour in all the parishes? How do you feel about it all? Sick, sick at heart of it, would be the honest cry of many of our brethren.

Some "better way" will some day come, I feel sure of that. Meanwhile we labour on in faith and hope and prayer. The Living Christ is with us all. The Holy Ghost is bestowing vital energy upon all the faithful in the varied Churches of our common Lord. He can and will baptise us with the spirit of charity and the yearning for unity. He can raise the river of grace to such high tide in our hearts that in good time our ecclesiastical barriers shall snap and break like reeds before the torrent. There might be a good deal of ecclesiastical "débris" left, but never mind, the ruins would be beautiful; out of all there might arise a "second temple" more glorious than the first! Meanwhile, although we do not see how "Anglicanus" can give us a comprehensive STATE Church, we do believe that truly Christian men, spiritual men, can one day secure a COMPREHENSIVE CATHOLIC CHURCH, in which all of the sacred heritages of the past may be ours to use; in which Christian worship may lose much of its baldness and coldness; in which beauty may once more kiss truth, as God is the maker of them both; in which words of saints that have trembled on the lips of many generations may be interwoven in a service which shall give free play to all the heart-forces

of present struggle and sorrow; in which dignity and reverence shall be the serious handmaids of confidence and love; in which childhood's faith and tender Christ-love shall not be warned off the threshold of the Church's temple, but shall find its waiting-place of blessedness; in which science shall not be looked upon as an alien or an outcast, but as one of the students in the great Father's temple, reverent as a worshipper, diligent as a learner, and devout as a teacher; in which piety and philanthropy shall sit side by side in everlasting friendship; in which the so-called political and secular shall be baptised by better names, and preserving their identity shall represent the claims of Christ upon a nation's justice and a people's common life; in which nature shall be looked upon as no "bastard" child, but shall be the beautiful handmaid of revelation; in which the Cross of Christ shall gather to itself the world of enterprise and hope, of struggle and sacrifice, of spiritual trust and saintly love, of national aspiration and endeavour, and when from the rising to the setting of the sun Christ's name shall be great among the Gentiles.

The present paper has no room for the aspects of political as well as ecclesiastical and social life, nor can I plead that the ecclesiastical aspects presented here are any more Yorkshire ones than they are Sussex or Surrey ones. With your permission, Mrs. Editor, I will leave the last subject to a future article, to be entitled, "Political Parties in the Future."

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY; OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER VI.—Wherein the reader is taught concerning those persons and things which do greatly assist in the service of Salem.

It has been the custom of the writer carefully to take into his confidence the courteous student of these pages, for he holds that whether for writer or speaker it is of the chiefest moment that there exist a good understanding between him and his auditory. When there is this magic oneness—to use a somewhat pedantic phrase now coming into vogue—when they are *en rapport*, interest is awakened, instruction imparted, and all the ends of speaking or writing more quickly attained. Action was the first, and second, and third thing in oratory according to the ancient master. For his part the author believes that in sympathy will be found the real

secret of success whether of persuasion or of pleasing. The name of Vane may be remembered or forgotten, it may be recorded amongst the honoured ones who adorn and have enriched our English tongue, or it may just quietly rest upon a modest tombstone at the back of Salem, just within sight of the window where he writes; and that is most probably the fate which awaits him. But, should the former alternative come to pass, and it is nothing but his modesty which preserves him from joining with the great Milton who determined to write that which the world would not willingly let die, then the renown and fame will depend not upon his genius, his eloquence, or the charm of his style, but upon the sympathy, broad, deep, all embracing, which none who peruse these pages can fail to observe.* It is an axiom that he who sympathises is also sympathised with, and accordingly it is not wonderful to the author, oh, reader! that you should be conscious of so deep an interest in his words. He wishes to conserve that, and, therefore, once again takes you into the confidence of his heart.

The point is this. He experiences a great relief at the dismissal from his thoughts of the two church officers who have of late absorbed them.

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words come slow."

And it has been no light toil rightly and with effect to discuss Naophylex and Thyroigos, those mighty guardians of the church's weal. To be sure, the country lies still before him, but the mighty barriers have been crossed; the edifice is only a building, but the foundations have been laid. It is then with new and vigorous life, with an elasticity derived from the sense of relief, that he leaves the persons behind and presses on to those who are before. If the reader will recall the division of church officers he will remember that it was said an important though not absolutely essential place was occupied by those known as *Adjuncti*. Salem could not exist without Naophylex. Who would open the doors? Why, indeed, how would there be doors to open, or even a place of worship to enter? Neither would Thyroigos be spared. What would be done if there were no one to open pews? Naophylex preserves the chapel, and Thyroigos preserves the people. Without these time would be desolate, and her glory would altogether depart. Still Salem is improved by the possession of others in addition to these. These may be bread and water, but the rest are butter and cheese, or at

* *Notes by the Printer's Devil*.—I begged Dr. V. to put in here that Latin quotation which I have learnt by heart from its frequency about *humasum*, and *alienum*, and *pulo*. It would be so suitable, and gives the air of learning to the style, which the Doctor sadly needs. But he seized his crutch and looked so enraged that I bolted.

least wine and confectionery, very much missed when we are obliged to go without them.

I do not know that I can do better here than furnish some of the entries in my diary which I have always kept, not merely jotting down the events, but sometimes adding my remarks and criticism thereupon.

One of the best seen personages of Salem was the occupant of the precentor's desk, which in former time was under the pulpit, after the fashion in dual form of these structures, which the modern Ritualists, I believe, irreverently and scoffingly term three-deckers. These latter are found in Evangelical churches, where perches are thus erected for the preacher, the reader, and the clerk. Salem, however, was content with two, and the desk, situated just beneath the pulpit, was tenanted by that deacon who gave out the hymns and led the singing. In my early boyhood these duties were performed by the same man, and indeed well on with my manhood, so that I have often watched from this window the proceedings of that functionary. He gave out a verse at a time, and had it not been for a strange fatality which attended the h's would have done it far from badly. The good old man had previously felt the verse, and endeavoured to make the people feel it too. It is true the hanchor within the veil was too often 'ope, and upon this hanchor herring mortals were invited to 'ang; but we got used to these things in time, and did not much notice them. Then what tunes he gave us!—the runs, and the fugues, and the parts, and the repeats. I am not sure that I did not like them, and enjoyed the singing quite as much as I do now. At times there was a grand occasion. For example: *March 30, 183—*. Fine Sunday, but cold. . . . Ventured out this evening, as it was a funeral sermon for old Brett, the banker. Wondered what they would say of him. Went early. Great crush. Sermon by Dr. C., of London, a great friend of the departed. Fine-looking man; too much starch in collar and self. Simple, natural. Text, &c. . . . After the sermon had "Vital Spark" by a full company of the town's violins, viols, flageolets, and trumpets. "Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet, praise Him with the psaltery and harp." It has been terrific. My ears are suffering, and my nerves are utterly unstrung. I wish these scrappy things had been——. Old Grant was in his element. It is, I suppose, rather beneath him now to take a hand, but he certainly used his lungs with a will. That's the last grand occasion I shall attend. If it comes again, will walk out.

I remember, too, what is not recorded in the entry of my diary, how for days before there were "practisings" in preparation for the Sunday-night display. I often saw the light in the chapel, and heard the sounds of the "timbrel, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and

all kinds of music," but how little idea of the intention that we should when we heard this fall down and worship the golden image which King Brett had set up. Salem on these occasions went out beyond herself. She borrowed a counter-tenor from the Wesleyan chapel, a bass from the Baptists, who, by the way, always reminded me of a man with a very sore throat; even the parish church lent their chief soprano, who was very effective indeed in the "I mount, I fly" part.*

Old Grant was not always happy in the choice of his tunes. Sometimes repeats came in awkward places. "Upon a poor pol" repeated three times was hardly atoned for by the conclusion of the whole line, "Upon a poor, polluted world." Often have I heard the congregation invoke, and that not once or twice, that "sal" should be sent down, although the entire prayer was sent down sal-va-tion from the skies. In one hymn a very fine expressive burst of true poetry, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," the tune, which was a favourite of Grant's, repeated the first word of one line. Accordingly the congregation, when they came to "Fire ascending seeks the sun," shouted out three times, each louder than the former in obedience to the crescendo, which was understood to be proper, "Fire! fire! fire!" as if we had been suddenly alarmed by a general conflagration. And so the dear old man gave out his hymns, and announced his tunes, and led the singing until at last his place was vacant and he was gone somewhere into the eternity, and if he does not lead the singing there sure am I he joins in it, and very few will raise the song from a truer or more Christly heart. That old man's life was a song, and the melodies which God hears and loves are not the strains of sweet and solemn music only, but the virtues and the graces of a true life. There was no grand display of music when our friend went away, but the cadences of the hymn—

" So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore,"

fell sweetly upon our ears, but ere that he had been welcomed by harpers harping upon their harps, and had heard the song which only some can sing.

* I cannot pass this by without recording an observation which I have made that singers are very catholic. Different denominations mingle in their common songs and hymns more than in aught else, and the musical officials of churches I have noticed interchange in a kind of fraternal unity which is not to be found in the other officers of the sects. This is partly to be accounted for by the fact that singers are professionally religious very often. Still we would not discount altogether the undoubtedly catholic spirit which breathes in music. The discordant cries of rival sects should be hushed amid the melodies and harmonies of sacred worship. The language of heaven is song, and there are no sects there.

Music in heaven! Bear with me, patient reader, if my pen has run into a new paragraph with this thought. Music in heaven! Are there to be instruments, and voices, and undulating waves of air in that high estate? Are the representations of the Holy Word to be taken in their plain and literal sense, or are they only symbolic, metaphorical? What are the instruments, and who are the composers? Are they set and formal parts and choruses, anthems, mighty oratorios, fugues, hallelujahs of angelic and spiritual hosts? Vain misgivings! baseless imaginings! Yet if not the reality of the words, there must be that of which the word sares metaphor. If not music there is harmony, if not interval, and chord, and exquisite blending of notes and voices, there will, indeed, be the ideal and the spiritual harmonies, rich melodies of life in the blessed realms, the intercommunion of hearts and emotions, the blending of the individuals, the many, into the one harmonious life and being of heaven and of God. Of this, at least, we may be sure, heaven is musical if not in sound, yet in truth and spirit. Beautiful are, then, the preparations for that world of the good and kindly, the pure and the virtuous. Happy are they who can join the choirs of righteousness and peace, What will ye do, ye unmusical souls? I mean not those who cannot or who will not join in hymn or chant or anthem, who sit untouched by martyrs, or unkindled by Farrant, but who live on and never utter a note of holy praise that may be spoken in kindly word, acted in loving deed, or even sometimes lightened forth in the sparkle of a sympathetic tear. Heaven is music, and we must rehearse for its grand performances before we find ourselves surrounded, overwhelmed by the mighty waves of holy song that shall roll on there and break upon the throne of God.

Dear me! what sentimental things I used to write when I was a younger man! That last assuredly is one of my former passages which association has called back again to my pen. Pardon it, inexorable critic, and advance.

When Grant died it was no small difficulty to know what we should do for a successor. Grave were the shakings of head. The old people despaired. The younger ones hoped that now we should get some kind of instrument; an organ was hardly dared to be thought of; a seraphine was suggested; harmoniums had scarcely been introduced. Meanwhile various devices were set a-going to make up the place now vacant. One and the other stood up in that singing-desk, and one and another had to come down again, very much as Melancthon did when he preached his first sermon and did not very much satisfy his critical old master. Young Brooks led for one or two Sundays, but came to signal grief the second evening by starting a common-measure tune to a long-measure

hymn. The next Sunday the parson himself quavered out a beginning, but was obliged to acknowledge at the end of the day that it had been the "hardest Sabbath" he had ever had, and he at least would never try to lead the singing again. And so the weeks slipped by, and Salem's singing came altogether to grief. Leaders were changed, and none could be depended upon, and every one despaired of the service of song. But the darkest night has the morning at last. No lane was ever so long that it did not either turn or come to an end, and fortunately such was at length the case in the singing difficulties of my friends. A new schoolmaster came to the town, and he proved to be a most efficient musician. At least he was always furnished with songs and one or two pieces from the sacred masters whenever he went out for the evening, and in time it was whispered that perhaps Mr. Cutem would do something for the singing. To the delight of us all, Mr. Cutem would do something for the singing. He would try and organise a choir. He was sure there were some good voices in a congregation like this, and they only needed to be brought out and encouraged to make the singing at Salem quite equal to that in the cathedral of the nearest city, Paulborough, or at least, if not quite equal to that, something that would not disgrace us. What expectation was raised! How the hearts fluttered! How the Misses Jones wondered whether they might not be chosen to put in a very feeble second. Mr. Tompkins was accustomed to make some very awful sounds in getting up his bass in the back attic, whither he retreated, alarmed by the fun poked at him by his younger brother, while the tenor of Doughton, the baker's eldest son, was, if not in sweetness like the silver clarion, at least in awfulness like the horn in a German band. Not for us to relate the many others who were impressed into this service, the jealousies and heartburnings, the schemes and counter-schemes, nor is it needful to tell how the schoolmaster gathered his hosts, disciplined the army, and at last was ready to take the field, or rather the singers' pew. But this I know, and this I must narrate, that night after night did Salem's lights burn on to the hours of nine and ten. I have watched and often listened, now to the broken bars when the leader suddenly stopped them as they began a tune and started wrongly, now to the repeated and repeated tunes, until the air has run through my head and kept running there all night long.

At all events the choir was gathered, and Salem was delighted. A sermon was preached from a text in the Psalms especially devoted to praise; and everybody went home feeling that now at least there was one place in Market Brampton where public worship was properly performed.

But, alas! the sons and daughters of harmony are often guilty of

discord. I am afraid there is so much of beautiful accord in their voices that it has absorbed it from their spirits, and even "amongst such celestial ones so much anger there may be found."

Turning over some old letters of mine which bears upon this time, I find that a friend, to whom I had sent an account of the musical riots, answers back that he supposes "that in the present day, even as in the past, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan comes amongst them, and I fancy he is generally found in the singers' pew." This may be a trifle hard, but it is quite certain that some kind of evil spirit got into that singers' pew. The first sign which suggested difficulties to me was the absence of Miss Doughton from the pew. She was not a very important personage in the musical band, but she was quite able to create disturbance, and did. Something was wrong I could well see, for Miss Doughton shook her feathers more than usual, and Mrs. Doughton looked daggers at Mrs. Tompkins, who expressed her sense of displeasure by turning her back upon the adjoining seat and looking very hard in the direction of my seat. The leader was plainly ruffled. The tunes did not go as well, and matters were I am certain unhinged. Next Sunday Miss Doughton was found in the pew; but she never opened her mouth, and I plainly saw that the wound was closed, but far from healed. And so the difficulties began and grew, and schism, heresy, and all manner of uncharitableness were found in that which should have been the abode of peace and harmony. But the choir was formed, and could not very easily be disbanded. Conclave after conclave of ministers and deacons sat upon them. The leader even resigned, but resumed upon a very warm request from the officials. Still there was conscious insubordination and revolutionary conditions in the choir.

At last patience was exhausted, the minister, deacons, and church came to a decision, and Salem determined to get an organ, which has a history. But the story of Salem's organ must be left for another chapter.

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XI.—GLEN TILT.

Time sped swiftly at Craigdallie in one pleasing succession of excursions and entertainments, at which some of the old Highland sports and feats of skill were introduced for the especial edification of the young Lord's Southron guests. They saw yellow-haired

laddies and sonsie Scotch lassies foot the reels and strathspeys and dance the ever-memorable Highland fling; and once, in compliance with the request of both Violet and Pansie, their noble host consented to parade his own skill in his national accomplishments for their amusement, and, wearing the kilt, with his jewelled dirk in his plaided stocking, with his plumed bonnet on his head, dance the famous sword-dance. But when the pipes played loud and fast, and the nimble feet trod lightly in such close proximity to the flashing sword-blades, Pansie's cheek grew pale; she was soon, however, reassured, and her laugh rang as merrily forth as did Violet's, and her thanks were as lightly given, when Lord Haig's flushed and laughing face greeted them as he bowed, with bonnet in hand, before them, at the conclusion of the performance.

The woods around Craigdallie were in all their beauty of variegated autumn tints, from the palest gold to the deepest russet brown. The great solitary lake, lying within a circle of hills, down to whose margin the Castle hill precipitously shelved, haunted by a variety of water-fowl, and inhabited by a large number of fishes, bore frequently upon its bosom the sharp, quick sound of the sportsman's gun, or rippled in the purple evening's light to the free laughter of young voices, or musical cadences of song, as pleasure-boats glided across its placid surface.

A succession of visitors came and went at Craigdallie, but the Trevors remained; nor would Lord Haig, as yet, endure the smallest hint of departure. He was certain that the pure mountain air of Craigdallie was the very thing Lady Trevor needed to brace and strengthen her; and he invited some of the most learned and scientific men that classic Dunedin could produce to make the solitude of Craigdallie more tempting to Sir William.

So September waned, and October, with its frosty morns and evenings, and its golden days, dawned. Never broke the mornings with greater radiance; never closed the evenings in calmer beauty. The waters, woods, and towers of Craigdallie were bathed in living glory.

Lady Trevor put her veto upon the picnics, for the sunshine was treacherous, and too much lingering in the wooded glens, and by the mountain paths, might be productive of colds and chills, to which young blood is not impervious. Lord Haig assented, only he pleaded, as a personal favour to himself, that she would sanction just one more party for a luncheon picnic to Glen Tilt—a glorious little glen on a mountain side they had not visited yet, and this should be the last out-door gathering for the season. Lady Trevor could not resist his winning address, and the ardour with which he sought to gain her consent, and so yielded.

The morning arranged for the excursion dawned with a golden

sun sending its warm beams down into the dewy forest glades, drawing up the little silver dewdrops to its great bosom.

The party left Craigdallie Castle to proceed to Glen Tilt an hour before noon; the ladies were mounted upon little sure-footed mountain ponies, the gentlemen walking. Servants with luncheon-baskets along across ponies' backs brought up the rear.

It was a large party. Sir William Trevor and his Edinburgh associates were a little in advance of the rest, with their hammers and cases, and other appliances for their search. They were making a geological and botanical excursion of this holiday picnic to glorious Glen Tilt. Other gentlemen were scattered over the hill-sides, unable to let the Craigdallie preserves hold their own unmolested even for one morning; but the sound of their guns and the baying of the dogs under care of the keepers who accompanied them alone told of their neighbourhood.

Lord Haig's pipers were foremost of the party, and ever and anon the strains from their instruments were wafted back on the breeze, and the Highland mountains awakened all their echoes to prolong the wildly plaintive notes.

Violet Trevor's bridle was attended by several devoted knights and admirers, for sad was the havoc made by her beauty in the breasts of the stalwart Highland laddies. Mr. De l'Orme was amongst them; for Violet's loveliness was to him a sun of warmth and light whose attraction he had no power to resist. Violet's treatment of him was uniformly kind, and with this bare kindness he was compelled to be satisfied, because the others who sought her favour could win no more. Violet was no coquette. She liked homage; she demanded it as one of the natural adjuncts of her beauty; she regarded it in the same light that a queen regards the allegiance of her subjects—as a right, of which deprivation is an injury. Had it been withheld she might have been piqued into far pettier feelings than its lavish bestowal provoked. She would have scorned to raise any false hopes, however, in the breasts of her admirers. She placed her suitors, to commence with, upon a frank equality, giving them clearly to understand that none was preferred more, nor less, than another, and she considered her own grace and affability a full equivalent for their attentive devotion. The compact, in her estimation, was perfectly equitable, and she would neither permit them to demand, nor herself to give more. In vain De l'Orme tried to surprise her into never so slight an admission of his prior claim, and to prevail upon her to accept more from his hand than from others, Violet persisted in observing her strict impartiality. Although dwelling under the same roof with her, he was never able to gain her solitary ear for more than a second; whenever she appeared there were immediate suitors for her favour

and attention crowding about her, and she listened to either one of the comparative strangers quite as readily as she did to De l'Orme. For some time past Ernest De l'Orme had been dreaming dreams in which he saw Violet mistress of Dellum Hall, and its mortgaged acres redeemed with the wealth which would be hers as co-heiress of Crowland. Though this latter thought added to Violet's attractiveness in his eyes, he believed himself in love with her also. According to his definition of the tender passion, no doubt he was. It was not possible for him to love any one better than he loved himself, but next to that important personage he esteemed Violet. He never doubted his ultimate success, and because Violet's favours were distributed so equally he was not jealous.

Like the golden glory of the sun beside the moon's pale ray was the love of Lord Haig compared to that of his friend. It shone resplendent over all the hills and valleys of his life, and illuminated them with a radiance never known before.

Pansie's pony lingered behind all the others, and at its bridle rein Lord Haig walked alone. It was an acknowledged thing from first to last, in all the gatherings at Craigdallie, that they belonged to each other. Though Pansie's sweet and modest beauty could not fail to attract attention, none ever usurped the place by her side when Lord Haig's duties as host left him free to fill it; nor did any young lady, however pretentious her attractions, endeavour to obtain from him more than the ordinary civilities his position made obligatory while Pansie Trevor was at Craigdallie. Though no plain word had been exchanged between them upon the subject, though at present the happiness of being together was sufficient for both, and neither attempted to analyse his or her own feelings, they were acknowledged lovers; they were living in a delightful paradise together at Craigdallie, with mutual love trembling in every glance and touch, and thrilling along all the passages of their charmed lives.

Sir William and Lady Trevor, of course, were cognisant of what was happening beneath their very eyes; but there was nothing to cause them the least anxiety in it. Lord Haig was become very dear to both of them, and, in position and character, was everything that could be desired for their daughter.

The elder guests looked on and thought of the days long gone by when some such blissful dreams made their own lives golden. The wooing of Lord Haig was like some tender idyl, or a sweet summer pastorage, and they who were guests at Craigdallie during that autumn remembered and talked of it for long afterwards.

This morning it is a very unimposing Baron Haig of Craigdallie, who walks by the side of the mountain pony, and Pansie, who has seen several phases of his character during this visit, that did not

manifest themselves while they were abroad, likes him best in this. At the head of his Highland household he can be, and is, imposing ; as a host he wins her respect and admiration ; but now she forgets that ever a grave thought has darkened that fair, boyish face all aglow with light and beauty. He wears a plain suit of grey tweed, and through the silver thistle that holds the plume in his blue bonnet there is fastened a bunch of golden, blooming heartsease, a compliment to her Pansie has acknowledged with smiles and blushes.

Pansie herself has a gay Tartan plaid around her shoulders, which has been carefully arranged over her morning dress, in orthodox Highland fashion by Lord Haig herself, he assuring her, as he accomplished the rather complicated adjustment of its folds, that the mountain breeze, like the mountain people, though friendly, is rough and keen. Her broad-brimmed hat shades her smiling face, and her guide and conductor, with one arm thrown across the pony's neck, looks up under that brim to catch the falling sunlight from her eyes.

The servants in the rear are talking of them, for they too feel the influence of the golden poem that is being written by the finger of fate. Their young Lord has grown up amongst them ; they have cradled him in their hearts from his babyhood—his interests are theirs. He is, too, the representative of that long line of Lords of Craigdallie that has governed them, and their fathers before them, for generations, and as such doubly entitled to their devotion. If his happiness be dependent upon that slim, girlish figure upon pony-back, as a natural consequence, with him, she must share that interest and devotion. According to all accounts it is she who is to succeed their late beloved and lamented lady as mistress of Craigdallie. It may be to her they will have to look for the same amiable and virtuous sway that during the life of their young Lord's mother made Craigdallie—hamlet and Castle both—the abodes of purity and content. They scan her fair young face anxiously for promise of this, and Pansie, by her grace and gentleness, all unconsciously gives them the very assurance they are seeking. They can give her no higher praise than that conveyed by the declaration that she is worthy of their young Lord ; and such is the praise they bestow.

Slowly winds the disorderly procession up the mountain's side ; there are lovely openings in the woods looking to precipitous depths below, and bowery walks and lofty heights above.

"We shall soon be at Glen Tilt now," says Lord Haig, "and then your ride will be over. Shall you be pleased, Pansie ?"

"Oh, no ; I could ride a long way yet without feeling fatigue. The mountain air is so exhilarating, I think one can accomplish much more here without being tired than in our lowland country."

"You like my mountain fastness then?"

The question was asked so eagerly than Pansie shyly looked away from him as she replied, "It would be ungrateful of us in the extreme if we did not after all you have done to render it attractive."

"Don't make obligations unless you wish to pain me exceedingly. I cannot tell you what a friendly aspect your coming here has gain given Craigdallie. When I revisit the old scenes with you the poignancy is gone from their recollections; one by one I gladly take up the old associations, and welcome the memories I once shrank from. It is I who owe you a debt of gratitude, and yet I am contemplating making it deeper still."

Pansie looked her timid inquiry.

"I want to hear you use my Christian name as freely as I do yours, the name I have never heard on any one's lips since my mother died. It will mean so much to me. If you can, I shall take it as an earnest of what I dare not ask now. We Haigs, of Craigdallie, are punctilious upon certain points of honour. I may not set those scruples aside, and do violence to the hereditary traditions they guard."

While he spoke Lord Haig looked off to the mountain's brow that he might not seem to see how the little hands upon the rein trembled, nor the flush the bent hat brim was intended to conceal.

Suddenly De l'Orme appeared in the centre of the shaded path some distance in front of them.

"How long are we to wait for you, beloved? Is Miss Trevor's steed obstinate?"

"We are coming," Lord Haig shouted back. Then he turned to his companion, and asked in tones, the sadness of which went direct to Pansie's heart, "Have I asked too much?"

Bent as her head was, Pansie's hat brim totally hid her face; but beneath that brim two lips murmured low, "No—Robin!"

Lord Haig's heart leaped high at the sound of this version of his name so celebrated in Scottish song. He took both her hands from the bridle, he held them for an instant to his bosom. Never in his life had he been so near forgetting the traditions of all his ancestors as then; but De l'Orme's voice saved him.

"How much longer must we wait, Craigdallie? We want your advice as to the arrangement of a site."

"God bless you!" murmured Lord Haig, but the blessing was for Pansie, not for his friend, and, releasing her hands, the pony again ambled forwards.

The party above was divided in opinion concerning the spot upon which to pitch their encampment. Some were in favour of a platform of rock overlooking the course of a stream that dashed down

the mountain's side, breaking its fall by a series of cataracts; others preferred the bosom of the glen itself, carpeted with moss, ornamented with tall bracken and graceful ferns, and canopied with trees. Lord Haig gave his casting vote in favour of the latter site for several reasons that he explained, and which rendered the choice satisfactory to all parties. Until the servants could come up, and luncheon be spread, the party broke itself up into detachments, each of which took its way in pursuance of its own especial taste; some to the higher portion of the mountain, others to the falls and hollows below; and some to the table rock, which had offered such temptations in opposition to the beauty of the glen.

When all preparations were made, a servant, ascending to one of the projections on the mountain, beat a gong to call the stragglers together. They came in twos and threes—sportsmen, botanists, geologists, lovers. Last of all there was a rustling in the fern above—a rush as of a great presence, a swing, a drop, and a gigantic form, for so it at first seemed, descended into their midst from the precipitous side of the table rock above them, an uninvited guest, a stranger, an intruder. A few nervous young ladies screamed and rushed away from the presence, which, however, manifested itself in very mortal fashion by shaking Lord Haig long and heartily by the hand.

Pansie, who was near to Violet, whispered in her sister's ear, "My dear, it is the river god!"

But Violet had recognised him before either Pansie or Lord Haig had done so. The feat that brought him into their midst was like the impetuosity with which he had come down upon them as they stood by the shore of Lake Lemán.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Lord Haig, "have you descended from the skies?"

"From a much less altitude," said Hugh Deverel, laughing his rich, mellow laugh, that came from the deep recess of his broad chest, like the full notes of an organ. "I have been indulging in a pedestrian tour amongst the Highland mountains, lodging, pastoral fashion, in shepherd's huts. Yesterday I remembered your hospitable invitation to Craigdallie when I visited the North. This morning I set out with the intention of making a descent upon you in your fastness, when my progress was interrupted by the sound of a warlike gong beating a call to arms. I followed the sound, and my presence here is the result."

Lord Haig shook him again by the hand. "I am so glad to see you. The call was to luncheon and not to arms; you could not do better than obey it. We are not all strangers to you here. Sir William Trevor and his daughters you have met, and Mr. De l'Orme. I will introduce you to the rest presently."

Sir William Trevor stepped forwards to greet the new comer, but Ernest De l'Orme, although he heard his name upon the lips of Lord Haig, withdrew himself into the shadow and shelter of other forms and the bowery growth of trees and underwood. Hugh Deverel did not notice this avoidance of him; all his attention was absorbed in exchanging greetings with Violet and Pansie Trevor. He seated himself between them when luncheon commenced, and their conversation, naturally enough, reverted to the days of their association at Geneva, and the sad incident that had been the stepping-stone to their intercourse.

"Your return to England must have been sadder still," said Pansie. "How did their friends bear the news of your cousins' sudden death?"

"My cousins were orphans," said the young man, with much feeling in his tones; "they had no one to mourn their untimely end save ourselves. Geneva has a twofold association in my heart, for there its memory is linked with the most melancholy and also the happiest event of my life."

As he said this he cast an appealing glance towards Violet, whose head was turned aside, whose fingers were busily plucking the heather-bells that grew close by.

There was a long lingering over luncheon; much conversation both general and particular. A few speeches were made afterwards, serio-comical, that suited the mirthful spirit of the hour. Some toasts were drunk; then, while the servants lunched and prepared for return, the party was once more broken up into smaller groups, who sought their amusement in the romantic recesses of the glen, as their tastes led them.

Lord Haig joined the trio of which Hugh Deverel formed one.

"I expect," said he to him, "that you have so explored our wilds during your tour, that Glen Tilt can afford you nothing that is novel in the way of scenery."

"I have often noticed," returned Hugh Deverel, eagerly, "that the beauty of natural scenery depends a great deal upon the tints of the sky and the clearness of the atmosphere, so that, in her infinitude of variations, Nature is ever new. You may look upon the same scene week after week, and year after year, and the changing hues of the sky, the soft gradations of light and shade, will impart a perpetual freshness to its aspect. A lover of Nature can always discover something new in his favourite landscape."

"Mr. Deverel must be an artist," insinuated Pansie.

He did not disclaim all title to that appellation, but assured her that his merit as such was small, that he was able to do little more than take rude sketches of the scenes that pleased him most in his wanderings.

"We have promised ourselves to explore the Glen before returning home," said Lord Haig; "after what you have said, I hardly think you will object to accompany us?"

Merry laughter and light words were heard ringing musically through the trees. The servants whistled over their task of packing dishes and bottles, or conversed unrestrainedly; all were social and gay, save one solitary man, who walked apart in moody self-communion. Why was it that by the broad glassy lakes of Switzerland, and here in the Scotch mountain wilds he was no more free from this Nemesis of the past in the form of Hugh Deverel than though he had been living close by his home in Sussex?

Presently the gong was sounded, and the party assembled once more. Sir William Trevor had given the order for calling them together, it being in his estimation time for their return. There were some dissentient voices pleading for a longer stay in Glen Tilt, until Lord Haig supported Sir William, assuring the party generally that if their return journey were as leisurely conducted as their outward one had been, the short autumn day would be sufficiently spent for the comfort of the ladies before they reached Craigdallie.

So the ponies were brought forth, the ladies mounted, and very soon the procession began to wind its way down the mountain side in much the same order as it had ascended before noon, only the stalwart river god walked by Violet's side, and all the lesser satellites shrank away from his masterful presence. Ernest De l'Orme observed them with the first pangs of a great and terrible jealousy in his heart. The welcome given by Lord Haig to Hugh Deverel, and the subsequent words he had heard passed between them in which the young Lord had pressed the hospitality of Craigdallie upon this comparatively new acquaintance, and constrained him to promise to go no farther for the present, fed new streams of bitterness in the heart of De l'Orme. But that was as nothing to the moment when he saw Hugh quietly take his position by Miss Trevor's bridle as though it were his right to be there, and obtain, without the least effort, what he had been endeavouring to gain for so long—Violet's solitary ear. He dared not go forwards and contest the right of the new-comer to the position he had usurped, for, did he provoke Hugh Deverel into the relation of that past incident of their boyhood, it would alienate the regard of those he was so desirous to maintain. Of course he never gave Hugh Deverel credit for the possession of one spark more of honour than was within his own breast; for we take the measure of a second person's mind by the gauge within our own. It is rare to find a person who will attribute to another loftier aims, nobler thoughts, and more generous motives than those which animate himself.

To Ernest De l'Orme all the world was cramped, narrow, selfish—all the world suspected him, and was either conscious of that act of cowardice in the past, or was seeking to discover it; all the world condemned him for it; no one could sympathise with or pity him for that physical cowardice, because he himself would have been most unscrupulous in condemning such fatal weakness in another. Were any incident to Hugh Deverel's discredit to become known to De l'Orme, in the position they now stood—rival suitors for the favour of Violet Trevor—nothing could have prevented De l'Orme making full and free use of such information to humiliate his adversary. Was it likely that Hugh Deverel would be more punctilious?

Were offence given to Hugh Deverel, De l'Orme believed Lord Haig's friendship for him would be endangered also; and De l'Orme knew well that that friendship had had the most genial effect upon him of any influence in his past life, and prized it accordingly. He dreaded the loss of Lord Haig's friendship, as lose it he felt certain he would did Lord Haig learn to despise him. Tender-hearted as the young owner of Craigdallie could be, almost to womanliness, small as were his physical forces, De l'Orme knew that he had the courage of a lion if need were; he had seen its exercise in the coolness with which he had defied danger and death in the storm on Lake Leman, and on this account he believed he would be the more likely to condemn this deficiency in another; therefore De l'Orme hated to see this league, slight though it were at present, existing between Lord Haig and Hugh Deverel.

While De l'Orme walked alone, buried in moody thought, Violet pointed out the familiar landmarks about Craigdallie to her companion, and told him of the festivities they had enjoyed, and of the lordly hospitality of their host. In return Hugh gave her details of his pedestrian wanderings, and of the glorious aspects of the Northern mountains seen in the golden and crimson lights of morn or even, mist crowned, mist wreathed, or standing dark and bare against a purple background of sky. And Violet, who never cared, as a rule, for any descriptions of scenery, listened now with new delight, for the rugged simplicity of his language seemed to colour all things anew. If his word-pictures were so vivid, his sketches must have attractions too, and Violet made him promise to show her the contents of his portfolio.

The shadows crept down into the valleys from the mountain gorges, and spread themselves broadly over the glassy surface of the lake, the crimson sunbeams of October sunset slanted their fiery rays from the mountain's brow, like giant spears attacking an army of shadows; and Violet saw a glory in this gorgeous transformation-scene of nature she had never recognised before.

A jealous eye behind noted the change in her demeanour, and saw that the time was come when her strictly impartial regard was broken in upon, and one of her suitors was preferred to all others.

CHAPTER XII.—AFTER THE PICNIC.

That evening Ernest De l'Orme sought opportunity to tell Violet some of the thoughts that made pandemonium of his breast. He detained her in a small ante-room where he met her on her way to the guest-thronged rooms, made brilliant by lights and music; and, beside himself with jealous rage and defeated hopes, he turned the key in the lock of the door that communicated with the rooms beyond, and thus cut off from all interruption, as he supposed, he compelled her to listen to him at last. Unknown to De l'Orme, there was inlet from the conservatory, hidden, however, by the heavy drapery of curtains behind him. Had he been a clever schemer he would have thoroughly examined his trap before he placed dependance upon its security.

Violet stood proudly before him, her placid face aglow with indignation.

"How dare you detain me here!"

"I dare do this and much more if you provoke me. My love for you gives me a right to demand opportunity for its expression. You have intentionally denied it to me for a long time. Can you tell me without perjury that you have been ignorant of this?"

Violet turned pale, but still her self-command was perfect.

"If I avoided receiving explanation, it was that I might spare you the humility of learning that your presumption was vain."

"Presumption!" he exclaimed; his lip curled contemptuously, his brow darkened with a scowl. "What presumption is there in my aspirations? Is not a De l'Orme, of De l'Orme, in every way fitted to wed with a daughter of the Trevors?"

"The presumption was in aspiring to what you must have known from my conduct I would not willingly give. The selfish passion you are pleased to call by the name of love is not fit to be compared to the devotion I would, and must, give to a favoured suitor."

De l'Orme stepped near to her and spoke sneeringly in her ear.

"The regard you have given to that traitor Deverel, you mean."

Violet started from him, and the colour rushed over neck and bosom; the latter heaved, while tears of anger and mortification stood in her eyes.

"The cowardice is worthy of you, to lock me, a defenceless girl, in here apart from those who will avenge this insult, that you may vent your spleen upon me when I am powerless to avoid it."

The epithet "cowardice" acted upon the nerves of De l'Orme as

a pistol shot would have done. He fell back from her side; his face turned ashen pale. Violet, unprepared for the effect of her words, marvelled at the change.

"Cowardice!" he murmured.

"Yes, cowardice. No wonder your conscience smites you."

"What do you know that warrants the use of that word?" he gasped.

"What should I know," said Violet, sternly, "but the means you have used to entrap me into the explanation you must be aware I have striven to avoid?"

De l'Orme recovered himself, for he saw at once that he had needlessly alarmed himself.

"Since I have offended you in achieving this opportunity, I will not let it pass without gaining my end. You shall listen to the story I would have told you long ago, though you spurn me from you the next instant."

Violet stood, white and stately, disdaining reply.

Ernest De l'Orme paused to gain composure, and then commenced in tones more pleading than passionate. As they fell upon her ear, in spite of herself, Violet was touched, and her womanly heart re-awakened to the pity that had moved it when she breathed her thoughts into Pansie's sympathetic ear that evening at Crowland.

"My life has been strangely destitute of those influences that make so many sunny and bright," began De l'Orme. "You know, for I have told you in part, what my solitary boyhood was; how my mind, preying upon itself and its own morbid fancies, nurtured passions which I have never since been able to control and regulate. At the age when a man takes his heritage of manhood and assumes, or ought to assume, a certain position in the world, my life became a wreck by the destruction of those pillars I had been taught from my infancy to lean upon. My uncle died, and I saw the whole of the wealth that had been called mine ever since I could remember pass away, to endow different charities, and this gross injustice was nominally inflicted in remembrance of one fault of my school days, when I had neither judgment nor physical strength to regulate my own actions."

Here he paused for an instant, and Violet took the opportunity to speak the thoughts his words kindled.

"It is a common thing for men, and women too, to fail when they rely solely upon their own strength and judgment; but through our failures we should learn to trust the more implicitly, and rely more perfectly, upon the strength that is above and beyond our own. If we learn such lessons from our defeats we turn them into blessings."

"But I did not learn such a lesson," he said, bitterly. "I knew, and know still, nothing of religion but that which impresses upon my mind the *respectability* of attending church twice every Sunday. That was the substance of the religious instruction imparted to me in my childhood. I am faithful to it still. Whatever soft feelings I had, and at that age I could not have been wholly without them, were turned to gall and wormwood. I hated every one I knew; I hated mankind universally. I fled from my old home and all the mocking, familiar faces, whose expressions of pity were to me so many mockeries of my disappointment. I wandered abroad for some years, and at length I fell in with Lord Haig at Rome. You know what he is. You will not be surprised when I tell you that association with him kindled the first vital spark in my bosom that had burned there since the revolution in my heart occasioned by my uncle's posthumous injustice. We joined company; we travelled together. Our friendship was not many months old when that accidental encounter occurred at the *auberge* in Switzerland. We followed you to Lucerne. You know how our acquaintance ripened; and again life smiled upon me; again there were sunny skies above and flowery meads below. I was awakened to a new life. You were kind to me then, Violet; you encouraged me to converse freely with you, and all went smoothly and happily until the thrice cursed invasion of our paradise by Hugh Deverel."

Had all this been spoken but yesterday, the deep pity glowing in Violet's breast might have led her to make a different reply from that which now she was constrained to make. She had followed Ernest De l'Orme so far, compelled, by the answering emotions his words awakened in her bosom, to a deep commiseration for him in spite of the compulsion he had made use of to obtain her ear, but this allusion to Hugh Deverel turned the tide; even had her heart not been interested in him, her sense of justice would have caused her to condemn his accuser. The influence of Hugh Deverel's simple, manly bearing, the deference with which he addressed her, the respectful attention he obliged her to accept, were all so recent, and withal had been so agreeable to Violet, that their sweet memory fenced her round still. One aspersion cast upon him wrought a speedy revulsion in her mind, and from that moment Ernest De l'Orme had not a ghost of a chance of reinstating himself in her favour.

"I know not," continued Ernest De l'Orme, speaking hardly between his teeth, "what slander he made use of to blacken my name and reputation, but from the first moment of his appearance your whole bearing was changed."

"If Mr. De l'Orme can recollect," said Violet, with quiet scorn in her tones, "it was in the midst of the storm we encountered

at Lake Leman, and *immediately after* we had received proof of the deficiency of his character in that quality it is the nature of us to admire, that Mr. Deverel first became known to us."

Then her tones deepened, and she addressed De l'Orme more directly.

"Had Pansie and I depended upon *your* skill and coolness in that hour of danger, and had Lord Haig not been near, we might never have lived to set foot upon English soil again. Our fate might have been the same as that of the poor cousins of Mr. Deverel had our rescue depended upon the risk of your valuable life. It was natural that we should institute comparisons between your conduct upon that memorable occasion and that of Mr. Deverel, who no sooner learned that danger and death menaced his sister and cousins than, regardless of self, he rushed to save them, or die in the attempt. It was your own fault if the comparison were to your disadvantage; heroism compels admiration, because it appeals to the deepest and holiest emotions of our hearts—cowardice, on the contrary, obliges us to despise."

De l'Orme seized her white wrist with no gentle grasp, while his face grew livid with passion.

"How dare you taunt and insult me thus? Is it not enough that you have embittered my whole life, and rudely broken the sweetest dream that ever visited my unhappy vision? If you were a man I would avenge myself."

"Release me!" cried Violet; and her voice was elevated almost to a shriek, for the pain of her wrist, held in such vice-like grasp, was extreme.

The curtains covering one side of the small ante-room were put aside by a hasty hand, and the next instant De l'Orme was seized by the collar and sent reeling against the opposite wall as though he had been a mere straw in the hand of him who gave the impetus.

"It is to the fact of her being a woman that Miss Trevor has to lay the insult of such treatment as this. It is well known that De l'Orme only tyrannises over those who are weaker than he and unable to defend themselves against him," said the deep voice of Hugh Deverel.

Violet, in the relief and anxiety of the moment, clung to the arm of her protector, trembling from head to foot. When De l'Orme, recovering hastily from the shock of his fall, turned and confronted them, he saw his rival's strong arm passed round the shrinking form of her to win whose favour he would have made the greatest sacrifice he was capable of doing, saw Violet voluntarily cling to him for support, and madness and despair gave him a momentary courage. With the celerity of lightning he attacked

Hugh Deverel, and dealt him a blow in the face before the latter could release his engaged arm or prepare a defence.

The cowardly, stinging blow set Hugh Deverel's blood on fire. He would have punished De l'Orme then and there, as he deserved, but for Violet's clinging clasp and beseeching voice, both of which restrained his angry impulse as effectively as fetters would have withheld his arm. While De l'Orme scowled upon his rival, and Hugh manfully strove for the mastery of his temper in deference to the presence of Violet, Lord Haig, followed by several of his guests, entered from the conservatory.

"What is the matter? De l'Orme, Deverel, explain!"

"The matter is this," said Hugh Deverel, passing his hand over his bruised face. "I was strolling in the conservatory when I heard this lady's voice raised in demand for release from some one or something. I rushed to her assistance at once, as I felt myself in duty bound to do, and found her writhing in the grasp of this cowardly bully."

"Be careful what you say!" ejaculated two livid lips.

"I repeat it. This cowardly bully," said Hugh Deverel, as though he felt some satisfaction in the liberty of his lips since his hands were chained. "You shall hear it again, and yet again. None but a craven would have dared to detain a lady against her will, as you detained Miss Trevor."

"Calm yourself, Deverel," said Lord Haig, soothingly; "there is some mistake, some misconception here, that a few minutes' cool reflection will set all right. My friend De l'Orme would never intentionally offend a lady beneath my roof."

Hugh Deverel's eyes flashed ominously. Though the smart of the pain from the blow of De l'Orme was hardly felt by him in that moment of intense excitement, the sting of the insult given in Violet's presence, and for that cause unavenged, was maddening.

Lord Haig laid his hand upon his arm.

"Now do, there's a good fellow, conduct Miss Trevor to her friends. Can you not see that this room just now is no place for her? You will find Lady Trevor in the music-room; do not let her be alarmed."

So speaking, Lord Haig roused Hugh by the only appeal that just then could have had any effect upon him. He led Violet away by the means of egress afforded by the conservatory.

Lord Haig made as light of this scene as he possibly could to those of his guests who had accompanied him there. When he had dismissed them he laid his firm grasp upon the arm of De l'Orme and led him passively away.

(To be continued.)

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" AND MISSIONS.

BY REV. J. S. BRIGHT.

IN early life books like "Robinson Crusoe" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" are read with avidity and delight. The young mind is too eager in following the succession of romantic adventures to wait for criticism, which, as it involves comparison and judgment, is usually reserved for later years and calmer states of mind. De Foe has been a benefactor to his country by the production of his admirable tale, which has a wholesome influence upon the young, and has incidentally fostered that love of the sea which has replenished our navy and commercial marine with brave and enthusiastic sailors. After the remains of this attractive writer had lain for many years in Bunhill Fields burying ground without any memorial worthy of his name, a suitable monument is to be reared by the contributions of his ardent admirers, among which the young are the most generous and active. The air of reality which pervades the work may be traced to its simple, unaffected style, which closely resembles that of the old travellers, the mention of dates, the changes of the weather, the numbers killed and wounded in any encounter with savages, the naturalness and good sense of Crusoe, and the conduct of his Man Friday, whose mind gradually opens to the superior wisdom of the European.

It has supplied many scenes for the illustrator's talent, and both Stothard and Cruikshank have admirably delineated some of its most striking details. As a poet's words are sometimes set to music, so an author's scenes are presented to the eye by some kindred genius, and the amusing and pathetic incidents of Robinson Crusoe are by Cruikshank made immensely more entertaining.

After a life of turmoil, occasional imprisonment, poverty, and vicissitude, he retreated from the stormy region of politics to enter the calmer and more attractive sphere of fiction, and Robinson Crusoe was the fruit of his intellectual activity; in which fact we trace some resemblance to the history of Milton, who left the same dusty and turbulent arena, in sacred silence to build and adorn with marble from the hills, cedar from Lebanon, gold from Ophir, and purple from Tyre, and precious things from all antiquity, the enduring fabric of the "Paradise Lost." Two such examples fortify the position we have often maintained, that imagination reaches its highest power in the later periods of life.

There is one feature of this work which deserves some attention. It is the interest De Foe takes in missionary movements, and that at a time (A.D. 1719) when it may be said scarcely any Protestant

missionary societies existed. It would be hardy to say that this or any other topic was introduced for special prominence in a work which is too rich and human for any such restraint; but it may be affirmed that it is frequently and warmly commended to the notice of its readers. The mention of this feature in conversation has sometimes awakened an innocent doubt, and the subject has been pleasantly shelved with a genial, incredulous smile. Recently, however, the Rev. W. M. Blake, a missionary in India, writes home the following paragraph, with a note of admiration, as if it were one of the wonders of his varied experience:—"The manager of some estates has been interested in the subject of religion. It may seem strange that the reading of a Hindu translation of 'Robinson Crusoe' evidently led to inquiry about Christianity." This may have been one of the manifold aims of Defoe in his work.

With pre-eminent wisdom Defoe represents all the religious movements of Crusoe as springing from his personal experience, since when he lands on the island he puts his misfortunes and his mercies over against each other in true book-keeping style, and finds that he is a gainer; he melts into thankfulness at the unexpected discovery of some grain, ripe and ready for use; is awakened in his desolateness to prayer by the agency of a dream; draws his prayer from the Bible, which is, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify Me;" and after his convictions that he had not glorified God, he opens the Bible again and reads, "He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and to give remission;" upon which he adds, "I threw down the book, and with my heart as well as my hand lifted up to heaven, in a kind of ecstasy of joy, cried out aloud, 'Jesus, Thou Son of David! Jesus, Thou exalted Prince and Saviour, give me repentance!'" Other passages of Scripture become, in his solitude and danger, a pillar of cloud and fire to direct his way and assure him of Divine presence and protection.

The fidelity and goodness of his Man Friday, who was a savage, lead Crusoe to consider the mysterious fact of the unequal distribution of the Gospel in the world, and the possible future of those who never enjoyed its light and help. He escapes from this awful problem into the fixed assurance of the Divine righteousness. After Friday has learned a little English, Robinson Crusoe asks him about his religion, the account of which is sufficiently grotesque. Friday hears of Satan, and wonders why he is permitted to live in the prospect of judgment, why men are forgiven, and rushes to the idea of universalism, exclaiming, "So you, I, devil, all wicked, all preserve, repent, God pardon all." After which, Robinson Crusoe confesses that a Divine light alone can guide a man to know God in Christ. When Friday became a believer

through his teaching, he remarks, "When I reflected upon all these things a secret joy ran through every part of my soul, and I frequently rejoiced that ever I was brought to this place, which I had often thought the most dreadful affliction that could possibly have befallen me." Afterwards, when the idea of getting back to the Continent from which Friday came was mentioned, the poor fellow desires to become a missionary to his tribe, and said, "Friday tell them to live good, tell them to pray God, tell them to eat corn-bread, cattle-flesh, milk—eat no man again." He urges his master to go chiefly to evangelise the savage and cannibal tribes, and remarks, "You tell them know God, pray God, and live new life."

On Robinson Crusoe's second return to the island he saves several persons from a ship on fire at sea, among whom is a Catholic priest of such a noble spirit and such exceptional charity that he assists in bringing several mutineers who had landed and several savage women into the honourable state of marriage. The priest glows with missionary zeal, and is anxious to instruct this remarkable colony. Robinson Crusoe promises to oblige them to give heed to what he says to them. The priest replies, "As to that, we must leave them to the mercy of Christ, but it is our business to assist them, encourage them, and instruct them, and if you will give me leave, and God His blessing, I do not doubt but the poor, ignorant souls shall be brought home into the great circle of Christianity, if not into the particular faith that we all embrace, and that while you stay here."

The chief attraction of this part of the work consists of the affecting dialogue between Will Atkins and his heathen wife, to whom the husband must become a missionary. The astonishment of the poor woman at the truths he unfolds, and the perplexing mysteries which entangle her at every step, discover the genius of De Foe, and hint at the difficulties of dealing with minds so deplorably ignorant. In England these truths dawn upon us gently; "his going forth is prepared as the morning," and it is hard for any around us to escape some tincture of religious knowledge; but heathens have occasionally to confront a blaze of truth which often partially blinds by dazzling their weak and untrained vision. Through instruction Friday's wife becomes a Christian, and is baptised by the name of Mary. Will Atkins gains, at length, a Bible whose truths he had learnt in early life, and whose precepts he had long and wickedly slighted. Now he feels the Divine force of the lessons received in childhood, and De Foe's remarks are such that we cordially recommend them to the attention of parents and Sunday-school teachers, who sometimes look wearily over the wide and dreary furrows of their labour without the sight of growing corn or tender blade to encourage further toil. He observes "that

parents should never give over to teach and instruct, or ever despair of the success of their endeavours, let the children be ever so obstinate, refractory, or, to appearance, insensible to instruction; for if ever God in His providence touches the consciences of such, the force of their education returns upon them, and the early instruction of parents is not lost, though it may have been many years laid asleep, but some time or other they may find the benefit of it."

In the course of Crusoe's voyage to the East De Foe notices the cruelties of the people of Madagascar, who are now distinguished for the martyrs they have furnished to the cause of Christ and the happy and rapid diffusion of evangelical truth among all classes of the population. The missionary priests of Macao attract his notice, and the civility of the people of the island of Formosa is ascribed to surviving effects of Dutch Protestant missionary labour. When he lands in China he remarks of the labours and converts of some Romish priests, "We thought they made poor work of it, and made them but very sorry Christians when they had done."

In his return to England over land through Tartary and Muscovy, Robinson Crusoe is indignant at the worship of idols, and upon the description of one of these monsters he lavishes all the resources of his invention to make it unspeakably disgusting and hideous. With the assistance of a Scotchman the priests of the idol are bound and the image is burnt. He is indignant that the precious incense of human trust, love, and adoration should be offered to a senseless form. Having performed this feat, they are obliged to escape from the fury of the idolaters. Whether De Foe intended by this narrative to intimate that it was beginning at the wrong end to destroy the idol and leave the worshippers under the cloud of ignorance and delusion, or that, as all means and opportunities of instruction were wanting, the destruction of the idol might show its powerlessness and send some wholesome doubts into their souls, must be left undetermined. It appears, then, from the touching narratives of his personal experience, the fine, luminous zeal of the priest, the pathetic conversation between Will Atkins and his wife, the anxiety to trace the effect of missionary exertion in various parts of the world, and the romantic history of the idol in Tartary, conspire to prove our position and make us thankful that a book of such undecaying interest for the young should contain, as in a sunlit atmosphere, such a glow of Christian philanthropy. The spirit of the work is best expressed in his own language; "for true religion is naturally communicative, and he that is once made a Christian will never leave a pagan behind him if he can help it."

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK IV.—DISPUTING ON THE SHADOW OF THE ASS.

THE Greeks had a proverb which ran thus: "*To dispute on the shadow of an ass.*" This took rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, to which they were but inattentively listening. "A traveller," he said, "once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass; it happened to be the time of the dog-days and at noon; he was much exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun, and, not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the ass and seat himself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring to him that, when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute, at last, grew so warm that it got to blows, and, finally, gave rise to an action at law." After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges had decided on so singular a cause. Upon this the orator commented severely on their childish injustice in devouring with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones he was said "*to dispute on the shadow of an ass.*" And much of the folly of life may be described thus. The dispute upon the shadow of the ass goes on still. The attention we give to the great and worthy bears no proportion to that which we give to the insignificant. Shadows enchant us, substances are forgotten; we live for Vanity Fair, we walk through booths and bazaars cheered and delighted. Tinsel is more weighty than gold, and zinc a more attractive metal than silver. Of all the things for which we live, and work, sigh, and cry, how many are absolutely necessary to our happiness? We make our whims our monarchs, we become servants to our desires; luxury weighs more than comfort, and ease is heavier upon us than duty. We are sceptical about real things, and certain about doubtful things; we do not know happiness when we see her living among us. Do we not also deserve the old tale to be

thrown at us? Are we not disputing also about the shadow of an ass?

A friend has just told me a story I am not sure I have heard before, of two brothers, lazy fellows, who began a recreation, in their laziness, of dreaming, and ended by disputing. They were lying together on the pleasant grass; said one to the other, "What would you like if you had your wish?" Whereto he replied, "I would like to have meadows as large as those skies over our head! Now what would you wish?" "Ah," said the other, "I should like to have as many sheep as there are stars to be seen upon a bright night." "Yes, but," continued his comrade, "where would you keep them?" Now this was puzzling. But at last he said, "Well, I should send some of them into your meadows." "No, but you wouldn't though," said the other. "Who would hinder me?" rejoined his companion. "I would, to be sure, the meadows would be mine." So now the dispute began, and to it they went, and I believe the story says that one of them killed the other before the argument came to an end. Well, if this parable illustrates the proverb of Demosthenes, in how many melancholy instances it finds its own illustrations. There are many fables like it; history gives many instances of it, and daily life furnishes us with examples enough. There are many proverbs which point to the folly of useless dreaming and useless doing. "*It is bad combing where there is no hair;*" "*It is of no use making shoes for geese;*" "*It is of no use casting nets into a river where there are no fish;*" and this often-quoted one "*You twist a rope of sand.*"

The parable of Demosthenes is susceptible of further illustration. Vanity extends to the intellectual as well as to material labour. How much time has been wasted over empty criticism! How much discussion over barren and unproductive words—discussions by which neither the disputants nor the auditors could be possibly benefited! How much of the literary labour of mankind has had any direct or indirect bearing on the happiness of the world? Amongst the proud monuments which adorn the cemeteries of the world, how many deserve to be spoken of as attempts to lengthen the shadow of an ass! The vain speculations of idle minds have enlisted long ranks of men in the cause of attack or defence. It would be a sound piece of advice, whether you are giving exclusive attention to the hustings and the Parliamentary chamber, to the counter or to the Exchange,—whether you hang breathlessly upon the words of that orator,—whether he pronounce those words from the platform or the pulpit,—whether you pride yourself upon the long dignity of ancestral descent, or roll in the carriage of worldly ease, in money, in books, in labour, in the trade, shop, and family,—beware of the shadow of the ass!

It was our dear old friend Dogberry who grieved that, although he had been writ down an ass, it still had not been set down in black and white. When Conrad says, "Away, away; you are an ass, you are an ass," Dogberry replies, "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? Oh! that he were here to write me down an ass. But, masters, remember that I am an ass. Though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a householder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law—go to; and a rich fellow enough—go to; and a fellow that hath losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. *Oh! that I had been writ down an ass.*"

Poor Dogberry! he seems to have many representatives in these days. Many who like him seem disposed to turn the very alphabet itself into the shadow of an ass. It has been suggested to me that, although man is now divested of any caudal appendage,—I say divested of it, for some physiologists have stoutly maintained that man must have had one once, and I know that many deserve to have one still,—the alphabet itself may be regarded in the light of a tail. It is curious what tricks and subterfuges he will play, even what money he will spend that he may affix a few letters, like cabalistic hieroglyphs, at the end of his name. True enough there are degrees it is a dignity to a man to wear when they have been honestly attained, and when they are marks of real ableness. Moreover, to schoolmasters and others a degree conferred by a respectable university is a piece of real property; but what a despicable thing is he who trades and traffics in this material, and trails after his own name his tail of letters! The fact is the Rev. Dogberry Platitude has almost exhausted the alphabet in the way of appendage. I am sure I have seen the half of an honest page occupied by signs of the most perplexing description—M.A., LL.B., D.P.H., LL.D., D.D., Mus.D., F.R.A., M.R.I.S., F.R.E.S., F.L.S., F.E.S., F.G.S., F.A.S., F.Z.S. And then after these alphabetic variations the game of perplexity really begins in a long concatenation of corresponding fellowships with societies known or unknown, most likely unknown, from half the cities beneath the moon. Some of these gentlemen are not contented unless they trail the shadow of the ass behind them in the shape of divers hoods as they ascend into the pulpit; and I have actually known a flight of pulpit stairs altered so that the distinguished shadow might more distinctly be seen in the slow and graceful ascent. Some one writes concerning such gentlemen—

"O know you the Doctor Platitude,
That Theologastar,* sound and good,
With his recent diploma full in view
From the new-founded college of Timbuctoo;
With his rich selection of words so sound,
Forming a hogshead, huge and round,
A hogshead huge, though it doth not appear
That the vessel hath spirits, or wine, or beer,
Or even water; the vessel, I think,
Is made to sound, not to hold any drink?
Hence it follows, of course as a reason good
That Doctor Platitude's skull is of wood,
And another reason the thing affords
For Doctor Platitude's love of boards;
Boards and wood are abundant here
When the deeds of Platitude appear,
Which also suggests why we find a forest,
Bewildering and dark when our needs are sorest.
O my dear Doctor Platitude,
Nothing about thee seemeth good,
Good in a sort of a kind of way,
But wanting life, and light, and day,
Like things, very good, if you like to see 'em
In the glass-cases of a museum,
But the bird won't sing, nor the insect fly,
And the branch won't bud, and the life's gone by,
There's nothing in your creed to die
For life and death they have both gone by,
And all that religion hopes and sees
Is turned to a beautiful song of degrees
Of B.A.'s, and M.A.'s, and LL.B.'s,
And best of all the diploma new
From the learned college of Timbuctoo.
In all that he says is a hollow ring;
For the first time I find I doubt the thing,
And I've wind on the stomach instead of a wing
On the soul; and heavy and sour,
These are the things in the Doctor's power,
So I'd rather stay outside the doctor's church,
Or build with David's sparrow my perch,
For the least living thing more joy affords
Than the hugest dead, and of all dead words.
So farewell dear Doctor Platitude,
Thou Theologastar sound and good."

Well, these things seem a little to illustrate what the old proverb meant when it said "*A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool.*" Have my readers ever heard of that great German worthy Tyll Owlglass? An incomparable character he, and a far greater professor in his art than our well-known Mr. Joseph Miller; he was, in fact, a droll who was ever doing and saying things, which, while they left him looking like a fool, invariably left those on whom he had played his prank with the worst of it.

* The reader will look in vain perhaps in the dictionary for this word, but if it has not a place in the Lexicon it has in the history of Theology; it was the term used by the learned Melancthon to describe an ignorant pretender to theology, and answers to our *poetaster*, an ignorant pretender to poetry.

We read how "Once Owlglass gat him as far as Paris at a season when the examination was going forward at the University. So he went therein; and behold a doctor on a stool sat and looked upon him; he was a great doctor, and he said unto Owlglass, 'What wouldst thou have? Dost thou desire to say aught unto me?' Then Owlglass replied, 'Yea, most learned one, I have a most difficult question, which my bowels ache to have resolved; the like of it is thus:—Is it better for a man to do that which he knoweth, or to learn that which he knoweth not? And further, oh, learned one! I would have answered to me this question, Whether the doctors make the books, or the books make the doctors?' At such questions every one marvelled, and there rose great disputes; still the greater number replied that it was better that a man should do that which he knoweth than that he should first learn that which he knoweth not. Thereupon, exclaimed Owlglass, 'What foole must all of ye here be, in that ye ever crave to learn that which ye know not, and what ye know do none of ye,' and he flouted out of the University with great scorn."

The ancients were wont to say of many discussions or enterprises, "*Quid ad farinas?*"—"Will it make bread?" in other words, What profit? and what kind of profit do you expect to derive from this? And they had another proverb, "*De lana caprina*"—"It is disputing about goats' wool." There is a story told of an English audience once taken in, in a very similar manner to that of Demosthenes. Dr. Elmar, who was Bishop of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, before he attained his bishopric was preaching in his parish church to an audience remarkably careless and inattentive; so he took from his pocket a Hebrew volume he happened to have with him, and read from it with remarkable solemnity. The audience soon began to gape and stare with inquisitive amazement, and he then ridiculed and reproved them for giving to him so much attention when they were utterly unable to understand him, and neglecting or refusing to hear when explaining the doctrines of religion in their own language. "*But folly is a boney dog*," and pretty invariably the pursuit of discussions or studies we cannot comprehend are disputing beneath the shadow of the ass. It is a proverb of very wide application in the practical mistakes of life; something like it is that shrewd, we had almost said that wonderful, parable in "*My Novel*" where the great writer warns us against wasting the one opportunity of our existence in the story of Burley fishing in the Brent for the one-eyed perch. "That river, sir," said the fisher, "that river has been the Dalilah of my existence. The first day I came here I hooked up a perch, such a big one! It must have weighed—but I cannot tell how much it weighed. But the line

broke, and the perch escaped among the reeds, hook and all, and I haunted the brook, and again I hooked him up. It must have been the same, for know the river contains but one perch. And this time—the second time—I fairly hooked him; and again he escaped. And how? Why, by leaving behind him his eye! I shall never forget the agony of that moment,—not to the perch; no, he enjoyed it; but to me. Well, I had heard that for catching a perch there is no bait like a perch's eye. I baited the hook with the eye, sir, and I caught him again; and again he escaped. I have caught him seven times, and seven times has he escaped. I know it is the same fish; I know his profile well, for every time he has turned upon me his one eye. I had the offer of a situation in Jamaica; I could not go while I left the perch here in triumph. I had the offer of an appointment in India; but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch. And once a week, from February to December, I come hither. If I should catch that perch the great business of my life will be gone." It was a strange story. "What a strange person!" said one of his listeners. "I think he is a very wise one," said another. A strange story, but surely to be comprehended by all to whom it will be necessary to comprehend. A parable from our times illustrating the parable of Demosthenes, and showing how many a Burley practically spends his days and loses all his opportunities fishing for the one-eyed perch. May I quote verses again? Then an old writer says—

"Against our peace we arm our will,
Against our plenty something still,
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To me, to thee, to him are wanting.
That cruel something, unpossessed,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest;
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain."

It is a wonder that we have not more common sense among us. I do not know that we can any of us laugh at our neighbours very righteously; we have all done a good deal of business in buildings; we have sought to cement with very loose mortar—*Harena sine calce—sand without lime*. The want of the world, it has been said, is common sense, but then who shall say what is the meaning of common sense? It has been said, "*An ounce of common sense is worth a hundredweight of wit*," but, as I said, the difficulty is to find that common sense. "*Prudence*," says the proverb, "*Prudence is the shield that covers all*." "*I wisdom dwell with prudence*," but "*Crooked trees give crooked shadows*;" and we can all remember where, once upon a time, we cast a crooked shadow.

A story, not too well known, comes to our memory. The President Montesquieu and Lord Chesterfield became acquainted as they were travelling to Italy. On the road they began to

dispute about the merits of their two nations. My Lord allowed that the French had more wit than the English, but said they had no common sense. The President agreed to this; but they could not settle the difference between wit and common sense. Before the dispute was ended they arrived at Venice. Here the President went about everywhere—saw everything, asked questions, and talked to everybody, and at night noted down his observations. An hour or two after a Frenchman, shabbily dressed, came into his room and addressed him thus:—"Sir, I am a countryman of yours. I have lived here these twenty years, but I have always kept my friendship towards my countrymen; and I always think myself too happy when I have an opportunity of serving them, as I have you to-day. You may do anything in this country, except meddle with affairs of State. One thoughtless word costs a person his head, and you have already spoken a thousand. The State inquisitors have their eyes upon you; their spies are following you everywhere; they note down your plans, and they know you are going to write a book. To my certain knowledge they intend to pay you a visit to-day or to-morrow. Consider, before you have actually written anything, that an innocent line, if misinterpreted, may cost you your life. That is all I have to say, and now I take my leave. The only recompense which I ask for a service which I think of some importance is, that if you meet me in the streets, you will not recognise me, and that in case it is too late to save you from being taken, you will not inform against me." So saying he disappeared, leaving the poor President in great alarm. His first movement was to run to his secretary, snatch the papers, and throw them into the fire. Scarcely was that done, when in came Lord Chesterfield. He soon saw that his friend was in trouble, and asked him what could have happened. The President related what had happened, said that he had burnt his papers, and ordered a post-chaise to be ready at three o'clock in the morning, that he might quickly leave a place where a few moments' longer stay might be fatal. Lord Chesterfield listened calmly to all this, and then said: "This is all very well, my dear President, but let us sit down and examine your adventure with our heads cool and calm." "You are joking," said the President; "it is impossible for one's head to be at ease when it hangs only by a thread!" "But pray," said the Earl, "who is this man who has so generously exposed himself to danger to save you from it? This seems not very natural. He may be a Frenchman, but the love of one's country does not lead men to travel into dangers which lie out of their way, especially for the sake of a person who is unknown to them. This man was not a friend of yours?" "No." "Was he badly dressed?" "Yes, very badly." "Did he ask you for money?" "Not a

farthing." "Why, that is more extraordinary. But whence did he learn all that he told you?" "Oh! I don't know at all; perhaps from the inquisitors themselves." "Absurd!" said the Earl, "that council is the most secret in the world, and he is not the man to get near them." "Perhaps he is one of their spies," said the President. "Perhaps not," said the Earl. "Can one suppose a foreigner to be a spy, and that spy clad like a beggar, while he is employed in a calling for which he must be well paid; and, again, that spy betrays his masters to you at the hazard of being strangled, if you inform against him, or if he is suspected of having assisted you to escape. It's all a joke, depend upon it, my friend." "What can it be, then?" said the President. "I am thinking about it," said the Earl. Having puzzled themselves to no purpose, the President still persisted in leaving the place immediately, when Lord Chesterfield, after walking about the room, apparently in a deep study, stopped short, and putting his hand to his forehead, as if a sudden thought had struck him, said, very gravely, "President, listen to me. An idea has just come into my head. Yes, that must be the man; I have not the least doubt about it." "What man?" said the President; "if you know who he is, pray tell me quickly." "Oh, yes," was the answer; "I know him well enough. He was sent by one Lord Chesterfield, who wished to prove to you by experience that, '*An ounce of common sense is worth a hundredweight of wit.*'" The President never forgave him for the joke.

Now this anecdote not only illustrates the great distinction between the two great peoples, the English and French, but it will guide also to some knowledge of the meaning of this much desiderated thing—common sense. It is obvious that there are two ways or methods with wisdom. There is wisdom resulting from experience or reflection. It generally comes late in life, sometimes too late to effect much good for its owner. There is another kind of wisdom which results from perception. The keen mind instantly reaches conclusions not by hasty generalisation, but by judicious comparison. In the story we have just related the great probability is that a common-sense Englishman would have put the questions with which Chesterfield tantalised his friend. He would not have leaped so rapidly as Montesquieu to the flames with his papers. He would have judged and compared. Now the greatest want of mankind is a habit of observation, a power of reading the meaning of little things, of forming a judgment upon trifles. We frequently hear of men taking a *common-sense view of matters*, of making a common-sense speech, of a common-sense book. If this language were translated it would perhaps mean that such-and-such observations were addressed to the universal perceptions of

men, to the understanding,—in fine, they were addressed to the sense, they were vested in sensible language or imagery, and were founded on what all men would feel to be true without any long analysis or reflection. Coleridge, our great thinker and teacher, makes a distinction, and a little reflection (for this does not belong to those perceived by common sense) will show the reader that it is a very natural and necessary distinction between the understanding and reason. “*Reason* is the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves.” On the other hand, the *judgments of the understanding* are binding only in relation to the objects of our senses, which we reflect under the forms of the understanding. It is, as Leighton rightly defines it, “the faculty of judging according to the sense.” This is common sense. It is certain that there are two kinds of knowledge. They may be perhaps denominated perceptions and previsions or intuitions. Some objects are self-luminous; they shine by their own light, and can only be perceived by light reflected from themselves. But other objects are perceived by light reflected from the mind. Some things are unanimously agreed upon by the universal testimony of mankind, because they can only be beheld in one light; but objects that depend for their definiteness upon the amount of illumination in the mind may be variously described, because beheld through various atmospheres; and this may be the reason why men are agreed upon objects that may be seen, felt, or heard, but are not agreed upon things which must be perceived by faith or by the higher reason. After all common sense principally consists in a nice, concise, discriminating calculation of cause and effect, putting these in all the concerns of life in their proper relation to each other. Some who have done this very accurately in the higher regions of thought have been entirely unable to do it in the ordinary affairs of life. Their abstraction or attention to matters of mental interest called them away from objects nearer home, and this has very often given to highly distinguished men a laughable and most incongruous notoriety, making their general character to contrast strangely with some exceptional incident. I may perhaps afford some illustrative pleasantry to these pages if I take two or three illustrative instances. Mr. Cottle, in his “*Memorials of Coleridge*,” presents to us the ludicrous picture of three of the greatest poets of the age in a puzzle together in the vain attempt to take off a horse’s collar. They could all solve problems in mathematical science, they had all Divine intuitions within; but here they were fairly worsted. “I led the horse to the stable,” says Mr. Cottle, himself too a poet, “when a great perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for

assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors, for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on; for he said 'it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!' Just at this instant a servant-girl came near, and, understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La, master!' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not attained." There is a ludicrous circumstance related in the letters of Horace Walpole, also tending to illustrate the same dreamy obliviousness of scientific minds to what might be supposed to be most simple and obvious. "I must add," says Horace Walpole, "a curious story, which I believe will surprise your Italian surgeons as much as it amazed the faculty here. A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was that, having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had it dressed with tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, a corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum, and how *they* should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man spoke the truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear that there are surgeons who might not like the abbreviations of attendance and expense. But on the other hand you will be charmed with the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter he added these words: 'I forgot to tell your honours that *the leg was a wooden one!*' What would one have given to have been present and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly!"

And the anecdote of Charles II. and the Royal Society is well known. "Why is it, my lords and gentlemen," said he, "that if you fill a vessel with water to the very brim, so that it will not hold a single drop more, yet putting a turbot into the water it will not overflow the vessel?" Many were the sage conjectures; that the fish would drink as much water as compensated for its own bulk, condensing the water to that amount; that the air-bladder had something to do with the phenomena, and a hundred others which were propounded and abandoned in their turn, much to the amusement of the merry monarch. At length Mr. Wren (afterwards Sir Christopher) modestly asked, "But is your majesty sure that such would be the case?" "Ay, there," exclaimed his majesty, laughing, "you have it; always, gentlemen, find out if a thing be true before you proceed to account for it; then I shall not be ashamed of the charter I have given you." Dean Swift must have had in his mind some such vain excursions of the fancy when, in his voyage to Laputa, he was permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado; and wandering through the various class-rooms he found in one the professor who had, for eight years, been engaged in a project for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers; and in another, one who was at work calcining ice into gunpowder; in another, an architect who had contrived a new method of building a house by beginning at the roof. In one apartment a projector who had devised a plan for ploughing the ground with hogs to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour; and in another, one who had proposed to himself to employ spiders effectually to save the difficulty and expense of silkworms; while in the School of Language professors were found who had devised a project for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, as an advantage in point of brevity and health, while others not prepared to advance so far, proposed to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, leaving out verbs and participles, because in reality all things are but nouns. Mr. Gulliver must have had a keen sense of the disputes which have gone on beneath the shadow of the ass, but we are not to conceal from ourselves that it is often from the most unlikely topics of inquiry that the most important discoveries connected with the advancement of science have originated; all is not foolish which looks so; a fop laughed as he passed by the garden of a gentleman and saw him engaged in blowing soap-bubbles; but a passer-by reproved the sneerer, and told him that he saw Sir Isaac Newton watching certain prismatic effects and analysing through them the laws of light.

Many persons appear to have disdained the lessons of common sense; they have slighted and have been ashamed to look for the humble causes lying near them, even at their feet; yet we may

be sure that to slight these humble lessons is to slight our own happiness. It is evident that God has made the happiness of most people to depend upon the simple fulfilment of an ordinary round of duties—duties clear and legible, and very easily to be apprehended and understood. Man is kindly endowed by the All-Good Father with eyes, ears, touch, taste and smell. These are common senses; they are the property of all, or nearly all, human beings. Suppose a man to cut these common sensations off from himself, he destroys the means of his happiness, he robs himself of the great auxiliaries to his enjoyment. There is a muscular sense which is the common property of mankind, and the exceptions to its enjoyment are perhaps rarer than those to the other senses. There is the sense that delights in motion; it loves to exercise itself by leaping, running, walking; it feels pleasure in exposure to the elements, if such exposure calls for the exertion of the muscular nature. Suppose a man to cut himself off from these enjoyments, from his common sense; now, are there not other sensations which we all share in common with the whole human family? For instance, are not the commandments of God, in His great moral law, addressed to common perceptions; do they not find a response in our higher and more intuitive faculties, as well as in the more ordinary intimations of the mind?—the sentiment of self-preservation, the sentiment of society, the sentiments of religion, of justice, of order, of propriety, these are everywhere developed. Over some minds a veil has been spread preventing their full recognition, but still they are in the heart and mind of man; they are everywhere engraven, and a departure from these, too, is a departure from the common sense of mankind. Well, may it not be said that the lives of nearly all of us, in our present state of society, are robberies upon common sense? As we should say that those senses best met their original design which are excited in health and life, so that eye, and ear, and taste, and touch, and smell were each active, and all healthy and all harmonious, so that seems to be the healthy state of mind in which all its senses are exercised in due and proper balance, when all things are cared for in their proper proportions, and estimated at their real and proper value. In such a state as this men will not dispute concerning the shadow of an ass, or spend their days and years in fishing for the one-eyed perch.

Some misunderstanding in reference to the meaning of the word common sense has originated from our good friend the practical man; it is very usual to hear people express themselves as if common sense signified the renunciation of every idea above the simple knowledge that two and two make four, and that twenty shillings make a pound. "I'm a common-sense sort of a man; I'm none of your theorists; I'm a practical man." But we have found

these "practical men" sometimes of all men the farthest removed from common sense, for common sense does not mean stolidity, blindness, mental inactivity; it perhaps does not signify profoundness, but it implies acuteness. The practical man is very often a man who cannot be certain of anything beyond his nose, and does not believe that his nose is upon his face, unless he squints, to be certain that it is indeed there; the common-sense man occupies a medium place between thick-skinned, stolid ignorance and erudite philosophy; for the first it is far too sensible, for the last it has not time nor opportunity. Perhaps common-sense men have been the greatest theorists, for theories have only been the illustration and amplification of data built on facts. The province of these perceptive faculties we denominate common sense; it is to observe facts, and to make inferences from them, and to apply those inferences to the great and various concerns of life. Practical men look at the facts before them, and never go beyond. A "practical man" would never notice any analogy from the boiling kettle which might expand itself into the idea of a steam engine. A practical man walking through the market of his country town sees no resemblance between it and the great markets of the world; but the common-sense man perceives readily the meaning of the whole laws of trade, he comprehends, from the necessities of his own markets, the necessity of freedom for trade everywhere, learns the supreme importance of leaving it to its own resources. In fact, common sense looks at nature everywhere, and, putting two ideas together, it says I can make *this* thought do *that* work. For common sense does not so much reflect and reason, as we have said above; *it sees and applies*. It does not read homilies, and make sermons, and deliver speeches; it seeks *to do* and *to be*. It is eminently the practical angel of life; its office is not to make orations and poems, but to make ploughs and ploughshares; not to construct a camera obscura, or a panorama, but a diving-bell, or a steam-ship; and it would enumerate amongst its apostles and devotees, not Seneca nor Spinoza, still less names even far loftier than these; but Caxton, and Watt, and Franklin, and Bacon. "*The wise man's eyes are in his head.*" Common sense enlightens those eyes by caution, prudence, calculation, self-preservation, watchfulness. Perhaps it is the utilitarian element of the soul, fronting it everywhere with the proportion of price to value, but it is undoubtedly that element which gives to the mind its self-respect, to the body ease and comfort, which strews life with enjoyments, and surrounds the avenues of home, if not with the graces, with the proprieties and order which smoothe over the ruggedness of daily toil, and twine around the higher hopes and ambitions to which life is but a prelude and a preparation.

In the course of these papers I have referred to the almost invariable bearing of proverbs on the practical aspects of life. How seldom they indulge in dreams or speculations; these pursuits of the mind are left to the imaginative and poetic faculties of our nature, and it is to be hoped that these will never cease to find appropriate exercise, fields for flight, and food for sustenance; but it is common sense which uses words as the helms for the axe of a keen practical wit like that proverbial saying of old, "*But will they carry the Thames with them?*"

It was Richard III., I believe, who sent a message by a courier to the City of London that, so great was his displeasure against the city that he had a mind to divert both the terms and Parliaments to Oxford, when one of the aldermen of the City said, "But will he turn the channel of the Thames? will he take away the Thames with him? If not, we shall do well enough." And truly there are times when, amidst the envy and anger of men, we may ask for our own satisfaction the same question. There are some things of which malice cannot deprive us; always it remains true that "*A good man shall be satisfied from himself.*" "*In the time of famine he shall be satisfied.*" "*Thou shalt make them to drink of the river of Thy pleasures.*" "*If I have lost my ring, I have not lost my fingers.*" "*What the wind gathers the wind scatters.*" And "*What is found in the highway may be lost in the highway.*" I remember hearing Mr. Cobden once, when some of the large land-owners had almost threatened that, if the anti-Corn Law measures were passed, they would be compelled to live out of England, reply, "But will they take the land with them?" And it was almost a paraphrase of the speech of the old alderman in the time of Richard III. The speeches of folly can often only be answered by some such pert rejoinder setting the folly in a strong light. Words seem often to be used as heedlessly as hurriedly; it is not only true "*In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin,*" but almost in the proportion to their rapidity will be their senselessness. "*The horse-shoe that clatters wants a nail.*" This proverb seems to be spoken of those talkative persons and vain boasters who, by their loud speech, give the assurance that they have no great stock on hand; it is no good sign either to horse or rider when the horse-shoe clatters; and the old proverb says, "*It is well to do all the good we talk of, but it is not well to talk of all the good we do.*" "*This is much cry and little wool,*" the old enemy said when he was shearing the pigs. And although another proverb says, "*Every man is his own trumpeter,*" the lips which never erred warned us against "*sounding a trumpet before us as the hypocrites do.*" And another proverb says, "*Answer a fool according to his folly.*"

When that eminent man, Robert Robinson, first went to Cam-

bridge, he was exceedingly annoyed by some of the younger gowns-men. Dissent was subject to much scorn, persecution, and satire in those days. He succeeded, however, in effecting a change, and frequently had the opportunity of replying to the irritating insects, as in the following instance:—A wager was laid among a party of undergraduates. One of them wagered that he would take his station on the steps of the pulpit with a large ear trumpet in his hand and remain there till the end of the service. Accordingly he mounted the steps, put the trumpet to his ear, and played the part of a deaf man with all possible gravity; his friends were in the aisles below tittering at the hoax, the congregation were scandalised, but the preacher alone seemed insensible to what was going on. The sermon was on God's mercy. Pursuing his reflections for some time, at length the preacher said, "Not only, my Christian friends, does the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the Divine grace, but also there are none so low, so mean, so worthless as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care; indeed, I do hope that it may one day be extended to"—and, leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, placing his hand on the head of the gownsmen—"even to this silly boy." It is said the wager was lost, for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling himself soon vanished from the scene.

The Children's Hour.

CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY MARIANNE FAERNINGHAM.

CHAPTER IX.—LOST.

BESSIE was overwhelmed with grief at finding how much mischief had resulted from tidying away a letter. When Carrie threw herself into a chair and wept and sobbed violently, and Mr. Lacey turned pale and looked very sad and perplexed, Bessie wished that she could hide herself away from the sight of it all. She could not understand why a letter should be of so much importance, but she very plainly saw that it was, and she was greatly troubled at what she had done.

Bessie, as you know already, though she had some strange ways, was a loving little girl, who liked to be a comfort to others, and to

do all that she could to make everybody happy; but instead of doing so now she had evidently been the means of doing some great wrong. She was so unhappy that she did not know what to do, and wandered about the house and the garden with a face that was so full of care as to be very unlike that which the merry Bessie generally wore.

"I am afraid that Carrie will never forgive me," she thought. "And yet, though I have hidden the letter and brought so much trouble, I love her so well that there is nothing I would not do for her."

After a time Bessie, feeling that she could not endure it any longer, went to her friend's room, resolved to beg for forgiveness. She felt half afraid to venture, and trembled as she knocked at the door.

"Carrie is a Christian girl, I know, and so she will not be very unkind or severe."

This thought comforted her.

When the door was opened in answer to her rap she was so grieved at seeing her friend so sad that she could do nothing but burst into tears. Instantly Carrie put her arms around her and kissed her.

"It is too bad to make you feel so uncomfortable, Bessie dear," she said. "I wish I could be more cheerful and forget all sad things for your sake, but though it is dull for you I am glad to have you here. Don't cry, Bessie."

"Oh, Carrie," sobbed Bessie, "will you ever forgive me for losing that letter? I am so sorry; I would not have done it if I had known for all the world."

"My dear Bess, I know you would not, and I am sorry that I spoke to you so hastily about it; but it was a very important letter, and I don't know whether the time that has been lost can ever be made up again."

"I ought to have known better," said Bessie. "I know it is dishonourable to keep a letter or read a line that is written to another, but I thought of nothing but tidy ways."

"I think you go to extremes, Bessie. A letter lying upon a table would not make a room untidy."

"Would it not? Well, I will try in future to be more thoughtful."

"That is what is needed, Bessie dear. Even though you should not make so much fuss about it you will not grow careless and untidy again, if you think of what is the right thing to do at the right time."

"And you certainly forgive me, Carrie?"

"Certainly. You did not know what you were doing."

"But, Carrie, if you were to tell me what all the trouble is about, perhaps I might be able to undo the mischief I have done. I should be so glad if I could."

But Carrie shook her head.

"You could not do that, Bessie. Perhaps none of us can; but I think if we pray God will show us how."

Bessie left her friend, but as she did so she was thinking very busily.

"Is it not possible to find out and to help Carrie? I will try if I cannot do something."

When Bessie had gone Carrie sighed, and again set herself to think. But her thoughts were very sad ones.

"Lost! My brother is lost, and perhaps we shall never find him again. He must have been so grieved that he had no answer to his letter that perhaps he is gone quite away to a foreign country. And all this time he may be thinking that we do not care for him, and are feeling only unkindly towards him. And perhaps I shall never see him."

But this last thought was too bad. Carrie could not keep it in her mind, but thought of something better and happy.

"He cannot be quite lost, for God knows where he is, and I think He will take care of poor Harry for us. How glad I am that God is everywhere, and that nothing can be hidden from Him! He can see Harry quite plainly at this moment, and knows what he is doing, and even how he is feeling."

Again it seemed to Carrie that there was only one thing she could do, and that was to pray. She did so very earnestly, and besought God to take care of her brother and keep him from temptation, and make him wish to come home again. And after that Carrie felt a little better.

And then she began to wonder if there was not something she could do to fetch her brother back. She would gladly have gone after him, only, as she had not the least idea where he was, that was impossible. It seemed, indeed, to make all communication with him impossible. And yet hopeful Carrie thought there might be some way.

"If he knew how papa has forgiven him and wishes him to come back it would be all right," she thought. And so she resolved to send a word to him somehow. She had noticed before some strange advertisements in the newspapers which were like messages to absent friends. And she thought perhaps she might reach her brother in this way, and resolved to try.

She told no one of her plan, and as she was young and knew little about newspapers or advertisements, a few days were lost; but at last, when almost all her pocket-money had been spent upon them, she saw her messages to her brother in print.

"To HARRY.—Do write or come home. Papa will forgive you everything.

"Carrie's love to her brother Harry, and she begs him to come home at once."

When these had appeared in several papers Carrie hoped again, and indeed she watched for her brother every day, often looking out of the window to see if he were coming, and never walking in the street without half expecting to meet him.

Another plan too was suggested to Carrie.

She remembered how once, when her brother had gone away to the seaside for a holiday, she had at his request written a letter to be left at the post-office of the town where he was staying until he called for it. She thought perhaps he was at the same place now. So she wrote a very kind and affectionate letter to him, telling how his father had been to Bowden, and how he was willing to forgive him, and urging him to return. She sent letters also to several other towns where it was possible Harry might be, in the faint hope that one of them might come into his hands.

And then there was nothing to do but to pray and wait, and this she did for many weary days and even weeks, and still there were no tidings of lost Harry.

CHAPTER X.—FOUND.

Although Caroline could not be otherwise than very anxious and sad at the disappearance of her brother, she tried not to be selfish in her grief. Some people, some girls too, feel impatient and vexed if others are happy while they are in trouble. If the day is dark to them they wish the shadows to fall everywhere. If they are too sad to sing they do not like to see other people enjoying music. It seems hard that others are not as unhappy as themselves, and if they could they would stop all laughter while they are weeping. But this is very selfish, and can only be the case with those who are not the disciples of Jesus. His teaching was quite different from that. He, though Himself "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," always did what He could to make others happy. He did not sulkily stay away from feasts because He was sorrowful. He went to the wedding and turned the water into wine; and though He had no home of His own, and "had not where to lay His head," yet He often made other people's homes happy by healing the sick. Weariness, loneliness, and trouble were His portion, but they never made Him selfish. He could at any time forget Himself and do good to others.

Now Carrie loved the Saviour and was very earnest'y trying to imitate Him; and though she often felt herself to be too sinful ever to become at all like Him who was so holy, still she was all the

better for trying, and He helped her. So she thought of her mamma and papa and Bessie as well as of herself and Harry, and tried in many ways to cheer and comfort them. She often read to her mamma when she felt as if she could far more easily have sat still and cried, but she loved her mother better than herself. Often too she sang to her father when she had hard work to keep the tears from her eyes. But it did her good to control her feelings, and she found that those who care more for the happiness of others than their own are never quite unhappy.

One day there came an invitation for herself and Bessie to attend the first croquet party of the season.

"Oh, I could not go; I should be too miserable," was her first thought.

But when she looked up she saw Bessie's eager, delighted face, and that caused her to hesitate.

"Would you like to go to this croquet party, Bessie?"

"I should love it," replied Bessie, with sparkling eyes.

"Then we will go," said Carrie, and so it was decided.

Carrie will never forget that croquet party as long as she lives.

She enjoyed it more than she expected, for it was a fine spring day, and she liked the game, and there were plenty of pleasant companions. Carrie was always a favourite, because she was cheerful and obliging to everybody, and it made her happy to see that she was liked by others.

But it was not because people were kind to her that the day was memorable.

The croquet ground was at the bottom of the garden near to the road, and though partly hidden by trees, it was possible for any one standing outside to see the players.

In the midst of a game Carrie looked up through this opening between the trees, and met a pair of eyes fixed earnestly upon her. They were Harry's eyes, she felt sure, and in the first impulse of joyful surprise she felt as if she must cry out. She hurriedly took a step forward, and then hesitated. A man stood there, with whiskers and moustaches very different from her brother, so different, indeed, that it seemed strange to her that she could have made the mistake. And yet the eyes and the form were so like those of Harry that even as she looked she could not but feel excited. The man, however, seeing himself observed, walked away, and was soon lost to sight, while the game went on, and Carrie saw that no one but herself had noticed.

But the game had lost its charm for her. She could not forget those eyes, and found herself constantly looking toward the road, although she did not again see the person who had so greatly interested her.

She had great difficulty in attending to what was going on around her, and felt heartily glad when it was time to return home. There, after speaking to her father and mother, she went into her own room, and sat down to think.

Was it Harry? Could it be possible that he had so disguised himself?

Carrie thought it was possible, and the longer she thought of it

the more convinced she felt that it was her brother. She longed to go at once and tell her mamma, wished that she could go out and look for him in the streets and lanes, and felt so disquieted that she could scarcely remain still in the house.

But when she reflected that after all she might easily be mistaken she dared not say anything which might only excite the hopes of her parents, perhaps to disappoint them again. So she opened her window so that she would be able to hear the sound of approaching footsteps, and so that she might see him if he should come.

Then she waited in most feverish expectation, scarcely daring to breathe, but sending many a prayer up to heaven.

The evening came on, and the shadows lay thick and heavy upon the ground, and still she sat listening. But when it was quite dark she heard a slight sound, and saw a figure moving very slowly and stealthily toward the house. One moment she looked down as he came into the light that streamed from the downstairs window, and then with one cry, "Lord, help me," she ran swiftly down and out into the garden. She saw the figure move hastily away at her approach, but she was quicker still, and ran and threw her arms upon her brother's neck.

"Oh, Harry! have you come back at last?"

And then to her surprise Harry bowed his head upon her shoulder and cried, but could not speak.

She held him tightly, and silently thanked God for bringing her brother back.

After a few moments she said, "Come in, Harry. Papa and mamma are both at home. Come to them."

But Harry held back.

"I dare not come, Carrie. I could not bear to look into their faces, remembering all the grief I have caused them."

"Oh, Harry! they will forget it all at sight of you. Come."

Harry had thrown off his disguises now, and Carrie drew him toward the house.

"I cannot indeed, Carrie," he said. "My father will turn me out if I go in."

"Then I will tell him you are here," she said, and left him standing upon the mat in the hall, while she opened the door and hastily stepped into the room where her parents were.

"Oh, Carrie! what is the matter?" they exclaimed, as they saw her white face.

"Papa, you are wanted," she said, and Mr. Lacey went out.

"Dear mamma, stop a minute;" but Mrs. Lacey could not stop, and so she was even first to see Harry.

She did not say a word, but only took him into her arms and kissed him, while his father silently took him by the hand.

It was all very tearful at first. Everybody cried, and all felt that their hearts were too full for speech. But every heart was very thankful. And Mr. Lacey tried to read, as well as he could for his tears, the parable of the Prodigal Son.

And then, no questions being asked, and no comments made, Harry was taken to his own little room which had been so long

prepared, and left to pass the night there, where the first thing he saw was Carrie's New Year's gift, the Bible.

As for Carrie, she could not sleep that night, partly for joy and partly for anxiety.

Harry had come back, but why? Had he seen the error of his ways and resolved to live differently? Or would he bring trouble upon them all once more?

Carrie spent most of the night in prayer, and again she renewed the vow she had made on New Year's eve. She felt that already part of the resolution had been kept, but would she be able to accomplish it all? She longed for the morning to come that she might be able to talk to Harry, and find out the truth.

(To be continued.)

ONLY A MONTH AGO.

ONLY a month ago my life was bare

As wintry landscapes; sleepy were its flowers,
Frozen its streams, chilly the silent air;

And now a sudden summer wreathes the bowers
And palaces of my heart with garlands fair.

The streamlets quiver 'neath her smile, and flash
Through bloomy meadows white with daisy-stars,
And gold with cowslip bells; and the gay plash
Of the glad waters through the mute air jars
And wakes it into voiceful melody.

Ah, me, the mystery of this life of ours!

One day a waste, the next a smiling lea;
Fair skies o'erhead, and underfoot sweet flowers.

Dearest, canst *thou* the problem solve for me?

LUCINDA BOWSER.

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1870.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XII.—“DO YOU LIKE JAM-TARTS?”

Now I had not expected to find myself in quite so lowly a position. I was prepared for the lowest form, but scarcely for the lowest place thereon. I was the youngest boy in the headmaster's house, but by no means the youngest in the school. I had nearly a dozen companions, who were all my juniors, and some of them were actually in the form above me. Oh, what would Martin say? And I was not even asked whether I knew the Church catechism, nor was I questioned concerning Old Testament history. It seemed to me that my examiner, who was no other than the awful headmaster himself, interrogated me solely on those subjects of which I was ignorant; while as to the stores of information which I actually possessed I was never able to avail myself of them, being examined, as I afterwards told Martin, in everything I did not know, and in nothing that I did know. It was rather aggravating, and I really thought I knew a good deal, considering. And I was so unfortunately tall too, and looked so much like a big dunce, standing below a lot of little lads, some of them a full head shorter than myself.

I underwent my examination before breakfast in Dr. Richardson's private study, and when it was ended, and my place in the school assigned to me, he said, kindly, “I don't quite understand this, Travis; I heard that you had been two years under a private tutor; you ought to have been farther on than I find you. I quite ex-

pected, from Mr. Drew's letter, that I should have to place you in the fifth form. I hope you are not idle?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" I replied, eagerly; "but, sir, I think your way and Mr. Gibson's way are different rather."

The doctor smiled as he answered, "I have no doubt that Mr. Gibson is a very estimable person and a scholar, but he has allowed you to flounder about in all sorts of uncertainties; you have been taught *loosely*. Well, I can call it nothing else; and your quantities are appalling."

"I will try to do better, sir. Mr. Gibson complained of my quantities, but I sometimes thought he was not very sure about them himself."

"Who is Mr. Gibson?"

"The clergyman of the place where I lived—a very lonely place among the mountains; I went to him when Martin could not teach me any more."

"May I ask who Martin is?"

I deliberated a moment. I was ashamed to confess that he was the parish clerk and my guardian; but very quickly I felt ashamed of myself for being ashamed of my good, kind, considerate protector. So, not without colouring, rather confusedly, I told the doctor who Martin really was, adding, "I ought to have called him Mr. Wray, but it was not considered bad manners to call people by their Christian names in our dale. I think the vicar was the only person of whom we did not speak familiarly."

"A very primitive sort of place truly. I daresay Mr. Gibson is a St. Bees man?"

"Indeed, no," I replied. "He is Oxford; he was of Caius College, I know."

"But that was many years ago, and the Oxford of Mr. Gibson's youth was not the Oxford of to-day, not even of my own time. Besides, leading the secluded life he led among the hills, and without associates of his own class, I can easily imagine that he let many things slip. Scholarship, like other things, gets rusty and decays if it is not continually scoured. How old is Mr. Gibson?"

"I do not know, sir; but he has been Vicar of Eaglesmere five-and-thirty years, and before that he was curate in another country place. He is younger than Martin—I mean Mr. Wray—but I cannot tell how much; he looks nearly as old. He is very little, and thin, and stoops, and his hair is quite grey. He always stayed in Eaglesmere, except, now and then, when he went to visitations at Carlisle or to Kendal for a day. He was a very kind man, sir, and in some things I am sure he is clever."

"I do not doubt it. Do not imagine that I wish to depreciate your old tutor; I merely wish you to understand that his method

is by no means the method we follow here, and that you will have to begin again at the beginning, and to be very sure of your ground as you proceed. You will have to be *accurate*; it will not serve you to know things in a general sort of way. If you begin life among the shallows, you will probably never learn to swim in deep waters. Take my advice, Travis—it is the advice I give to every new pupil. Do all that you do thoroughly, and with all your heart; never pass by anything you do not fully understand; because, being quick, as I perceive you are, you readily seize upon the general meaning of a passage, do not fancy that your work is done! I do not care about boys beginning with spirited translations; they must keep as nearly to the original as possible. An easy, flowing style will come presently, all in good time; but for the present be accurate! be accurate! be accurate!”

And, as I afterwards discovered, accuracy was the mainspring of the doctor's teaching, and consequently of that of the entire staff of Stoketon masters. We were never allowed to slur a difficulty; we had to give a reason for every statement. In the old time, when parsing with Mr. Gibson, I used to say a substantive was in the ablative case. I could not tell exactly why, but somehow I knew it was, and my tutor was contented. But now I was required to prove my assertion, to quote the proper rule with its exceptions, and to show, to the last point of agreement, how it came to act upon my ablative. I could have construed half a page or more of *Entropæus* or *Cæsar* with Mr. Gibson while I was hammering away at a single line of the *Delectus* with the doctor, or with the sixth-form master, Mr. Thornaway.

But before I left the doctor's study that morning he asked me what I had learned from Mr. Wray. I told him as nearly as I could, and though he heard me with courteous gravity I could see his dark eyes twinkling as with suppressed amusement. “All very well,” he replied; “all very good in its way, and after its kind; but too diffusive—too loose, in fact. And it seems to me that, for a boy of your age, you have read a great many novels!”

“Yes,” I replied, with some pride; “there is nothing I like so well as reading.”

“Very well! very well! Books, like religion, will preserve you from a thousand snares if you take to them while you are young. The love of learning, the passion for literature, can never be acquired when youth is past. The mind is nourished by reading and *thinking* just as the body is sustained by eating, drinking, and digesting. Do you like jam-tarts?”

“Yes, sir,” I replied promptly, but very much amazed at the unexpected and seemingly irrelevant question.

"Should you like them for breakfast, and dinner, and supper—in short, whenever you were hungry, or wished to eat?"

"Oh, no, sir; I should be tired of them, and I think I should be ill."

"I think you would fall into a very unhealthy condition: your body would not properly develope; its functions would be impaired; you would become heavy, dull, languid. Your blood would become vitiated, corrupt humours would appear, and presently your medical adviser would inform you that you must change your diet, or become a miserable, weak dyspeptic. Do you not think it would be so?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, 'greatly puzzled, for he spoke so earnestly that I could not suppose him to be jesting. "But, sir, I assure you I very seldom eat jam-tarts, and not too much of them at any time."

"I am rejoiced to hear it, because I feel assured you will be equally reasonable as regards your mental repasts. You are eating,—no *devouring*—too many, by far too many intellectual *jam-tarts*!"

I began to perceive his drift.

"Come now," he continued, kindly,—“am I not correct?"

"Do you mean novels and tale-books, sir?"

"That is precisely what I do mean. It seems to me that you have fed your mind so exclusively on fiction that it has fallen into an unhealthy state. It cannot even properly digest and assimilate the food upon which it must chiefly depend for its full growth and prosperity,—you are doing yourself an injustice, Travis."

"Mr. Gibson liked good novels, sir; he lent me all that he had,—no, not quite all. Once I took down a book called the '*Decameron*,' and he refused to let me have it. And after that I never saw it again."

"I am glad he made some exceptions; that was not a jam-tart, Travis, that was *poison*!—poison disguised as a sweetmeat. As you grow older such poison will fall in your way; wicked or foolish associates will even press it upon you; but as you value your soul's health, put it from you. Never, till you are at least twenty-five years old, read a book in solitude which you would hesitate to read aloud to your elders. Never read it at all, unless you have a purpose in view, such as mature manhood, Christian manhood need not disavow. But in your youth shun it, dread it, as you would a nest of deadly serpents. But tell me, if you do not object, what are the books you have chiefly read?"

"All Sir Walter Scott's novels," I replied, promptly, "and nearly all his poems. Miss Edgeworth's tales, and the '*Castle of Otranto*,' and the '*Castle of Udolpho*,' and the '*Romance of*

the Forest,' and the 'Spy,' and the 'Pioneers,' and the 'Pilot,' and—a lot more. I have just finished reading the 'Scottish Chiefs.'

"Upon my word you have a marvellous capacity for jam-tart ; I wonder you do not get tired of them. And the jam of some of these tarts is made of very crude, unripe, unwholesome fruit. Now you know when any particular kind of food has made you ill, it is wise to refrain from it entirely for a while, and to return to it in due season *with caution* ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now I think your unrestrained novel-reading has done you some harm, and I want you,—mind, I do not command you, I leave it to your own good sense,—I want you to give up all novels and story-books for the present. You can return to them again in due time, and they will not be injurious if wisely chosen and not indulged in to excess. Fiction, good fiction, will not hurt you when you have laid up a store of sound, indispensable facts ; as it is your views of history are of the vaguest, wildest kind. History and romance are so blended in your mind that you do not know which is which, and I have no doubt you believe in Brian de Bois Guilbert and Cedric the Saxon as implicitly as you believe in Richard Cœur de Lion and John Lackland."

I was afraid I did, but I said nothing, only I promised that I would forego literary jam-tarts for at least a season, and devote myself heart and soul to the studies in which I was about to engage. I wondered at the time how the doctor knew so well what I had been reading, since assuredly Mr. Drew, who conducted the negotiation, could not have told him ; and Martin, like many other uneducated persons, thought it was all right so long as I had a book in my hand. I afterwards discovered that the Marchioness herself had written to Dr. Richardson, and I had been very frank with her, giving at her request quite a long list of the books that I had read, and discussing at some length my favourite scenes and characters. And she had said, "I am glad you love books, Hugh, and glad that you have read so much and remember so well, but I think it is time you had a change."

I soon rose from the bottom of the form to the top, and my classmates consequently began to regard me with some respect. Also I began to know the boys in the head-master's house, and to consort with the younger ones. The elder ones, who were almost young men, seemed nearly as grand and awful as the masters themselves. About the end of the week I began to be intimate with several lads of my own age, and I was taken into confidence, and told the nick-names of the different masters, and initiated into certain bye-laws passed and strictly enforced by the pupils themselves. There were

two boys in the fifth form, Roger Blake and Charlie Craven, with whom I speedily consorted. Blake was scarcely older than myself; Craven was two years my senior.

Let me pause for a moment here to speak of Craven, my childish favourite, my friend, my brother, to whom I owe so much. School friendships are rare; but when they do occur, and are true, genuine friendships, not mere fluctuating alliances, they are among the very firmest bonds which men acknowledge. Charlie Craven was my first friend, my best friend; his influence over me always was for good, and his nature in some sort swayed mine from the hour we first met under the tall elms in the School-close at Stoketon till the heavy day when I watched the familiar face fading in the shadow of that great Presence who will some day come to me as it has come already to so many whom I love.

Charlie Craven was a splendid boy to look at. He was fair as the morning; his features were fine and expressive, his chestnut curls clustered round a broad, white forehead, and his beautiful soul shone out from his lustrous dark blue eyes. And yet there was nothing effeminate in his looks; his beauty was essentially of a manly type; he was frank, bold, fearless, full of fun, and always ready for a daring exploit, provided it did not clash with his sense of honour, which was scrupulously fine. He was truthful to a proverb, for if in the school any difference of opinion arose, or the testimony of any one was doubted, he was at once referred to by both masters and boys: "Ask Craven," his schoolfellows would say, "he saw it, he can tell." "Craven, I trust to you for the whole truth," I have heard Dr. Richardson say more than once on occasions when conflicting statements were perplexing him. He was the universal favourite; I think all in that great house loved him. I am sure all esteemed him, even the cowards and the sneaks, who of course were not wanting in so promiscuous an assembly; and I am proud to think that among all these friends and allies I speedily became his dearest and most intimate companion. Of late years I have known men of rank and men of literature; I have been the associate of some whose name is mighty even among the great ones of the earth; my name has been linked with theirs; I have taken an honourable standing among them, but still I am proud to know that, even in the days of boyhood, Charlie and I called each other friends, and that to the very last we were friends, fast and true.

Ay, and we are friends still, though the shadowy stream that divides the shores of the two worlds flows between us, and though the veil that darkens the far beyond—if, indeed, it be far, and not not very near, as some have thought—hides him and those with whom he now dwells from my dim sight. Of one thing I am per-

suaded: over the river, beyond the veil, in the heavenly country, he "waits and watches for me." When I too am summoned to that glorious but mysterious land may my soul be calm and fearless as his soul was ere it winged its flight across the sea of death; may my hope be as bright, my faith as steadfast, my repose as sweet as his, who knew in whom he trusted, and that He, His God, His Saviour, would keep that which was committed to Him till the blessed day of the restitution of all things.

I have said so much because henceforth Craven mingles with my story, and because it is very sweet to me to speak thus of one whom I loved and honoured more than any other man.

CHAPTER XIII.—A MOTHER'S RIGHTS.

Once settled at school, the time passed rapidly; though not overworked, we were kept pretty closely to our studies, and in recreation time we were expected to play with a will, and to carry on our games with vigour. Our rules were few but strictly enforced. The doctor disliked corporal punishment, nevertheless he inflicted it whenever he believed it to be necessary; and though I never had the honour of undergoing a thrashing at his hands, I am sure his castigations must have been no child's-play; since he flogged as he did everything else—very thoroughly, and to the purpose. He used to say that he infinitely preferred one sound thrashing to half a dozen small canings, which vexed and irritated the lads without really punishing them, and only tended to harden them, and to dull the sense of shame which it is of so much importance to preserve alive and keen. The under-masters were not allowed to administer this special discipline; no one flogged, save the doctor himself, and I am bound to say it was only in extreme cases that he resorted to the cane, and always with sincere reluctance. During the four years I spent at Stoketon, I remember not half a dozen thrashings, and there were never less than from three to four hundred boys in the school. It was only for the very gravest moral offences that boys were thus punished; lying was always dealt with most severely, and at the same time the doctor was most anxious, and on his subordinates he succeeded in impressing the same anxiety—that no lad should be *frightened into a lie*! Mere equivocation or thoughtless denials of fact he would pass over with grave rebuke, or with earnest expostulation. He would say, "I am sure you could not intend to deceive; you had not time to think; it was very weak of you, and weakness unless conquered always turns to wickedness; but for the present I prefer to believe that you sinned more in the hurry of the moment than from evil intent. Only remember that a habit of untruthfulness is very

quickly established, and once established, the boy, and nearly always the man, is hopelessly dishonoured. This one thing I ask, I entreat of you all, that you tell me the truth, and that you speak the truth to all the masters, and among yourselves. Be gentlemen, or rather be Christians, then you cannot fail to be all that your best friends can wish."

But the deliberate lie was never condoned, and if it were persisted in, especially in the higher forms, expulsion was the consequence. In such cases the offender pleaded, parents and friends remonstrated in vain. "No!" the doctor would steadily reply; "I cannot, I dare not keep him here to demoralise the school. I must not give him another chance, lest I diminish the chances of three hundred other boys." And on one occasion when a very shameful lie had been told to conceal a very shameful fact, he indignantly exclaimed before the assembled school, "Gentlemen, we are dishonoured! It is known that lying and cheating have prevailed among us, yet we know not who lies or who cheats. Till the mystery is cleared up, till the stain is removed, we are all dishonoured, I and my assistants, and yourselves, from the oldest to the youngest, from the first form to the last. Gentlemen, shall we remain thus degraded? I appeal to you; I need your support; I call upon you to aid me to put away this evil thing from our midst that we may stand as of old—'*Sans peur et sans reproche*!'"

Like the great Arnold, our doctor placed absolute confidence in the assertions of any boy whose veracity remained unimpeached, and he never permitted strong or repeated affirmations or denials.

On your honour, sir?" he would sometimes say to a boy whose statement seemed rather dubious. And if the lad replied, "On my honour," or, "my word, sir," it was quite enough, and no more questions were put. Thus only the vilest dared to tell Dr. Richardson a falsehood; only the very meanest and basest souls, who would have been mean and base under any circumstances, condescended to deceive so noble a candour, so transparent an integrity.

Of course the school had its disadvantages, like other public schools. We were not faultless; and, in spite of our doctor's grand, wise government, we had our weak points, our dark spots, our wanderings from righteousness. Still I believe that a public school is nearly always to be preferred to a private one; the temptations of the latter are of a different class, but they are temptations notwithstanding; indeed, it seems impossible that any large community to some extent isolated from the rest of the world—a little world of itself, in fact, whether it be composed of men or women, of boys or of girls—can be exempt from certain perils and certain snares peculiar to its very existence and to its unavoidable

constitutions. As a rule,—of course there are exceptions, and perhaps you will think that I am unduly prejudiced in favour of the system under which I was educated; but, as a rule, I have found that public schools turn out an average number of gentlemen and private schools an average number of snobs.

I spent every Saturday and Sunday at Dovercourt, and I went up to the Castle every Sunday evening, and saw the Marchioness alone. We had what we both called "very nice talks," and I was always encouraged to tell everything about myself and about my companions as connected with myself, though any approach to small gossip or anything at all like tale-bearing was invariably repressed. I was questioned, too, about my progress, and exhorted to make good use of my opportunities. On my first visit I confessed to feeling disappointed at finding myself at the very bottom of the school. The Marchioness smiled and replied, "It is a disappointment that will not hurt you. Trust me, you will be rather glad of it some day. But, Hugh, I am not at all surprised."

"Did you think, then, I was such a dunce?" I asked, a little mortified.

"No, my boy; I never thought you a dunce; you are very far from a dunce, Hugh; for, like your father, you have excellent capacities, and may learn almost anything you choose. But your education was quite of too desultory a character; there was not sufficient method in your studies, and the general knowledge which you acquired from your private reading needed arrangement, to say the least of it. You knew a good many things hazily, not clearly; also—do not be vexed, my dear boy,—but I quickly perceived that you over-rated your own acquirements; you fancied that you knew much more than you really did. It was quite natural; it was not your fault; you were left too long to the solitary life of Eaglesmere, and it was not good for you living entirely with people whose involuntary ignorance led them to rank your superior knowledge infinitely beyond its deserts. All sorts of wealth are comparative, you must observe. Martin was a scholar compared with some of the unlettered dalesmen about him, you were far before Martin, Mr. Gibson was far before you, old-fashioned as his learning was, and the standard of scholarship at Stoketon is infinitely beyond that of Mr. Gibson. As regards intellectual attainment, Hugh, let it be a rule with you never to measure yourself with your inferiors or with your equals in learning. Little Phœbe, in travelling south, was astonished to find how large a place the world actually was; you are beginning to discover how much is required of a man, even of a boy, in these comprehensive days if he would take any place in the society to which he naturally belongs."

"Ah! I remember when Martin told me that he could teach me

no more book-learning, I thought myself very far advanced indeed! I was shocked to find that Mr. Gibson considered that my education was yet to begin. But he *did* teach me a good many things; it was only that he let me run over my Latin in a slovenly way."

"I am sure he taught you much that will be very useful. I am quite satisfied with what he has done, and with what he has been to you—a friend rather than a tutor."

Then I told my lady that I was to read no more story-books for the present, and I made her laugh about the jam-tarts. She entirely agreed with the doctor, and asked me if I confined myself entirely to lesson-books. "Oh, no," I replied, "the doctor has lent me a book out of his own library, 'D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation;' and, do you know, I find it *nearly* as interesting as a novel. I am not sure but that the part about Luther is as good as anything in 'Ivanhoe,' or 'The Talisman,' and his appearing before the Diet of Worms is quite equal to the tournament in the novel. I was so sorry to put it down when the preparation-bell rang! And then, all of a sudden, he is shut up in the Castle of the Warzburg, just like a real romance! and for a long time one hears only rumours about him. The doctor asked me how I liked my new reading, and I told him, 'Extremely! It was almost, if not quite, as nice as the forbidden jam-tarts: Indeed, I almost thought it must be jam-tart of a different sort.'"

"What did he say?"

"He smiled in that grave, pleased way of his, and said, 'No, Travis, it is very good, wholesome *cake*! Your mental palate is so accustomed to sweets that I thought it best to give you something which should at once please your appetite and improve your taste. It will not do to confine you entirely to the porridge and the bread-and-cheese and beef of your actual hard studies. Do not hurry with "D'Aubigné." I shall not expect you to finish it before Christmas.'"

"And you are content to follow his counsel?"

"Quite; he is so kind. I cannot tell you, lady, how kind he is to me; but I wish——I wish——"

"Tell me what you wish. Never hesitate to tell me all your heart: What is it that you desire? If it can be, it shall be."

"I wish——Martin would be very angry with me if he heard me say it—but I do wish I might be called by my right name."

The Marchioness turned very pale, and sank back in her chair. I was afraid I had vexed her—pained her even—for her lovely features assumed an expression of sudden and intense suffering, and she sighed very deeply before she answered me. Then she said, in a choked sort of voice—"Travis is your name: It comes

to you from your mother's family, and it was given to you in baptism by your father's express desire."

"But then," I said, wistfully, "one does not go by one's Christian name only. And I do so love the name of Vassall."

"So do I, Hugh. It is a beautiful name, a good, true, honoured name! A thousand times better than Dovercourt or Walton." And I could have fancied that she spoke in scorn of her lord and of her own lofty title. "But, Hugh, there are reasons why you cannot at present be called Vassall; they will not exist always; there will come a time when you may call yourself by your full name again. Only have patience, dear child; have patience and trust me. Would you like to leave Dovercourt?—to go far away, quite away, where you would not see me again for years—perhaps never more?"

"Indeed and indeed, lady, I should not! Since I knew you I seem to have found my mother, and all those longings after my real mother, who left me when I was a baby, are gone; I am quite content to have only you. But who would, who *could* send me away? Who has power over me? Martin would not do it, and there is no one else who has the shadow of right to interfere with me. Is there anybody here who is or who was my father's enemy?"

"There are people here to whom the name of Vassall was once most hateful. So much I can tell you. There were reasons—I do not say justifiable reasons; you will judge for yourself some day. Those people exacted a promise that the objectionable name should never be mentioned in their hearing. I do not say it was right to exact such a promise, still less would I say it was right to give it. But, Hugh, it *was* given. It is quite possible that the persons to whom I refer have by this time forgotten all about it; if they heard your name it *might* not be remembered, and as it is, though uncommon, not strictly peculiar, there might be no connection, in the minds of those who heard, between yourself and the persons whom they desired to forget. Yet I think it wisest, Martin thinks it wisest, not to incur any danger, any unpleasantness."

"Would the danger be to myself?"

"In a certain sense, yes. It is greatly to your interest that you should be unrecognised here."

"And it would grieve you, lady, if it were discovered by these people that I am Captain Vassall's son?"

"It would grieve me deeply because of consequences. It would make me more unhappy than I have been since—since I had some heavy troubles that came upon me years ago. I should be most miserable. Hugh, darling, I know it is much to ask of you, and I have not a mother's rights."

"If you had not said that," I interrupted, "I should have

thought you had. Wild as it seemed, I began to think you really were my mother, my very own mother, the wife my dead father loved so well. And yet—and yet—you never would have deserted me; besides, you are Marchioness of Dovercourt. And now, too, you say plainly you have *not* a mother's rights."

"I repeat it, Hugh. I have not a mother's rights."

She spoke quite calmly, but she was very pale; so pale that I feared she would faint, and I rushed for water and a smelling-bottle, as I had done on a previous occasion.

"Oh, have I made you angry?" I said at last, sorrowfully, for though she quickly recovered she sat grave and silent, not even looking at me, though I knelt at her feet and steadfastly regarded her. "I ought not to have said it," I continued. "Of course I *knew* it was only my own foolish fancy. And yet you told me to say to you, and to no one else, what I thought about things. I will never say it again; I will not even think it."

"I am not angry," she replied, with a sob in her voice; "not at all angry, dearest boy. I was very silly, wishing for what cannot be. I was wishing I had you for my son; wishing vainly, and therefore foolishly, that I had a mother's rights."

"But you can have them if I give them to you," I exclaimed, eagerly. "I will be your son in all but the reality, if you will let me, and I will obey you in everything. May it be so, dear lady?"

A lovely delicate rose-flush tinged her pale cheeks, and a light that seemed born of mingled joy and tenderness beamed in her sweet violet eyes, while she answered, "Yes, yes, it is what I wish. I have said it before. I will be your mother, my son, my dearest son."

"I must not be your *dearest*," I said, lightly; "there is Lord Felixstowe."

"Ah, for the moment, I forgot him. But there is room in my heart, Hugh, for both you and him. I want you to know more of my younger children. I should like you to be kind to Felixstowe."

The idea of being kind to the little Earl, the future Marquis of Dovercourt, rather confounded me. How could I, poor obscure Hugh Vassall, show kindness to a great nobleman, as the little Felixstowe would be, nay, was? For Philip Henry Augustus Frederic Walton was right *nobly born*. The blood of half the aristocracy of England was in his baby veins, for the Dovercourts counted kindred with many a lordly house and claimed even royalty itself as "distantly connected." And to one of such birth, and pedigree, and future state *she* "wished me to be kind." I could not fathom it; it was altogether incomprehensible. Only after I was in bed that night I thought of the fable of the Lion and the Mouse, and reflected that even so insignificant a personage as I

was, the son of a sea captain and of the pretty country lass he had made his wife, might yet be useful in some humble way or other to the little lord. And it would be so much happiness, so much honour to be useful to *her* child. For as regarded Lady Dovercourt my enthusiasm knew no bounds. By turns I regarded her with the chivalric devotion of a boy-lover, with the filial tenderness of an only son, with the reverential affection of a devotee to his patron saint; and sometimes it was with a mingling of all three that I approached her presence or thought about her; for I thought about her incessantly, but never talked of her—no, not even to Martin, who seemed quite satisfied that it should be so; nor to Margery, who on her part was somewhat huffed that I did not retail to her my castle experiences.

I said I should like to be kind to Lord Felixstowe if I could, and the Marchioness played with my curls and looked fondly in my face.

"And Lady Maude?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; you must be good to Maudie, my dear little girl. I have been thinking—we shall be quite alone this Christmas—I should like you, and Phœbe of course, to come up here for several days. Maude likes to have Phœbe to play with. Would *you* like it, Hugh?"

"Oh! so much."

"I do not see why it should not be. I will talk to nurse and to Sophie. Sophie has quite a passion for dressing Phœbe because she is so pretty, and, as she says, '*si gentile! si bien gentile!*' And of course I shall ask Martin. Yes, why should we not have a happy Christmas together? But I hope Martin and Margery will not feel hurt."

"I do not think they will; they never thought anything of Christmas beyond the regular service in the Church. People in the north do not keep Christmas, I think."

As indeed they did not, so far as I knew. Eaglesmere went dutifully to church in the morning, and then the observance of the day ended. There was no decking of church or house with holly, no mistletoe bush to allure the lads and lasses, no roast beef even except at the Vicarage, where Dame Foster also made what she called a plum pudding, which I was always privileged to taste, and which I have since discovered to be altogether unworthy of taking rank as an orthodox Christmas pudding. I have never studied cookery, but experience leads me to conclude that the principal ingredients in Mrs. Foster's annual production were *suet and treacle*. The truth being that the good creature was a daleswoman born and bred, and in those parts the plum pudding was scarcely traditional.

Margery always made what *she* called a "Christmas pudding;" she made it with great solemnity, and Phœbe and I duly appreciated it. It was nothing more nor less than a huge rice pudding made with plenty of new milk, well sweetened with coarse brown sugar, seasoned with abundance of spice, cinnamon predominating, and glorified with plums, which Phœbe and I were always expected "to stone." And stone them we did to our heart's content, but as we preferred them in the state in which they arrived from the grocer's, I am afraid the pudding was considerably muloted in the matter of plums. However, as Margery sagely said, if we ate them out of the pudding we could not have them in it, and bairns would be bairns. The making of that marvellous Christmas pudding always put Margery into the most amiable of moods. The sugar which she used so lavishly seemed to interpenetrate her whole being, and she was gracious to everybody, only scolding Martin just a little, lest he should think her *fey*.

"Then for my sake," said the Marchioness, after the Christmas project had been talked over, "you will be content to be Hugh Travis only?"

"Quite content, since you say it is best."

"My dear boy, it is best. Now be quite happy, and I—will always call you Hugh Vassall when we are quite alone. But you must go; it is getting late. Good night, Hugh Vassall."

Such were my Sunday-night visits. All this time the Marquis was away somewhere—in the uttermost parts of the earth for aught I knew or cared. Lady Olive and her governess were still on a visit to the maternal aunt of the former, and Lady Julianæ Rashleigh had not yet returned from Dieppe, whither she had betaken herself early in October.

CHAPTER XIV.—LADY OLIVE.

Phœbe and I went to the Castle on Christmas-eve, and we were taken, as on the occasion of our first visit, to Mrs. Miller's room, where we found Mr. Drew, the house-steward, Mr. Spanker, the butler, Mam'sell Sophie, and our old friend Mr. Duckett.

"They were all sitting round the fire when we entered, except Mr. Drew, who was buttoning up his great-coat preparatory to his cold ride across the park; for it was a real orthodox Christmas-time, and the snow lay silvery white upon the ground.

"How d'ye do, Travis?" said Mr. Drew, familiarly. Though I did not like the man, I had somehow become intimate with him. He was fond of talking to me on various subjects. He affected to treat me as much older than I really was, and though I could not, for the life of me, help entertaining a curious distrust of him, I

felt secretly flattered by his smooth and complimentary discourse.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Drew," I answered. "May I wish you a merry Christmas?"

"As many as you please, Travis! As for you, you are sure to enjoy yourself as my Lady's guest."

"Lord Felixstowe's guest," corrected Mrs. Miller.

The steward drew his riding-whip slowly through his fingers, and smiled a queer sort of smile. He had far-seeing little black eyes, deeply set under the shaggiest of eyebrows, and just then they twinkled with an undefinable expression. He looked at me over his spectacles; gold-rimmed they were, and he was seldom without them, and said, "Ah, yes, very kind of the little Earl! But he is rather aspiring in his choice of playfellows, don't you think?"

"Aspiring!" said Mr. Duckett. "As how, Mr. Drew? Now, begging Master Hugh's parding, and I'm sure he'll agree with me, I should say—*condescending!*"

"I meant with regard to age," drily returned Mr. Drew. "Travis is more than twice as old as our young Lord, and I should think nursery games and baby chatter were scarcely in Travis's way."

"Oh! Master Travis will be with my Lady; he entertains her much," said Sophie. "She has grown quite affectionate towards him. *La petite Phébé* will play with my Lord, and with leetle Lady Maude. Miladi Maude is in eagerness for your arrivement, Mees Phébé, who has watched for you across the park ever since she has dined. And she have a beautiful new doll to show you, and its *toilette* is ravishing—*superbe!* I do assure you. I did it myself; it is a *poupée*—that is, a doll—of extraordinary merits. Also I have a lovely *toilette* for you, *ma petite ange!* Miladi choose it herself. It is necessary that we try it on. The sash is wide—*comme ça!*"—holding her hands about twelve inches apart—"and *bleu!*—*bleu* like the sky, and like your *beaux yeux, ma petite!* *Allons!* *Bon-jour, Monsieur Drew!* Remember me, I pray you, on the *Jour de l'An;*" and Sophie carried off Phœbe to the nursery quarters, and the little girl went well contented. She had grown very fond of the good-natured Sophie, and she was picking up little bits of French with amazing facility, much to Martin's admiration and to Margery's annoyance, for it was her settled opinion that no good could ever come out of France. The hostile sentiments with which in the commencement of the present century we Britishers regarded our neighbours across the Channel had lingered in the lonely dales and valleys of the far North long after it had faded from the minds of English people

generally, and Margery clung pertinaciously to the cherished dogmas of her youth. To her thought the French were innately bloodthirsty, treacherous, and licentious—"a nation of assassins, liars, and adulterers," as she calmly assured Mr. Duckett, who talked fluently about his Parisian experiences and declaimed against our insular prejudices. And to learn their language was next door to learning their ways, she maintained; Mam'sell Sophie might be a decent girl, she looked like one, she acknowledged, but still she was *French*, and she wished she was far enough from Phœbe, that was all. Martin however overruled the old lady's objections so far as to restrain her from actually interfering, though, in consequence, he had to suffer something in the way of reproaches on the score of his own unfaithfulness as a religious professor and a son of the Established Church, and also to listen patiently or impatiently, according to his mood, to certain doleful prophecies as to what "the end of it all would be."

"We sall see! we sall see!" she cried, sitting in her chair of state, and nodding her head sagaciously.

"Nae!" said Martin, with stolid humour; "nae, woman! ye wunna see, for ye'll be gane to glory lang afore that. Ye clane forget that ye're *seventy-fower*!" a fact of which poor Margery, as we know, hated to be reminded, and of which she was kept in perpetual remembrance by her ungallant old spouse. She was right in one particular, it did Phœbe no good to be continually lauded for her prettiness, and already the little girl was giving herself the airs of a conscious beauty, and displaying a precocious taste for finery. As for her old Eaglesmere frocks and bonnets, she protested against putting them on, and wept bitterly, and kept as much as possible out of sight when compelled by her inflexible grandmother to wear them.

Poor little Phœbe! she did look very lovely that evening when she came down into the crimson-drawing-room with Lady Maude and Lord Felixstowe; Sophie, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, the head nurse, following in the rear. Phœbe wore a plain white frock, of course, but it was fine, and soft, and gauzy with beautiful embroidery round the bottom and the sleeves. The vaunted blue sash was indeed very handsome and of the loveliest cerulean tint; ribbons of the same delicate hue tied up the sleeves and snooded the lovely golden ringlets, and blue kid boots encased the tiny feet. What with the shiny curls, the lily and rose complexion, the azure eyes, the sylph-like form, and the elegant *toilette*, Sophie might well say she was "*charmante comme une véritable fée*." And Phœbe knew as well as did the Marchioness that *charmante* meant charming, and that *fée* was equivalent to fay or fairy. She was beginning to have an insatiable appetite for flattery, and she liked compliments in

French quite as well as in English, and perhaps a little better. If she could not always exactly translate them, she caught their general meaning with wondrous aptitude.

Lady Maude was a few months younger than Phœbe, but quite as tall. She was a very handsome child, with a clear olive skin, ruby lips, rich, black, silken hair, and dark, lustrous eyes. A greater contrast to Phœbe and to her own little brother could not be well imagined. But Phœbe was probably as pretty as she ever would be, while the glorious beauty which distinguished Maude in after years was only dimly foreshadowed in her budding, childish charms. She too wore a white frock, but there was something about it more elaborate than Phœbe's, and her sash, and ribbons, and shoes were scarlet, or crimson, or carmine—I am not sure which—but they accorded well with the carnation bloom upon her cheeks, and with the carved coral necklace and pendant round her shapely little neck.

Lord Felixstowe was the sort of little boy that ladies call “a love” and “a darling.” He was fairer than Phœbe; his skin was of marble-like whiteness, his features perfect, and his violet eyes and golden-brown hair exactly resembling those of his beautiful lady mother. In fact, he was as like the Marchioness as he could be in feature and complexion, but her rather peculiar expression he had certainly not inherited. Perhaps, though, such a baby can scarcely be said to have any fixed expression. He was a sweet, engaging child, docile and loving, but with a spirit of his own nevertheless; a fine, promising little lad, that any man might have been proud to call son and heir—that any mother might have rejoiced to fondle as her own.

The nurse and Sophie went away, and we were left alone with the Marchioness. She was in excellent spirits that evening; she sang to us, she played with us, she told us wonderful stories till it was time for Lord Felixstowe to be borne away to bed. He pouted and fretted a little at first, but it was long past his usual bed-time, and, as Mrs. Fitzgerald said, “the longer he stayed the longer he would want to stay till he grew fractious with weariness.” Finally the Marchioness carried him away in her own arms, promising him that she would undress him herself, and tell him stories till he went to sleep.

She turned as she left the room—a fair, fair picture, the exquisitely lovely young mother, with her lovely child clinging to her neck. Maude and Phœbe were very busy in arranging a beautiful bright case of *bon-bons* just arrived from Paris, and they had also a dissected map of England waiting to be put together. They were fully occupied with their playthings and with each other. The Marchioness pointed to a table on which were a reading-lamp, some

fine engravings, and several volumes of "Nature-printed Ferns;" there she thought I should find amusement till she returned.

I might have gone on being amused and edified till midnight had I not been interrupted. I was delighted with the engravings of foreign churches and cathedrals, Italian lakes, ruins of ancient Rome, and Alpine mountain-solitudes. I was hanging entranced over the Hospice of St. Bernard when the door opened, and I looked up to see if the Marchioness had returned, for I heard a rustling as of silk.

Not Lady Dovercourt, but Lady Olive, her step-daughter, the girl who had so strangely excited me when I saw her in church that first Sunday morning at Dovercourt! Though I had heard she might be expected home at Christmas, I had almost forgotten her existence. Nothing had been said about her that evening; indeed, I found afterwards that there had been a mistake; the Marchioness had understood that she was not returning till New Year's Eve.

Lady Olive walked in with an air, and went straight to the table where the two little girls were sitting with their arms intertwined and their faces very close together. "Well, Maude," said the elder sister, "I am come back again."

Maude sprang up to be embraced, but Lady Olive put her coldly away. "Don't, child," she said, in the tone of a young lady of fashion; "do you not see that your fingers are sticky? There! you are spoiling my lace-tucker."

Phoebe, in the meanwhile, was seized with a sudden fit of shyness. She was quite at home now at the Castle, but Lady Olive was a stranger, and though not much taller than herself, spoke and looked as if she were ten years older.

"Who is that child?" she demanded authoritatively of her sister.

Phoebe turned crimson, and the tears trembled in her eyes. I could willingly have shaken the young lady, notwithstanding all the chivalrous notions concerning the gentler sex which I had learned from Sir Walter Scott, and which had also been sedulously implanted by my old tutor Mr. Gibson.

"It is Phoebe Milner," replied Maude, rather astonished. She had grown so accustomed to Phoebe that she could not comprehend Olive's haughty unfamiliarity.

"Phoebe Milner!" And the slim neck drew itself up, and the haughty eyelids drooped. "Oh! the lodge-keeper's granddaughter! What is she doing here?"

Maude was silent with consternation. I marched quickly to the rescue.

"Phoebe Milner is here," I said, boldly, "because Lady Maude

wished for her company, and the Marchioness was so good as to invite her to spend Christmas at the Castle."

"Oh! oh! Indeed! Thank you!"

It is impossible to put into words the concentration of scorn that was in her words and in her look. She turned away to the fire, and compared her watch with the little French *pendule* on the chimney-piece; for the fairy clock was then ringing out one of its sweet, silvery-chiming quarters.

It was a quarter to nine; I always remember that. The little girls sat still, sorrowful and dismayed.

Having put away the pretty golden toy, and played with a diamond locket that flashed and glittered on the "lace tucker" she had spoken of, she turned suddenly, and came up to me close to where I was standing by the grand pianoforte. Her words fell slowly and distinctly—"Are you too invited—boy?"

"Certainly, Lady Olive, or I should not be here."

She eyed me with supreme disdain; then, in tones that seemed to freeze one like a breath from glacial regions, she said, "How dare you 'Lady Olive' me? Why do you not say 'my lady' like the rest of your equals? Just understand, boy, that I never permit impertinences, and that I always keep common people—vulgar boys, for instance—in their places."

"I am not a vulgar boy, *Lady Olive*."

"You dare talk to me! You *are* vulgar, I say; you are the old lodge-keeper's grandson; your parents were common people; you are lowly born!"

"Well, Lady Olive?" I was quite as cool as she, and to the full as self-possessed and haughty.

"Well? how dare you? *How dare you*, boy? I am *nobly born*."

"Indeed! Had you not told me so, Lady Olive Walton, I never should have guessed it."

"I will not stay a minute longer to be insulted by a beggar!" she cried, the tears flashing in her black eyes. "I will not stay in the Castle: I will go to my Aunt Juliana. I shall tell Miss Flogg to get ready this instant. Oh, you wicked, vulgar, dreadful boy!" And she swept out of the room and was gone, leaving an awful silence behind her.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE JEWS THINK OF THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE.

MR. DISRAELI, in his novels, has done himself credit by his manly pride in his race, whose illustrious history, great qualities, and picturesque characteristics, he never fails to introduce and enlarge upon. If it had been in his way he might have added some glimpses of their religious opinions which form the one unchanged and unchanging creed amidst all others around. The orthodox Jew of to-day is identical in his faith, even in its details, with his ancestor of the days of our Lord, if indeed he differ from his forefathers of a far earlier age. Jewish belief is embodied antiquity: the living presence amongst us of the immemorial past. Protestant and Romanist alike have their theories of development, but the creed of the Israelite, if it change at all, does so too slowly to let us note it. It is almost as fixed as the mountain glacier, which glides, indeed, constantly towards the plain, but by a motion insensibly small.

It is an old fancy of Pharisaic national vanity that God thinks more of the children of Israel than of all other races of men together. "All Israelites are children of the King," says Rabbi Simeon, just as the prophet in the fourth book of Esdras reminds God that "On our account Thou hast created the world," and that He has said that all the other nations sprung from Adam are nothing, and no better than spittle, or than the droppings of a cask. But, says he, "We are Thy people, whom Thou hast called Thy firstborn, Thine only begotten, and Thy firstborn."

This immeasurable national pride sprang directly from the relations of God to the Jews as the one people favoured with full and special revelation. We find it at its source in different parts of the Talmud. There were three things which Moses asked of God, we are told, and they were granted him—that the Divine Majesty should rest over Israel; that it should not rest over the other nations of the world; and that God would make him know His ways;—that the Jew might have the special glory of being the favourite of Jehovah.

Three kinds of revelation are recognised by the rabbis—the written, the traditional, and the still active inspiration found in their disciples and themselves. Adam, they say, had communications for the earliest of men, but it was to Noah that God first made Himself known as a Lawgiver, and from him, his sons, after the Flood, received the new announcements in the shape of seven commands—

to do justice, not to dishonour the name of God, to shun idolatry, to flee adultery and uncleanness, not to steal, and not to eat any flesh from a living animal—a code reminding us, to some extent, of the injunctions of the Council at Jerusalem sent to the heathen converts of the early Churches. The Gentile who keeps these precepts of Noah is held safe for the world to come.

But the revelation to Moses stands far above the simpler communications to Abraham, Noah, and the other patriarchs, in the estimation of the rabbis. With them Moses not only ranks as the first of the prophets but as equal in worth to all other men put together. Does not the Song of Solomon say (vi. 8), "There are threescore queens and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number, but my dove, my undefiled, is but one"—the "queens," says the Talmud, representing the myriads who came from Egypt; the "concubines" those born in the wilderness from twenty years old and upwards; the "virgins" those of more tender age; but the dove, the undefiled one, Moses, who is thus balanced against all the people besides. When Moses was dying, we are told, God commanded Gabriel to go and bring his soul to Him. But the angel answered, "O Thou Lord of the world, shall I see him die, who is worth all the sixty myriads of Israel? How could I anger one so mighty!" All other prophets looked into a darkened mirror; but Moses beheld the very glory of God. Others had dreams and visions, but Moses spoke to Him mouth to mouth, in reward, we are told, for his having put away his wife before he ascended the Mount and having lived in celibacy ever after. Whether he was above or below the angels is disputed, some holding that he was five steps above all other created beings, others quoting the text, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels" as proof that he was beneath the angelic orders, though above all his fellow-men. "Behold what honour," says Rabbi Jehuda, "God has given Moses. God, ever blessed, left the third heavens and came to Moses; the angels also came ministering and singing hymns before the prophet; the sun also came, and the moon, and the stars, that they might sing before him and have his leave that they might lighten the world. For if he had not granted it they could not have come forth nor shone." His name, "the man of God," is held to teach that he was human in the lower parts of his body, but Divine in the upper. "On the sixth day of the month Sivan, God, ever blessed, revealed Himself to Israel on Mount Sinai, and Mount Sinai was rooted out of its place, and the heavens opened, and the peak of the mountain reached into heaven, and darkness covered the Mount, and the Holy, Blessed One sat on His throne, and His feet were set on the darkness, as it is written, 'He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under His feet.'

And Moses stood with his feet on the Mount, but from his feet upwards he was wholly in heaven, as a man in a tent stands on the ground, but the tent spreads all around. And God, the Ever-blessed One, spoke with him face to face, as a man with his friend, and showed him all that had been and would be from the creation of all things to the resurrection of the dead." One is reminded, by such an unrolling of the Unknown, of Virgil and Milton. That God actually touched Mount Sinai, however, is disputed, for "the heavens are the Lord's, but the earth hath He given to the children of men." He might have come within ten handbreaths of the rock, but contact with it would have violated this text! The flames round about Him proclaimed that the law is like fire—to come too near is to be burned, to stand too far off is to perish with deadly cold. Through its presence on Sinai, fire plays a great part in the stories of the rabbis. The very reading of the law often brought it down. Here is an instance. "Abuja, one of the richest men in Jerusalem, invited a number of the chief citizens to the circumcision feast of his son, and, with them, two rabbis, Eliezer and Joshua. While the other guests drank, danced, and rejoiced, these two, who, from respect to their dignity, had been led into a separate chamber, busied themselves in reading the law. Then fell fire from heaven and surrounded the house. But Abuja, terrified at the sight, rushed into them, and asked the rabbis if they had come to burn his house. 'That be far from us,' said they; 'we have been reading the law, the prophets, and the other holy books—they are words of life; and fire has fallen from heaven and rested on them, as they came with fire on Sinai, for in fire were they given, as it is written, "The whole Mount burned." So it is told of Rabbi Simeon, son of Jochai, that when he was about to die, and had given his last lesson to his disciples, he lifted up his voice and wept. "When I was sick before," said he, "and thought I should die, though I rose from that illness, fire came round the house and kept burning, so that no one, without my leave, could enter; but now I see that the fire is gone, and the house is filled with men." Some scholars, less holy than others, had driven away the flame, but it returned when they left. The story of his death is given by one of his scholars. "I could not lift up my head," says he, "at his deathbed the light was so great. Through all the last day the flame never left the house, and no one could come near. When he was dead he was raised up into the air (ascending to heaven), and fire flamed before him."

But though God descended on Sinai, Moses did not receive the law from Him, but from the angels. It seems impossible to the rabbis that God Himself should have spoken human words, and hence the angels are called in as mediators, who repeated to the

prophet the commands they received from before His face, though it appears that they were not quite so willing to render him the honours accorded him as we might have supposed of such beings. "When Moses ascended into heaven," we are told, "the ministers of the sanctuary (angels) cried out before the Ever-blessed God, 'Lord of the world, what does the son of a woman do among us?' And God answered, 'He has come to receive the law.' The angels answered again, 'Dost Thou wish that treasure which has been hid with Thee from before the six days, for nine hundred and seventy-four generations before the world was made, to be given to a man born of flesh? What is man that Thou rememberest him, or a son of the earth that Thou shouldst regard him? O Lord, how great is Thy name in the whole earth, but retain Thou Thy glory in the heavens.' Then God, ever blessed, said to Moses, 'Answer them, Moses.' And Moses replied, 'Lord of the world, I am afraid lest they burn me with the breath of their lips.' But God answered, 'Lay hold of the throne of My glory, and then speak to them;' for it is written (Job xxvi. 9), 'Whoever touches His throne over him He spreads His cloud.' Then Moses continued, 'Lord of the world, in the law which Thou hast given me is it not written, "I am the Lord Thy God, who led thee out of the land of Egypt"?' Then, turning to the angels, Moses asked, 'Is it of you He says—you were in Egypt or served Pharaoh? What use then could the law be to you that you should strive to keep it in heaven? It is written further in the law, "Ye shall have no other gods:" do ye dwell among the Gentiles who worship other gods? What further is written? "Remember the Sabbath-day and hallow it." Do you labour, that you should rest?' . . . Forthwith all the angels began to bless God, the ever-blessed; for it is written, 'O Lord, how great is Thy name in all the earth,' but nowhere is it written, 'Keep Thou Thy Majesty in the heavens.' Then all the angels made friendship with Moses, and gave him gifts, as it is written: 'Thou hast ascended into heaven; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast accepted gifts for men.' Beyond doubt it was to atone to Moses for the wrong they had done him that Moses took gifts from the angels."

Scripture tells us that the Jews had to sanctify themselves before they approached the Mount, but the rabbis tell us that the appearance of God on Sinai cleansed the souls of all the camp from the taint of hereditary sinfulness derived from the Fall; for, is it not written (Cant. iv., 7), "Thou art fair, my love; there is no spot in thee"?

From Mount Sinai flowed down through all the ages after, we are told, the Spirit and power which rested on the prophets, and even that which inspired the rabbis themselves. "It is written

that 'the Word of the Lord was spoken into the hand of Malachi' (Hebrew Text), but, till he wrote, permission had not been given him to announce it"; that is, the spirit of Malachi was present at Sinai, and there received the oracles which he was to deliver after so many generations. The same notion is taught from the words in Isaiah: 'From the time that it was, there am I, and now the Lord God and His Spirit have sent me' (xlvi. 16). And as the prophets were thus present at Sinai, and received their prophecies there, so all the Wise who have risen in all generations received their wisdom at the same time; for is it not written (Deut. v. 22), 'These words spake the Lord God to all the congregation, with a loud voice, and added nothing'? This voice, adds Rabbi Jochanan, was divided into seven voices, and these into seventy languages—thus accounting for all possible variety in Jewish literature.

It was necessary to claim equality with the prophets to justify the honour demanded for the oral tradition which makes up the Talmud, and this could not be done unless pre-existence was claimed for the rabbis whose sayings form it, as well as for the writers of Scripture. The Law itself was older than the world; Sinai was only the *publication* of it, and it was binding for ever. "The Book of Deuteronomy, coming, prostrated itself before God, ever blessed, and said, O Lord of the world, in me hast Thou written Thy law; surely, then, a law doubtful in one point is doubtful in all. Lo, Solomon has desired to take from me a Yod" (the smallest letter of the alphabet). Then God, ever blessed, made answer, 'Solomon and a thousand such will perish, but My words shall not perish.' " Said Rabbi Honna, "The letter Yod, which God took from the name of our mother Sarai (Gen. xvii. 15). He gave, one half to Sarah, and the other half to Abraham"—the value of the letter taken being ten, and that of each of the h's added to the two names being five each. One tradition tells us that Yod laid a complaint of the change before God, and was answered that it had not been taken away, but was added to the name of Hosea, when it was changed to Joshua! To the Messiah alone was it possible to change a jot or a tittle, but till He comes all must be as it is.

The Jewish rules of interpretation are very different from our own. The fact that, as in Greek, numbers are expressed by letters gave rise to one. The arithmetical value of the letters of a word were added together, and the number put in its place, or another word, with a similar value, substituted for it. For example, it was by no means agreeable to Israelitish pride that it should be said that Moses had an Ethiopian wife—that is, as they thought, a negress—and therefore they changed the word which tells us the fact, for two others whose letters make up the same sum, and thus

proved that it should be understood that he married a woman "of a beautiful countenance." The same extraordinary system prevailed with the early fathers, as in the epistle of Barnabas, where Abraham is made to have circumcised his servants in the name of Christ, from their being three hundred and eighteen in number—the Greek letters for eighteen being the first letters of the name of our Lord, while that which stands for three hundred is T (Tau), which has the shape of the cross!

The second mode was to turn the single letters of a word into as many full words beginning with the same letters respectively. The names of David and the Messiah were thus found in that of Adam, and the doctrine was thus proved that the soul of the Messiah would pass through the persons of our first parent, and of the sweet singer of Israel. The single word "Naphtali," by this play on its letters, is turned into the sentence: "My prayer shall come before Jehovah in this place." Any fancy, however wild, could be based on such verbal trifling.

The third was the whim of dividing the alphabet in two, and changing any letter in the first half for the corresponding one in the other—the first for the last, the second for the last but one, and so throughout. The word "Sheschach"—the name of an unknown kingdom (Jer. xxv. 26, and li. 41)—is turned into "Babel" by this strange conceit, which, in this case, suits so well that it seems possible the prophet himself had used it to hide his meaning under a veil known only to his nation, as in Revelations, in the same mystical way, the number 666 is used as the hieroglyph of the Beast. Mystical interpretation, indeed, is a standing rule with the rabbis; so much so that some books of Scripture were kept from any but adults, as, for example, the Song of Solomon, which was not to be read by anybody under forty, and was classed with the comments in the Mischna on the mysterious secrets of "The Origin of Things," the "Building of the Temple," and of "Ezekiel's Cherubim," as in the strictest sense for the initiated only.

That the oral law—that is, the vast mass of tradition—was delivered at Sinai, is, as we have seen, a cardinal article of the rabbinical creed; but faith is still further taxed to believe that the commentary of that mound of chaff, interspersed with grains of wheat—the Gemara—had the same origin. In Exodus xxiv. 12, the tables delivered to Moses are made to stand for the ten commandments, the "law" for the canonical books; the word "commands" for the Mischna, or first part of the Talmud; the phrase "which I have written" for the prophets, and some other books of the Scripture; and the words "which thou shalt teach" for the Gemara, or the rabbinical commentary on the Rabbis.

"Since the close of the prophetic age," says the Mischna, "the

Urim and Thummim have ceased;" and on this the Gemara adds, "After the last of the prophets the Holy Spirit ceased to work, but the Daughter of the Voice remained." The stories of this mysterious sound are numerous. "Simeon the Just, standing near the Holy of holies, heard a voice come from it: 'The army of the enemy is destroyed, and his commands despised,' which proved a prophetic intimation of what had happened on the field of battle." Another time, it is related, that when some youths had marched from Antioch to the fight, the high-priest heard a voice from the sanctuary cry, "The youths have won the day;" and it was found that they had actually done so at the very hour when this came forth. The trouble is that these awful voices were not limited to such occasions only as might seem to justify them. They came to honour rabbis as readily as to announce the deliverance of the nation. The name—Bath Kol—is, indeed, given to much less miraculous incidents. For want of higher guidance it became common for a rabbi, when wishing to know whether he should take any special step—say, go on a journey—to ask his scholars to repeat a text which pleased them, and to accept any one that suited his wishes or circumstances at the moment, as a voice from God.

But the true Bath Kol still plays a lofty part in Jewish theology—a part true in spirit, if not in fact; for we are told that day by day a voice sounds from Mount Horeb, crying, "Woe to the sons of men, for they have despised the law of Jehovah."

"FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

II.

Of course every man either believes that he possesses, or wishes to possess—and certainly feels that he has a right to possess—the sort of wife whose portrait King Lemuel has so graphically drawn. We often hear it said that good mistresses make good servants, and that good wives make good husbands; and there is a great deal of truth in the pithy sayings and wise saws which people, especially of the humdrum species, are so unmercifully apt at quoting. As a whole they may be pretty safely accepted, but it will be well to bear in mind that there are very few of them, if any—save those which are of Divine origin—which are so entirely and obviously the truth as to stand in need of no explanations, and no qualifying clauses; and that good wives make good husbands is, to a great extent, an indubitable truth, subject, however, to

certain limitations, and to exceptions which are sometimes as startling as they are distressing.

But every coin, whatever be its value, has its reverse side, and every maxim is capable of diverse applications. It seems almost impossible to over-rate the influence of women upon men, above all the influence of wives, good, bad, and indifferent, upon their husbands. The influence of a wife is incalculable; whether it be for good or for evil, whether it be exercised directly or indirectly, voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or unconsciously, it sways to a greater or less degree the career of the man with whom she is associated in the closest and most indissoluble of bonds. There are very few cases in which the character of the man does not take complexion from that of the woman whom he has married; in some sense or other she makes him assuredly either better or worse. He may be a despot, and rule her with a rod of iron, and she may be the softest, meekest, and most plastic of her sex, yet will she bring to bear on him, and on his purposes, forces which are subtle as they are powerful, imperceptible as they are strong, and impalpable as they are binding.

But then for the other side of the picture. Is not the influence of the man also to be taken into consideration? Has he not it in his power to influence largely,—very largely, the woman to whom he is united? Her influence, as being silent and unseen, is perhaps the stronger in the end, yet who that knows anything of wedded life can deny that the man, in nineteen cases out of twenty, moulds, or rather re-moulds the character of his wife to an almost incredible extent? Take three sisters in their early womanhood; three who are strikingly alike in mind, and manner, and habit of feeling, as well as in personal appearance. Suppose two of the girls to marry, and one to remain single; and then meet them again after a lapse of many years—say a quarter of a century; meet them as matrons and spinster, and see what has become of the resemblance that was once so singularly close? The unmarried sister will be probably little altered; her virtues will shine brighter, her opinions will be deeper or broader, and her failings will be strengthened and intensified; but her virtues will be those of her girlhood, her opinions will be those of her youth, only modified by experience, and her failings will be just those against which she was warned in the old home-life, when the family circle was unbroken. The other sisters—the two wives—will be unlike the elderly maiden, as well as dissimilar from each other. They have a new set of ideas; they have formed entirely fresh opinions; their very nature is changed; they are scarcely the same women who five-and-twenty years ago stood at the marriage altar. The unwedded one has lived her own life, that is, her own inner life,

however wide or narrow her sphere, her round of duties, or her sympathies. She is essentially the same woman, grown better or worse, according to circumstances.

Not so the matrons ; another life has been blended with theirs ; they have become part and parcel of their husbands ; old things have passed away, gradually perhaps, so gradually that there has been no precise time of departure ; but still they are gone, old beliefs, old prejudices, old tastes, old fancies, and in their place reign other beliefs, prejudices, and tastes, and other fancies, which are the reflex of another mind. There will be just a family likeness between the three sisters, and nothing more, for the two married sisters, though meeting on some points, will diverge on others in proportion to the divergence of character of the two men to whom they belong.

The influence, then, is certainly not all on one side ; it would be childish to suppose it were, and yet essays have been printed, and sermons preached, and stories told, as if all the responsibility of influence rested on the woman's side. We women have made many terrible mistakes, there can be no doubt of it ; we have been denounced, and sneered at, and scolded, and reproached, and generally *Saturday Reviewed*, till we run the risk of becoming pachydermatous from the effects of such continuous scourgings. Like the eels we shall get used to flaying, and we shall grow stolid and impassive under the infliction, or else please ourselves at the expense of anybody and everybody, and cry *Vogue la galère !*

Seriously, we have brought upon ourselves very much of that of which we complain ; we have made ourselves such simpletons with our touselled and dyed hair, our outrageous costumes, and our lavish expenditure ; and we have so unsexed ourselves by our adaptation of slang, our affectations of fastness, and our assumption of such masculinities as pleased a depraved taste, that we cannot wonder at the men being utterly provoked, and taking up the cudgels rather ungallantly. That there is need for reform we candidly admit, and we have many of us cried *peccavi*, and humbly submitted to our chastisement. Some of us, too, doubtless on the principle of "the spaniel, the woman, &c.," have kissed the very hand that smote us ; but have we not had rather too much whipping ? If the abundant castigation we have received has not been unmerited, has it not been unfair ?—in some cases extremely unfair ? Truly we think so ! We feel that in some sense we are wronged, and we who do remember our faults this day, and earnestly desire to make amends, think nevertheless that we are often treated unjustly, inasmuch as we are told that the whole blame lies at our own door.

Women can bear a great deal if they are sure they are loved. One

passing caress of unmistakable tenderness, one little thoughtful attention, will frequently atone for a host of slights and a multitude of trivial unkindnesses. It is said, and I believe it is generally admitted, that women are *exigante*. Well, perhaps they are. But of this one thing I am certain—a woman is often accused of and taunted with *exigeance* when she simply wants her natural rights, and often only a very small portion of them. It is demanded of us women that we love truly, deeply, unselfishly, and eternally; and our masters have a full right to demand so much of us, since woman's love divided, selfish, fickle, and fleeting, is not worth having, and indeed cannot be counted as true love at all. Only we think we ought to get value received for our pure gold; if we give men of our very best ought we not to have their very best in return? If they take from us, as their due, rubies, emeralds, and pearls—our choicest, richest jewels—should they not let us, have their diamonds? In fine, if a man requires a wife far above rubies, or a sweetheart wholly devoted to himself and to his welfare, should he not be a husband better than diamonds? Should he not be a devoted, perfectly faithful, and considerate lover?

The grand mistake which men make in their treatment of women is that they confound passion with love. A man's love in too many cases seems to be made up of parentheses, of brief interludes of passion in alternation with long intervals of indifference. That man's love should be as absorbing as woman's we are not to expect; we ought not even to desire it; they have many things to divert them from the incessant contemplation of their affections; they have their work in the busy, bustling world; they have their cares, their worries, their ambitions, into which we, however sympathizing, however clear-headed, can never fully enter. And when a woman is angry because for her sake business engagements and business perplexities are not constantly set aside she is unreasonable, and well deserves her character of *exigeance*. Also, it is to be remembered that it is not in man's nature to love as absorbingly as woman, but he may love quite as strongly and quite as well. Indeed, a late writer on the subject declares that men love *better* than we love. She says—"We give the whole of our lives to love, they keep one portion of theirs for work, and another for ambition. Still, the half-measure of a gallon is more than the full measure of a pint, and weight for weight the man's love is greater than the woman's." As a rule I think it is not so, though in some instances it may be the truth. She further argues that while men are passionate, women are instinctive, and that passions are far more readily ruled by reason than instincts, because the one has periods of cessation, and the other remains invariable.

If we accept this doctrine it may explain much of which we com-

plain in our intercourse with men ; it may account for the seeming indifference with which we are occasionally regarded. Still, a woman does not like to be even apparently neglected by her husband ; without being at all exacting she may naturally claim from him something in return for the unceasing flow of her affection towards him ; she may be pardoned if she feel that she would like a more equable distribution of his regards, that she would dispense with a little occasional fervour, if she could thereby secure a constant supply of kindly consideration and a quiet though unvarying tenderness. Of course there are some women who must be very troublesome to their husbands ; they demand to be made a fuss with under any circumstances ; they are never content unless their wants are being supplied and their whims consulted, unless something is being done for their advantage or their gratification. They must be petted, caressed, fondled incessantly ; they require a sort of worship which few men are capable of rendering, and failing continually to gain their ends, which are too often purely selfish, and being frequently disappointed, they grow cross and fractious, and gradually become soured in temper, with every danger of degenerating into something as infinitely *below* " rubies " as it is possible to conceive—into worthless pebbles and sharp flints, impeding the progress and making sadly rougher and harder the path of the men whom they profess to love.

Such a woman is foolish, irrational, and *exigente* with a vengeance ; but it is not of such I speak,—rather of the wives who well deserve to be appraised at the value of true rubies,—the wives in whom their husbands *may* safely trust, who will do him good, not evil, all the days of his life, who lay their hands to the spindle and hold the distaff, who reach forth their hands to the poor and needy, whose households are clothed with scarlet, whose clothing is silk and purple, whose husbands are known in the gates, and among the elders of the land, wives in whom are strength and honour, who open their mouth with wisdom and in whose tongue is the law of kindness, who, looking well to the ways of their households, eat not the bread of idleness, whose children arise up and call them blessed, whose husbands praise them...

Surely these wives, whose price indeed is " far above rubies," deserve husbands who are better than diamonds. If the husband's price be not above that of cheap garnets or of Scotch pebbles, the value of the wife will be liable to deteriorate, and to sink towards his level. One of the greatest authorities of our day has pronounced,—

"As the husband is, the wife is."

And to a great extent there can be no doubt that he is right.

Men, even the very best of them, are too often thoughtlessly unkind; they would shudder at the notion of cruelty, yet they contrive to inflict very severe pain on the women they love supremely. They *do* love them,—let that never be forgotten; but they behave sometimes in such a way that nothing but the strongest faith can believe in the existence of the love which is so seldom and so inadequately manifested. The man has won his prize; he has gained all he sought; the woman is his, and his only, for life—his in sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, his till death do them part. He is secure of his wife's affections, as he ought to be secure; but he relies notwithstanding on that security, as he ought not to rely. Without intending any slight he too frequently neglects her; insensibly he grows colder towards her; insensibly he cultivates an undemonstrative temperament till he really fails—all the while meaning no unkindness, in the delicate courtesy and chivalric observances which the highest type of men hold to be the prerogative of women.

Why a man should be ruder to his wife than to any other woman it is difficult to imagine; why he should slight and appear indifferent to her whom he really loves above all other women is a problem by no means easy of solution, and yet it is one which continually lies open before us.

It may be urged that women—even sensible women—are too often *romantic*, and foolishly expect what never can be theirs. But granted that women are romantic, as, indeed, more or less they are, if they be good for anything, is that to be numbered among their faults? Is there to be no romance in marriage? Is it all to be put away when the wedding-tour is over, or, at the latest, when the first anniversary of the wedding-day comes round? Is courtship to be a poem, and married life a piece of unmitigated prose? Is the actual never to yield to the ideal? Is it to be all keeping house and going to the City, paying bills, and nursing babies? Must the husband be always absorbed in business, or in papers and magazines, and must the wife be wholly given up to household cares? Women, I think, are not unreasonable when they look for a due proportion of romance in their married lives: It is not soft sentimentalism they require, not idle flatteries nor foolish compliments, but a ready and unfailing sympathy, an appreciation of their efforts to please, a recognition of their own love, a rendering of those small but sweet attentions which prove that they are thought of and remembered with affection—that deep down in the husband's inmost heart is a quiet but ceaseless undercurrent of strong, pure love, flowing calmly on under all the troubled waves and raging tides of his busy and oft-perplexed life in the great, bustling world outside.

Yes! women—that is good women—will bear anything and brave anything if they are quite certain that they are loved. That knowledge will support them under a thousand trials. It helps them in their toil; it cheers them under physical suffering, it supports and nerves them to continued effort, when otherwise they would sink under their load of cares, and their burden of making both ends meet when funds are at low ebb. Poverty, sickness, privations, even occasional harshness, may be borne without repining, if only the wife *knows* that she is still loved, still dearer than in the blissful bridal days when her life lay before her, an alluring but untried path.

Nothing kills love like coldness and indifference! The tender plant, though it droop under the fury of the tempest, lifts up its fearless head again, when the winds sink into zephyrs, and the rain ceases, and the sun comes out once more. And it unfolds its leaves, and puts forth its buds, and expands fresh blossoms to the sweet, soft summer air, and the life that is in it is vigorous as ever; nay, perhaps more vigorous, more healthy for the tossing winds and the downpouring rain. But let the cold North-easter blow day after day, let the sun hide itself behind impenetrable clouds, let icy blasts sweep over the devoted plant, and it shrinks and droops in all its fibres, and slowly withers to its root. The weather may change, but all too late; the sun may shine, but not for it; the South winds may blow, but never thrill the congealed sap within its veins; the long cold winter has killed it—it has been gradually frozen to death!

So, too, love that has survived the storms of life for many years, that has smiled most brightly when the lift was darkest, that has sung its sweetest melodies amid the rolling of the thunder, and stood unscathed amid the lightning flashes, perishes in the dreary winter of icy indifference and cold neglect. It is affirmed that love *cannot* die, that true, pure love is immortal and indestructible, that chains cannot bind it, that perils cannot frighten it, that tyranny cannot subdue it, that many waters cannot drown it, that death itself can never conquer it. Yes! but things can be *killed* even when they will not die of themselves. You may cut down the stately oak in its prime when it might have spread its mighty branches over the forest for a thousand years; you may snap the flower-stalk, and so blight the unfolding rose that would have gladdened you with its fragrant, beauteous bloom for many a weary day. And it is well to bear in mind that though it is not difficult to take life, it is quite impossible to restore it. The butterfly that you carelessly crush as you pursue it can never again spread its painted wings in the bright sunshine. Too late you may bring back to kindly shelter and warmth the plant you left to blossom in

the cold, and the love that you have killed by persistent neglect and long chilling indifference will not be restored for all your prayers, and tears, and late but vain remorse.

With all our faults and all our follies, of which we are so constantly reminded, we women can and do love truly and wisely and well. There may be some "girls of the period" whom the period has not caricatured—I am afraid, as I look abroad, there are *many*; there may be here and there "frisky matrons" by whom the sanctities of marriage are as little comprehended as is the differential calculus; but of this I am quite sure—there are good wives innumerable. As there were seven thousand in Israel who had never bowed the knee to Baal, while Elijah imagined himself to be the sole worshipper of Jehovah, so are there countless women whose price is far above rubies, but whose worth is known only to those to whom they belong, and with whose lives their own are inseparably blended. The most valuable things are not always the most conspicuous, besides which some people do not know a jewel when they see it, some cannot discriminate between mere paste and the real, precious ruby, and they would be quite as likely as not to cast the gem away if they had it and to pick up in its stead a worthless piece of coloured glass.

There might be more wives than there are whose portraiture answers to that of King Lemuel; let us hope that in the good time coming there will be more and more. And let us also trust that those who seek in us something so inestimable and so perfect—and which they are quite right to seek—will also recognise their own responsibilities, and reflect that if to them we are to be "far above rubies," they to us should be better far than diamonds.

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CAPTAIN OF THE "TRAVAILLEUR."

WHILE Craigdallie contains the guests of Lord Haig, and the sunshine lies in sheets of gold over all the purple hills and upon the glassy bosom of the lake near the mansion, other scenes that have to do equally with the thread of our story are being enacted several hundreds of miles distant in that small market-town where we first made the acquaintance of the reader. The breezy heights of Craigdallie and the spacious accommodation of its princely chambers have made us somewhat fastidious, and the small, poky

rooms of the cottage in Fair View-terrace seem hot and stuffy in the bright September sunshine. It is within such thin and badly-built walls as those that one feels the miseries of the extremes of heat and cold; the winter winds penetrate through every crevice, and the damp creeps through the slightly-put-together bricks and mortar when it is the season of frost and snow; but when the dog-star rules, and for long after, the fiery sun-rays strike down upon the thinly-covered roof, and the fierce heat changes all the small rooms into amateur bakeries adapted for the broiling of human slaves.

"Whew!" cries Charlie Goldering, who has had some slight experience of the sun's power in the tropics, "how hot it is! Come out into the garden, mother; I can talk to you better there. Men ought to be hung for building such hotbeds as these. I should like to nail up the builders in one of these small ovens during the reign of the dog-star, and supply them with scanty dribblets of water by means of a teaspoon."

Hester Goldering smiled a little sadly as she took her son's arm and walked out with him through the passage into the narrow strip of garden at the back of the house, whence there was a view across a meadow to where the course of a river, in this neighbourhood nothing better than a narrow stream, was marked by pollard willows.

"I never felt the heat greater in India than I have done here," continues the sailor. "These miserable houses! Mother, how do you endure them?"

"If you live to my age, Charlie, you will find that there are greater miseries to be endured in this world than those arising out of badly-constructed houses."

"Doubtless I shall, but because there are great miseries under the sun is no reason why men should go and add to them by artificial means. I should say it is just the contrary, and because we have miseries to bear comfortable houses should be given us in which to endure them."

"But unfortunately it is not the 'ought to be's' that govern the universe. If nothing would satisfy us but what we believe to be our deserts we should be always miserable. It is best to learn to be satisfied with what we have, and not to crave for the impossible."

"But, mother, it would be so easy to have things different. Why does not Government, for the sake of the national credit, stop the running up of these 'artistically abominable terraces?' How can people living inside the 'hideous brick boxes' of which they are composed ever have an artistic or beautiful thought in their heads? It is death to the souls of the people. I should eat out

my heart caged up for long in a place like this. If we had the climate of India or Iceland it would be an improvement; men would be compelled then to take either the heat or the cold into their consideration, and the result would be that we should feel either extreme less than we are now made to experience the unpleasantness of both."

The faded-looking woman in the rusty black dress and widow's cap glanced proudly up into the handsome face by her side, and thought, as many a foolish mother with a son she has just cause to glory in has thought before her, how wisely many things would be ordered could he take the helm of their management.

"You were going to tell me of your adventure when this question of the heat arose," she said, to remind him of the point he had strayed from.

Charlie Goldering had fulfilled the desire of his youth—he had sought and pursued his fortunes upon the wide blue sea. After many years' apprenticeship, and having been more than once round the world, he had attained that position he had once said would be something to gain, and was, at the time we are writing of, captain of a passenger-boat sailing between Edinburgh and Bordeaux, in the Dundrossie Steam-Packet Company's service.

In the last run to port he had encountered a roughish gale that had damaged his vessel sufficiently to cause a delay for necessary repairs to be undergone, and during the performance of such he found that he should have liberty and leisure to spend a few weeks at home in the society of his mother, brothers, and sisters.

"Nothing much of an adventure," he returned, "and yet, perhaps, it will interest you as the actors in it interested me. In the course of my journeys to and fro between France and Scotland, I met with so many and so great a variety of people that, once parted, I should hardly recognise any of them were I to meet them again. When we were about to depart from Bordeaux, however, this last time, there came on board two gentlemen attended by a valet with luggage, who, for some unaccountable reason, attracted my attention. One was a tall, dark man, with a not very prepossessing countenance; the other was shorter, slighter, with a fair face I should have set down as that of a mere boy but for the pale moustache and beard that adorned it. I hardly know what there was in their appearance that attracted my attention, certainly there was nothing outwardly; it might have been a presentiment of something to follow—you know we sailors are superstitious."

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed a third voice; and some one came forth from the back kitchen-door—a girl, or rather woman, who came down the garden-path to join her mother and brother with that exclamation upon her thin lips. A grey woman,

who appeared to have nothing in accordance with the sunshine that deluged all the earth so gloriously ; a woman in a grey, much-worn dress, a grey face, grey eyes, and dull, lustreless hair, who ought, as far as her years were concerned, to have been a merry, light-hearted girl,—this is Jane Goldering, the sister of that sailor, with his handsome face and stalwart frame, and the sister, too, of that sunny-hearted little Trottie, who went out from their midst long years ago, and has, by this time, ceased to remember her brothers and sisters. Jane Goldering is a loveless, unloving woman—a woman whose unhappy disposition made her imagine herself the perpetual recipient of injuries from anyone and everyone with whom she was brought into contact ; and yet, to a certain extent, a good woman, a woman who strove to do her duty, mistaken as her conception was of that duty ; she observed the letter of the law, but she missed the light, and grace, and beauty, the spirit that is the life of the Gospel ; she was one of the disagreeably good who repulse rather than attract.

Out of the warmth of his own heart, rather than from any affection she inspired, Charley was invariably kind and thoughtful for her ; he put out his hand and drew her towards them now, including her in the conversation.

“Is school over, Jane ?”

“I should think so ; it's ten minutes past four at least. I've been kept in to hear returned lessons, which it isn't likely either of you'd perceive, being more agreeably employed.”

As it was one of Jane's specialities to imagine herself neglected unless the most scrupulous regard were paid to her, so was it another to let no opportunity slip of reminding others of this fancied or real neglect practised against herself, or of any other shortcoming brought beneath her notice. Whether or no she did it systematically to enforce upon them the virtue of humility, I know not. She carried an invisible rasp about with her always, ready for immediate application whenever opportunity offered ; you could not be in her presence long without feeling its roughness upon some tender portion of your heart.

Mrs. Goldering was proof against it now, but she clasped her hands more tightly over her son's arm as she calmly replied, “Yes, I was listening to Charley's adventures. Go on, my son.”

Charley considerably gave Jane a slight sketch of what he had already told his mother, and then continued—“I had the curiosity to examine the books where the names of all passengers are entered, and look for the names of these lastly arrived. I soon learned to distinguish them. The fair-haired man, who was the younger of the two, was, by name and title, Robert, Baron Haig ; the other was his friend, Ernest De l'Orme. They were upon deck until late

that evening, but I had no occasion to address either or they me until early morning, when the storm in its fury was upon us, and the *Travailleur* was breasting it gallantly with creaking timbers; then in a lull I found Lord Haig at my elbow. We fraternised somehow, as people will do in moments of danger, and at intervals through the grey morning's dawn upon the boiling waters I communicated to him my tactics, and found myself accepting suggestions from him, for he appeared as thoroughly at home upon the briny ocean as I was; nay, I suspect his experience in the navigation of that particular coast to be somewhat superior to mine, and I accepted his co-operation. I learned afterwards that his knowledge had been gained in many a cruise with his yacht off the shores upon which there was danger of our being driven. His friend kept his cabin; he was a bad sailor, Lord Haig informed me; indeed, I saw nothing of him until the third day, when the winds had ceased to blow, and the storm was abated; then he staggered upon deck a very ghost of his former self. We were driven considerably out of our course, and while I made haste to remedy the havoc made by the storm, and ascertain exactly our damages in order to decide whether we should proceed to our destination, or put into some nearer port, Lord Haig and his friend hung over the vessel's side conversing; now and then a glance from under Mr. De l'Orme's dark brows, or a quicker flash from his Lordship's bright eyes in my direction made me imagine that I was the subject of their conversation. I suppose I have my share of the leaven of curiosity in my nature, mother," he said, looking laughingly down into her face; "anyway, I was seized with a desire to know what they were saying about me, and took the first opportunity I had of passing close to them."

Jane heard without attending to what he was saying; the substance of his communication had not much interest for her, but if she really and truly loved anybody or anything in this wide world it was her brother Charley, and his handsome, animated face absorbed her attention; nevertheless, she heard what he was saying, and could recal it perfectly afterwards when she had an interest in doing so.

Mrs. Goldering listened, but still for Charley's sake; she did not imagine for an instant that this incident on board ship could have any real personal interest for her.

"I heard Lord Haig say, 'The likeness is quite extraordinary.'"

"The likeness?" asked Hester Goldering in those careless tones it is possible to use regardlessly when we are all unconscious of the chasm that the very next instant may be yawning at our feet; by such an invisible abyss Hester Goldering stood, and knew it not. "Did he suppose you resembled some person of his acquaintance?"

"I suppose so, mother. Mr. De l'Orme replied, 'Miss Trevor would be highly flattered did she hear you make such a comparison.' Lord Haig laughed; 'allowing for the difference in sex and position of course,' said he; 'only notice——'"

But here Charley Goldering was interrupted in his narrative by an exclamation from his sister Jane—"Mother is ill, she is fainting." And Charley, looking down, saw something very like agony upon his mother's white face, ere the eyelids drooped and the drawn lips settled themselves into a chill unconsciousness.

The captain lifted her in his strong arms and carried her into the house; Jane following him quietly, without any fuss, brought smelling salts and brandy, and administered them with the celerity of an experienced hand, while the brave sailor could only look on in helplessness and dismay. It was an unspeakable relief to him when at length his mother opened her eyes and parted the closely-locked lips; he wheeled her chair up to the open window and widened the aperture by throwing up the sash as far as it would go.

"Do you feel better now, mother dear?"

"Yes, better, thank you; you were speaking of some—some fancied resemblance when—I was——"

"Overcome by the heat and fainted; yes, yes, mother, but we won't recur to that now. I had nigh finished my story; nothing remained to speak of but the kindness of Lord Haig. It's owing to the confounded closeness of these rooms in which you live, they are not fit for human beings. Jane, mother would like her tea."

Slowly, like an automaton, or as a person walking in her sleep, Jane Goldering went forth from the little front parlour into the still smaller kitchen at the back of the house. The fire was smouldering, all the blaze had died out, but the steam was puffing forth in volumes from the spout of the tea-kettle suspended upon the hanger; Jane neglected this reminder of the duty she had come to fulfil, and forgot her brother's suggestion while she stood slowly drumming her fingers upon the table beneath the window and gazing forth meditatively down the length of the narrow strip of garden to the blue sky beyond, but seeing nothing over which her glance roamed.

For years she had resented, in her own mind, her mother's close observance of the secret that related to little Trottie; she had given hints for its divulgence, she had almost demanded it as a right, but her mother's determination was opposed to her desire; she would not divulge it under any consideration. Lately Jane had desisted from all attempts to surprise or persuade confidence, she had buried the burning desire in her own breast, collecting such scanty pieces of information as were in any way, even the most

remote, connected with it, and adding them to the secret purpose that grew and flourished upon such meagre bits of food. She knew that little Trottie had been given up for adoption in some great family where her days were passed in ease and happiness. Jane was wont to think of such a position as the height of happiness, she never remembered that all positions, whether low or exalted, have their duties and their crosses as well as their pleasures and enjoyments. Whenever her own life seemed especially hard and joyless, when she wearied of her daily round of tasks, and longed for rest and variety, as even the cheerfulest workers will do at times, which Jane was not, her thoughts flew to little Trottie until feelings that were harsh and cruel sprang up in her breast against her. She envied her her removal from the many worries that had been their portion at home, she grudged her the comforts she had not, and longed sometimes with a passionate and wicked longing that she could drag little Trottie from her luxurious home and compel her to perform the daily drudgery that had been her portion for so long. By every means in her power she had striven to discover the key to this great secret, to find out the name of the family of which Trottie was now a member; it would lead to so much could she only discover this. As we have seen, the name of little Martha Goldering's adopted parents was only known to the Rev. James Paston and Mrs. Goldering, and by them, according to agreement, it had been faithfully kept. Ten minutes, or twenty at most, ago, Jane had stood by her brother's side at the bottom of the garden, all unconscious how near she was to the possession of that key she had sought so diligently for years. She recalled it now, her own hesitation when school was over as to whether she should join her mother and brother in the garden, or await their coming in; the impulse that had decided her movements at last, she in ignorance of what it was leading her to. And it might have been otherwise; the merest chance would have turned her,—was it Providence, fate that impelled her out of doors? How careless she had stood there, too, by the garden wall, hardly listening to what Charley was saying, thinking of a dozen things besides; how regardlessly even that name, the key whose possession she had so thirsted for, had fallen upon her ear; she would not have known it even but for that rapid change in her mother's face its utterance caused, and then it came back to her; it was not the mere change produced by faintness and heat; a spasm of pain had shot across her mother's face, there had been a heart stab, and this had produced the faintness; Jane noticed the effects of the pain, and had begun to question the cause, rapidly, as ideas do suggest themselves to our minds at times, before she observed that her mother was losing consciousness; then

with a flash, like an instantaneous revelation of the truth, her mind conceived the idea.

"Then Miss Trevor, whom Charley is considered so wonderfully to resemble, must be little Trottie, my sister Martha Goldering."

While she stood musing, Charley opened the parlour door.

"Jane, how much longer shall you be with tea? Are you forgetting how greatly mother stands in need of it?"

"I shall not be long; it will be ready as soon as the kettle boils."

Jane spoke truthfully enough as far as the present moment was concerned; the kettle had ceased to boil, and the red coals had fallen low; she got sticks to produce a blaze, and flew hither and thither in haste and in earnest now; never had the rattle of the cups and saucers, as she set them forth, had a more musical jingle in her ears than they had to-day; one portion of her purpose was accomplished; she had penetrated the secret her mother had so long and so carefully guarded.

CHAPTER XIV.—SHOWING THE WHITE FEATHER.

Pansie was seated by Lady Ruthven in the large, brilliantly-lighted music-room when Lord Haig sought her and whispered low in her ear, "I think Violet would be glad if you would go upstairs to her."

There was nothing in his manner to arouse Pansie's fears, and yet a vague alarm was created in her breast by his words.

He begged Lady Ruthven's forgiveness for robbing her of Miss Trevor's company; then gave his arm to Pansie, and conducted her across the music-room and through the wide hall to the foot of the lighted staircase. There she turned tremblingly towards him.

"What is the matter, Robin? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing that need cause you any distress, save for the annoyance given to Violet."

He watched her ascend, noted the light flutter of her garments up the carved stairway, and caught the shy glance cast back towards him ere she passed onwards out of sight, and for an instant the young Lord forgot that his life had any other purpose than to continue in reverie what had passed from his sight. The fairest dreams, however, are but transient, and a circle of ideas brought Lord Haig's mind back to the duties of the present moment. In his position of host much devolved upon him; it was of paramount importance that he should act with promptitude and decision. This foolish affair must not be carried further; De l'Orme must hear reason, must apologise, must make his peace with Hugh Deverel; amity must be restored; the honour of Craigdallie forbade the recognition of such a breach.

Lord Haig went to seek his friend, while Pansie entered her sister's chamber.

Violet, in utter abandonment to her mortified pride and self-reproach, had thrown herself upon the couch at the foot of the bed, and was now giving way to a passion of very feminine sobs and tears. When Pansie approached Violet clung to her and hid her burning face upon her bosom as she had never hidden it in her whole life before, while perplexed tears gathered in Pansie's eyes and her breast heaved sympathetically. It was something so strange to see Violet give way in this manner; she was always more prone to ridicule strong emotions than to indulge in them. Her vehemence alarmed Pansie.

"Hush! hush, darling! be still, and try and tell me what is the matter."

For some time Violet's bosom heaved with hysterical sobs, and she was unable to articulate a word; but at length, soothed by her sister's pleading tones and tender touch, she endeavoured to regain self-command.

"Oh, Pansie, oh, little Heartsease, kiss away all the shame from my brow."

"What can you mean, Violet?" Pansie asked, caressing her. "There is none, there can be none, here."

"There must be, or how could I have descended so low as to provoke the insult that has been given me to-night?"

"Explain, dear Violet. Tell me what has happened, if you can, for you and Lord Haig are acting riddles I cannot solve."

"My dear," said Violet, raising her swollen face, "what do you think is the real character of your sister?"

"I think she has a true and noble soul," cried Pansie, earnestly, "and that it is utterly incapable of anything approaching meanness or deception. She has so even and equable a temperament that it is not easy to rouse her, but when she is excited, as she very evidently is just now, the foundations of her calm are shaken, and the equilibrium cannot easily be restored."

"Then never think me true and noble again," cried Violet, in deep shame and distress. "I have been the means of rousing the most ignoble passions this evening, and the meanest exhibition of power that ever woman could excite, and also of procuring for one whom I respect as much as I admire the most cowardly insult that one man can give and another receive. This within the hospitable mansion of Lord Haig, to whom this outrage is a dishonour."

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" exclaimed Pansie, "or are you unintentionally exaggerating? Explain, dear sister, and don't keep me in this agony of suspense."

And Violet did explain. As concisely as she could she told

Pansie what had happened, told her of that scene in the ante-room, of Ernest De l'Orme's cowardice, and of Hugh Deverel's stern and white-faced endurance, because of the restraint her presence had over the arm that tingled to return the blow.

"And oh, Pansie!" cried Violet, in conclusion, "I fear it may not end here. Mr. Deverel has been grossly insulted. What can I do? how prevent harm arising from this ridiculous quarrel?"

Pansie's face grew hot with indignant anger, and all her early prejudices against De l'Orme took fresh root in her mind from that moment.

"Take courage, Violet; Mr. Deverel, at least, is a gentleman; he will not, he cannot, let this quarrel be pursued further if you express a wish to the contrary. As it arose entirely upon your account, you have a right to demand so much."

"Do you think so, Pansie? do you think he will concede this to me? Ah, if you had seen the insult given as I did, and received in silence in deference to me, you would hardly desire such affront to pass unrebuked."

"Do be calm, dear Violet; there is plenty of time to prevent any catastrophe. I will go and find papa; I do not think he is retired yet. You cannot do other than confide in him, and let him act for you."

"Go, then, little Heartsease, and return to me as quickly as you can."

While Pansie was gone Violet dried her eyes and straightened her dress, and then went forth to meet her papa in the boudoir.

He came, listened to her story, and was much vexed and annoyed by it; but he pooh-poohed their fears. "De l'Orme deserved punishment most certainly, but, for Violet's sake, he must not have his desert this time;" and Sir William went to seek Lord Haig, but could not find his Lordship anywhere. His valet had a suspicion that he was closeted with Mr. De l'Orme.

Sir William returned to his children—"Doubtless Haig is talking De l'Orme into a suitable frame of mind for making an apology to Deverel in the morning, and all will be settled amicably. Men do not shoot each other now-a-days on account of a few angry words having passed between them, even on behalf of so *soumise* a lassie as you, Violet. I think you may rest assured that this romantic quarrel will have a most unromantic ending, and go to bed and sleep off its effects like good children. I will see our host early in the morning, and together we shall be able to arrange matters, I have no doubt."

Sir William kissed his daughters and retired, perfectly satisfied in his own mind that all would be as he prophesied. Pansie rang for Mad'line, and put her feet on the fender by Violet's fire while

she combed out her sunny hair, and made light of their former fears to bring back the smiles to her sister's face.

Yes, Lord Haig was in De l'Orme's apartment, whither he had returned when he had conducted Pansie to the foot of the staircase on her way to her sister's room.

There was some little constraint evident in his manner when he came to the side of his friend, and requested from him explanation of the scene whose termination only he had witnessed, for, from the position of those concerned in the quarrel, and the scowl upon De l'Orme's face at the moment of his entrance to the ante-room, Lord Haig judged that the man he called friend had been in error. He strove to conquer this restraint, however, and to hide his annoyance from De l'Orme.

"Tell me, De l'Orme, whence comes this existing antagonism between you and Deverel?"

De l'Orme raised his sullen brow.

"He has supplanted me where I have striven and desired to be first."

"In Miss Trevor's regard? I feared some such explanation as this. But is this recent offence the only difference there is, or ever has been, between you two?"

"What makes you put that question?" asked De l'Orme, cowering before the eagle glance of the young Lord of Craigdallie.

"My own suppositions. I fancied when at Vevai that you did not meet quite as strangers, nor with pleasure on your part. Although Deverel has always treated you indifferently, you—forgive me for having compassed you with such close observation—have avoided him. Is there any secret between you? Has he any hold over you gained in some youthful folly in the past? Tell me, De l'Orme, that it may now be set straight. Who has so great a right to know as I, your friend?"

De l'Orme's brow grew darker still.

"There is a past between us which it is a wonder to me Deverel has not bruited abroad long ere this. I suppose *now* it will no longer remain a secret, to-morrow he will proclaim it everywhere, that I may have the finger of scorn pointed at me, and be made a despicable thing in the eyes where he would shine."

"You do Hugh Deverel a great injustice. If this be a boyish folly, the memory of which creates a perpetual discord between you, although your manhood may have repented and atoned for it, Deverel is, I am confident, too generous to rake it up to your disadvantage."

"Not new that we are rivals. It is not in humanity to suppose that he will neglect any means of lowering me in the regard of Violet Trevor, if he is to rise by them."

"Mephistopheles is returned, I see. I did hope that Craigdallie had cured you of some of your most cynical opinions. If that be your faith in humanity, may Heaven preserve me from ever possessing a similar one! I would not be so sceptical of the existence of honour, and truth, and goodness unfeigned, for all the temptations you could put in my way. Do try and set your mind at rest now, my dear fellow! I believe Hugh Deverel to be utterly incapable of acting in the manner you suppose. Even if he did take such mean advantage, it would not have the effect you say it would; did he attempt to climb by your overthrow, it would be the means of lowering, rather than of raising him, in the esteem of Miss Trevor. Make a clean breast of the past, my friend, let me beg of you; let it all be cleared up in such a manner that you need never fear to look into Hugh Deverel's face again."

De l'Orme was moved by his friend's address, and his tones were softened in reply:—

"It would be an unspeakable relief to me to do so, but that I fear to lose your regard, for wherever the story has been told, the cold shoulder has been turned upon me."

"But it happened in your past, in your boyhood, and must, if it have caused you such suffering, have been atoned long ago."

"It has been repented, certainly, though I much fear if the past were to come over again I should act in an exactly similar manner."

"That is if you could not carry your present experience back with you into that past; in which case, of course, we should all re-enact our past follies were the opportunity offered us."

"You must learn of this sooner or later," continued De l'Orme, "I had rather you should learn it from my lips than from his; I should like to read your opinion in your face, and know before you speak it what your sentence is. Sit down; if my courage will last, I will tell you all."

Lord Haig sat down at his friend's bidding, wondering what this secret could be, and wondering more and more during the preamble which De l'Orme used as preface to his confidence. In it he endeavoured wilily to sound his friend's opinions, to discover something of the estimation in which he would hold a physical coward, such as De l'Orme knew himself to be. In his own mind De l'Orme laid great stress upon this; he hated and despised himself for the weakness he yet felt himself powerless to conquer, and he never thought of proposing to himself that higher kind of courage that is sometimes found stronger in those who physically are the weakest, and that sometimes, in its might, triumphs over the force of mere material bravery. And then he came to his story; hurrying over this part of his confidence lest his strength of purpose should falter, telling in few words the

circumstances that led to the encounter between himself and Hugh Deverel in the school play-ground. When the two boys in his story stood opposite each other, he paused and raised his white face to the eager one of the young Lord. De l'Orme's lips were quivering, for the recital brought back all the well-remembered physical agony of that moment.

"You fought, and he licked you?" queried Lord Haig, excitedly; "well, man, there is nothing to be ashamed of in that. Judging from the appearance of you both now, he must have been the larger and heavier boy even then, in spite of your advantage of age."

Then De l'Orme dropped his face from before his friend's, hiding it in his hands, while a shiver passed over him.

"God help me! but there was never a blow struck."

"How, why? you cannot mean it, De l'Orme, you cannot mean that you *avoided* the encounter at the last moment?"

The wretched man was silent, leaving his friend to receive such confirmation as his silence might give. Lord Haig understood it, and was silent also for a few seconds, a space crowded with thoughts. He had never heard of precisely such a case before, but the young Lord knew that it was possible for people to be so constituted that physically they were incapable of braving pain and peril; he supposed it rather to belong to woman's nature than to man's. Could this in De l'Orme be the result of his solitary life at Dellum? Doubtless it was so, and the motley throng of boys that he had found himself opposed to had startled him out of what little self-command he might have had, had the scene been less utterly strange to him; it was altogether more an error of circumstances than the consequence of physical or moral defect; De l'Orme ought rather to have been pitied for it than blamed; doubtless he was in reality, only his morbid self-reproach made him suppose that everybody else must harp upon the same string. Gently and tenderly in his own mind did Lord Haig cast a cloak over the shortcomings of his friend.

"I am very sorry for you, De l'Orme. A man must feel it something dreadful amongst his fellow-men to have had a past like that."

"You, brave as you are, do not turn your back upon me for this memory, then?"

"No, why should I? Situated as you have been all your life, I might have done the same thing myself."

"No; I do not think any circumstances could make that probable."

Lord Haig's face and speech flashed up eagerly the next instant.

"See, now, how good may be brought out of evil. The very

quarrel of to-night shall be the means of redeeming your character amongst men, and shall defy them to cast one more aspersion upon that past by reason of one act of yours that shall blot its memory out for ever."

"How—what do you mean?" cried De l'Orme, anxiously.

"You surely guess how Deverel may take this quarrel, what means he may avail himself of to avenge the insult put upon him?"

De l'Orme grew white about the lips.

"He'll never think of challenging me to fight. Duelling is obsolete now, against the law of the land; besides which it is brutal, barbarous—"

"Granted; and more than that, it is unchristian; but still when men are blinded by passion, when they have the stain of an insult to wipe out, they will sometimes set all governance at defiance, they will do even barbarous and unchristian things likewise."

"But you can prevent this, you can put your veto upon it in the character of host." And De l'Orme stretched out his shaking hands appealingly, from which Lord Haig involuntarily shrunk. "You will never permit your roof to be so disgraced. You will never draw down upon yourself the stigma of reproach that all would pronounce upon you if bloodshed took place that you might have prevented and did not."

"Ten minutes ago I thought so," said Lord Haig; "but I am willing to make so much concession for friendship's sake. I will brave all this if you like to meet Deverel, if you like to face him in the morning sunlight and fire your own pistol in the air. By that one act you will wipe out all that you feel so despicable in the past, establish your own self-respect in that particular for ever. I urge this for your own sake, because your own self-reproach seems greater than what that of any right-thinking person would be."

Lord Haig looked straight into his friend's face as he spoke. He saw it shrink and quiver, and a cold, grey shade sweep over it; then somehow he recalled the scene that took place upon the shores of Lake Lemman, and the more recent events of their journey home, and the belief forced itself upon his mind that the man he had so trusted, so exalted in his own imagination, calling him by the honoured name of friend, was mentally, morally, and physically an arrant coward, and as such unworthy of all honour and esteem.

He saw that it was useless to attempt to incite him to any manifestation of courage, and the hot blood that had coursed so madly through Lord Haig's veins grew cool; his heart, that had beaten so wildly when he thought of all that he was ready to sacrifice for

this man who had never deserved his esteem, sank heavily within his breast.

At that instant some one rapped at the door of the room. Lord Haig answered the knock. It was the Hon. Herbert Ruthven, who had come on behalf of Hugh Deverel; Lord Haig slipped his arm in his and walked away with him.

Half an hour later he returned to De l'Orme, whom he found crouching in the same position as when he left him. Lord Haig slowly advanced to his side, and laid his slender white hand with nervous force upon his shoulder.

"I have promised Hugh Deverel upon my word of honour, that to-morrow morning, in the presence of Violet Trevor, and also of those who are cognisant of what took place between you, you will make full apology for the insult offered him to-night."

De l'Orme shrank and trembled beneath the grasp of the hand laid upon his shoulder; Lord Haig was unaware that in asking so much in atonement for the outrage put upon his guest, he was asking a thing as impossible to the moral cowardice of De l'Orme as he had before expected from the physical. Had Lord Haig's brave heart been less tender, less merciful, when the craven face was bent from his gaze, he would have spurned his sometime friend from his side with contempt; but in our hero's composition there was much of that double nature that is always found in the most estimable men,—the manly brain that can be iron-hard in the resistance of wrong, that can be almost severe in the exercise of an unflinching integrity, that can be stern when justice requires resistance,—and the womanly heart that another's woe can melt to tears, and that the voice or touch of sympathy can persuade to all but wrong-doing. The thing which Lord Haig loved he clung to tenaciously; it was not easy to sever the tendrils of his affections from the object they had once twined themselves round; but a broken faith sometimes withers the plant from the root. At present, however, Lord Haig's faith in his *amicus* was not quite broken; it had received a shock, and that was all. Believing, as he did, that upon this matter of apology in the present depended far more De l'Orme's status in the minds of men than upon that one unfortunate incident in the past, he would not leave one word unspoken that should nerve him to make it. One would have thought that his courage and fire, his fervid and persuasive eloquence would have kindled some responsive heat in the bosom of his friend, but it was not so; to all he could urge, De l'Orme replied, "You know not what you ask, beloved."

"Ask!" exclaimed Lord Haig, indignantly; "I ask nothing; I demand your fulfilment of the promise I have made for you. You cannot refuse. Loyalty, faith, everything a man prizes, combine to

hold you to the terms of the agreement made in your name. If you do not make full and frank apology now—listen, De l'Orme—I will never more call you friend. I think nothing of that incident of your boyhood; it would be unjust to remember it against you as a man. Physical cowardice is something one may pity without blaming, but moral cowardice is death. You were in the wrong—why hesitate to say so?”

“But in *her* presence?”

“You did a very despicable thing in her presence, and one that would infinitely more lower you in the estimation of Violet Trevor. Humiliation and such atonement as it now lies in your power to make will do more to regain her respect than anything else.”

With that Lord Haig left him, feeling satisfied in his own mind that De l'Orme must come to the conclusion that it was obligatory upon him to redeem the promise that he had made in his name.

When Lord Haig left his friend's room he found Sir William Trevor waiting to speak to him.

“I want your assurance that this foolish quarrel will go no farther; your assertion that you have not, and that you will not abet any further encounter between these two misguided young men.”

Lord Haig flushed up all over his fair young face; he felt guilty in Sir William's presence for having urged one alternative upon De l'Orme's acceptance, but nevertheless he spoke rather haughtily.

“You and Lady Trevor need not fear being subjected to the smallest annoyance that it is in my power to spare you while you are resident at Craigdallie. De l'Orme will make ample and suitable apology in the morning; peace shall be restored if possible.”

“Thank you. I might have been certain that things were safe in your hands. But still young men will be young men; ascribe my uneasiness to that score. I am delighted to find that Craigdallie has the mind of a sage, as well as the heart of a Christian.”

Lord Haig winced beneath Sir William's undeserved praise, and was thankful at that moment that De l'Orme had not accepted his first impulsive proposition.

(*To be continued.*)

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF HENRY SELWYN,
CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY HIS FRIEND, RICHARD MORTON.

CHAPTER II.—EARLY EXPERIENCES.

DURING the first months of Selwyn's ministry at Millport I heard little of him except by rumour. I had always promised him that I would be with him to share, as far as possible, the anxieties and pleasures of his ordination day, but an unpropitious fate took me at the time to a distant part of the country, and deprived me of the opportunity of seeing my friend in his new home. Before we parted we had anticipated frequent correspondence which should diminish the pain of separation which we both felt so keenly, but such promises, especially on the part of young men who are hard at work, are rarely fulfilled, and, in our case, various circumstances came in to interfere with our plans and to confine our correspondence for a time within very narrow limits. Two or three notes I had from him, but they were very brief and did not enter into any particulars of his work. Short as they were, I fancied that I could detect in them a note of sadness, and should have been ready to fear that my friend was somewhat disappointed and discouraged but for the more cheerful tone of other parts, and for the accounts that came to me from various quarters of the success which was attending his early efforts. On every side I learned that his simple earnestness of spirit and thorough devotion to his work had made a deep impression, that even among those who had hesitated about inviting so young a man to so responsible a position he was winning golden opinions; that though his preaching did not attract crowds it was doing what was far better—exerting a powerful influence on all the thoughtful members of his congregation, and especially that it was reaching the hearts of the young, and that altogether his prospects were of the most cheering character. At the same time there were whispers that a small fraction of the congregation, among whom were two deacons, looked rather jealously upon some of his plans, regarded him as too independent in temper and too ready to innovate upon established usages, and, though they did not actually oppose, did not co-operate with any heartiness in his work. I could, from my knowledge of the man, easily understand his position, and was beginning to wonder how he was meeting his first difficulties and bearing his early success, when the following letter came, making up by its fulness for the long delay to terminate my suspense:—

HENRY SELWYN TO RICHARD MORTON.

Millport, November 9, 184—.

MY DEAR MORTON,—I can hardly believe that nearly five months have elapsed since we parted at dear old Chatterton. The pressure of my work has been so great, and the engagements incidental to the beginning of a pastorate in a church like this have been so numerous, that I have been involved in a perpetual whirl of excitement and labour, and have taken no note of time but by its loss. My sermons themselves have been a sufficient tax. You will remember how often, when in our college talks we have sought to anticipate our ministerial work, we have expressed to each other our anxieties as to how two sermons a week were to be prepared. Considering how much time one of our college discourses, especially if it had to be read in the lecture-room, used to take us, it certainly was a puzzle to understand how it would be possible to manufacture two bran-new sermons for each successive Sunday. As you know, I thought to provide against the difficulty by laying up a tolerable stock, on which I thought I should be able to draw for a time until the work became easier. Well, I am wrong on every point. My stock has been of little use. For the first Sunday or two I was glad to resort to them, and they helped me over a time when it would have been all but impossible to settle down, amid all the excitement and novelty of my altered circumstances, to quiet thought and composition. But I soon found that it would not do to go on with them. The more I went among the people, and learned of their circumstances and feelings, the less satisfied was I with the cold discussions of abstract truths and general principles which my college sermons generally were; I soon found that what was necessary for the pulpit was not polish, but point and power, and that warm-hearted, earnest utterances, though sadly lacking in finish and even that original thought which we used to think of supreme importance, and altogether unfit to run the gauntlet of keen lecture-room criticism, were infinitely more effective and valuable than the most elaborate and highly finished discourses in which there was more care about style than adaptation and impressiveness. My precious store, therefore, has for some time been utterly worthless, and more than once I have resolved to commit them to the flames, but I could not bear thus to part with what had cost me so much toil, and I have resolved to keep them as useful reminders of my early weakness. On the other hand, sermon-making is by no means so difficult as I expected to find it. I come to it fresh from intercourse with men who are fighting the hard battle of life, struggling against doubts and difficulties, and sorrows, needing special kinds of help, and

admonition, and comfort, and nothing but such experience as you will soon have yourself can make any one understand how different this is from coming to the same work with little preparation, except that which is to be derived from theological treatises or the records of the experience of others. Be assured, my dear friend, that to be a preacher it is necessary that a man should be a student of life and character. I have no intention or desire to depreciate the value of what a man learns from books; on the contrary, I feel that a large acquaintance with what other men have thought and written is essential in order to our making the best use of that which we ourselves see. A wise man will endeavour to have both, but if any one resolves to have one or other exclusively, then I should say that he who knows only life will, so far as the effect of preaching is concerned, beat him hollow who knows nothing but books. For myself I have found the slight acquaintance I have been able to get with my people most helpful for my pulpit work. I have got many a text or gained fresh light upon some old one which I fancied I understood before as I have stood by a sick bed, or have heard from one and another of my members some tale of sorrow or perplexity in relation to which they desired my counsel or comfort. Perhaps you will think that these are early days for me to begin writing in this fashion, but you must remember that I am in the midst of a new world, and, of course, am rather full of its wonders. Besides, I say this to let you understand how it is that I have been able to get through my work at all. I do not, of course, pretend that that work is easy, but the pressure is not so crushing as I once feared it would be. I try when I can to fix upon my texts early in the week, and thus I am gathering materials for my sermons for two or three days before I put pen to paper, and so I am often able to write *currente calamo*, instead of having those desperate attempts to hammer out a few thoughts which used often to distress and weary me while at college. I feel that I have a point to which to work, and am, I hope, much more anxious to say something, however simple, which shall go direct to that point than to be either profound or elegant. I am certainly not ashamed to be what some people would call common-place, and to put plain truth in the plainest language. Indeed, I have often more labour to secure perfect plainness of speech than it would cost me if I was desirous to be fine and showy. On the whole, if my sermon-making takes up a good deal of time, I have much reason to be thankful that the work is to me much easier and much pleasanter than I had dared to hope.

I have taken up all this space to let you understand how much time is absorbed in simple preparation for the pulpit, but this is, after all, only the smaller part of my work. My pastoral duties

will, I hope, become rather lighter when I have got more thoroughly into them, but hitherto they have been severe. My people are strong believers in pastoral visitation, my predecessor having attached great importance to it and been most faithful in the discharge of its duties. It will never be possible for me to approach him in this particular, even if I regarded it in the same light as he did. Unfortunately I have an idea that the common view of a minister's duty in respect to visitation is a Dissenting superstition which some time or other I must fairly meet. I do not know, however, why I should say "Dissenting," for it appears of late to have become almost as prevalent in certain sections of the Established Church. There is a Mr. Allwright, an evangelical clergyman, here, who seems to devote himself to the work with remarkable assiduity, and though his neighbour and rival, Mr. Furnival, an earnest Tractarian, does it in rather a different style he is not less zealous. I am continually hearing of their untiring diligence, in the hope, I suppose, that I may be stirred up to go and do likewise. But I do not feel the call. "Every man in his own order," and my order certainly is not that of a visitor of the type desired by a good many of my people. I can enter into Mr. Furnival's feelings, and if I believed myself to be a priest I would feel bound to do what I could in the exercise of my priestly functions in visits from house to house. In my own work, too, wherever I think I can do good I shall always be happy to go. But to make what are for the most part mere visits of ceremony, to gratify the self-importance and vanity of those who are flattered by the idea of their minister paying attention to them, to spend precious time in calls which are not likely to have any practical result, is what I do not feel moved to do.

Still, though you have often told me that I was rash and impetuous, I feel that something is due to notions, prejudices though I may deem them, which are deeply rooted in the minds of my people, and I have therefore been engaged in paying a long round of visits, many of which I can assure you were wearisome enough. Happily I generally had for my companion Mr. Davenport, one of the oldest deacons of the church, a man of eminent goodness and great self-devotion, who made it his business to introduce me to the different families of the congregation. I can hardly tell why he should have taken a fancy to me, for our opinions and tastes are wide as the poles asunder. Our one point of sympathy is our common desire for the progress of the work of Christ. He has got an idea, I cannot tell how, that I am adapted to the special wants of this church, and that is with him sufficient to atone for any imperfections in my creed. He is a fine, true-hearted man, and though I was told that he was extremely narrow I find that his narrowness is much more in his creed than in his heart, and that

he is really more liberal than numbers who make louder professions. Let me add, too, that in relation to all ecclesiastical matters I find him wonderfully free. I have ventured to broach to him some of my "advanced" notions, and have been astonished to see how far he is prepared to enter into them. He is, as you may judge from what I have said, a strong Dissenter, but he is by no means an implicit believer in the traditions of Dissenting churches, and, in defiance of some of his own doctrinal opinions, is always ready to insist that the Gospel of Christ is a much broader thing and the Church of Christ meant to be a much freer organisation than Dissenters generally suppose. I have wandered in this talk about my friend away from my immediate subject—my general visitation, in which he has so greatly aided me. He was at home everywhere, and did his best to make me feel so too, and I certainly have through him got a knowledge of the people which otherwise I could not have obtained in so short a time. I could give you some interesting sketches of some of our visits, but I dare not attempt them here. The work was, of course, a new one to me, but I did not feel it so unpleasant as I expected.

And now you will want to know what I think of my people and my work. Millport I need not describe to you, and in truth there is not much that invites description. I can believe that once it was a place of considerable natural beauty, but that was long ago, before the days of long chimneys and crowded cottages. Happily it so far differs from many of the manufacturing towns about that it is built on a hill, and does not, therefore, present that aspect of dull, flat monotony which is so wearying and depressing in some parts of this region. It is on the extreme verge of the manufacturing district, and close to it is a very fine range of country. Within a mile or two of my lodgings are walks of a romantic beauty for which I was quite unprepared, and an hour's drive will take me into scenery almost as grand as any even in the Lake country. The town itself is like most of the towns which modern enterprise has called into existence, without any architectural beauty, and, in fact, without any regularity. Every man appears to have built as seemed right in his own eyes, without regard to general effect or deference to central authority, and the result has not always been happy. The people are clear-headed, warm-hearted, and I think I must add somewhat strong-willed, at least that is the impression I got from a first interview. They gave me a very hearty welcome, but at the same time expressed their opinions with a frankness and want of reserve which to those who do not understand them savours rather of rudeness. This, however, is the last thought in their minds. They pride themselves on their straightforwardness, and do not see why any one should take

offence where no offence is intended. Of culture, as it is generally understood, they have but little; but many of them, as I have already discovered, are keen theologians, holding very strong opinions, and expressing them in a very firm and decided manner. They seem, indeed, to partake very much of the character of the rough mountainous region in the midst of which they live; their intellects are hard and logical, and their creeds are of the same type. They are fond, too, of controversial divinity. You would be surprised if you could see the books to be found in the cottages of some of the artisans, and still more if you could hear their talk about them. I know not how my preaching will suit the strong Calvinism which finds favour with many of them, but they have so much of sturdy honesty and intelligence that I feel I cannot but respect and even like them. Their attachment to their chapel knows no bounds, and it is pleasant to hear them talk of the old minister, under whom most of them have grown up, and of whose services to them and theirs they cherish a grateful recollection.

I can see they have the faults incident to their particular type of character and culture. They have seen little of the world, and are disposed to think of themselves and of their belongings more highly than they ought to think. If the truth must be told, they have not a little of the spirit of that good Scotch minister who is to my mind the very perfection of a "provincial" mind, who used to pray for the two Cumbræ and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. To them Millport, Millport opinions, and Millport achievements are the most important things in the world. On London and the south in general they look down with a kind of pity as lacking that strength, and courage, and enterprise on which they so much pride themselves. They evidently think that I ought to consider myself highly honoured in being appointed the pastor of such a church as theirs, and expect me to appreciate the distinction.

They are intensely conservative—of course I do not mean in politics, for there they are the most decided and earnest of Radicals—but in their own ecclesiastical affairs; and the extraordinary thing is how those who are so ready to take part in overthrowing, at all events reforming, the oldest institutions in the country, because they think them wrong, cling so tenaciously to every little practice and theory of their own. But so it is. In the government of the country their maxim seems to be that whatever is is wrong, but as regards their own Church whatever is is right. As things have been, so they ought to be. Their fathers sang out of Watts's hymn-book, and they cannot see the need of new-fangled hymns and tunes. As to suggesting a

chant to them, I can imagine the look of pious horror with which the proposition would be received. Why, I met with one of them the other day who was overflowing with indignation, which he took the first opportunity of expressing to me as the new minister, because the chapel which was newly painted about twelve months since had been painted of a darker oak than before. "We're on the way to Rome," he told me, with a passionate vehemence he could not restrain. I listened at first in amazement, and then tried to laugh it off as a joke, but soon found it was in grim earnest, and that the good man really regarded the dark oak as a symbol of that religious gloom which to him was characteristic of Rome. What such a man would think of a chant or of an occasional collect woven into one of my prayers (if he only knows enough of the Prayer-book to detect it) it is not difficult to predict. He is of course an extreme man, but there are numbers who, if they do not go so far, are largely in sympathy with them.

My chapel is just what you might expect it to be under such circumstances. There is not an attractive point about it. If an architect were employed in its erection his only idea must have been to secure the greatest possible accommodation at the lowest possible cost. It has, however, the great merit of simplicity and freedom from everything pretentious. It does not aspire to appear better than it is, and much as I admire fine architecture, I have an idea that it would be far better for us as Dissenters to be content with these substantial structures, call them ugly, barn-like, or what you will, than to attempt what we do not accomplish. There is at least a reality about such buildings, and, what is more, they answer the ends for which they are designed. I have lately seen one or two modern chapels which have made me feel that it is possible to have more show without securing any real advantage. One of them, in particular, looked very attractive outside, at least to the uneducated eye. It had a kind of spire, and in some respects looked like a church, but if that was a gain it was dearly purchased, for what with the high, open roof and the tall Gothic columns, the building was utterly unsuited for the purposes of Congregational worship, and though it is not large the preacher could not be heard by half the congregation. The next Sunday, when I looked round on my own plain chapel, though there is not a solitary line of beauty in it, and saw it filled by a large assembly, every one of whom could see and hear with comfort, I felt that the old was better, and that Dissenters would do well to abide by it until some architect of rare genius is able to strike out a plan which unites the elegance of the new with the comfort of the old.

You will judge from the little I have told you that I have hard

work before me. I cannot be content to pursue the beaten track of my predecessors, and to uphold the traditions and practices of Congregationalism at all costs. I have faith in the system rather than in its present modes of operation, and my feeling is that justice has not yet been done to it. I have ideas of my own as to church arrangements, forms of worship, and other points of detail which I shall try to develope. I can foresee difficulties in my path, but I think I am not unprepared to encounter them. But I have already rambled on far too long in this selfish strain, and I fear you will begin to fancy that I have almost forgotten Chaterton and its interests. Be sure my thoughts are often with you, and I often sigh for some of the quiet hours of thought and happy intercourse we enjoyed there. Let me hear from you soon with full particulars of all your doings. Meanwhile remember your old companion, think of him in his work, and sometimes, in the little prayer-meeting which I suppose is held still, let a petition go up for

Your sincere friend,

HENRY SELWYN.

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK THE FIFTH.—PROVERBS ABOUT LUCKY AND UNLUCKY PEOPLE, FORTUNE, MISFORTUNE, AND SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It is quite remarkable what a multitude of proverbs we find about fortune, and what a strange faith seems to have ruled men's beliefs that fortune is blind; how many proverbs canonize or consecrate the expression "luck," or seem to contain a shudder at "unluck." "*God give you luck, my son, for little wit must serve your turn,*" says the Spanish. "*When wisdom fails luck helps,*" says the Danish. "*Fortune and women are partial to fools,*" and "*Lucky men need no counsel,*" and "*Luck is better than a hundred pounds.*" But then, on the other hand, our forefathers seem also to have had some perception that the happy life could not be made up of luck alone, for they said, "*Luck will carry a man across a brook if he is not too lazy to leap,*" and "*Luck comes to those who look after it,*" and again, "*When ill-luck falls asleep let nobody wake her,*" and so again, "*Ill-luck is good for something,*" and "*Fortune aids the bold,*" and "*Fortune often knocks at the door, but the fool does not invite her in.*" Our fathers set forth the capriciousness of circumstances in many an adage: "*Fortune*

wearies with carrying the same man always," "Fortune and misfortune are two buckets at the same well," "Fortune is like the market—bide your time and the price will fall," so variously the store-house of proverbs expresses the law of life. Yet some other proverbs finely express the independence of the soul, as "Fortune has no power over discretion," and "Fortune can only take from us what she has given us," "Fortune dreads the brave," and "He is lucky who forgets what cannot be mended." The Hebrews dealt with these matters too; they had their proverbs concerning fortune, only what we should call fortune would have been to them Providence: "*The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.*" Man is constantly in danger of misusing his freedom. Man was made to be free, and to use his freedom, and to grow by its use, but greater souls profess themselves, with Wordsworth,

"To feel the weight of too much liberty."

There are those whose happy and well-trained natures seem to rejoice and to become strong by the exercise of freedom, but for one such, ten thousand turn their freedom into a toy or into a vice. Dreadful, indeed, would be the fate of the world and the race, if God did not still retain His throne of umpire over the powers He has created and given. Nothing is more plain than that in man's nature there is an inevitable tendency to anarchy, and disobedience, and confusion—in fact, to licence and to lawlessness, although these appear by the side of the very instinct which desires order and unity. And God is constantly preserving the moral as well as the material equilibrium of our world. God is constantly reducing human actions to law. Some writers deny freedom to man from the prevalence of law. This is mere folly. The lot in the lap, that is the side of freedom; the Divine disposal then is the over-ruling law preventing freedom from becoming a calamity to the universe. Who is there who has not felt the bondage of the will? That great mystery is nevertheless like the mystery of life itself; to express it is to demonstrate it. What is the human race at the best but a congregation of handcuffed kings? "*A good archer is not known by his arrows, but by his aim,*" "*A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, lion's heart, and lady's hand, but these all still need a good surgeon.*" The lot is cast into the lap, but with the lot in the lap man sits as if blindfolded, unable to use that, unable to dispose of that which seems exclusively at his disposal. His hands are free, but he is unable to discover the relations of his lot to the things around him. As we have it in Job, "*The light is given, but the way is hidden.*" True, there are calculation and forethought, but how often an unexpected turn of affairs upsets all and brings about an entirely un contemplated end. Man cannot make his moral calculations for a resisting medium; he cannot

comprehend moral contingencies; these all indicate freedom. Man can insure against shipwrecks or fires, for these are of natural forces, but he cannot insure against a sudden emotion, a gust of passion, or an unexpected thought. That freedom by which God works, and beyond which He looks, and which He reins and controls, quite contravenes all man's designs; and hence how singular it is that in all ages man conceives fairness in blindness. "*Fortune is the blind goddess.*" While *we* direct it is doubtful, but when we give up the reins then all is true and equal and fair, hence the history of the lot. Nature sits like a blindfolded woman, or like a stony Sphinx. Justice has been represented as blindfolded.

Thus the Hebrew proverb rises far higher than the mere Pagan idea of fortune, and weighs the lot against the disposer of it, or rather deems no lot happy or adequate which is not governed by a Divine disposition.

Regarding the lot in life, we should seek to attain the happy medium of thought, neither appreciating it too highly, as if it alone were equal to life, neither on the other hand depreciating it as if no human or Divine purpose could be woven from its texture; and there was something very finely instructive in that incident in the life of the glorious David; when the King was flying into exile from the rebellion of his son, as he was passing amidst the lamentations of his people over the brook Kedron, there met him Zadok and the Levites bearing the Ark of the Covenant. Then the King said unto Zadok, "Carry back the Ark of God into the city; if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring me again and show me both it and His habitation; but if He thus say, 'I have no delight in thee,' behold here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him." The words show a noble spirit in the royal exile, and exhibit a fine perception and faith as to the wise disposition of the lot.

There seem to be divided possessions, the possession of goods and the possession of success; there is nature and there is grace, there is fate and providence. It would almost seem from this as if we might regard certain possessions of ours as not really from God, that is, not immediately from Him, not as given to us by intention, and preference, and mercy. This is the lot that is cast into the lap, the lot which nature gives, the lot which God almost throws away; this is the possession of human pride, and it is most remarkable that the things frequently which lie beyond human causation are most frequently the motives of human pride—pride of birth, respectability of birth. Men are proud of the accidents of their life, the lot that is cast into the lap. This it teaches is a lottery, the lottery of nature; but the use and the disposal are Divine. You walk along and look so superciliously

upon your companion by your side born in a cottage, while you were born in the manor-house or the hall—it is the lot in the lap. So also a good constitution is a lot in the lap. How strong, how robust that iron frame; and so the possession of a fortune; and so the possession of genius,—all of these are so many arbitrary distinctions, valueless in themselves, deriving all their value from Divine disposal; the lot does not content, it is the state; we sometimes wish we could go back to the little room we slept in when we were a child, the little shelf of books, the shade of the old elder-tree.

What we are satisfied with, not what we have; childhood was a time of contentments; how softly now the summer sun seems to have gone down in those old days; how large and sufficient seemed the old field where we used to play; and the little brook where we sent our paper boats down the stream said nothing, as its waters glided away, of the great turgid river with the forest of shipping on its bosom or the great ocean to which it was hasting beyond; and the sweeping upland seemed like a range of hills, and a melodious peacefulness pervaded the whole scene, which, however, carried no consciousness into the heart like that which the memory of it carries now; yet the world must have had plenty of grief around us, and we heard of it, but heard of it just as we heard and repeated our lessons in the school-room, without *knowing* them, for wide is the difference between hearing, and repeating, and knowing. Such we were; life was in being simple as the being was, not in possessing or seeking to have. "*To the young,*" says the Persian proverb, "*all life is a fairy tale,*" and an Arabic proverb tells us that "*The remembrance of youth is a sigh.*"

No; the lot in the lap is little. If a poor man should draw some lottery-ticket to entitle him to 10,000*l.*, instantly would all his friends congratulate him upon his great fortune.

*"What is the worth of anything
But just as much as it will bring?"*

When I was a boy I knew a man who came to a fortune; there was his lot in the lap. He, in fact, could not use it; it was thrown into his lap. He still continued his nightly visits at the public-house—the old sign of the Mitre and Crown—and stood treat all round. He had drawn his lot from the urn, and what was its value to him? The value of the lot is in the wise and disposing mind; the gold without that is worse than dust, for it may be a devil. God contradicts the lot of life frequently; frequently man seems to possess all when, in fact, he finds he possesses nothing. Man confounds his possession with his mere environment, that which is around him with that which is within him. "*Not what is biggest, but what is fittest*" is best. We cry for a larger lot. So a

child cries for father's boots—big, but uncomfortable; but when you buy a pair for your child you would not heed it if it cried for a very large pair. It is not the gift, it is the disposition. A heap of letters in a printing-office is not a book, although it furnishes that of which books are made. It is not health or constitution which forms the end of life, but it is character, and this is pre-eminently the gift of God; character in its highest sense, character which puts the crown upon the brow of weakness, and the absence of which leaves strength lost, ruined, and powerless. Do not tell me of your lot, your glorious lot. An old proverb says, "*Tell me who is your executor.*" Suddenly comes calamity, suddenly rises soul. And, therefore, while you may be unable to find comfort in your lot you may find it in the Providence which governs it. The Lord disposes. God has never given up His control over the affairs of men, and it is only when He is forgotten that He seems to be far remote from them; it is impossible that He who created could retire from the control or direction of this strange and vast circle of being. God still "sits upon the circle of the earth," to Him still "the inhabitants are as grasshoppers, and He taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Nature may not always, perhaps, adequately represent Him in His higher attributes,—as how should it?—but neither her ways or yours are ever hid from Him.

Falling back, then, upon those ideas of fortune and misfortune, of lucky and unlucky, it seems true, on the whole, to say life is what we make it. A thousand instances will perhaps seem to contradict it, but it will only be in seeming, not really, apparently, not actually; man has considerable command over the chances in life. "*Luck has but a slender anchorage;*" the soul in man is greater than any circumstance around him can be, but then he must have a soul. A good Dutch proverb says, "*Fortune lost, nothing lost; courage lost, much lost; honour lost, more lost; soul lost, all lost.*" Of course, the proverbs teem which talk of the ills of life. "*Misfortunes come on horseback, and go away on foot;*" "*Misfortune, wood, and hair grow throughout the year;*" "*Misfortunes come by forties;*" "*Ill-luck comes by pounds, and goes away by ounces;*" and again, "*Ill-luck comes by fathoms, and departs by inches;*" "*Whither goest thou, misfortune? I go where I can find more;*" "*If my father had made me a hatter men would have been born without heads.*" The Arab proverb is like it, "*If I were to deal in winding-sheets no one would die;*" "*He fell on his back, and so he broke his nose.*" These are illustrations of the way in which the unlucky people have revenged themselves. But another class of proverbs inculcates a different view of life, and teach us that the failure of life arises very greatly from the vanity in man which refuses rightly to harmonise his capacities with his necessities. Our most thoughtful modern poet seems

in a wise way to have reckoned life up thus, even when he describes in pathetic language a moment of grief-ful failure in his poem called "The Last Ride Together:"—

"And yet she has not spoke so long!
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
What if we still ride on, we two,
With life for ever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity,
And Heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, for ever ride?"

The poem must be read that its whole meaning may be apprehended in its sustaining, strengthening philosophy of life, but one other verse is so pertinent to the teaching that a wise and thoughtful mind will not be crushed beneath the pressure of its calamities, that it may be quoted—

"Fail I alone in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?
We rode: it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought, All labour, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs, with the hopeful past.
I hoped she would love me. Here we ride."

This is a wise man's sum of the noble failure of life, the unsuccess which lower and lesser natures call ill-luck and misfortune: there is all the difference between taking a narrow, short, and valley view of life and regarding it from the heights and the mountains. And that is an invigorating Hebrew proverb which says, "*When the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes.*" "*Ill is the eve of well,*" "*When things come to the worst they will mend,*" "*By dint of going wrong, things come right,*" only it is true that "*Our worst misfortunes are those which never befall us;*" and many moralise upon, and tremble at, possibilities to their own lives which are not experiences, or even shudder at the misfortunes which gather around other lots, without meditating how assuredly they are often the results of an inevitable law which they themselves have broken. The Scotch say, "*You put your finger in the fire, and then tell us it was your fortune.*" There is an inertia in some men's natures which bids them ascribe to fate, to the motions of the planets, or to some fortuitous assemblage of chances. What was the result of their own folly or weakness? Shakespeare ridicules this well: "*This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the*

moon, and stars, as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance; drunkards and liars by a forced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a Divine thrusting on; an admirable evasion of man to lay his disposition on the charge of a star."

There are some proverbs which have a very practical bearing on the wise use and control of life, so that it may be saved from the illustration of great weakness or great folly; that is a very suggestive one, "*The strength of the chain is in the weakest link*," and hence it may often happen that what seems to be most despicable is in reality the most powerful; not in itself, but from the fact that weakness, harnessed to strength, will very often reduce strength to its own level. "*The beast that goes well is never without some one to try his paces*;" and although, says the proverb, "*It is better to strive with a stubborn ass than carry the wood on your own shoulders*," yet there have been stubborn asses who have worn out high-mettled steeds. "*The rotten apple spoils its companion*," and "*The right hand is slave to the left*," "*The thread breaks where it is thinnest*."

I very well remember, some twenty-five years since, in days when it was possible to have a very long coach ride, travelling some hundred and twenty miles from England into South Wales; we had gone along for some time rather slowly on our journey; but in the midst of a wild, waste place, the name of which I remember was "Cold Blow," at the wayside inn we had changed horses; and as we mounted to our places, again prepared for a start, I said to my neighbour, as I looked upon our fresh relay of steeds, "Now we shall get along." "I don't believe it a bit," said my companion; "look at that offsider, those other three horses will be kept in check by him. They won't be allowed to go a bit faster than he chooses. He'll hold in their agility for the journey." And so, indeed, it proved. He was the *bête noir* upon that pilgrimage, and the strength of the team was dependent upon the weakness or perversity of the one. It is so in life—the strength of life is in the weakest power; this governs the life, holds its back, and enervates and enfeebles all the other faculties. A munificent endowment of genius is impoverished by some alloy which taints it; a magnificent strength is impaired and enfeebled by some deteriorating affection; the lordship of a fine intellect or a commanding will is rendered ineffective by some feebleness of the body, some disease which takes the spring and energy from life. The first seems as if it would promote to great honour, while the last keeps back from honour. Thus in innumerable instances we see how the strength of the whole chain depends upon the weakest link in the chain. Every link beside

was strong and good excepting that, and there at last it snapped. "The Country Parson" in one of his best papers speaks of "men who carried weight in life," and in another discourse of "men of whom more might have been made." Both of these classes of persons remind us of the strength of the chain in the weakest link. We are amazed at some men who do not as we say get on better; perhaps if we knew all we should be amazed if they got on at all, that they do not give up or fall down in a fit of sheer despair. Some indeed do. It is not merely in virtue of a man being an animal or a beast that he flies to suicide; it is the irritating horse by his side. It will not allow the steed to fly because he is harnessed to it. It is the fear of that weaker link related to so many stronger and able to bear; and even when we are amazed at the folly of some men the amazement is caused from the knowledge of the contradiction between great powers and idle enterprises.

The proverb says, "*If it is not just and right it is all wrong.*" Perhaps this was originally applied to some cantankerous creatures who must have everything exactly their own way, or otherwise find everything to be utterly and entirely wrong. But there is a sense in which the proverb has a far deeper and higher truth. What a consequence would follow if trains were not just right at starting! We see this especially illustrated on some of the great junctions where the lines diverge into manifold directions. Dr. James Hamilton wisely says, "At Preston, at Malines, at many such places the lines go gently asunder. So fine is the angle that at first the paths are almost parallel, and it seems of small moment which you select. But a little farther on one of them turns a corner or dives into a tunnel, and now that the speed is full the angle opens up, and at the rate of a mile a minute the divided convoy flies asunder. One passenger is on the way to Italy, another to the swamps of Holland. One will step out in the Irish Channel, the other in London. It is not enough that you book for the better country. You must keep the way, and a small deviation may send you entirely wrong. A slight deflection from honesty, a slight divergence from perfect truthfulness, from perfect sobriety, may throw you on a wrong track altogether, and make a failure of that life which should have proved a comfort to your family, a credit to your country, a blessing to mankind. Beware of the bad habit!"

And no doubt cheerfulness is one of those overcoming powers in life before which the most inveterate obstacles give way; or to change the image cheerfulness is a good tonic, "*A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.*" So also says Dr. Livingstone in his first volume of travels when in circumstances of the most trying emergency. Weary, worn, destitute, and in a region which could

furnish little help, he quotes the proverb and goes on. And in simple homely life cheerfulness conquers. Jerry's countenance was *plainness* to the fullest extent. "Never mind," said Jerry, "I shall not be troubled by the ladies. My face is my *egis*." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a conclusion would have been correct, but Jerry was fated to stumble over the solitary exception, inasmuch as a young and rather handsome heiress, forgetting his defects of feature and physiognomy, and seeing only his contented disposition and intellectual worth, fell in love with him one day, and he, very good-naturedly reciprocating the compliment, married her. Proceeding home in a carriage from the church where the union had just been performed, the vehicle upset, threw out the bride, but, what was worst of all, broke a leg of the bridegroom. It was especially *mal à propos* to break a limb upon such an occasion, and Jerry had as much reason to repine at the accident as any one similarly situated could have, but he bore it with his usual good nature. "Ah," said he, one day in the last quarter of his damaged honeymoon, in answer to an expression of regret, endearment, and sympathy, which had escaped his young wife, "'tis all for the best, Susy. I desired a little indoor life. Besides, but for this accident business would not have allowed me so much of your company. So, ha! ha! upon my word I look upon it as far from one of the most unfortunate events of my life. I do, indeed!" Susan's first child was, unfortunately, born blind. "Not so *very* unfortunate after all!" said Jerry. "It might have been worse. Let us thank an omniscient Providence that the dear little fellow is not club-footed. Surgery may perhaps remedy his sight, and if it can't—why—why, after all, the faculty of seeing is so often abused, so often a curse to its possessor! It changed Lot's wife to a lump of salt, you know!" Such is Jeremiah's philosophy, and for all trials, great or small, he makes it applicable. His wife broke a pitcher, a costly one. "Dear me! what a pity!" said she, provoked at her own carelessness. "Not a whit," responded Jerry. "I *never* liked that pitcher—such an awkward handle. I'll get another." His chimneys were contrary. There are few who can keep their patience in smoky rooms. Jeremiah, however, after fully ascertaining that with his house the nuisance was incurable, forthwith began to extol the virtues of the smoke, and it was not until after he had sold his bacon-making residence and purchased an abode more conducive to comfort, that he would allow that smoke was *not* an indispensable necessary to civilised life. His little blind boy withered and died, like a sunless rose, ere he could lisp "father." Susan had been a second time a mother, but her love for her firstborn burned brightest, for to the pure flame of maternal love was added interest for the darkness which haunted his

vision like a continual night. Even so was the poor boy endeared to the heart of his father. Sad, indeed, then was the ceremony with which the little sufferer was consigned to the grave, where all are blind alike. They returned to their dwelling. The prattle of the sightless one no longer greeted their footfall—all seemed cheerless and desolate to Susan, and, sitting down, she hid her face in her hands and wept. The heart of Jeremiah was sad, but not to abandonment, like that of his wife. He opened the Bible given to him by his mother on her death-bed, and drawing his chair near to Susan, read aloud that beautiful chapter wherein our Saviour asks for little children to be brought unto Him, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." When he had concluded he closed the book, and, clasping the hand of his wife affectionately within his own; "Susan," said he, and his voice sounded like gentle music in her ears, "let us not murmur. God is just—is merciful. If he had lived, it would only have been to grope through the world. Now he is in heaven, where to all all is light. Let us deserve to meet him there." Only a few years afterwards Jeremiah was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property had been invested in the stock of the bank, which failed, unable to pay a shilling in a pound. Thus compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment, change his style of living altogether, and, with his wife and four children, take to "short commons," his spirits did not desert him. Said Jerry, "Never mind!" two words which he never failed to throw at the teeth of every mishap he encountered. "Never mind! I like variety. I am tired of riding in a carriage; I once broke my leg in one. Walking is an exercise that I need very much. Come, come, this is not so bad an affair after all. It will test the value of my friends. Besides, now I can *earn* the bread we eat. Ah! it will be a labour of love, and that enriches the soul! I can almost say I am glad this accident has happened; I can indeed!"

Let no one think that our patient friend's philosophy is the apathy of the *stoic*. It arises from no lack of sensitive and acute feelings, but from a benevolent determination to *make the best of everything*. This is the secret of his contentment under a load of mishaps and reverses. Ever striving to render all around him happy, he is a sterling friend; never repining at the decrees of Providence, he is a true Christian. And the absence of this spirit of cheerfulness, let me say the non-possession of it, why, this is a much more real calamity than many a deprivation much more seriously deplored. Say a man is blind, we pity him; say a man is deaf, we pity him. We grieve over some loss of fortune or fractured limb, but a man without cheerfulness excites no compassion, and yet he is to be pitied most of all; there is no rebound in his nature; he always sees a coming cloud in the most sunny days,

and the softest West wind blows East to him, while in adversity he can only feel the paralysis of despair. A cheerless disposition "is vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes." It gives hindrance where we might have expected help, like an inefficient messenger or a faithless servant to those who send him; the vinegar sets the teeth on edge, the smoke makes the eyes smart, and prevents them from seeing. If there are many such helpers in life, it is equally true that man is very often such a helper to himself. "*Cheer up, God is where He was,*" said an old proverb, which contains at once good theology and good physic.

Success in life, which ignorance misnames luck, when it is a man's own making, arises greatly from intensity; that is, that the man knows what he intends, and gives himself earnestly and entirely to the pursuit; he is a man of one idea; he says with him of old, "*One thing I do;*" he is like a hound on a keen scent. The nature of the man is absorbed, "*Who hunts two hares together catches neither.*" "Toby," says Dr. Brown, in his "*Horse-Subspective,*" speaking of his father's favourite dog of that name, "Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town. This my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend, a vain fear, forbade; and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal it was often a drawn game. Toby ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed." So that a dog with one thing on his mind, and only one, may circumvent even a very clever man. And no doubt it is in the tenacity with which we are able to hold on in any pursuit that the prize is gained and the victory is won. This is intensity, earnestness, moral energy; and this has ever been the attribute and character of those who have achieved mightily in life. This intensity is a high moral quality, all men cannot exercise it, to the extent to which they are unable they are unhealthy natures; attention is so mighty and essential a human faculty. It is true, too, sometimes that we must divide to conquer, but even then one sovereign will, holds all the reins of administration. As a coachman is in one mind although he may be driving four-in-hand, so it is possible to attend to many things when they are tabulated beneath a strong and overruling purpose. This is what is called being a man of one idea; the idea comprehends and crowns all. "*One thing I do*" has been the battle-cry and the motto on the banner of, perhaps, every victorious leader and every great and commanding name—not, again, that such names have only been associated with one department of labour always, but they did one thing at a time. Michael Angelo was not employed in rearing St. Peter's when he was painting the Sistine Chapel. It seems essential that for great success the mind, like a vast river, should absorb into itself all the little rills and

rivulets of faculty, and bear on with determination to the end. A mind with one purpose will sometimes recreate itself by small pleasures, even as Michael Angelo turns aside while smiting life by his chisel into his immortal marbles to pen a sonnet, but it is no contradiction, and "*One thing I do*" was and is the governing motive still; "*Do one thing at a time*" was the favourite axiom of De Witte, the great statesman of Holland; so also it was the great motto of that stupendous worker and marvellously varied and full mind, Lord Brougham. Bourrienne says "Napoleon never allowed two things to engross him at one and the same time; he chased from his thoughts every reflection which might distract his mind from the dominating idea of the moment." Yet, on the other hand, it seems possible to preserve in exercise a diversity of faculty. "I have lived long enough," said Dr. Edward Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of '*Too many irons in the fire*' conveys an abominable untruth. You cannot have too many, poker, tongs, and all. Keep them all going." But with all respect to the doctor, the answer to the adage is not very complete. Each iron must do its own work and be its own self with a purpose at one time, and it would be rather a singular spectacle to see fire-shovel, tongs, and poker all employed upon the same fire at the same moment. Therefore comes into use another proverb, "*Do not hang all on one nail*," or, at any rate, proportion the weight to the nail. We have most of us some painful experiences arising from this, sometimes in the affections and sometimes in the circumstances. Life and all its happiness and its hopes have been suspended on the one nail and it has given way.

Or as another proverb has it, "*He has put all his eggs into one basket*." Then if all the eggs are put into one basket, and the basket is hung on one nail, and that nail gives way, the market for the eggs is altogether gone. He is in a bad case who expected everything from the one thing he has lost; but it is not only not unusual, it is very common for men and women to expect the entire fortune from the one venture, and they throw all in one stake. Even when fortune or expectation is hung on several nails, sometimes they all give way. I remember talking with a rich man who had his house at Albert Gate, and another at Brighton, and another magnificent house in the country, and a retinue of carriages and servants. I remember saying to him, "The changes of life are so great, the wheel revolves so swiftly, that even you may need to take care." "Ah, but," he said, "I have so arranged that I can't lose all; I have so disposed of my money that if one investment were to fail I should be safe in several others." Very remarkably, very few weeks had passed after this conversation, and he had lost all but

entirely all, by a succession of failures in the great year of panics; every house—and they were immense houses—in which he had placed his wealth went down. He had not hung his fortune on one nail, but principally on three. He had apportioned his eggs into three baskets, but they all fell. Men must, as it seems, hang their expectations on conditions. This is the peg, or the nail, and so long as they do so the day must at last come when the peg breaks, by the very fact that so heavy a burden has been hung upon it, it was more than the peg could bear, and great was the fall of it. My friend who suffered in the way I mentioned took it all very heroically. With brave-hearted cheerfulness he set to work and began again; but in most instances such failures of life and heart take the entire spring from life. A death, an earthquake swallowing up the property, beneath such panics, if spared to gaze round upon the wreck and ruin the heart says, "Wherefore should I look up again? why should I begin again?" So I remember Dr. Southey, in one of his letters, like many another father, pouring out passionate grief over the death of a little daughter, declaring that he will never be taken in that way again, that he will never love again so vehemently. So many have thought. It was his way of saying that the fall from the one nail had so stunned him that he despaired of looking up again; but such calamities even are survived, and men follow in the same chase as ardently as ever. It must be admitted, however, that sometimes life fails altogether, or survives the shock but for a very short time. We have often seen how, when the one staff of the heart is broken the heart is broken too; and when life has lost the fair things on which it depended, and in which it trusted; we have seen the erect, proud, and stately man shamble along a little while, becoming bent and doubled, poor, thin, and fragile, till, a mere mockery of the proud presence we once knew, he drops into his obscure grave.

Not an inconsiderable number of those whose failure in life seems to command commiseration deserve to fail,—not merely because they have proved themselves so weak, for mere weakness must always excite pity and may move respect, but because they have simply been worshippers of success by all means, true or false, fair or foul. An old saying says, "*The devil has his martyrs.*" Certainly he has, and they witness their confession before many witnesses—albeit *not* a good one. A martyr is one who is a witness unto death, and surely there are crowds who witness for the devil unto death; moreover it is not always either easy or happy to serve the devil. This service is popularly supposed to be only one of rewards, at any rate in this life, but this is a great mistake. There are prisons thronged by such martyrs; there are martyrs who are expiating their confession and service in every variety of pain and

penalty, some in a body consigned to a life misery from the indulgence of their excesses, some in a life of poverty,—they have squandered their fortune, and nothing is left but the long and vain regret,—some in exile and banishment, far from their country and their friends, through a brief wild period of enthusiastic service, and thus in many ways “*The devil has his martyrs.*” When such fail, and when their service turns into an occasion of suffering, they possibly feel that they have been ill-used at the hands of fortune, and treat the affair as a proof of that chance and ill-luck which they had supposed always to rule among the affairs of men. “‘*Sour grapes,*’ said the fox, when he could not reach them.” Often it happens that the occasion and opportunity prove the man, and at the same time displace him. There is an old story, it comes from the East, and is like our well-known fable of the “*Ass in the Lion’s Skin.*” A jackal or a fox, I forget which, was the most impudent, prying, and pragmatistical of all his tribe. He had an immense conceit of himself, and he was always thrusting his nose into everybody’s business. His meddling propensities were perpetually getting him into trouble, but nothing could cure him. He would peep and pry into every corner, fish out what secrets he could, and then magnify his own importance by the knowledge his secretive cunning had acquired. One day, while furtively prowling about in search for something new, he entered the shop of a dyer, sniffing and reconnoitring. He at last attempted to peep into a large jar of indigo. He fell in, and got his hide completely dyed blue. He scrambled out, however, and managed to escape to the woods, where he no sooner appeared than he created no little surprise, almost a consternation, amongst the respectable animals—his fellow-creatures, who knew not what to make of such a very extraordinary nondescript. However, it is said, in the world of beasts as in the world of men there is nothing like novelty, and he was a decided novelty. He moved the wonder and admiration of all the quadrupeds. Nothing had been seen like him so startlingly fine before. In a short time the wicked old blue-skin was chosen king of the forest, although he knew as much about governing as an oyster knows about running a race. No matter, having attained to this great dignity, his head became completely turned, and he began to imagine himself in reality a quadruped of great genius. Whenever he went abroad he was received with shouts of “*Blueskin for ever! Hurrah for Blueskin!*” In short, what will you have of it? Totally forgetting that his wondrous dignity was only skin deep, and that he was a poor dolt of a jackal at bottom, he resolved to muster an army and conquer the world. So, getting his rank and file together, he put himself at their head and set out; but before he had

completed a day's march there came a violent rain, and, no shelter being at hand, his majesty got so soundly drenched that his hide was washed clean, and the cheat discovered. Hereupon the beasts, enraged at the sham, fell upon him tooth and claw; one gave him a poke, and another a scratch, and his majesty, king, conqueror, and generalissimo, was fain to scamper off to the woods in double-quick time, carrying with him no remnant of his dignity but a skin full of sore bones, and the knowledge that he was one of the sorriest varlets that ever wagged a tail. The fable is not without its analogies in our modern society. Are we not often disposed to say, "*Off with your finery that I may see you*"? Sparrows are hopping about us on all sides painted like humming-birds or kingfishers, and sometimes a worthy man may well thank God for the showers of poverty which wash his feathers; we did not know him so well before, now we can estimate him, and understand that his worth was not exterior. Wealth, personal or national, is not to be depreciated, but appraised at its proper value. Money, like food, depends upon the man by whom it is used for its value. A bad stomach cannot digest and use good food, and a bad man cannot digest and use his wealth well. Money is not its own end, it is like bricks which need good architects and builders to make them of any value; but men perpetually confound instruments with objects and ends. We need not envy the rich man his wealth, but we may and we have sometimes envied him those emotions which may be his when he reflects upon the diffusion of happiness around him from a wise and unparsimonious hand. It need give little regret if, where this has never been realised, the man suddenly elevated as suddenly falls back again. "*Fortune is round*," says the Dutch proverb, "*it makes one a king, another a dunghill*." It is the quiet spirit which reads a higher purpose in life than the mere whirl of the wheel.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great."

A good and true man will always, even amidst the adversities of life, be able to sustain himself by an inward consciousness; even when affairs are at the darkest, and the nerves quiver, the heart may be strong, as one said, "*Let my heart be sound in Thy statutes, that I be not ashamed*." It will be so when words are carefully ruled and made the signs of truth and soberness and not, as they are too frequently, the marks of falsehood and folly. "*There is as much hold of his word as of a wet cat by the tail*;" it is sure, that is, to slip through the fingers—a picture of an untrustworthy man; there are men who seldom speak without a double meaning, to whom all "*Speech is a plank of double meanings*," who use all their words so that

they seem to lurk in ambush for some future opportunity; there are men who can be even true to the word but utterly false to the spirit; such men and their words are like slippery eels; the words are like cunningly contrived nets, they catch the unwary, while their framers are never likely to be caught. A story is told of a merchant who desired to insure a vessel and its freightage; she had not for some time been heard of, and this, while it was one reason with him for insuring, formed a reason with the broker for caution; he promised, however, to execute the policy, but meanwhile to delay it as long as possible for the purpose of inquiry; the merchant had not long left the broker's office before he heard the vessel was lost, and he sent along his clerk to say he had heard of the vessel, and so the policy need not be executed; the other, supposing the vessel had been spoken with, and that all was safe, contrived to shuffle the papers, unseen by the clerk, signed the policy, and handed it to him, saying "I had executed it." This was exactly what the other wished, and so this pair of slippery eels contrived to dodge round each other. And foolish words are as much to be reprobated as malignant words. Almost, it seems, as if some persons must garnish the speech with unmeaning rapidity, must indulge either in blustering oaths or in vacant talk, signifying nothing—perhaps, indeed, in the recording angel's book a good deal of the pious talk of saintly people fares no better than the sinful talk of the wicked ones. Dean Ramsay, in his "Scottish Characteristics," tells the story of some lady who, speaking of a brother much addicted to the shocking habit of swearing in conversation, said, "Our John swears awful, and we try to correct him, but," she added in a candid and apologetic tone, "nae doubt it is a set-off to conversation." And so many, it would seem, have absurdly thought. In the Diary of Crabb Robinson there occurs an anecdote of that remarkable preacher and great humorist, the Rev. Robert Robinson of Cambridge. "I met him," said some person in recording the story, "when I was a young man and when my tone of conversation was that universal among young officers, and I talked in a very free tone with this Mr. Robinson. I did not take him for a clergyman, though he was dressed in black, for he was by no means solemn; on the contrary, he told several droll stories, but there was one very odd thing about him, he continually interlarded his conversation and stories with an exclamation, '*Bottles and corks.*' This seemed so strange that I could not help at last asking him why he did so, saying they did not improve his story at all. 'Don't they?' said Mr. Robinson. 'I am glad to know that, for I merely used those words by way of experiment.' 'Experiment,' said I; 'how do you mean that?' 'Why, I will tell you. I rather pride myself on story-telling, and wish to make my stories as good as

they can be. Now I observed that you told several very pleasant stories, and that you continually made use of such exclamations as "G—d d—n it," "B—t me," &c., &c. Now I can't use such words, for they are irreverent towards the Almighty, and I believe actually sinful, therefore I want to try whether I could not find words that would answer the purpose as well, and be quite innocent at the same time.' All this," said the officer, "was said in so good-humoured a tone that I could not possibly take offence though apt enough to do so. The reproof had an effect on me, and very much contributed to my breaking myself of the habit of profane swearing."

But says the proverb, "*Lies have short legs*," although Sir James Stephen said he recollected hearing Mr. Wilberforce say, "We talk of the power of truth; I hope it has some power, but I am shocked by the power of falsehood!" And, indeed, although it will appear at last that nothing really survives but truth and rectitude in character and in principle, we perhaps somewhat underrate the power of falsehood; it has power, although its power is usually derived from its relation to or simulation of truth; it can use the implements and instrumentalities of truth for doing its own work; it can play the hypocrite so admirably, and in virtue of this a lie may live long. No doubt at last, as the proverb says, "*Lies melt like snow*," but, short-legged as they are, and dissolving as they are, they can run a long way, and when they melt sometimes leave very dirty water behind them. Respectability may sometimes do a great deal towards giving currency to a falsehood. The noblest man, perhaps the most unselfish of all those who laboured to destroy the horrid slave trade, was Thomas Clarkson. He not only laboured with amazing industry and intrepidity, but he devoted large sums of money to the great object of his life and to his benevolent ambition. He earnestly wrought upon and persuaded Wilberforce to adopt the cause of the slave, and to sustain the motion for the abolition of slavery in the House of Commons. Yet when the present Bishop of Winchester and his brother wrote the life of their father they sought to brighten his reputation, which was quite needless, by representing Thomas Clarkson as the paid agent of men for carrying out that idea of which he indeed was the great originator. In his case a crowd of illustrious friends, such as Lord Brougham, soon rectified the mistake, and in subsequent editions the two Wilberforces were compelled to withdraw their attack upon Mr. Clarkson; and, indeed, the allegations could never have had any foundation at all excepting in their own imaginations. Here was "*a lie with short legs*," but some seem to be longer. In Lord Macaulay's "*History of England*" some characters are effectually and apparently immortally

blackened; among others that illustrious character William Penn. By the most incontestable evidence it was proved to Lord Macaulay that the odious charge he brings against him of receiving money to use his Court influence for purchasing off some of the unhappy victims of the great Taunton Assize, upon the sad issue of the Monmouth rebellion, was altogether a false charge. There was a Mr. Penn, but it was a Mr. George Penn; and the distinguished historian, who hated Quakers with a perfect hatred, must have gone to his imagination also for his facts when he attached to so pure and spotless a person as William Penn the well-known delinquencies of Mr. George Penn; but the allegation was never corrected, never can be by Lord Macaulay's fingers, and with every future edition of the renowned "History of England" the shameful libel upon a noble martyr to the cause of truth will go on doing its work.

The Children's Hour.

CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER XI.—A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Harry."

"Good-night, sir; good-night—my father."

Without another word Mr. Lacey left his son on the night of his return home. The first thing, as we have said, that Harry saw when he was left alone was the Bible which had been his sister's New Year's gift. He groaned aloud at sight of it, for he well remembered the day and the circumstance of his parting with it at the shop of the second-hand bookseller; and, remembering it, he felt overwhelmed with shame.

He sat down in a chair and covered his face with his hands. He felt, although there was no one to see him, as if he dared not look up. He could scarcely realise, indeed, that he was at home again. He had been absent so long among strange scenes and people that he felt as if he had no right to expect anything else. And yet he was at home at his father's house, and he had not been spurned from the door, nor treated coldly. He could not forget the surprise of his welcome, could hardly believe that he had not dreamed of seeing Carrie in the garden, and feeling his mother's kiss, and holding his father's hand. It seemed all too good to be true, and far

more like a dream than reality. And then he looked round the room, and saw how home-like, and comfortable, and restful it was, and felt that he was indeed at home.

But never in all his life had Henry Lacey felt his own sinfulness as he felt it that night. If he had been treated harshly and scolded for his misdeeds, he would perhaps have tried to make some excuses for himself, and said that he was no worse than others. But the love of his friends did more for him than anything else could have done; it melted him, and made him sorry for his wrong-doings, and anxious to become better in the future.

He took down the Bible and opened it. There were the marks that Carrie had put in it.

"Dear little Carrie!" he thought. "There never was a more loving sister than mine, and I am afraid there never was a worse brother than I am."

He read a few verses here and there, as he turned over the leaves, but it seemed as if every verse had a message to him. He felt worse the longer he looked, and presently he laid the book down.

He was very tired, and the bed looked so comfortable that he thought perhaps he might sleep, though his head was aching, and he was feeling very excited.

He hesitated before he got into bed. He was half-inclined to kneel down and pray, but it was a long time since he had done so, and he scarcely knew whether he might.

"It is no use my praying until I am better. It would be a mockery in me to pray when I know what I am. I am too wicked to pray."

Poor Harry! He did not know, or he had forgotten, that it is just when we feel how sinful we have been that we should pray. We should go at once to God and ask his forgiveness for Jesus Christ's sake, and not try to make ourselves better first.

Harry went to bed, but he could not sleep, his thoughts would not let him. He thought of himself as a little boy at school, and remembered all his mother's love and his father's kindness. They had done everything they could to make him a good boy, but he had been determined to have his own way. He thought most of all of his sister, and how she had loved him even when she was quite a baby. The more he thought the worse he felt, and after he had lain tossing about in his bed, he sprang out and dressed himself. He felt almost wild. "I wonder why I came back!" he cried to himself. "I shall never be worthy of all their love, and I dare say I shall only be a trouble to them all again." At that moment he heard a gentle tap at the door. He opened it and saw his sister.

"May I come in, Harry dear? I cannot sleep, and I knew you were awake, too, for I heard you moving."

"Yes, come in. Oh, Carrie, I am so miserable, I cannot sleep. I don't know what is to become of me, I have been so wicked. I feel that I have no right here in my father's house. I do not deserve any of your love and kindness, and I cannot bear it."

"Yes, you can, Harry; you need not think of what you have been, but only of what you are going to be."

"There is no hope for me; I cannot change, though I hate myself. I wish I had never been born, I wish—oh! I don't know what I wish."

He walked to and fro in the room, and looked so haggard that his sister could have cried.

"Come and sit down, Harry," she said; "I want to talk to you."

He came, and she laid her cool hand upon his burning head. It soothed him directly, but she scarcely noticed that. She was lifting her heart up to God in prayer that she might be able to say the right things to her brother, and that God would bless her words.

"Poor Harry! you don't know how much we all love you, papa, mamma, and I."

"But how can you?"

"We cannot help it."

"But papa will never, never forgive the disgrace I have brought upon him."

"I think if you want to be forgiven he will only be too glad to do so."

"I want to be forgiven, but I dare not hope that I shall be."

"But I think you are already. Did not papa show it when he took your hand? And when mamma put her arms round you and kissed you did you not feel that you were forgiven?"

Harry could not speak, he could only cry at the remembrance.

"Brother," said Carrie, softly, "have you asked God to forgive you?"

"No," said Harry, shuddering. "I know He would not. Only this evening I have read that He is angry with the wicked every day."

"But there is another verse that says, if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. Think of Jesus, Harry. You know He came on purpose to save sinners, not good people. And He says, Come unto Me."

"I will try," said Harry. "I will try and be a great deal better than I ever have been before, and then perhaps He will listen to me when I pray."

"Oh, don't wait for that. Come now, just as you are, for I know you cannot make yourself better. Harry, if you like to ask Jesus to receive you and forgive you at this very minute He will."

Harry looked at his sister.

"Do you know what you are saying, Carrie? Is it true? Can I pray to Him although I am so wicked, and do you think He will pay the least attention to me?"

"Harry, when Jesus was here you know what sort of people He blessed. He cured those who were ill, and He spent His time with sinners. And He is the same now. It is no matter how bad we are, nor how sinful we have been, if we come to Jesus He will heal us and pardon our sins."

"How do you know?"

"I know because the Bible says so, and *because I am sure He has forgiven me.*"

Harry sat quite still for a long time, thinking. Carrie said nothing, but now and then, as she thought of them, she repeated verses of Scripture.

"*'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.'*

"*'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.'*

"*'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'*

"*'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.'*

"*'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'*

"*'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'*

Presently Harry spoke.

"That text says '*Him that cometh;*' it says nothing about being good before we come. Do you think it means that I may come to Jesus just as I am to be forgiven?"

"I am sure it does, Harry."

"Carrie, will you pray for me?"

At another time, perhaps, Carrie would have been too timid. But now she did not think of herself. They both knelt down together, she and Harry, and she earnestly asked God to forgive her brother, and to let him be His child, not because of anything he could do, but because of what Jesus had already done to save sinners.

When she had finished Harry was sobbing. He did not rise from his knees, but he too prayed. He could only say a few words, but he said them from his heart. He confessed that he had been very sinful, but he asked God to forgive him, and he gave himself up to Jesus—"Thou has saved so many; Thou canst save me. Oh, Saviour, take me, for I come to Thee."

And then Harry was strangely happy, for he felt that he was forgiven. Of course Jesus would keep His word, and now that he had come He would not cast him out.

"Oh, Carrie," he said, "it is wonderful, but I know that He loves me, and has saved me; and though I have been so wicked I feel that He will help me to love and serve Him all my life."

Carrie was so happy and thankful that she could not speak.

It was quite daylight when she went away to her room. And then Harry felt as if he could sleep.

He took the little Bible, and read two verses the last thing:—
"And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation."

And with these beautiful words in his mind Harry fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII. (CONCLUSION).—CARRIE'S RESOLUTION KEPT.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacey passed an anxious night as well as Harry and Carrie. They were glad and thankful to have their son back again, but they wondered whether he was changed, or whether he had only come back because he was tired of wandering about, and knew he could be more comfortable at home. If this were the case, they had every reason to fear that he would soon return to his evil practices and bring fresh trouble upon them. But they hoped for the best, for they loved him, and resolved that they would speak no hard words to their boy, but would let him see how dear his happiness was to them.

Mrs. Lacey resolved to talk to him very seriously, though lovingly, about his conduct, and Mr. Lacey promised to try to forget the past if only Harry would turn over a new leaf and behave differently in the future.

Still it was with anxious faces and fearful hearts that they entered the breakfast-room the morning after their son's return.

Harry was there first, and although he had only slept for an hour or two in the morning there was a look of peace and rest in his face that had never been there before.

Carrie saw it as soon as she entered, and it made her heart leap for joy. He came towards her with open arms.

"My darling sister," he said, "I have been thanking God for you."

It was too much for Carrie, she was relieved to hear her father and mother coming.

Harry's face turned a shade paler when he saw them.

"Father, mother, will you forgive me?" he said; and his voice trembled so that it did not sound like his own. "I did not dare ask you last night, but now, I think, I believe that God has forgiven me, and so I think it is possible you may. I have felt as if there could be no hope for me, but Carrie showed me that there was, and I have confessed my sins to Jesus, who gave His life for sinners, and He has made me so happy that I think I can bear anything now. I cannot expect that you will let me stay at home with you, but I will go anywhere, and do anything you wish. Only if you can forgive me, do, and I hope, I pray that I may never again grieve you as I have done."

Oh, what joy these words gave to Harry's parents! They could scarcely speak, they were crying for joy. But they made Harry understand that they fully and freely forgave him, and loved and trusted him still. It was agreed that he should not leave home again.

"Stay with us, Harry," said his father. "I need your help in the management of my affairs, and your youth and intelligence will be a great help; there is plenty to occupy you, and I would rather my son do the work than anybody beside."

"And you are not afraid to trust me, father?"

"No, my boy, because I know that now you are looking higher than yourself for strength. And your prayer, 'Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil,' will certainly be answered."

"Yes, stay with us, Harry," said his mother, laying her hand on his shoulder, "it will be such a comfort to me to have my boy near me."

And Harry thanked them with tears in his eyes.

"But, oh, Carrie, you must pray for me," he said afterward to his sister. "I am not good, and strong, and wise as I ought to be to do what father and mother expect me to do, and I shall disappoint them unless God will help me."

"But He will, Harry."

And He did. It was wonderful what a great change had passed over Harry. Everybody noticed it, but they saw it the most clearly who lived with them. Every day his parents thanked God for such a son, and he comforted them, and made them so happy that they almost forgot what he had been.

But he never forgot. It often made him feel sad, and ashamed even although he knew he had been forgiven. And often Carrie had occasion to cheer her brother by reading to him some of the comfortable words of God.

It was not often that Carrie would let him talk about the past.

"It is buried out of sight, and it ought to be out of mind," she said.

But sometimes Harry felt as if he could not help talking about it

to his sister. On one of these occasions he said something that made Carrie very happy.

They had been to spend the day at the house of Bessie's parents, for Bessie was at home then. They had a very pleasant time. Bessie was as loving as ever, and very glad indeed to see her friend.

"And what do you think, Carrie? Mamma is going to thank you for having me at your house. She says she is quite pleased at the difference there is in me, for she never has to scold me now for being untidy, and she says it must be all your doings."

"But it is not," said Carrie.

"No, I have told her so. It is all because I have kept my New Year's resolution, isn't it?"

"Did you form a resolution at the new year, then, Bessie?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes, both Carrie and I did, and I have kept mine. Have you kept yours, Carrie?"

The colour came into Carrie's face at Bessie's question. Tears too rose to her eyes, for she remembered that New Year's Eve, and all the sorrow she had had to bear since. But both Harry and Bessie were looking at her, and she was obliged to answer, "I—yes, Bessie, it has been kept, though I was not able to do much toward it."

"Then, now you will tell me what it was, will you not?"

"Oh, no, Bessie dear, I cannot; I can only tell you that that has been done which I so hoped for then."

"But I think you promised to tell me what it was."

"Dear Bessie, do excuse me."

Harry was watching his sister's face, and he thought he understood.

"Shall I tell you what it was, Bessie?"

"Yes, please, if you know."

"I believe I can guess. Carrie had a brother last year who was very wicked, and a great grief to her and his father and mother. And Carrie made a resolution that she would save her brother, or at least teach him better before the year was gone. And she had plenty of trouble to keep this resolution, but she kept it, and her brother, though he isn't what he ought to be and hopes to be, is very different from what he was."

Bessie could not help feeling a little curious, and she had her curiosity satisfied.

"Are you the brother?"

"Yes. Have I guessed right, Carrie?"

Carrie could not deny it, and Bessie rejoiced with her friend.

"Oh, Carrie, I am so glad you are happy, for you deserve to be."

"Oh, no, dear, it was not my doing after all."

But as she and Harry went home together he told her that it was really all through her that he had returned to his home.

"I could not forget that Bible which you gave me, and which I was mad enough to sell. I felt more thoroughly ashamed of that one act than of any other. And then I knew all the time that you loved me; I could not hope that father and mother would, after all I had done, but I was quite sure about you. And every day I felt that I would do anything just to see you. I thought of you always. When I was in the company of young men who were drinking and swearing, I used to shudder as I wondered how you would feel if you could see me. I felt, too, that you did not forget me, and that perhaps you would try to soften the hearts of father and mother toward me. And when I remembered how you must be troubled about me I felt as if I could not go on as I was. Somehow, too, I felt that you were praying for me. Many a time I have pictured you on your knees asking God to forgive me, and though I felt as if there could be no mercy for me, yet it comforted me to think you were praying. And then, I should not have come home when I did but for you. I saw your messages to me in the newspaper, and they made me long to return, and indeed caused me to feel that though I might not stay at home I must see my sister. And so, Carrie, it was your love that brought me."

Carrie wept for joy and thankfulness, but she could not take the praise to herself.

"It was God who brought you."

"Oh, yes, I know it was, Carrie, and when I think of it I could be always singing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

But it was in answer to your prayers, and because you so bravely kept your resolution. You did everything that could be done for me, Carrie, and I shall never, never forget how much you have loved me."

And he never did. No one could have been more kind and tender than Henry Lacey was to his sister. He took great care of her, and watched over her, and did all that he could to make her happy.

And when Carrie saw how the troubled look vanished from her mother's face, and how bright and contented her father was, she did indeed feel glad and thankful.

Often she used to say, "I wish every girl had such a brother as I have."

And Harry replied, "If all boys had sisters who loved them enough to care for them and pray for them, they would often be better than they are."

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1870.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XV.—FOUR YEARS.

I FIND that if I am to finish my story in anything like a reasonable space of time I must begin to get over the ground a little more quickly. I must give general rather than detailed accounts of my boyhood's experiences; I must go on from year to year rather than from month to month and from week to week. Indeed, after I was fairly settled at Dovercourt and Stoketon the course of events flowed pretty evenly; and though everything that happened, however immaterial, doubtless told upon me in some way or other, I had not many adventures which needed to be recorded.

Strange to say, I heard nothing more from Lady Olive after her outburst. She appeared next day among us, and gradually thawing was even quite gracious to Phœbe. I could not say that she was cold or haughty to myself, for she simply ignored me, never by any chance addressing me, never referring to my presence, never looking at me, unless by accident I happened to cross her point of vision, and then she regarded me with the sort of vacant stare one often fixes on pieces of furniture when one's mind is entirely pre-occupied. The Marchioness must have noticed her behaviour, but she did not interfere. Between my lady and her step-daughter there was evidently a repressed antagonism; they understood each other without ever coming to an explanation. The Marchioness never exercised over Lady Olive the authority which her position gave her; she treated her always kindly and politely, but rather as

a woman than as a child. Indeed, there was not much that was childlike about Lady Olive, and she always gave herself the airs of one born in the purple. She, on her part, showed a due respect for her father's wife, and as no particular obedience was required it was not difficult to render so much outward deference as kept up appearances before the world.

But she spoilt my pleasure, that proud, scornful, patrician girl. Without speaking to me or looking at me she interfered with me continually. I was always thinking about her; I listened to every word she uttered. If I spoke in her presence I wondered what she thought of my utterance; if she were out of the room I wondered when she would re-enter it. In her absence I was uneasy, in her presence miserable; even the sweet companionship of my lady could not atone for all that I endured through Lady Olive Walton. I never told the Marchioness how she affected me; some instinct always sealed my lips when I would fain have poured out my trouble. Something—I knew not what—warned me not to talk to my lady about the Marquis or about his eldest daughter. And the Marchioness herself I soon perceived scrupulously avoided the mention of Lady Olive's name. During the whole of my visit of ten days I think—nay, I am sure—it never once in all our private *tête-à-têtes* escaped her lips. Happily I was discreet enough to keep silence also.

If I remember aright it was the afternoon of the last day of our visit; on the morrow we were going home to the Gate House, and I was sitting alone in the great conservatory, with a bulky volume of Froissart on my knees, poring over the pages, which with their old, dim type were becoming very indistinct in the fading, wintry twilight. At last I could not see another word, and I let the volume slide to my feet, while I delivered myself up to reflections on the strange but delightful life of the chivalric ages of which I had been reading. Soothed by the stillness and the fragrance of the atmosphere and lulled by the warmth I suppose I fell asleep, for I certainly had something to say to Philip Augustus and his unfortunate wife Ingeborg.

The next minute, however, as it seemed to me, I was wide awake again. Somebody or bodies had entered the conservatory and were conversing in a low tone close to where I sat, and divided from me only by a screen of bushy camellias, against which a seat was placed, so that I and the talkers were back to back, two or three feet of leaves and flowers alone intervening. The voices I knew—they were those of Lady Olive and her governess, Miss Flogg, of whom I have said so little because I so cordially despised and distrusted her. They were speaking French when first I heard them. Miss Flogg had been educated alternately in a Parisian *pension* and

in a Parisian convent, and in consideration of these advantages had been selected from a score and upwards of candidates by the Lady Juliana Rashleigh to fill the post of governess to her august niece the Lady Olive Walton.

But Lady Olive naturally preferred her own language, and after a few sentences exchanged she relapsed into English, and I heard her say, "How cold it is. And I thought if we came in here we should be warm. I declare, Flogg, you have left the door open. Do you mean to kill all the plants? Go and shut it this moment."

"Your legs are younger than mine, Lady Olive, and when I was a girl I did not expect *my* governess to wait upon *me*. *Ma foi!* if I had I should greatly have astonished her and have been disappointed myself."

"Very likely. Your governesses were your equals, perhaps your superiors; you were not—*Lady Sarah Ann Flogg*. Faugh! how it sounds. Don't be stupid, Flogg. Go and shut the door this moment when I tell you."

Flogg went obediently, and grimly I have no doubt. She knew from past experiences that it was hopeless to compete with her pupil on the vexed question of authority. They had had many a skirmish these two in the days that had gone by; and the encounters, though at first dubious as to result, gradually became more decided in issue, and at length Flogg grew accustomed to being beaten, and finding expostulation vain, and protestation useless, and not caring to relinquish a position at once lucrative and honourable, wisely decided to succumb. So under protest—very slight protest sometimes—Sarah Ann Flogg, spinster, aged thirty-eight, obeyed Lady Olive Walton, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Dovercourt, aged eleven. But then the Lady Olive was nobly born; and Flogg, her pupil always called her "Flogg," was nobody in particular. Her papa was an obscure veterinary surgeon. Her mamma;—but it does not matter who Mrs. Flogg was. Probably in discussing her antecedents it might have been said of her, as it was said of another ignoble personage the other day by a novelist of repute, "*Comment est-elle née?*" "*Elle n'est pas née.*" And Lady Olive was, "*née de tous les côtés.*"

Flogg came back again: "You are sure you have caught the latch, Flogg? There is something the matter with that door. You might have slipped the bolt, no one will come in from the rose garden at this time of night."

"It is all safe, Lady Olive. *Mais parlez Français, parlez Français, je vous prie.*"

"I shall not *parlez Français*. Don't be stupid, Flogg; you know I chose to speak English out of the school-room."

"*Eh bien!* You always will have your own way, Lady Olive."

"Certainly I will. Ah! it is comfortable in here. How I do hate the cold. I shall sit here for an hour, Flogg."

"But it will be necessary to dress, Lady Olive."

"I can dress in five minutes. My hair does anyhow, and I do not use cosmetics. It takes a great deal of time to make up a complexion, does it not, Flogg? It seems to me that if once you take to rouge, and all that sort of thing, your face must be always wanting a little *touching up*? Don't you find it so?"

"Really, Lady Olive, one would imagine that—that I *painted*?"

"And so you do. What is the use of pretending with me?"

"Wait a few years, Lady Olive, wait a few years before you pass judgment. Your own complexion——"

"You will be good enough to leave my complexion alone, Flogg. I did not sit down here to talk nonsense. Did Sophie tell you this morning when that *boy* and his sister were going away?"

"They are going to-morrow, I believe. What a vulgar boy he is!"

"Horribly vulgar; and yet I suppose like the rest of his class."

"The boy would be well enough if he knew his place, and did not give himself airs. He is extremely handsome."

Of course I listened attentively. Listeners do occasionally hear something good of themselves you perceive.

Lady Olive continued: "Yes, he is really handsome. It is quite a pity he is not a gentleman. But not being a gentleman, the only thing is to have nothing to say to him, and to resent his presence here."

"I am sure I cannot think what the Marchioness was about when she asked him. There is some strange connection between her and that old man at the Gate House. Can he be her father, or her uncle do you think?"

"Certainly not! Hold your tongue, Flogg, and leave the Marchioness alone. I would recommend you to avoid the discussion of family affairs if you wish to retain your situation."

I cannot describe the tone and air with which the girl made these remarks. If I were queer and too old for my years, as all the dales people had averred, here was some one infinitely queerer, far older for her age. Eleven! she ought to have been five-and-twenty at the least. Her voice even had no childish ring in it, but it was strangely sweet and clear; her intonation I suppose was perfect, and her French—in after-years, when I could judge—was quite as good as her English. Freezingly her accents fell on that hushed, warm, fragrant air, yet with a peculiarly silvery sound that reminded me of the higher notes of a flute or the pianissimo of a clarionet; and I knew exactly how she wreathed her slender neck and threw

back her small, finely shaped head, and with what supreme disdain she regarded her companion.

Miss Flogg replied, "Really, Lady Olive, you need not be so sharp. I only say what other people say. I think it is very odd indeed that her ladyship should be so interested in that sort of people, putting herself upon an equality with them, as one might say, and then having those children here. It is an insult to you, Lady Olive, and I wonder you do not feel it as such!"

"How do you know that I do not feel it to be an insult?"

"Well, I daresay you do. I see you assert your dignity, and, nobly born as you are, you are quite right."

"My dignity can take care of itself," returned Lady Olive, shortly. "Let us go into the house, the perfume of something or other is overpowering, and I am tired of your conversation. And, as you go to your room, tell Caramel not to come to me this evening; I shall dress myself."

"You cannot do your hair, Lady Olive; Caramel had better do your hair."

"I can do anything I choose to do, and I do not choose to be bored with Caramel this evening; I wish to be quiet."

Next day Phoebe and I went home; it seemed very dull at the Gate-house after the Castle, and Phoebe actually indulged in tears when her grandmother made her sit down to hem a duster. "It was all so different," she whispered to me, "and granny was so cross, and she wished very much she might live at the Castle always; it must be a fine thing to be Lady Maude." Poor little Phoebe, I pitied her with all my heart, for she was under Margery's rule, from which I was pretty nearly emancipated. And Margery, in her conscientious desire to train up the little girl in the way she should go, said and did many things which were extremely disagreeable and difficult to bear.

Margery thought that, to do your duty by a child, you must never let it have its own way, save on very rare and especial occasions. You must be continually crossing and thwarting it, and repressing it; you must show it that just what it likes is not at all good for it, and you must exact from it not only due obedience, but a slavish submission of word and thought, as well as action.

One day it dawned upon Margery that Phoebe thought her in the wrong—as indeed she was, having been glaringly unjust, and I think untruthful also, for injustice and truth cannot go together.

"Ye think I'm *wrang*?" screamed Margery, pulling off her spectacles as she spoke, and flinging her knitting defiantly on to the table. "Dinna ye ken I'm allus right, ye li'le good-for-nowt wean?"

There was no response. Phoebe's cheeks were of a lovely, deep

pink, and she sewed with a demure and painstaking air that was exceedingly diverting to an on-looker; but she kept silent. So Margery resumed:—"What !, ye winna spake when ye're spoken to? Oh, ye wicked, sinfu' bairn! Ye'll come to a bad end, Phœbe."

"No, I won't!" said Phœbe, quietly.

"An' ye dare contradick me—*me*, ye li'le hizzie, I say ye *wull*."

"But I will not," returned Phœbe, beginning to be roused; "I will come to a good end."

"Ye'll come to whatten end t' Lord pleases."

"And if I want to be good, the Lord will make me good. *He's* nae wrang ivir," continued Phœbe, lapsing into her native dialect, as we are all apt to do when much excited. "God's nae like folk; He kens things, and He's nae spitefu'."

"An' I s'pose I'm speetfu'? Weel, ye shanna' ca' me speetfu' for nowt. I'll sort ye! I'll teach ye to talk to me! Noo, I'll jist give ye sech a whippin' as ye haven't had sin' ye tored yer new frock ganging after t' nuts 'on Sabbath-day. Come ye here, and feel t' weight o' my hand, lassie!"

And Phœbe got a downright good whipping, in good old-fashioned style.

"Theer!" said Margery, when her fingers tingled so sharply that she was fain to desist; "I hope ye've had eneuch, an' I hope ye'll feel t' smart a' t' rest o' t' week, ye sinfu' bairn! I'll teach ye to be makin' speeches to me; an' next time I'll gie it to ye mair wusser."

Phœbe was fairly vanquished, and she sat in a corner and cried bitterly, till Mr. Duckett came in, and then she got up and ran away, ashamed that he should see her tear-stained face, and hear of the ignominious discipline to which she had been subjected. "Why, what's the matter with the little maid?" he inquired, as soon as Phœbe had disappeared. "Mrs. Wray, you mustn't let her spoil her pretty face with crying; nothing spoils beauty like fretting, I'm told; and I can quite believe it; for when I've been worried and harassed myself, as I have been when my Lord has been down at Dovercourt, I'm sure I've been quite concerned when I've looked at myself in the glass, to see how I've gone off. And as for my calves! bless you, Mrs. Wray, I should not have any calves if I was to be worried continual! But there, the little 'uns shouldn't know anything about worrits; time enough for that when the world begins to put upon them, and hustle them about. Now, if I'd a child I'd never vex it."

"Then ye'd be a big fule," said Margery, unceremoniously, "an' it's reight an' gude to sort bairns at times."

"Do you mean beat them?"

Margery explained that she did. That whippings, duly admi-

nistered, were essential to children's well-being on earth, and to their salvation hereafter; that it was as much a parent's duty to chastise a child as to feed it and clothe it. "An' bairns kens it's for their gude: they dinna like it. We nane on us likes t' rod, but we maun thole it for a' that. And whattens mair, t' Scripturs orders it; it's written i' t' Beuk ye ken—'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'"

"I really do not remember that text, Mrs. Wray," replied Mr. Duckett; "and I'll make bold to say it's not in the Bible."

"Nae i' t' Bible? I'll seek it for ye this minnit. I'm afeard ye dinna read t' Holy Beuk as ye suld, Mr. Duckett."

"I am afraid I do not, Mrs. Wray; but I know the Bible pretty well. I had a good mother once—she didn't beat me tho'—and I'll bet you anything you like you will not find those words in the Bible if you overhaul it chapter by chapter from Genesis to Revelations!"

"It's in t' Proverbs," returned Margery; "in t' Proverbs o' Solomon!" and reaching down the great Bible used for our family devotions she turned to the book of Proverbs, and hunted diligently for her text. "I thowt," she said at last, "that I could put my varra finger on't reight awa', but I canna see it just t' noo! But there's what comes to same thing, Mr. Duckett. List ye noo! 'He that spareth the rod hateth his own son.' And further on, 'Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying;' and plenty mair on them; and I'll bide by t' Beuk, Mr. Duckett." And Margery shut up the Bible triumphantly, and resumed her knitting.

"It don't answer, tho'," said Mr. Duckett, slowly, shaking his head. "It didn't answer in that case, you know, Mrs. Wray."

Margery looked puzzled. "Whatten's in t' Beuk *maun* answer, whether or noo it's to our likins'," she said, gravely. "Drat t' stocken! I've drappit anither stitch i' t' narrerin'. My een are nae sae gleg as onst they wur. What mean ye by it didna answer?"

"Well, it was one of two things; either King Solomon did not practise what he preached, or else the rod system failed; for there was Rehoboam, you know—his son—and he was a reg'lar good-for-nought and ne'er-do-weel."

Margery opened her mouth in sheer dismay. This was a view of the subject for which she was totally unprepared, and which she could not answer. At last she replied: "Weel, noo, I niver thowt o' Rehoboam. P'raps Solomon wur too nesh wi' him."

"I think he may be excused if he were, for if he carried out his precepts at all, he must have had plenty to do. For, ye see, he had a thousand wives, counting in his concubines—which he might very well have done without, I think—and if only five hundred of

them had families, just think, now, what a heap of children there must have been, and what a lot of rods Solomon must have worn out! Ah! it's easy to give advice, but none so easy to live up to it. Solomon made more mistakes than with Rehoboam, I guess. His seven hundred wives, princesses, must have been a handful for him, to say nothing of the three hundred huzzies that never had their marriage-lines: I don't wonder he was such a miserable old man."

"Miserable!—Solomon miserable?"

"The man that wrote Ecclesiastes could not have been very happy. Why, it's all grumbling till just at the last—grumbling and finding fault with the good things God had given him. Solomon was what in these days we call a *fast man*—clever, but fast, and very much to blame in regard of women. And when such as he have lived their life they're sure to say, 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.'"

"But ye suldna find fault wi' t' Beuk o' Holy Scriptur. And Ecclesiastes is Scriptur, tho' Ecclesiasticus ain't. I haven't been a parish-clerk's wife for nowt, ye see. I ken a' about the Cannons and t' 'Pocrypha, tho' why they suld ca' the beuks *cannons*—which be big murdering guns—I canna tell. But t' 'Pocrypha sounds grand; don't it? I allus comed down wi' t' 'Pocrypha in past days, when my neebors tried to argue wi' me, and t' 'Pocrypha allus shut 'em up at ance."

"You are quite learned, Mrs. Wray."

"Nae, not I! But I've hed advantages, ye see. I've had to my ain man, a parish clerk, which office, ye ken, is next t' parson's. A parish clerk maun be a knowledgeable man, and spake wi' authority."

Mr. Duckett smiled, remembering doubtless how often he had heard Martin decried and his authority set at nought; but he continued, gravely, "Do not think I am a scoffer, Mrs. Wray; I reverence the Bible as much as you do, but in a different way. I look upon the Book of Ecclesiastes as a terrible warning. God let Solomon write it that all the folk that lived after might learn a solemn lesson, that if they wasted the good things that God gave them and went after strange women, as Solomon did, there would come a time when they would take no pleasure in anything, but say with him, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

"But Solomon built t' Temple?"

"Ay, sure he did, and he's been honoured for it ever since; but it is not enough to do one good, great action in your youth and run to waste ever after. I'm not a good fellow, I know; I run to waste half my time, I'm afraid; but I mind what my mother taught me. She was a real saint, was my mother—not a cant, you understand, not one of your long-faced, sour, fault-finding, miserable

sinners that is always calling God's good world a howling wilderness, but a cheerful, happy, bustling little woman, full of love to God and to all His creatures, and rejoicing in everything that happened to her. She's been in heaven these ten years; she'll be looking out for me, I guess, some day. It's a great thing to have had a real good mother. And now I must be going; her Ladyship is driving to Southam to-day, and I am to attend her. But be quite sure, Mrs. Wray, that the Lord God doesn't like little children to be whipt. As they get bigger they *may*, especially boys may, want a good licking now and then, but the little 'uns *never*! There's a way to do without the rod, I reckon; Jesus Christ never said aught about beating children, but He did say, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' and 'Feed My lambs.'"

The vacation having expired, I returned to Stoketon, and it was arranged that I should henceforth board entirely in Dr. Richardson's house instead of spending the Sunday, as heretofore, at Dovercourt. To my great satisfaction I found I was no longer in the lowest form. The doctor told me that I had worked well, and honourably deserved a rise.

And now commenced a quiet and uneventful period of my life. For four years and rather more there were no great changes. I remained at Stoketon, rising higher and higher in the school, till at length I reached the goal of my desires.

I became *Dux*!

Roger Blake and Charlie Craven were my chief friends. Roger I liked and esteemed, and he possessed a certain solidity of character and soundness of judgment on which I could always rely. But Craven was my hero, my king, my more than brother, and my soul was knit to him as was the soul of David unto Jonathan. We did everything together; we shared one study as we grew up to the privilege of a private study, permitted only to the two highest forms; we slept in the same dormitory, we took the same walks, played on the same side at cricket and football; we were generally seen together, and it was always understood that to affront Craven was to affront Travis, and *vice versa*. But that was only the outward life; it was the inner life which we so peculiarly shared together; we confided to each other all our hopes, and beliefs, and boyish dreams. I laid bare to Charlie, and Charlie laid bare to me, the inmost recesses of the heart. I only had one reservation; I never breathed a syllable of the singular relations between myself and Lady Dovercourt.

Very pleasant wert thou to me, dear friend of my youth, and very precious is thy sainted memory. I envy Tennyson, who *could* write "In Memoriam." But there are other In Memoriams than the great poet's, unwritten, unspoken, but not the less pathetic to

him who breathes them only in solitude and in silence. And the other day I stood upon the shore, with the great waves rising round me, and I said—

“Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, oh, sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me!”

No, never in this world; but, thank God! our friendships, our loves are not for this world only. One may think sadly and tenderly on the “day that is dead,” but the sun that set in clouds and rain and amid the gathering shades of night will rise again—*yonder*! Where is “yonder”? That it concerns us not to know. Only God knows, and that is quite sufficient. But we do know that we shall see *Him* as He is, that we shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory. “*From glory to glory!*” Those words have to me a very deep significance, but I will not speak of it here. So I think tenderly and sweetly of the “day that is dead,” and joyfully of that other day that may be nearer at hand than I think. For I am waiting and watching,

“Not for the coming dark,

But for the dawning slow.”

Ah! how beautiful will be the sunlight on the golden hills of Heaven! How fair the morning of the unfading day! how great the joy of reunion—reunion in Him without whom the best part of our loves and friendships had never been.

CHAPTER XVI.—AMONG THE ALPS.

It was a glorious July evening, and I wanted only two or three weeks of my sixteenth birthday. The Marchioness was still my loving, motherly friend; but of late I had not seen so much of her, for the Marquis had been making a long stay at the Castle, and without knowing why I always avoided meeting him. Once, and once only, I encountered him; he was fishing in the stream which ran through the park, emptying itself through a lovely wooded glen into the sea. He was in some difficulty with his tackle, and, seeing me at some distance, he halloed that I should come to his assistance. I obeyed, though reluctantly enough, and very soon succeeded in disentangling his line, which had run very nearly off the reel. His fish, however, which must have been a fine, big fellow, got away, and he looked vindictively down the stream, and muttered something which sounded very much like a curse. As I afterwards discovered, he had quite a weakness for maledictions, and uniformly cursed everything and everybody that crossed him. I was turning away, when he said, “Boy, who are you?”

The words, the tone, the glance, made me think of Lady Olive.

and I flushed crimson red with anger and annoyance. I had the sense, however, to control myself, for I knew it would be foolish and most impolitic to quarrel with his lordship, who had never, as far as I knew, done me any wrong. That haughty tone was the one to which his inferiors were accustomed, and his mood was constitutionally dark and gloomy. I answered stiffly, "I am Hugh Travis, my lord." I was so used to leave out Vassall by this time that I gave my shortened name without any hesitation.

"And who may Hugh Travis be?"

"I am a scholar at Stoketon school, my lord, and I am staying at the Gate-house."

"Oh, at old Wray's! You're lodging there, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord," I answered; but, thinking this was not quite the truth, I hastened to add, "that is, I am always there in the holidays. Martin Wray is my guardian."

The Marquis scanned me from head to foot, and then, fixing on me his dark, proud eyes—oh, so like Lady Olive's—he said, "A queer sort of guardian for a young fellow like you. You are a gentleman's son, eh?"

"I am, my lord."

"Who are your parents?"

"They are dead, I never knew anything of them: I do not remember either father or mother. Martin has always been my guardian since I can recollect."

"Perhaps your father forgot to go through the marriage service, and old Wray might have had a pretty daughter?"

For one minute I was in a frenzy, my blood boiled in my veins, and I was absolutely in too great a fury to reply. Then I felt as if a bolt of ice had been suddenly shot through me; I turned of a deathly coldness, and I knew that my face was strangely lividly white. Through the mist that swam before my eyes I saw the Marquis regarding me with undisguised astonishment. "What the —— ails the lad?" I heard him say.

The sound of his voice roused me, and set loose my senses, which had seemed suddenly to have stiffened themselves—I can find no better term to describe what I felt. I replied, in a low, unsteady tone, "No, my lord, not that; thank God, not *that*! I am assured that I was born in lawful wedlock; I am no more basely born than I am nobly born!"

"All the better for you!" and he turned on his heel and walked off. From that day I disliked the Marquis more than ever.

Once only during those four years had I spoken to Lady Olive; we never met again at the Castle, for the Marchioness never asked me to stay there, unless her step-daughter was from home, as was frequently the case. I was crossing the archery ground one

morning where Lady Olive was practising by herself; her arrow flew far aside of the target, and, seeing me approach, she called out in her usual tone and style, "*Boy, bring me that arrow.*"

I brought it instantly, and presented it with all the deference due to her rank and sex. She looked very much surprised, and said, "*Boy, you are improved; you have learned manners at Stoketon.*"

"I am glad your ladyship thinks so."

"Do they teach manners there? Twopence a week extra is it not?"

"By no means, Lady Olive. Manners are included in the regular course of instruction."

"Really! I thought they always charged extra for accomplishments, washing, and seat at church."

"And does the Lady Olive Walton count good manners as an accomplishment?"

She flushed and drew herself up haughtily. Though in her fifteenth year she was still a little creature but extremely graceful.

"That is of no consequence to you. I merely wished you to understand that I thought you improved; I scarcely fancied you would bring my arrow when I called."

"A gentleman is always ready to do the behests of a lady," I replied.

"A gentleman! How amusing! So you really imagine yourself to be a gentleman? Ha! ha! ha!"

And she ran away, laughing her light silvery laugh, that rang mockingly among the bushes as its rippling music died away. Her arrow lay at my feet, and I picked it up with the intention of tossing it into the thicket of rhododendrons and kalmias close to which I stood. But I changed my mind. I put it inside my coat, where it could not be seen, and walked away with it.

"I will give it back to you some day, proud girl," I said to myself. "You shoot out your arrows of scorn at me as carelessly as you aim at yonder senseless target, but my turn *may* come. We shall see."

Well, as I was saying,—only I have made a long parenthesis or two,—it was a July evening. I was sitting with Craven and his mother, watching the sunset from a ledge of rock in the valley of Chamouni. Mrs. Craven had not been very well some time, and Charles being rather overwrought with study it was arranged between them to make an extended tour in Switzerland, and perhaps to visit Northern Italy, and that I should accompany them seemed only a matter of course. Craven and I were both going to study at Bonn or Heidelberg for a year or two, but it would be late in the autumn before we commenced our career as German students.

The Marchioness was very fond of Craven, for he had more than once paid me a visit in the holidays. Of course his visit was nominally to the Gate-house; in reality it was to the Castle, where during his stay, Lady Olive and her aunt being absent, we spent the entire day. I had a great affection too for Mrs. Craven, not only as the mother of my dear friend, but as a woman whom I greatly respected for her excellence, and admired for her wit, learning, and beauty, which at forty seemed almost in its prime. It was not the exquisite, bewitching loveliness of the Marchioness, but a calm, sweet, stately beauty, which seemed naturally to belong to her. She was tall, perhaps rather too slender for her age, but still graceful. She wore widow's weeds, though Charles's father had died many years before. She was a woman to whom young men naturally looked up, for there was always sense in what she said, and she had the happy art of giving useful counsel without irritating the person she counselled. She could even reprove and caution without giving offence. Hers was a remarkably rich and full-orbed nature; I have known few such; doubtless from her Charlie inherited his rare gifts and graces. Brimful of kindness, she was always overflowing with general benevolence, yet bestowing upon few the treasure of her deeper love. She had been a devoted wife, and she was one of those who firmly believed that a true union of heart and soul is for eternity as well as for time.

"I feel nearer to him now, Hugh," she said one day to me, "than to any living person, Charlie not excepted. Thank God that across the dark abyss we can still hold communion in Him. Ere long we shall clasp hands once more and sit down for ever in the Father's kingdom."

I need scarcely say that Craven hid nothing from such a mother, nor had I any concealments from her, only the one secret I had guarded jealously so long. But on this evening I spoke.

In the lap of the green valley lay the icy Glacier de Boisson. Close at hand was a deep pine gorge, through which rushed a mountain torrent, the river Arve, I think. On one side swelled green hills; they seemed nothing more in comparison with the mighty peaks that rose beyond—black, jagged, awful, and still beyond, that lonely world of snow, with Mont Blanc towering aloft, the crowned monarch of the Alps. Oh, the glory, as we watched the rosy flush steal over those cold white fields of ice and snow! First of all a pale pure pink, then a deeper hue, then a rich crimson glow. And the banks of clouds above caught the tint, and the red light fell on the pine-groves lower down, and on the awful Grands Mulets, on the whole scene, till we felt as if we were gazing upon a mount of transfiguration. Presently the beautiful rosy flush faded—slowly, slowly passing into all sorts of vivid and delicate

shades of pink, lilac, and purple, once very nearly the tint we now recognise as *mauve*, then changing into gold, which deepened into amber, and actually bronzed the black Grands Mulets with its weird reflection. By-and-bye the yellow lights too faded, melting into paler gold, and like a miraculous transformation scene it passed silently away. Last of all, a delicate, transparent pink—a sort of faint after-glow on the blue-white spectral heights, and then all was colourless and cold once more, and only the shimmering silver of the cascade flashed among the pines. Mont Blanc reposed in his “crystal shrine,” to be “visited all night by troops of stars,” to be touched on his loftiest peaks by the first glimmerings of the new-born day, to rise ever and ever “like a cloud of incense from the earth,” telling the flushing sky, and the dim stars of dawn, and all the woods, and torrents, and the icy plains, and opening Alpine flowers—

“Earth with her thousand voices praises God.”

As we sauntered slowly homewards, loitering at every step of our descent, I spoke of the Marchioness, who had several years before my coming to Dovercourt visited Chamouni, and from whom I had learned so much concerning its peculiar beauties, that now, when actually beholden, they scarcely seemed new or unfamiliar. Craven gave his arm to his mother, and took the greatest care of her, for the footing in the uncertain twilight was by no means of the surest. At that moment I thought how passing sweet it must be to devote one's-self to a beloved mother, and my heart went out with a strange, sad yearning towards the Marchioness. I felt that I must mention her; it was something even to be able to talk about her.

“Lady Dovercourt is very good to you, Hugh,” said Craven, in reply to some remark of mine.

“Yes, I sometimes think I could not have loved my own mother better, and yet it must be so very sweet and restful to have one's very own mother, as you have, Charlie.”

“Indeed, the old lady is a great comfort to me,” said Charlie, with a laugh, but I saw him squeeze the arm within his own with something of the vehement tenderness of a lover. His mother was dearer to him than he cared to say—dearer even than he could tell.

“I wonder what your mother was like, Travis,” resumed Craven. “Are you said to resemble her or your father?”

“Oh, I am like my father—everybody says so.” And then I remembered that “everybody” was only two people—Martin Wray and Lady Dovercourt. “I was quite a baby when he died.”

“And your mother—have you no dim half-memory of her?” asked Mrs. Craven.

"No," I answered, slowly, "and yet I sometimes think I remember a time before I came to Eaglesmere; Martin says I cannot; it must be only fancy."

And then, all of a sudden, a sudden inspiration seemed to come to me, bidding me place confidence in these my kind, true friends; and, without any further consideration, I said in a low voice that sounded in my own ears with a strange distinctness, and yet as if it were an echo rather than an actual utterance, "Mrs. Craven, I should like to tell you; I think you ought to know—you and Charlie—my mother is *not* dead! She is living *somewhere* at this moment; but I know nothing about her; she is *dead to me*! I have been told again and again never to seek her, never to make inquiries about her."

"Poor Hugh!" said Craven, affectionately. "That is far worse than being actually motherless; but I am glad that you have told us your secret; I always fancied you had one. Did Dr. Richardson know?"

"No one knew except the Wrays, and Mr. Gibson at Eaglesmere, and—the Marchioness. She knows more than any one; she must have known both my father and my mother most intimately; she speaks in the highest terms of my father. She says he was the best, and truest, and bravest of men; that his son can never be too proud to bear his father's name."

"Did your mother leave this good, honourable man, then?" asked Mrs. Craven, gravely.

"Oh, no—indeed no; she was a true, devoted wife; Lady Dovercourt said it again and again; she said she had been cruel to me, but far more cruel to herself. She told me to think gently, kindly of her if I could, but she bade me ask no more about her, and never, never seek her. Since that day I have not mentioned her; and gradually—and foolishly, perhaps, all things considered—I have come to look upon Lady Dovercourt as a mother, and to love her as if I were indeed her son. I really think I love her as Charlie loves you; but I suppose I do not; one can never quite love any one as one *must* love one's own real mother."

"The tie between Charlie and myself is an exceptionally close one," said Mrs. Craven, turning fondly to her son. "He is brother and friend to me as well as son, and as far as may be he fills his father's place. All mothers and sons are not united as we are. But, Hugh, this is a very strange, sad story of yours. Had your mother been a faithless wife, a false woman, as your tale seemed at first to well imply, I could have understood it all quite well. Of course she would be lost to you, and you to her, while time lasted. But as it is, I confess it is inexplicable. How a mother can resign a child—an only child, the child, too, of a dearly beloved

husband—I cannot understand. Hugh, I am glad, and yet sorry, that you have told us this.”

“Why are you sorry?”

“Because it will do you no good, and make you no happier to dwell upon the mystery which you may not at present even attempt to fathom. And speaking of a thing causes it to assume a reality and intensity unknown before. Still it must be a relief to you. Secrets are by no means desirable possessions, and they now and then grow into burdens too heavy to be borne. On the whole, I am glad you have spoken, and I need not say Charlie and I will keep your secret faithfully.”

“I am sure of it,” I replied. “It was a comfort to speak, and it makes no difference. I suppose when I am older I shall be told more exactly how I am situated; for instance, I have money, and I have no notion where it comes from. When I was a child I fancied Martin kept me out of charity; when I came to Dovercourt I found out that that was not the case, that Martin and Margery were amply repaid for their care of me. Then I thought perhaps it came from the Marchioness, but she said it was no gift of hers; it was my *own* money, and that I was not under pecuniary obligations to any person, that I never need be if I were true to myself and acquitted myself as became my father’s son. I wondered then if it were a settlement from my unknown mother, but that could scarcely be; she was so very poor, utterly unprovided for at my father’s death. I know so much.”

“Surely she never sold you for money?” said Charlie, suddenly, —“I mean made a sort of bargain to give you up to some wealthy person who wanted a child? I have heard of such things; I can believe that a mother would and could if need were make so terrible a sacrifice.”

But I was not given up to any rich person. Martin and Margery were poor people in humble life, very little better than the peasantry among whom they lived. The Marchioness has been most kind to me—more than kind, and she has been extremely generous, but she has never pretended to adopt me or to lay any claim to me save that which I myself allow. She has always given me to understand that we may at any moment be entirely separated, and lavish as she is in her gifts I quite comprehend that they are but gifts, and may perforce one day cease altogether. So that theory, like all others, falls to pieces.”

“Try not to think about it,” said Mrs. Craven, tenderly, passing her arm round my shoulders. “This mystery which unhappily enfolds you may be a temptation and a snare to you, or it may quite as easily turn into a blessing. Do not be restless; do not seek to make discoveries; if they are brought to you all well and

good. If not be passive, be content, for at least several years; make the very best possible use of your advantages, which are no ordinary ones. Work and wait, and leave the shadowy future with God. What is hidden from you *He* knows, and He will, if you trust Him and faithfully serve Him, turn it all to your good. Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass—yea, and give thee thy heart's desire."

CHAPTER XVII.—PROFESSOR RIGG'S STORY.

In the autumn Charlie and I entered upon our university life at Heidelberg, and Mrs. Craven, in order not to be entirely separated from her son, took a house at a few miles' distance, so that with her we could always spend our regular vacations as well as any leisure time we could spare from our studies, which were sufficiently arduous, and left us but short space for recreation. Months passed on, and we lived the ordinary lives of German students, though with less than the regulation allowance of beer and tobacco-smoke, for it was very seldom that we either of us entered a "*Studenten-Kneipe*," not caring for the atmosphere we found there nor for the noise of the revellers, which was generally insupportable. In former times in old Dutch taverns guests used to be charged for the noise they made as well for the alcohol they imbibed. It is a pity that this admirable usage cannot be restored and universally adopted.

But sometimes Craven and I went into a certain *Kneipe*, which was frequented by a quieter set of men, who were inveterate smokers and also profound thinkers, and there, coming away early one evening, we made the acquaintance of a little elderly Englishman, who had taken an eager part in the discussion we left unfinished, and had interested as well as amused us by his quick, quaint rejoinders, which were at once striking, racy, and startlingly conclusive. It was a mild evening in early summer, and we were glad, Craven and I, to find ourselves in the outer world, and to change the fumes of nicotine and stale beer for the fragrance of the lime-trees, which were just coming into flower. The Professor, as we called our countryman, followed us out almost immediately, and joined us as we sauntered slowly along the Hauptstrasse. "Rather pleasanter out here, gentlemen," he said, puffing quietly at his beloved clay pipe. "An agreeable change after the odours of yonder vile den. Faugh! what beasts these Germans are!"

A lively conversation ensued, and Charlie and I, partly for the sake of argument, defended the Germans. A tremendous disquisition followed on their philosophic spirit, their uncouth terminology, their peculiar schools of thought, their confused present, and their

probable future, &c., &c. And we listened with interest, for Professor Rigg was no vain talker, though perhaps rather crude in his notions, excessively pronounced in his opinion, and, as Charlie averred, just the least bit—*bumptious*! An Englishman to the backbone, though he had spent so many years in Germany. We strolled on, talking Carlyle, Hegel, Schlegel, Kant, Goethe, Jean Paul, and Herder, one after the other in glorious confusion, till we came to the grand terrace leading into the court-yard of the castle. It was still early, the air was warm and balmy; we were loth to turn homewards immediately. "Let us follow the example of Paul Flemming and the Baron," said Craven; "let us go and sit under the great lindens on the summit of the Rent Tower."

"Agreed!" exclaimed both the Professor and I; and gaining access to the tower, we soon climbed to the wooden seat, under the great lindens, the perfume of which was so delightful that Professor Rigg voluntarily put away his pipe.

"Let us talk about England," he said, lazily, when we had said a few words anent the crowd still lingering in the gardens beneath, and admired the moon rising broad and red behind the ruined convent on the mountain of All Saints.

"You two young men hail from the South?"

"Yes; we both come from Southamshire—we are Stoketon lads," replied Craven.

"I am scarcely Southamshire," I interrupted; "I am a north countryman. I was born in Cumberland, and lived there till I was eleven years old."

"You don't say so?" cried Rigg, seizing my hands with quite a gush of friendship. "Why, I am a Cumbrian born and bred, and when I am a few years older I mean to go back and die there, for there will never be any place to me like 'rocky Cumberland.' Besides, all my people lie there, in the quiet seaside churchyard of Rothwaite; and I should like to rest at last in the God's-acre of my fathers. Do you know Rothwaite, Mr. Travis?"

"No; but I believe I have heard of it. Is it a place of any importance?"

"By no means; at least it was a mere dot of a village sixteen years ago. I have not been there since, and I have no friends living nearer to it than Whitehaven. It is out of the way of everything, though I daresay these railways will catch it up, and include it in the circle of so-called civilisation, and so spoil it."

"You have been in Germany sixteen years then?" said Craven. "No wonder you speak and read the language like a native."

"More than sixteen years. I came to Heidelberg before I was twenty; and I lived in Berlin for upwards of fourteen years. Seventeen years back I took it into my wise head to go home and see

who was alive and who was dead. My father and mother were buried in my youth, my sisters had gone far away from Rosthwaite, and I never had a brother; but I had left more distant relations and connexions living in the neighbourhood, and I wanted to see a kinsman's face again. So I went."

"And you found your friends, I hope?"

"I found some with whom I could claim relationship; but they cared not for me. I had grown out of mind; no one wanted me, no one welcomed me. Nevertheless I stayed twelvemonths—I stayed because I was interested in a very sad and singular story. Shall I tell it to you? There is no harm in telling the story now, and I will not mention names."

"Pray tell it; there is nothing like a story—a real, true life story," I replied, enthusiastically, and Craven and I both prepared to listen.

"It is not much," said Rigg, in a melancholy tone; "but it seemed much to me then, and I suppose I made a great fool of myself; from which remark you will conjecture that I fell in love."

"Just so," said Craven. "I suppose men are sometimes very foolish when under the sway of the tender passion; but you see I have had no experiences as yet. I am only eighteen, but I despair of finding a woman worthy to stand beside my mother."

"The Frau Craven is a very charming woman," said Professor Rigg, bowing politely to Charlie; "but you may think differently some day. And in the meantime you are 'full ower young' for falling in love. I do not think much of young men's love; it is remarkably like soda-water, mad enough to begin with, but suddenly flat and stale. A girl's love will thrive on very meagre diet, that is one thing. I was nearly forty when I met my fate, and you know the old saying, 'Love is like the small-pox, the older you are the worse it is.' Love, first love too, at forty, is no joke, I can assure you, young men; for all the depth, and strength, and tenacity of mature age is combined with all the passion and fervour of earlier years. Well, my short story is soon told. I saw a young and very lovely widow, and I met *my* fate. She was only a girl, a mere child as it seemed to me, though she had a baby of her own. I could not describe her, for anything so lovely I never saw before, and have never seen since. Helen of Troy—*her* name was Helena—could not have been more exquisitely beautiful. I think a savage would have paused in awe before her. When I first saw her she was a wife, with her black-eyed baby in her arms, and she was expecting her husband home daily.

"He never came. News arrived instead that he had died in far away latitudes and was buried in the deep sea. The agony of that poor young thing was something fearful to behold; first of all we

thought she would die; then we thought she would go mad; I am not at all sure that her brain was not touched. The captain left no provision for his wife and child, and people wondered—as they always do wonder on such occasions—what the poor young thing would do. She was an orphan herself; her father had been a north country clergyman, poor but well born. She had no relations of her own that ever I heard of and none on her husband's side, save some far-away and unknown kindred in Spain, of whose whereabouts she knew absolutely nothing. The poor child was in despair; she could not leave her baby, yet she could scarcely find employment if she kept him with her. Then in my madness I told her that I loved her, and would gladly marry her and be a father to her boy. She would not listen to me, and ever after she avoided me. One day a great nobleman, having wandered out of his road, stumbled somehow on Rosthwaite. He was a strange-looking man, handsome, haughty, taciturn, and reserved to sullenness, the last man you would have imagined as likely to become a hero of romance. But all men are alike in that particular; the beauty of woman is the snare of man. This proud man, resting for one night at the humble inn of Rosthwaite, took a morning stroll under the cliffs, and saw our Helena, the lovely child-widow.

"How it all came about I scarcely know, but this nobleman, instead of going away before noon as he had arranged in mine host's shandry, lingered on day after day, as he said, for sketching and fishing, but as it was soon ascertained for the sole purpose of paying his court to the lonely village beauty. The girl was circumspect enough; she never admitted the Marquis to her little cottage, and when she went out walking she took with her a rude sort of fisher-woman who acted as duenna. Still people talked, and it was said,—and it might have been truth, though I can hardly think it,—she was so pure a creature, so sacred in her character of widow and mother, and her child was always in her arms,—it was like the images of the Madonna one is always seeing, the child an invariable adjunct of the mother,—it seemed impossible that any one should dare to utter baseness in her presence, but it was said that the first proposals of the Marquis were *not* honourable. However that might be, they were safely and legally married at last; the wedding was very private, almost secret, but every regulation of the English marriage law was strictly observed. I saw to that, for I distrusted the Marquis altogether. But married they were as fast as the English Church could marry them, and Helena went away—*'my lady,'* though without a single attendant."

"Did she take her child with her?" I inquired, hoarsely. Too well I knew to whose story I was listening.

"Yes; the last time I saw her she sat by the Marquis in the

chaise that had been sent from St. Bees, and her boy was in her lap. But she was not to keep him; she told me all about it, for we became friends again, just before our final separation—she was to give him up entirely; a handsome settlement was made upon him. He was provided for as a gentleman's son! But henceforward she was to be as one dead to him! Her proud husband could not brook the remembrance of her former relations with a poor, unknown sea-captain, and this child, I believe, he absolutely loathed, as the inconvenient offspring of a marriage which he had determined to ignore. So the child was to want for nothing, only he was never, *never* to know or be acknowledged by his mother! The Marquis made her swear that she would never, under any circumstances, reveal to her boy their mutual relations. She was never to try to see him, and he would have had her promise never to inquire of his fate, or hear of him! But to this last clause she would not submit—she would from time to time know that her child was alive. 'It is for his sake I do it,' she said, poor broken-hearted thing, when I spoke to her for the last time the night before the wedding. Ah! she had better have married me! I would never have parted her from her child, and her child never would have known the loss of father or mother."

"What became of the child?"

"I know no more than you do! But I did hear that he was confided to the care of an elderly couple who lived in one of the most remote mountain villages. My tale is ended. I left Rostwaite, and since then I have heard nothing of either mother or child. The Marchioness's name I see sometimes in the English papers, that is all. The boy may be dead. It is a strange story, is it not? but true as the Bible."

Yes, I knew that! and I knew now that Lady Dovercourt was really my own dear mother. When she said she had not a mother's rights she meant that she had forfeited them. But she was my mother—my long-lost mother—for all that!

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY; OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER VII.—A history of the organ of Salem, wherein is narrated the manner in which the said organ was purchased, builded, played, and blown.

THE singing difficulties, as was hinted in the last chapter, became more serious as time advanced. The breaches in the choir were

healed, but the place of healing was too conspicuous. It is said that a man who has lost his leg will in after-years often feel the shooting of corns which were upon that member, although it doubtless has long ago crumbled into original dust, as a kind of pledge to the earth that the other leg, and the trunk, and the arms will be sure to follow. I know very well that quondam sore places upon my back, where the sons of Galen operated by means of blister, and leech, and lance, when I had the accident which has made me a confirmed invalid, will often seem to open and give sundry twinges, though even the scars of the wounds have almost disappeared. So was it with the troubles of the singing pew. There was peace, but doubtful concord. Poor Mr. Cutem had to be very careful how he selected this or the other young lady for an especial part. The tenor was not always very even tempered, while the bass had a happy facility of occasionally being quite silent, and through a whole service never opening his mouth, to the great dismay of little Yardman, the draper, who sat quite close to the choir, and sang bass, following the gentleman who undertook that part, but necessarily about half a note behind. When, however, the bass was not sung, poor Yardman was dreadfully troubled, and was then content with chapel bass—a part in sacred music which my readers may not quite understand, but which they may readily detect in any congregation. Chapel bass is the singing adopted by certain male Christians who are not accomplished musicians, and is the air of the tune sung at least an octave lower than the proper pitch. At times of course this will necessarily descend to depths which the aforesaid male Christian throat cannot fathom. The singer is then reduced to his lowest note, along which he drags a terrible and awe-inspiring tone, relieved immensely by the closing cadences, if they mercifully ascend towards the key-note, wherein he disports gracefully by a vigorous outpouring of the fifth, gliding to his much satisfaction into the octave once again as the verse concludes. This being generally a bass that is very base indeed, there is a sense of much relief and delight at all events at the apparent part-singing which marks the last bar. There is also a chapel tenor which more rarely may be heard; but as this exists generally only in the last bars of the tune, where the tenor notes are taken in a kind of triumphant shout, it does not call for a more detailed description.

My own pew at this time was in the vicinity of two gentlemen whose singing powers were largely developed under the influence of the impulse given to our part-singing by the schoolmaster. As these performers produced a great effect upon myself (and the reader will hereafter find that the writer was largely concerned in causing the decision to obtain an organ), it may not be uninter-

resting that their mode of joining in the service should be described. One of them was a little man of very singular appearance, rendered all the more remarkable by the care with which he adorned his person on the Sunday. On week-days, when he was habilitated in his usual working-clothes, he looked simply what he was—an insignificant man. If you had seen him in a crowd you would not have been struck by his appearance, and I doubt if the test applied by Sydney Smith of meeting a man who, with yourself, has taken refuge from a shower under an overhanging roof, and in a few minutes' conversation discovering that he was no ordinary personage, would have been of much avail with little Judkins. How many inches above five feet he towered I cannot say, never having measured him, but, without his boots, which were remarkably high in the heel, I doubt very much whether he was more than that odious height of five feet nothing. His hat was always very glossy, and he usually wore a band. For whom he was in mourning I never could discover, unless it was for his lost stature. His coat was a brilliant blue, with worked and quilted facings. He rejoiced in a yellow waistcoat, and not unfrequently appeared gorgeous in large tartan inexpressibles. He was a bachelor of many years' standing; had been, if not exactly unfortunate in his matrimonial attempts, at all events unsuccessful. There was hardly an eligible young lady in Salem to whom little Judkins had not made advances, but by whom little Judkins was indignantly repulsed. Even ineligible—no longer young—ladies had refused him, and there seemed to have been a conspiracy upon the part of that portion of our race without whom there can be no marriage to condemn the poor fellow to everlasting celibacy. At last he accepted his position. The hairs upon his head were whitening, at least those whitened which did not fall off. The wrinkles upon the forehead left their marks and lines. There was an evident increase in girth which told of a body not willing to take that exercise which is supposed to preserve at once genteelness of shape and vigour of health, and, altogether, Judkins was getting on towards middle age, but without any lessening of the size of the breast-pin, or any toning of the brilliancy of the colours which he affected. But it must not be supposed that he was not a very good fellow in his way. He was a capital man of business; and Miss Pinter, the daughter of a respectable publican, would have had a much more comfortable home if she had consented to become Mrs. Judkins instead of taking the name of that most disreputable scamp young Charley Furrourghes, a son of one of the farmers in our neighbourhood. Judkins would be kind, too, if you met him at the right time. He has often assisted me when in earlier days I used to venture for a walk farther than I ought to have done, and could scarcely find

strength to crawl home again. And I have known many instances of his kindly and generous spirit acting in benevolent and even self-sacrificing deeds; so that whilst the little man was a constant object of my amused contemplation I could not withhold a certain amount of genuine admiration. But there was one thing that Judkins could not do, and that was—*sing*. He had no voice, and very little ear, and not much knowledge. But the plague of it was that he thought he had, and so whilst his silence would have been quite golden, his speech, or rather song, which was, moreover, constant, was anything but silver—rather brass, or even tin, and that cracked. Oh! how he shook and quavered, rattled and screamed! If his voice had ever been anything it must have been a somewhat high-pitched tenor, but as it was it was wretchedly cracked and discordant. You know the effect of a tremolo stop upon the harmonium—even in a good instrument it is somewhat trying to the nerves, but in a bad one, and that out of tune, the effect is excruciating. Now that was Judkins, and he sat in the pew next to mine. He may have praised with the heart, he certainly did not with the understanding, and whatever melody there may have been in that aforesaid organ, there was not even a trace of it in the lips which it supplied with blood. Even as I write I can hear the shake, though many years have elapsed since Judkins poured forth his music, and the mere recollection sets every tooth on edge.

But our little friend was not alone; he had next to him a stout and portly brother—one of Salem's staunch supporters. He kept a kind of general shop of ironmongery, grocery and haberdashery—store, as it would be called in America or the colonies; or rather, I should say, the shop kept him, and very comfortably; and not only him, but his wife and three or four chubby daughters, with a couple of sons about entering upon men's estate. Indeed, Steel was a well-to-do citizen of the borough of Drayton, and a most constant member of our church. Steel also would sing, but Steel could not sing. Even Judkins was harmony and melody, everything that is musical compared with Steel. Steel had no idea of singing. He had no voice, no knowledge, no ear. I doubt if he could have had the proper arrangement of epiglottic membranes, tendons, muscles, &c., whereby sound at all approaching music could be emitted. Certain is it that it was not. I have heard profane boys liken his singing to an old cow, but I would not desecrate these pages by making such a comparison, especially owing to the very vulgar nature of it, though my passion for truth compels me to acknowledge that there was no small resemblance between the singing of Steel and the lugubrious utterance of an ancient specimen of the genus *bos* (feminine in gender). It had absolutely no

musical tone in it whatever. It simply consisted in a series of repeated sounds produced somewhere beneath his waistcoat, and then prolonged through all the line of the hymn with iterated monotone. And yet Steel had a tune-book, at which he always diligently gazed. Indeed, I have at times heard him miss the words, and only utter, or attempt to utter, the notes of the music. This would be in some difficult passage where all attention had to be directed to the music, and the words were, therefore, neglected and passed over. It was often to me a psychologic and physiologic question how it came to pass that this man, who was a very honest fellow, could keep that book of notes before him and pretend to sing bass, while all the while he only grovelled along among the attempted notes of his voice like a wounded bird that can only flap its wing along the ground and never rise for flight. That he thought he sang bass, and that he thought he sang separate notes, I am quite willing to believe; but that he did not, I am also prepared to take a solemn affidavit. There was in fact some peculiar breach between his ideas and his voice, or between the voice and the ear. This, I never could quite decide. There is no doubt that the notes of the book presented to his mind musical ideas, with intervals, changes in pitch, and all the belongings of musical notation, but on the road from thought to will, so as to give expression to these, the music fell away and left only the wretched groans which were so distinctly uttered; or, on the other hand, that he, thinking he sang different notes, did yet when he heard himself not detect that he was just harping, or rather grinding, or rumbling on in a terrible monotone.

Whatever may have been the explanation, here was the fact: indeed, these two facts—and awful facts they were—Judkins and Steel together near to my pew. As I have said, this became a great deal worse when the schoolmaster introduced a passion for part-singing. Judkins tried to set up a part, Steel took the bass; and what between the shakes and quavers of the one and the groans of the other, my ears were well-nigh destroyed; certainly all comfort in the hymns departed.

Often have I felt inclined to speak to them, but there is nothing on which men are more touchy than their voices if they think they are something of singers. Many a friendship has dissolved because Achatas has taken to learning to sing, and Æneas did not appreciate his powers, never thinking him likely to rival Braham or Mario. I am quite sure the son of Peleus would never have given over sulking in his tent, and gone forth to avenge his friend Patroclus if Patroclus had ventured to doubt whether Achilles managed at all respectably in the second which he took to the charming soprano of the fair Briseis. Never, gentle reader, if thou art a wife,

breathe the slightest suspicion that he whom thou honourest, and hast sworn moreover to love and obey, if he at all devotes himself to the muse of song, is not blessed with the richest of voices and the most delicate of musical tastes. If it be not true he will resent it, and if it be true, as probably he will only be too conscious it is, thy criticisms will have the unfortunate effect of making more poignant the disappointment which he himself feels. Nay, reader, never criticise (unless, of course, thou art paid for one of those articles which in the public press follow a great concert, and properly treat of the voices of men and women who can sing, or if they cannot deserve the sharpest rebuke), never criticise a singer, never object to his voice, his expression, but just say, "Thank you, thank you; very choice;" and if it be painful don't ask him again, but in the name of all that is pleasant don't hurt a man's feelings on perhaps his most sensitive point.

What a long digression I have been tempted to indulge, so must with due apology return to Messrs. Judkins and Steel, to whom I felt, notwithstanding the excruciation to which I was subjected, I dare not express my fondest wish, but quietly and patiently trusted that something might turn up which would either translate my neighbours or so change the singing that Othello's occupation would be gone.

Providence at length was kind to me. We had a tea-meeting, at which, a very rare occurrence, I managed to be present. After tea was over, and when the meeting became something of a general conversation, in which any one might get up and speak, Charles Harford rose, and to the surprise of everybody proposed that something should be done for the improvement of the singing at Salem. He was the eldest son of perhaps the chief man at Salem, Squire Harford, as he was called, who lived at the Grange some two miles out of town, a member of an old Nonconformist family, the links of whose relationship went upward to the days of the earliest Puritans, and whose connexions in America had made some stir in the colony days, and were quite great people at Boston and Connecticut. The English branch had been satisfied with a kind of hereditary Dissent, and while they lived on capital terms with all the Church people, not excepting even the old rector, they just quietly went to chapel, and occupied the square pew at the entrance of Salem, as their fathers had done for nearly two hundred years. It was not often any of them took public part in the affairs of our conventicle. But when they did they were always listened to with respect, and their words had considerable weight, for they were supposed to represent the feeling of the more educated and cultured portion of the congregation,—a class who, even in the most democratic of societies, will always command attention and regard.

The criticisms which Harford offered upon the singing were given with great tact and were generally well received. Each of the singers of course blamed all the rest of the choir, and considered that the remarks did not apply at all to him or herself; so with the congregation. Judkins handed it over to Steel, and Steel sent it quite as generously to Judkins. The upshot of the whole thing was that a committee was appointed to consider the question, and report as soon as possible to the church. The committee consisted of the minister, the deacons, four of the younger members of the church—young Harford among them—the schoolmaster, and myself. I declined the honour, but they urged that if I would serve they would, with my permission, hold the meeting in this study, and so relieve me from the only difficulty which I felt existed in my case—my inability at all times to get about. I believe little Judkins was terribly disappointed that he was not appointed; but I took an opportunity of quietly telling him that if he would call upon me some day, and tell me what he thought about it, I would promise to let his views be known to the committee. A day was soon fixed upon, and at the appointed hour the committee trooped into my chamber, and we soon fell to the work of consultation. Various plans were suggested, among them that of Judkins, who had been to me and entrusted me with his ideas. He seemed to be quite opposed to the notion of a special choir. He thought that there should be several persons in different parts of the chapel, who should lead the people in their neighbourhoods, all of these leaders acting under the supreme guidance of the precentor in the desk. In some cases, he would suggest, that the leaders should take the parts rather than the air, and he offered for his share in the singing arrangements of Salem to undertake the tenor of his corner. I promised to lay before the committee his idea, devoutly trusting that it would not be adopted, and if it were, determining that I at least would be obliged to emigrate to the Primitive Methodists, a little lower down the street. But I need not say Judkins's scheme was dismissed, not to my surprise as you may suppose, but to my profound gratitude. Some thought we might try a lady leader, others proposed the dismemberment of the choir and the trusting to the leader alone. But a choir is not unlike Frankenstein's man—it is easier to create than to destroy. He had called up the spirit (pardon me, O lads and lasses who sang there! Bless me! some of you are matrons and fathers now), and it was not so lightly to be laid; one or two even inclined to a return to the fashion of our fathers, and have no singing at all. It was evident that we were in a hopeless case. I looked at Charles Harford, and saw at once that he had something on his mind, but was just waiting to see how the tide of opinion turned. At last I thought I would end the

doubt and uncertainty by proposing that which might receive the most distinct and definite yes or no, so I moved that the committee advise the church and congregation to obtain an organ in order to render the singing more effective. This at a glance I perceived was Harford's idea. The minister I saw was quite content with it. It startled three of the deacons, but the two others were not displeased, while only one of the four members seemed to be opposed to the plan. But I need not tell the reader all the story, how we discussed the pros and cons, how the subject was looked at from all sides, how at last we agreed to recommend the church to adopt the proposal, how a meeting was called, and how after much discussion it was almost unanimously decided to obtain an organ, and three or four were appointed to make all the necessary arrangements and manage the entire affair.

It was soon noised abroad through our little town that Salem was going to have an organ. Three hundred and fifty pounds were at once subscribed, and we determined to secure an instrument which should compete even with the new one they had lately put up at the parish church. We wrote to Blowem and Stop, the celebrated builders in Soho, London, and at once opened negotiations with that most respectable and celebrated firm for one of their best instruments. That was a great day in the annals of Salem when the first boxes made their appearance under the charge of a bright-looking little man and two workmen, who were sent down from London for the work. The gallery opposite the pulpit was chosen as the location of the organ. A space had been already cleared ready for operation, and we expected that a few days would suffice for the setting up of the instrument. It struck me as being not a little awkward that the men should have been sent down at the end of the week, for that would certainly cause the gallery to be unoccupied for one Sunday. But I suppose those eminent builders are so closely pressed that they can only send their men at certain times. We must be duly thankful that they can come at all. Still, here they were, and on the Saturday morning they set to work. The gallery for that Sunday had to be given over to them, and no one was allowed to go up into that part of the chapel. The result of this was not a little distressing; all the occupants of that gallery were obliged to come on to the ground floor or into the other galleries. This naturally made us somewhat fuller than usual. Added to this, it had been noised abroad that Salem's new organ was come. Accordingly all the idle boys and a great many of the "hangers on" at the other chapels and churches paid us a visit of inspection. I shall not forget the morning in a hurry. There was the empty gallery and the crowded chapel. The regular attendants were somewhat curious, and many glances were cast up

towards the place which the organ was to occupy. Then, of course, all the curiosity-mongers had little else to do than try and catch some portion of the scene and conjecture what they could not see. There was incessant shifting and restlessness, sometimes even a whisper would be exchanged, and on the whole the worship and sermon of that day were not edifying in the highest degree. Our minister caught the prevailing spirit, and the organ committee, I need not tell you, were several degrees from comfort. "Ah, well, never mind, Mr. Vane!" said Harford. "We shall be all right next Sunday."

On Monday I betook myself to the chapel pretty early, as I wished to see something of organ-building. The place was closed and the doors were locked. I listened; heard no sound. Calling a lad who was passing, whom I recognised as one of the Sunday-school, I begged him to run round to the house of Naophylax and see if the keys were there. In a moment that official appeared. "Oh, yes, sir, here's the keys; but the gentleman from London says he won't be here to-day; he has to go over to Paulborough to see the organ at the cathedral; there's something the matter with it; but he will be back to-morrow." My mind was filled with misgiving, and I wondered how many Sundays would elapse before Salem's singing was perfected. The morrow came, but brought no organ-builder. On the Thursday I received a letter from Paulborough, saying that he was very sorry, but found the organ there in such a condition that it needed instant attending to, and as it had to be put into workable order each day for the service, and could only be mended between the hours of worship, he was obliged to keep the men with him at the cathedral. However, he hoped to arrange everything by the next week, and would then get on rapidly with our instrument.

Next Sunday was worse than ever. The organ was supposed to be finished, and there was a general rush of the townsfolk to hear the music. To see the disappointment depicted upon the faces of the visitors! They appeared to regard it as a personal affront, and every nose and mouth was twisted into an expression which I could not help interpreting as, "Of course, what else could you expect from these Dissenters?" Then unfortunate rumours got abroad. It was said that it was found impossible to raise the money; that Mr. Harford, who had guaranteed the fund, had refused to fulfil his engagement, because it was doubted whether his niece would be allowed to play the organ. That Blowem and Stop had sent orders to cease setting up the instrument, and had commanded their men to return instantly to town; that the deacons would not allow the boxes and tools to be removed from the gallery; that a suit had been already instituted in the Court of King's Bench for

unjust detainee; that a sheriff's officer never left the chapel premises, and that the minister had resigned the pastorate and would shortly leave. The excitement grew intense. Small boys climbed up to the window to peep in upon the representative of the law, who was firmly believed to be patrolling the aisle, and one urchin declared that he saw him, and he was "a sitting in the pulpit a holdin' of one of the pipes." (This precocious child, I afterwards heard, was the son of the sexton of the parish church, who blew the organ there, and was next day found some distance from town by Naophylax's youngest born, a lad of the same age, and from him received a very vigorous punishment.) Somewhere about the middle of the week Blowem and Stop's men came back, and set to work in good earnest. According to the gossips the suit had been stopped by Mr. Vane going up to town and settling with the organ-builders, paying down the money, and "Poor, dear gentleman, he is that knocked up that you would never so." The third Sunday came and went. The organ was, however, not completed, and I began fervently to wish that the thing had never been talked about; but the recollection of Judkins and Steel thrust back regret, and I hoped for better days. But the longest lane is turned at last, and the darkest night comes to morning, and the most provoking of organs does at length lift up its majestic pomp of gilded pipe and carved frame. I shall not forget easily the thankfulness with which I heard the builder sit down before the instrument and sweetly play the air from the *Messiah*, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." All my anxiety passed away. I sat down and listened, and the tear trembled on my eyelid. I fell into a reverie, with which mingled the plaintive cadences of the music, and I was only roused by the ceasing of the organ as the last chord died away into silence, and I knew that our organ was built.

(This chapter to be continued in our next.)

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK VI.—TONGUES IN TREES, &c.

"TONGUES in trees." Indeed, in many ways they speak, manifold are their voices and their tones. The forest is not so rich in proverb, perhaps, as it is in parable and in poem; but these have

grown up richly beneath the shade of the old boughs, and in the deep winding forest walks. The heart must be very insensible to all beauty which is not refreshed by the sight of a noble tree. "Than a tree," says the poet Hurdis, in some fine words which we almost fear to quote, for poetry is most affluent as we walk amidst the colonnades of time-spared and honoured trees :—

"Than a tree a grander child earth bears not.
What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
To forests of immeasurable extent,
Which time confirms, which centuries waste not?
Oaks gather strength for ages, and when at last
They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude—
So grand in weakness, e'en in their decay
So venerable—'twere sacrilege t'escape
The consecrating touch of time. Time watch'd
The blossom on the parent bough; Time saw
The acorn loosen from the spray; Time pass'd,
While springing from its swaddling shell yon oak,
The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by thorns
Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth
Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
A royal hero from his nurse's arms.
Time gave it seasons and Time gave it years,
Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudg'd not,
Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests moved not. Time hollow'd in its trunk
A tomb for centuries, and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of States,
The fading generations of the world,
The memory of men."

The earth has not among unsensate things, if I may call a tree an unsensate thing, a nobler creature. A glorious and tall tree cheats us, by its nobility and beauty, into an admiration we cannot feel for many forms even of free animal life. How trees support the life of the populations of the globe; what majesty, what proportion—in their wild freedom some reaching to heights even vast, and covering a space of ground like that filled by even the palace of a monarch or a stately Gothic cathedral; some giving food, giving milk, some giving cotton, or cloth; some giving wine, some oil; some giving forth precious gums, and, when cut down, furnishing precious woods and timber for rearing buildings, but not so glorious and stately as when the tree itself stood in its own regal magnificence; or furnishing planks and decks for ships to bear all flags, all trades, and civilisations, and warlike thunders, and armaments over the oceans, or furnishing our last long home :—

"One mystic tree alone there is, of sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead, and sometimes underground—
In all that shady avenue, where lofty elms abound.

"Ah, little dreams the haughty peer, the while his falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf the antler'd quarry dies!
That in his own ancestral park the narrow dwelling lies!

But haughty peer and mighty king one doom shall overwhelm !
 The oaken cell shall lodge him well whose sceptre ruled a realm ;
 While he who never knew a home shall find it in the elm !

"This massy trunk that lies along, and many more must fall ;
 For the very knave who digs the grave, the man who spreads the pall,
 And he who tolls the funeral bell, the elm shall have them all !"

Very suggestive are trees, or, as Shakespeare better says it, "There are tongues in trees." You have been into the woods some fine summer afternoon, or evening ; in the deep glades what a field of green and gold it is, the arrowy beams of slanting light lying on the green floor. These groves, we have often said, were the first temples ere man learnt to hew the shaft or lay the architrave ; then comes twilight in the old woods, and you hear the low, soft breath running along the boughs, low and sweet, the sighing of the soft wind among the tree tops. What a solitude ; what mysteries run and hide in the dark, embosoming boughs. Then flits the solitary bird ; then at the feet murmurs the bubbling spring, and the trees, elms, oaks, beeches, and birches seem to hold mystical converse with each other ; they seem to have a secret you long to learn, a mystery you long to read, those woods, those venerable old forest patriarchs. And, therefore, men have broken away from society and all social usages, and, leaving cities and towns behind them, have dwelt in forest and woods, that so silence and thought, and eternity, and God might be present to them ; and, if we have never thought it would be well to pass life so, still we have found it sweet to steal away from the noise, the dust, the smoke, the worry, and the capriciousness of towns, and to be there amidst birds, and leaves, in the aisles of the great forest minster, all around us those mysterious shadows where in some places the depth of the glade keeps a perpetual twilight or the more open space, where even the fingers of the mid-day sun, striking through the boughs, seem to beckon to meditation and to rest. When we have left the woods again and again we recur to their lessons, the language in which they poured out their secrets made audible music after we had left their glades ; such tongues were in trees. Amidst such walks we perhaps thought of quaint old Henry Vaughan :—

"My God, when I walk in these groves
 And leaves Thy Spirit doth still fan,
 I see in each shade that there grows
 An angell talking with a man.

"Under a *juniper* some house
 Or the cool *mirtle's* canopie,
 Others beneath an *oaks's* green boughs,
 Or at some *fountaine's* bubling eye.

"Here *Jacob* dreames and wrestles ; there
Elias is by ravens fed,
 Another time by th' angell, where
 He brings him water with his bread.

" In Abraham's tent the winged guests
(Oh, how familiar then was heaven)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Until the coole and shady even."

The poet Clare pours out a vehement passion of grief over two elm trees. He says, " My two favourite elm trees at the back of the hut are condemned to die; it shocks me to relate it, but it is true. The savage who owns them thinks they have done their best, and now he wants to make use of the benefits he can get by selling them. Oh, were this country Egypt, and were I but a Caliph, the owner should lose his ears for his arrogant presumption, and the first wretch who buried his axe in the roots should hang on their branches as a terror to the rest. I have been several mornings to bid them farewell; had I one hundred pounds to spare I would buy them reprieves; but they must die. Yet this mourning over trees is all foolishness, they feel no pains, they are but wood, cut up or not. A second thought tells me that I am a fool. Were all people to feel as I do, the world could not be carried on; a green field would not be ploughed, a tree or bush would not be cut for firing or furniture, and everything they found when boys would remain in that state till they died. This is my indisposition, and you will laugh at it." This is very much in the spirit of an old man who, when told that a pair of trees in front of his house were wanted, and was asked what he would take for them if they were cut down, exclaimed, " Cut them down! Cut them down! God forgive ye. I would rather fall down and worship them." There must have been very impressive tongues talking in those trees.

No things that have life remind us more of human evanescence than trees; mountains are very ancient, but they are utterly lifeless, or they derive all their life from the soul of the observer, but trees have motion and a kind of freedom, and the tones among the branches seem more penetrating, less remote, than those which run among the hills. How old some trees are, in the magnificent aisles, the long woody colonnades of Fontainebleau! You come to the tall, stately tree they tell you was planted by Pharamond, the old Frankish monarch—a mighty tree, vast in girth, vast in height. One cannot but think what cavalcades have swept along beneath it—emperors and kings, the Philips and Louises of one age, the Napoleons of another, all rushing by in their spectre-hunt, all fleeting, all changing; still, there stands the tree, there stand the trees. But to think of the age of trees. Tradition conducts the pilgrim a little way outside the town of Hebron to the spot once known as the Plain Mamre, and there, it is said, still stands the oak beneath whose branches Abraham talked with God, where he spoke with the angel of the Covenant and his attendants who came to prophesy Isaac's birth and Sodom's doom—that venerable oak two hundred

and fifty feet in circumference and eighty-one in diameter. England boasts of many old trees—the oak, the chestnut, and especially the yew, albeit a cheerless, unsocial plant, which loves to dwell midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms. In the centre of many a churchyard stands the tree, its black branches stretching out over the heaving mounds below, whence long ages since our forefathers fashioned weapons wherewith to march to Cressy or Poitiers. The antique stems coil up and intertwist in strange, fantastic forms, as if of serpentine growth. Strange pillared shades are there over the red-brown grassy floor, where in the memory of the long ages past since the planting of the tree it is not difficult to think of ghostly festivities in the moonlight, where may meet, as the poet says,—

“Fear, and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight, Death the skeleton,
And Time the shadow.”

Certainly, both in the forest shade and in the churchyard yew or elm reflections on the transitoriness of human things are among the most natural and spontaneous which can occur to us. This half-human character of trees has been very present to many imaginations; hence I suppose it was that Dante conceived a forest in the seventh circle of his “*Inferno*,” amidst whose dusky foliage and thickly matted fruitless boughs he heard on all sides strange complainings, and found at length how, amidst the gnarled joints of the trees, the souls of skeletons were tied, and hence Tasso and Spenser indulged in their wild but sweet conceptions concerning the aerial beings who held their habitations in the woods. As the poet believed the soul of Clorinda was confined in the tree, so it was the same sentiment, but assuming a more mystical and somewhat pantheistic form, which led others to exclaim with Charles Bonnet, “I am fain to believe that the majestic trees in their way enjoy existence.” Some of the more mystical botanists, or dendrologists, have even argued this, while we know Wordsworth has said—

“The opening buds spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there is pleasure there.
Through primrose tufts in that green bower
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
And ’tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys what it receives.”

Men who have neither startled a Clorinda from the trunk of a tree like Tancred, or heard the branches scream with pain like Dante, or wrought their faith into the mystical texture of Wordsworth, have yet felt the mystical spirit which in the language we have quoted finds “tongues in trees.” Nor can we cease to believe that beneath their shades, therefore, it is that heroes seem to have

had their training. Beneath the oak in Ophelah the angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon and inspired him to redeem Israel, while Saul held his little camp against the Philistines beneath the pomegranate tree, Migron. Thus a strange community of feeling has given inspiration to poets when they have talked of trees. One of the richest of all in this department is George Macdonald, and in his "Phantastes" he deals with the trees of that wood through which he sends Anodos, until they seem to the reader not a whit less than human actors in the story. Thus they form a great connecting link between mountains and men, and in the imagery of Faber they seem almost to realise a human individuality—

"Old trees by night are like men in thought,
By poetry into silence wrought;
They stand so still and they look so wise.
With their folded arms and their half-shut eyes."

When we come from the mere excursions of fancy to the walks of proverb and parable, while proverbs upon trees do not seem so plentiful as we might have anticipated, we find one of the earliest and most effective of parables in Jothan's speech on the top of Mount Gerizim against the ambition of Abimelech. Coming from so ancient a time this parable is especially interesting, but it is not less admirable. There is a fine mingling of humour, scorn, and satire, inflamed personal indignation, and patriotism. We may as well read it: "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and they said unto the olive-tree, 'Reign thou over us.' But the olive-tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour both God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?' And the trees said to the fig-tree, 'Come thou and reign over us.' But the fig-tree said unto them, 'Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?' Then said the trees unto the vine, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the vine said unto them, 'Should I leave my wine which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?' Then said all the trees unto the bramble, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the bramble said unto the trees, 'If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow, and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.'" A wise old parable this; and since the time when Jothan uttered it the achievements of King Bramble would form a by no means inconsiderable volume. It is only the anticipation of the woe to a kingdom governed by a fool, and everywhere, and in all places, the bramble has been most ambitious. Those who have no claim even to be regarded as trees—a kind of worthless, prickly, barren, base-born thistle—dry, sapless weed, able only to scratch, and tear, and vex—this is the thing which

desires to be hoisted up into a proud place, and made much of, and feels itself badly dealt with if not permitted to take precedence of antique and stately trees. Then when the bramble really becomes king, an event not unusual, how often it has been the case that fire has come forth from the bramble, devouring the trees of the forest. This is the story of incapable kings—of weak and oppressive governments; the story also of many a foolish man exalted by some strange, drifting wind, into a high place; for the little, the worthless, and the insignificant, as we have said before, will think themselves chiefest and supremest importance. There is a happy forest allegory, pertinent to this, in one of the admirable papers of Arthur Helps. It is a conversation he once heard going on between a tall poplar and an old oak. Poplar, as we know, something of an upstart, affected to look somewhat contemptuously upon its rugged old companion, said it grew up quite straight heavenwards, said, further, all its branches pointed one way, spoke in a decidedly unfriendly manner to poor old oak about his gnarled and twisted branches, which seemed to show strange struggles and anything but a happy inward state. Poplar went on farther to say that it grew up very fast, and when it had done growing it was not cut down to launch instruments of death, &c., &c. Poor old oak seemed half-ashamed of himself before the pragmatistical chatterer, said, however, he had had ugly winds to contend with without, and ugly impulses within, that it knew it had thrown out many a cross-grained branch, which it feared would never come right again. Old oak said he knew, too, that men worked his race up sometimes for good and sometimes for evil, but that at any rate he and his family did not live for nothing. Mr. Helps says he heard poplar begin to reply something, for it's the nature of that tree to go on chattering; but he says he gave old oak an approving pat on the bark, and left poplar to chatter by himself. Old oak might have reminded friend poplar that the proverb says that even "*Straight trees have crooked roots.*" Certainly, again, it is true that, "*It is a tight tree that has neither knags (knobs), nor gaw (awkwardness);*" and "*A tree is not to be judged by its bark.*" "*Soon crooks the tree,*" and earliest years betray our origin in the awkwardness of nature.

A number of those proverbs in which trees furnish the moral of human life express the abiding sense of nature. "*Such as the tree is so is the fruit;*" and "*There's no tree but bears some fruit,*" "*Good fruit never comes from a bad tree,*" "*You ask an elm-tree for pears,*" "*As the fruit so the tree, as the mistress so the maid;*" and after all the assumption of King Bramble, still it is true, as the old Hebrew proverb says, "*A myrtle among nettles is a myrtle still.*" A Persian poet says, "That tree, the nature of which is bitter, should you plant in the Garden of Eden, and water it with the ambrosial

streams of Paradise ; and were you to manure its roots with virgin honey, would after all discover its innate disposition, and yield the fruit it had ever yielded." Our Lord used words which have become parabolic since, though they very likely were a well-known proverb quoted by Him at the time. "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" "*Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?*" And in the same way some of the finest parabolic words of Scripture derive their point from trees. "*The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life,*" "*A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.*" In the Psalmist and in Jeremiah the holy man is likened to "*A tree planted by rivers of water,*"—a very fine and animating image, such as we find realised in many a sweet English village. On the other hand, the "*Wicked are like the heath in the desert who cannot see when good cometh.*" So also from the nature of the tree in itself, as illustrating the life of nature and the life of grace grafted upon it, and producing a higher type from the engrafting to the power of habit and education in moulding character, Pope's saying has become a proverb—

" 'Tis education forms the youthful mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

My old friend Benjamin Parsons, of Ebbey, turned this text into a kind of dendrological diagram, and I daresay it remains in the old parsonage garden of England to this day. His faith in the power of education was most earnest. There stood in his garden a tree, one of the branches of which he had so trained and twisted that it formed a circle, and ran through the main branch again. This was his illustration of what the twig might become, and he often took doubting friends or young pupils to the old tree in the garden ; you might put your arm through this circle. There in the course of years it had grown a strange and most inexplicable out-birth from the tree ; still the humour and fancy of my friend took quite a practical shape in the diagram which illustrated the earnest efforts of one of the noblest lives it has ever been my honour either to know or to hear of. "*As lame as a tree,*" says the old proverb, in allusion to the crookedness of its branches I suppose, and my friend was lame, but he made his tree in its crookedness like his life in its lameness—as rich in instruction as the gnarled branches Mr. Helps heard discoursing so pithily.

Our fathers honoured the men who planted trees. A proverb says, "*He that plants trees loves others besides himself ;*" and again, "*He that plants a walnut tree expects not to eat of the fruit.*" Such reflections cross the mind in walking amidst the magnificent alcoves of many of our great English parks. It has been thought one of the surest proofs of a regard for posterity to care for the plantations, to guard well the succession of the noble old patriarchal line of the kings of the wood, and on the other hand one of the surest

proofs of a reckless, wasteful spendthrift is the cutting down of the timber without supplying the illustrious growth. Indeed, as they rise round us in their colonnades or magnificent circles, they seem to whisper of one who said, "*Not for myself alone*;" and the voice that ordered their plantation has quite passed away from the rooms of the old hall almost ages ago, and the labourers who planted have long gone to their rest beneath nameless, tombless graves in the old village churchyard, but the good act lives, a stately tree survives, and a grandeur which overawes the spirit to-day is the result of a very simple work, a very natural order given and done in the distant centuries. Few things speak more encouragingly of consequences, great and noble, surviving simple perhaps painful and self-denying duties.

Let us walk together. Hark! you may hear the spirits in the tree-tops saying, "We have been ages coming to what you see us, for being God's things we grow for ages. Be comforted, therefore; He who planned our life plans yours. We have seen generations pass along beneath our boughs, but we are here; we can neither think nor feel, but so long our life is; your life is shorter here that it may indeed be longer. We are the scaffolding of His creation; you are the planting of the Lord that He may be glorified. Harken to us whispering among our branches; listen to the voices of the trees to the downcast, down-hearted, many-spirited man. Our branches are of many centuries, and you too must take centuries to see things. Harken to the whispering of the spirits in the boughs of the trees." But when we speak of planting we may remember that for many of the wide plantations there have been other planters than man. Birds and other creatures have been industrious husbandmen. A pleasant but forgotten writer, Charles Bucke, tells how walking one day among the woods in Monmouthshire his attention was called to a squirrel sitting composedly on the ground. He stopped to observe its motions. In a few minutes it darted like lightning to the top of the tree beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant it was back with an acorn in its mouth. It began to burrow the earth with its hands. After digging this hole the little fellow deposited the acorn there; then covering it with earth darted up the tree again, again returning with another, which was buried in like manner. And this the little creature continued doing so long as the observer continued watching. The industry of the agile young forester was no doubt intended to provide against winter days, but many of those interments must be forgotten, and thus future generations are indebted to the squirrel who

"Leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty."

Analogies thus continually present themselves between trees and sentiments; perhaps still, even in this scientific age, there survives amongst us something of the old national love for them. Trees in most parts of our own country were a national boast; but the love is not confined to our own land, the boast, the national pride, is in many instances associated with these noble children of the earth. How the Hebrew Bible abounds to overflowing with splendid proverbs, parables, and poems, in which the love of the tree becomes the mark at once of national pride and hope, comfortable even to readers now! I remember a few winters since I went to see and to talk with a poor woman, almost a beggar, very wretched in circumstances, but very rich in the grace of faith. I had often talked with her when she seemed to speak almost as one inspired—but indeed all holiness is inspired from the Father of lights. Upon that visit she said, “Here was my text to-day,” and she pointed me to that fine poem that is in Ezekiel, “Thus saith the Lord God, I will also take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it; I will crop off from the top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon a high mountain, and eminent. In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it; and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing, in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell. And all the trees of the field shall know that I, the Lord, have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish. I, the Lord, have spoken, and have done it.” But in this text, or poem, we have the story of generations and centuries, and it takes centuries to comprehend how the high tree is brought down and the low tree exalted, the green tree dried up, the dry tree made to flourish, and all this by the young twig, tender one. The Hebrews hung the finest of their Mesianic parables and proverbs on the branches of trees, and spoke of the man to be brought forth, whose name was the branch, the root out of a dry ground, the handful of seed in the earth, whose fruits were to shake like Lebanon. But the space of this paper would entirely fail if we were to even group together the manifold allusions and poems to trees in the sacred writings. One of the most magnificent is in the thirty-first chapter of Ezekiel, the description of “Assyria as a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top among the thick boughs; fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches, for his root was by the great water. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him, the fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches.” There must have been an intense love of these fine objects of nature where the allusions were so rich and

redundant in the literature. But all nations seem to have possessed their favourites. A traveller in the East speaks of the pity with which he regarded the natives of certain almost arid and desert plains—ignorant, almost naked, swathy men and women, broiling beneath the heat of the burning sun. He tells how he felt the dignity of human nature degraded by their contentment. He expressed his pity to an old intelligent Armenian. He said, "Do they never hear of other countries? Have they no desire for improvement?" "No," said the old Armenian, "so far from envying other nations, they pity them." And as the old man saw his companion's surprise, he said, "I will tell you an anecdote. Some years since one of those very Arab women really went as a servant to the children of an English gentleman travelling through these countries to yours. She accompanied the family to England. She remained in your country four years. At length she returned. How great was the curiosity to see her you may suppose. All the people of her old tribes gathered round her, especially to inquire about England and its people. What did she find there? What did she think of the people? Are they rich? Is it a fine country? Are they happy? And she told them that the country was like a garden, the people very rich. They had fine clothes, fine houses, fine horses, fine carriages, and they seemed to be very wise and very happy. Her audience began to feel envy of the English, and some gloom spread over the people as they heard these things; 'but,' continued the woman, 'I must tell you England wants one thing.' 'What is that?' said the Arabs, eagerly. 'Why, there is not a single date-tree in the whole country!' 'Why are you sure?' said they all. 'Positive; I looked for nothing else all the time I was there,' said she, 'and I never saw a date-tree.' Satisfaction was instantly restored. So far from envying the English, pity now took the possession of all their bosoms, and they went away wondering how people could manage to live in a country where there were no date-trees." Thus if England takes pride in her oaks, France boasts of her vines, other nations in the bread-fruit tree; and so perhaps it came about that in dark ages, and among darkened people, worship sprang up in the woods. The sentiment of religion stirred the breast amidst scenes where it seemed so much was derived from even the very objects themselves.

A number of proverbs revolve round the fall of trees, and from their stateliness, from the admiration they excited, from the depth of the covert they created, their splendour suggested the analogy with great men or monarchs. So their fall, as they descended with heavy crash, making the wood to resound, and other and smaller trees to fall with them, instantly suggested a likeness to the fall of great men or monarchs. "*A good tree is a god shelter,*" says

a proverb; but then, on the other hand, says another, "*Great trees keep down little ones,*" and "*Large trees give more shade than fruit.*" These are the rather depreciating analogies in which the good and evil of great place are summed up; but then come other proverbs, "*A great tree hath a great fall,*" which seems to have its commentary in another proverb, "*As the man said to him on the tree top, you make more haste when you come down than when you went up.*"

As the great tree does not fall alone, so neither can any terrible calamity happen to the individual without involving others besides himself, and this in the proportion to the elevation of his social state. The Javans have a fable which they use to illustrate the connection of one individual with another, and indeed the fable seems especially pointed to those cruel states of society in which we find one wrong propping up and supporting another. "The forest and the tiger lived together in close friendship, so that no one would approach the forest, for the tiger was always in the way, nor the tiger, for the forest always afforded him shelter; thus they remained both undisturbed, on account of the mutual security they afforded to each other. But when the tiger abandoned the forest and roamed abroad, the people, seeing that the tiger had quitted it, immediately cut down the forest; the tiger, in the meanwhile, taking shelter in a village, was seen by the people, who soon found means to kill him. In this manner both were lost by abandoning each other." As I have said, this is rather a grim fable, and seems very distinctly to indicate that state of society where cruelty and craft shake hands and agree. So the proverb says, "*A tree is no sooner down but every one runs for his hatchet;*" as the Italian says, "*To the fallen tree, hatchets! hatchets!*" And even by the very conspicuousness of situation, by their elevation and grandeur, some trees become a mark for the lightning or the axe. As says the poet in words almost proverbial:—

"Thou rather with thy swift and sulphurous bolt
Split the unwedgable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle."

"*Oaks may fall when reeds brave the storm.*" Proverbs like these carry instantly their own lesson, and need no commentary; on the other hand, the tree standing long in security and strength feels its own safety. Even smaller trees can say, "*The tree does not fall at the first stroke.*" And some stand like palaces, so vast their proportions, so amazing the circumference of their stem, their bark like the old Cyclopean structures of the ancients; it seems as if the heavens might do their worst in the storm and hurricane, and it would still be impossible to tear up such antique and stately growths. Still the majestic coronet of leaves and branches is renewed from year to year, as in the fine image of Isaiah, there is

a substance in it when it has cast its leaves, "The seed is the substance thereof." Thus life is collected essentially in some marvellous reservoir, and thus the fruit-bearing trees do not spend all their sap and moisture upon themselves for the increase of their own magnitudes, for there is some principal and purer part concocted into fruits wherefrom they derive no benefit. As an old writer says, "The olive does not anoint itself with its own oil, nor the vine drink the juice of its own grape;" they abound with fruits of which we are the recipients. Thus marvellously provision is made by which life is sustained in the creature itself and the blessings of life carried forward into fruit and reproduction.

How strange and wild the ideas which have in various ages, and by divers thinkers, been associated with trees we very well know. Two marvellous men, who yet could never have touched each other, or in any way known each other, Plato and Jacob Behmen, regarded man himself beneath the analogy, which in their system was something more than an analogy, of a tree. But most marvellous is that old Teutonic, or Icelandic myth of the Norseman's ash, or Yggdrasill. This myth is certainly one of the sublimest among the fancies of heathendom. Beneath this thought the old Norseman saw all existence represented under the idea of the weird ash-tree, whose roots struck down into Hela, or the depths of death, whence its trunk rose up high as the heavens, overcanoping all by the living branches and trees. The past, present, and future all watered the roots of the Yggdrasill, or tree of existence, from the sacred well. Ever-enduring time, universal nature, perpetually renewed human life, such were the thoughts our ancient and most hoary forefathers beheld springing forth from the mighty stem of this mystical tree. Its branches enclosed the great Jotunheim, the region of mystical life; it enclosed, even included and o'ercanopied, the great mid-guard serpent coiling round the world. Finn Magunsen has given a most suggestive diagram, illustrating the place of this sublime myth in the old German system. To look at it in his illustration is in itself a poem; and Carlyle, in his fine pictorial analysis, says of this tree, "Its boughs, with their bud-dings and disleafings, events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes, stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are histories of nations; the rustle of it is the noise of human existence; onwards from of old it grows there, the breath of human passion rustling through it, or storm-tossed, the storm-wind howling through it like the voice of the gods; it is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence." If we have not enlarged the dimensions of our forefathers' thoughts, and it scarcely seems that we can do so in this instance, then the tree was their highest type of visible embodied being. More than anything else to them it was full of

mystery; and that which has the greatest breadths of mystery will always have the fullest depths of meaning. And the ash has continued from their day even to ours to be the repository of mystery and wizardry. The English maple is but the prolonged shadow of the old festivities of the Yggdrasill-tree; and, before we knew the faith of our fathers in their green retreats, Virgil in his "Georgics," had celebrated it as the tree whose roots struck deep in the earth as its branches tossed themselves high in the heavens. Such tongues in the far-off ages, and in the old German forests, our fathers found in trees. Not wonderful was it, for they lived in the woods, in deeps beyond the Rhone, the Rhine, or the Danube; there, amidst their rude hamlets, the first seminal principles of tradition, floating rumours of the tree of life, seem to have wrought themselves into the stately system we attempt dimly to descry.

But what can we do more than translate two or three tones of the many voices in which these wonderful creatures speak to us? Every one has its own accent, and even in this little paper we have heard several speaking, the ash and the elm, so we might listen to the nervous aspen, and the hardy larch, with its rich tassels, and the straight but spectral pine, and the majestic beech. It has been well said it is from those exogenous trees—trees which throw out their growth and mark their years upon their bark or stem—we gather the most delicious lessons, from them we hear the most solemn and far-off voices, so lovely in their youth, so venerable in their age—homes, resting-places of birds, shelters from the storm, these soften and sweeten the hot air, lasting through the lives of nations, and surviving an empire's fall. As we draw into their shade so cool and pleasant, how finely and soothingly come the words from the old Hebrew Book, "Ye shall be called trees," "As the days of a tree are the days of My people"! Talking about trees, it seems impossible to break away from the Bible. The prophet Ezekiel gives really a wonderful essay on the Divine analogies of trees; it is really surprising to see how much there is about them in his words. Trees of all orders. What a beautiful parable that is of the vine! "Son of man, what is the vine-tree more than any other tree? It is good for nothing but for its fruit; it is useless, it is not beautiful, it is not fragrant; you can make nothing of it." This is the parable the prophet speaks. As a beast differs from man by reason, and differs from a stone by sense, and as a plant differs from a stone by vegetation, so a Christian differs from a man of the world by fruit. And that was a beautiful poem and parable about Joseph—"He shall be a fruitful bough, a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." Some trees grow best alone; they need a vast space. The myrtle and the olive, indeed, grow best in company. Some mighty forest monarchs defy companionship, rear their tall crests and stretch out their vast broad

arms alone—lonely, lofty trees; and such souls have been and are. Others are like trees not distant from each other; moisture helps fruitfulness, plants thrive by their dews, and souls grow in strength by their tears, like trees pierced, letting forth their precious gums or juices, the fuller of fruit. Says the proverb, "*The tree is sure to be pruned before it reaches the skies,*" and that is something like it, "*Set trees poor, and they will grow rich; set them rich, and they will grow poor;*" "*Make the vine poor and it will make you rich.*" Another proverb says, "*Every vine must have its stake,*" "*All the trees of righteousness have been pricked to the heart.*" To the planting of every tree goes a time of winds and storms, hail and sleet, and rain and snow and mire, and apparently little result. It is the same whether the laying out of an orchard, the planting of a park, or scattering the seeds and saplings through the wide spaces of the forest. So truly is it in the forest we may read many lessons and hear many voices speaking of God's end in man and things. Especially there we may read the lesson of the immortal youth and freshness of nature and man. Thus trees become more resonant than even Tintern's arches or Westminster's aisles, and even from some simplest form of tree life a mind capable of receiving has shown its power of reception by imparting. The two usually go together. Minds that have little to confer find little to perceive. Southey stood before the holly-tree and heard it speaking lessons of delightful wisdom till he was compelled to utter its lesson in his beautiful lines—

"Oh! reader, hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?"

And then he goes on—

"Thus though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my labour would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

"And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

"As when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?"

"So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree."

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XV.—“MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND.”

AFTER leaving his friend that night, Lord Haig's head tossed to and fro upon a sleepless pillow. He did not doubt that De l'Orme would fulfil the conditions made for him under pain of forfeiture of the friendship he professed to value so highly; he believed that, hard as it might be to brace his nerves up to the desired pitch, he would never be so lost to all sense of manly honour as to avoid fulfilling his part of the agreement by which peace was to be restored. It was not fear for the coming morning that kept Lord Haig awake; he had so identified himself with his friend's cause, had pledged his own word of honour that the apology should be made, that De l'Orme could not draw back now without compromising him; and surely, surely, if De l'Orme were regardless of his own reputation, he would be scrupulous concerning that of him whose friendship he had professed to value so highly.

It was not this fear that banished sleep from the pillow of Craigdallie. Like many young and enthusiastic spirits Lord Haig had ultra-chivalric notions with regard to the immaculate nature of truth and faith, opinions that the world leaves to very few of us. Contact with the world soon teaches us the elasticity of the one and the slender ligatures of the other; but our hero had seen little of that world, and in his breast these virtues existed in full vigour, imposed upon his observance by the obligations of his Highland ancestry. From his earliest years he had been taught to hold the smallest prevarication as the most abject cowardice, and a broken plight as the acme of dishonour. Lord Haig's was an eminently truthful and honourable nature; from a child he had hated an untruth, and never been known to depart from his pledged word, and this when he was barely of an age to understand those deeper and purer obligations his mother had taken tender care to instil into his mind, and which, when he came fully to comprehend, led him to trace these virtues to their source in the Divine nature of Christ our Lord. Before then these virtues had only been ingrained in his nature as they are in that of a noble savage; then he learned to recognise them as a principle and a power; and he knew that without them to profess Christ is vain, though it has been done, and will be yet, over and over again; but this knowledge was reserved for some sad experience to teach him, after the loving lips that first preached Jesus to him were silent in death.

As we have seen, Lord Haig had exalted his friend in his estimation to a height that his baser nature would never be able to sustain. In his eyes alone he had appeared the mirror of a perfect loyalty; he had been to him the incarnation of the virtues of his own heart. In falling from that sublime elevation he dragged down the whole universe with him. Lord Haig groped in mental darkness, for the brilliant light that had flooded his horizon was obscured.

As yet, however, he believed in De l'Orme's loyalty to himself; what had brought this darkness upon his soul was the craven fear manifested by De l'Orme in their late interview, and the conviction forced upon him, in spite of himself, that his friend was totally unworthy of the esteem and affection he had lavished upon him. If he proved himself unworthy, who then was worthy? If in him he had been disappointed, whom could he trust?

The sleepless hours that intervened between the time when he quitted De l'Orme's room and the breaking of the dawn were the very bitterest his life had known. He had sorrowed more deeply for the death of his parents than for the debased idol of friendship, but there had been no sting in that sorrow, the sting was drawn from that heavy trial by the knowledge of a hereafter by which "Death is swallowed up in victory." Softened by time even this disappointment would doubtless admit of amelioration; but now all was darkness.

The time when our first earthly idol of faith is shattered is fraught with more pungent grief than many after-sorrows know; and perhaps it is the saddest, for from the ruins of the shattered faith springs the ill weed doubt, that twines itself with our hopes evermore.

When the chill grey dawn arose in the East, Lord Haig fell into a fitful slumber, full of treacherous dreams, and crowded with images of the past that was gone for ever; it was after his usual hour for rising when at length he awoke. He hurried over dressing and hastened to his friend's room, resolved to use all the persuasive eloquence at his command, and every entreaty he could think of to sustain his feeble courage and hold him to the purpose laid down for him to fulfil. Though De l'Orme evaded his own portion of the obligations their friendship imposed upon them, it yet remained for Lord Haig to be faithful to his, and the more unfaithful De l'Orme was the truer would he be.

He rapped gently upon the door of his friend's room. No response; he knocked again. Lord Haig was an early riser, even now the hour was not late. Probably De l'Orme was not awake, but Lord Haig would none the less for that forego his intention, which was to induce him to walk out with him, to encompass him

with his persuasions, and to so move him to action by his encouraging words that when they returned together, finding all assembled in the breakfast-room before whom it was necessary that De l'Orme should humiliate himself, goaded by the spur of his incitement, his friend should at once acquit himself of his disagreeable duty.

Fearful of arousing those of his guests who occupied rooms contiguous to that of De l'Orme, and who were not yet astir, Lord Haig made no further demand for admittance, but waved ceremony and entered.

The room was empty.

Lord Haig did not suspect treachery to himself even then. Perhaps de l'Orme, like himself, had been unable to sleep, and was now bracing his weak nerves in the cool morning air outside. He cast his curious glance around to note if there remained any indications of the fevered state of mind with which the late occupant of the room had awaited the dawn.

A certain air of disarray struck him; the bed had not been slept in, its spotless quilt had been faultlessly arranged, and bore no impress of De l'Orme having flung himself down upon it for even temporary repose; the wardrobe stood open, drawers were emptied of all articles of attire, and there stood a large portmanteau with sides bulging out, and an address-card fastened to the handles.

Mechanically Lord Haig walked forwards and read his friend's name and address written thereon.

Had he any intention of leaving Craigdallie when this affair of the apology had been got over? Did he think, after last night's revelations, that his presence would be unwelcome to him? This was giving evidence of a more delicate and honourable mind than he had credited him with during those sleepless hours, and he thought with compunction of the hard judgment he had passed upon him in his disappointment. But the delicate notions of honour were only in the mind of him who imputed them to the other; De l'Orme had none of them, as his sometime friend too quickly discovered.

The window was open, and the morning air, blowing in freshly, fluttered a sheet of paper on the dressing-table. Lord Haig went to secure it, and found that it was fastened to the cushion, and that, moreover, it was addressed to him, meant evidently to greet his eyes when he came to this room early, as De l'Orme had suspicion that he would.

He unfastened it, raised it, and read as one in a dream:—

"In your haste to benefit me, and to patch up an unnatural peace between those who never can be anything but the bitterest

enemies, you have arranged for my performance more than the human heart in my bosom will allow me to fulfil. Don't blame me if I take the only means left me to prevent the encounter of this morning. When you read this you will have looked for the last time upon the face of your sometime friend,—*DE L'ORME*."

Lord Haig stood transfixed. He gazed at the paper vacantly, then turned it over, and reread the superscription, still in the unconscious manner of one who has received a stunning blow.

He read the note through again, and then the meaning of it all dawned upon his mind.

The friend he had loved, the friend he had trusted with such implicit faith and confidence, the friend whose honour he would so short a time ago have defended with his life, whose loyal affection he had never until last night doubted, had deserted him, had left him as lightly as he would have left the most carelessly held thing in his possession; but, ten times worse than desertion and disregard, there was betrayal of himself in this flight; his word, plighted upon this worthless friend's behalf, was unredeemed; the pledge he had given was dishonoured; for the first time in all his life he must face a man and tell him that the sacred word he had passed to him was an empty form that nothing now could make good. Lord Haig groaned in his heart at the thought; never before had his name been tainted by the smallest suspicion of un-faith; yet the pain had been less exquisitely keen had any other hand than that of his own familiar friend brought the shame upon him. The ingratitude of *De l'Orme* was a double sting in his misery, the indifference to himself breathed in that heartless note cut him to the heart. He had given so much—faith, trust, love, devotion—yet *De l'Orme*, having professed for him the most sacred sentiments that could animate a human breast, had now coldly put him aside without the smallest expression of regret, or the least compunction for the taint of a dishonoured promise his defalcation would bring upon him.

It cannot be a slur upon his manhood, or a sign of more than a becoming weakness, that his friend's delinquency forced the tears to the eyes of Lord Haig; that his over-charged heart, labouring under the agony of betrayal and disappointment, relieved itself in a flood of tears. It was a hard lesson to learn, but a salutary one.

If those tears washed away many unrealities that had been in harmony with his youth, his generous disposition, and his inexperience, they left him more fit to cope with the stern realities of life, and to bear its vicissitudes; they planted the seeds of suspicion in a wholly unsuspicious nature, that bore fruit afterwards in a wholesome discrimination that taught him to distinguish the evil from the good. If they showed him that the world was not the Eden

he believed it, they furnished him with the better knowledge that it is the vantage-ground in which to prepare for that heaven where all our broken yearnings after immortal good will find perfection.

The sound of the breakfast-gong roused him from this long and painful reverie. He crushed De l'Orme's cruel note into his pocket and went down to the breakfast-room a very different Lord Haig of Craigdallie from the one that had walked so gaily by Pansie's side up the mountain only the day before.

All the guests were assembled in the breakfast-room, save and except Lady Trevor, who always spent the morning hours in her own apartments, and Mr. De l'Orme, who, as we know, was a defaulter, when Lord Haig entered, his pale brow clouded, an expression upon his troubled countenance those who knew him best had never seen there before, nor would ever wish to see there again.

It was but too evident that there was a remarkable change in the atmosphere of the social circle; not one of the guests but had an inkling of something unusual having occurred; some were more definitely informed, and looked with anxious expectation for the fulfilment of Lord Haigh's promise of apology. Hugh Deverel was excited and impatient, he longed for the moment when l'Orme should publicly exonerate him and make amends for the insult, and yet dreaded it. Herbert Ruthven looked doggedly and gloomily expectant. Several anxious faces were turned towards the door when Lord Haig entered, and one or two expressed disappointment, some relief, when he came in alone. Sir William Trevor looked inquiringly into his host's troubled face, mutely questioning him concerning the deferred apology. Pansie regarded him in white amazement, and was the only one that guessed, before he gave explanation, that something untoward had happened; but Lord Haig passed both of them without apparent notice, and went direct to Hugh Deverel; his lips gave the words of explanation that his mind had framed mechanically. A dead silence, then a low murmur of scorn and indignation followed them. Lord Haig's brow flushed painfully. He was not to blame, but this contempt poured upon De l'Orme touched him very closely. Hugh Deverel breathed hardly. He felt that he had been defrauded of something that was his by right, and yet his generous heart fully acquitted Lord Haig of any participation in the flight of De l'Orme, even in those first moments of anger and disappointment; the silent, fervent clasp of his large hand, that almost crushed the slender fingers of his host, conveyed the first soothing touch of sympathy to the wounded heart of Lord Haig. After-friendships could never know the sweetness and entire self abandon of that first one, so rudely ruptured, but such comfort as Lord Haig could find in a second was given to him in intercourse with Hugh Deverel.

CHAPTER XVI.—VIOLET CONTINUES THE NARRATIVE.

When we rose from the breakfast-table our party broke up into groups. I saw papa link his arm in that of Lord Haig, and they both walked away together. Pansie went to attend mamma, and when all were gone different ways I found myself alone with my valiant champion of the evening before.

I had no desire for a *tête-à-tête* with him, and looked round for some friendly fluttering garment near which to take refuge; but, whether by accident or design I know not, we were quite alone.

There is something in the great, earnest mind of Mr. Devereux that goes so straight ahead towards any object he is desirous of attaining that makes my own frivolity of spirit, easily blown hither and thither as it is, doubly conspicuous to my own conscience. If all men were like him how different we women should be! The standard by which he measures us is so exalted that we must perforce endeavour to raise ourselves to it.

I was overwhelmed with shame lest he should think I ever gave Mr. De l'Orme cause to put the construction upon my conduct that he did. I always pitied him; I hoped to better him; I never had warmer interest of any description in him, and I never gave him cause to suspect that I entertained more; that he did do so came of his own presumption.

This was why my colour fluctuated when he stood before me, and I looked sideways into the garden to avoid his glance instead of straightwards at him.

"So your redoubtable knight has withdrawn all claim to your favour, and refused to make the smallest stand on your behalf, Miss Violet," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked, believing all the time that I knew quite well what he did mean, but making use of the first words that occurred to me, dreading any awkward pause.

"I mean that he has not only refused to deliver the apology that Lord Haig promised he should do, but that he also shrunk from my challenge to exchange pistol-shots in vindication of our several rights to your favour."

Then, little Heartsease, our alarm was not wholly in vain, nor the threatened encounter between these foolish young men such a myth as papa supposed!

All my trepidation vanished instantly; the crimson tide of anger rushed to my cheeks. I was indignant, insulted that he had dared to make my name the excuse for provocation to bloodshed. You will allow, darling sister, that my passion was a righteous one. I drew myself up haughtily; I am sure I looked to the full the condemnation I felt.

"You could be so thoughtless, so inconsiderate as to drag my name before the public in connection with a shameful and disgraceful deed?" I ejaculated, with trembling lips.

His voice softened quickly.

"I fear I am guilty and deserve your blame," he said, humbly, "for I *would* have met him and have compelled him to wipe out, maybe with his blood, the stain of the insult given in your presence."

"In defiance of the laws of God and man? Mr. Deverel's notions of honour belong rather to an age of barbarism than to one of Christian enlightenment."

He winced. I think my scorn touched him more keenly than anything else would have done.

"You have provoked my severest displeasure," I continued. "Nothing could be more annoying to me than that a few angry words, a blow, given in my presence, should be taken up and made a matter of life and death between you. You hold the solemn responsibility of your life lightly if you would cast it from you without a second thought in so ignominious a manner. In the present day it is hardly our notion of courage for a man to hold human life lightly. If it were so he would be excelled in this *virtue* (?) by the most barbarous and ignorant nations. A savage lives in a measure for death, and looks upon it fearlessly, but even he stipulates for a manner of death that is not wholly inglorious. It is reserved for Christians to hold in a true estimation the Divine gift of human life, to acknowledge its preservation as a sacred duty, and to use it aright for the glorification of the Giver. He who needlessly or intentionally takes the life of another, or carelessly throws away his own, commits sin against God that nothing but the infinite mercy of Christ can pardon. If your intention had been carried out I should have held it as an insult I *never* would have forgiven, that you had revived the barbarous custom of duelling in my name. Such false and hot-headed championship deserves the strongest condemnation."

"Your anger is merited I own," he replied, in remorseful tones; "but last night, while my angry passion was dominant, things appeared in a very different light from what they do this morning. I crave your pardon most humbly for the defence you have translated into an insult, but, believe me, had I been able to bring as calm a consideration to the subject as I am now, I would have suffered a hundred blows unavenged rather than wound your feelings by resenting one."

Since he was so sincere in the acknowledgment of his fault, and pleaded so humbly for pardon, what could I do, little Heartsease, but accord it? He bowed low over the hand I extended to him,

and pressed his lips upon it. I withdrew it hastily and involuntarily, and began to talk hurriedly of other things, but the thoughts of both of us reverted to this subject, and we could not keep from discussing it.

"How do you know," I asked, "that it was *fear* upon Mr. De l'Orme's part that made him refuse your challenge? Why do you not credit him with a better motive? May he not have considered the obligation you set at naught as an embargo upon duelling—I mean the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,'—and upon that account have refused to meet you?"

He changed colour slightly.

Dear little Heartsease, it was wrong of me, I know, so utterly to depreciate him and to draw invidious comparisons between barbarians, savages, and finally De l'Orme and him, but something impelled me to conceal from him how much there was in his conduct throughout, even in his bearing while I administered my stinging censures, that constrained my admiration. I honoured his large-souled, honest mind, and especially gloried in it in contradistinction to the meanness and perfidy of De l'Orme; but I would never let him know it—never, never, unless—

I cannot pursue that idea; it is presumptuous and unfounded.

He avoided direct reply to my question. "You quote the letter of the law. There are cases in which killing is justifiable—in self-defence, for instance, and in defending the lives of others; on a wholesale scale, also, it is allowable in preservation of our national rights and privileges. It would hardly do to start a soldier upon his career fettered by that command."

He had started a subject too deep for my consideration altogether, but he had wandered from the point at issue, and I felt that my only power lay in keeping close to that.

"Those arguments do not apply to duelling; if you slay a man unwittingly when so hard pressed by him that either his own or your life must be forfeited, you may and must feel compunction for the deed, but blame can hardly be attached to you for what was so reluctantly committed. It is very different from standing face to face with a man and shooting him in cold blood out of revenge for some petty spite or insult."

"Agreed; I was only arguing to prove that in some cases the act of taking a fellow-creature's life is permitted."

"Oh, yes; in a certain sense God permitted Cain to kill Abel, because no action, good or bad, can be accomplished without His permission; but that did not justify the deed; permission is not licence."

He smiled, and something in the glance bent upon me caused me to turn my head away.

"A half-enthusiasm for my subject places me nowhere in argument against such an antagonist, Miss Violet."

"You have not answered my question concerning Mr. De l'Orme," I said, abruptly.

He hesitated, flushed crimson, then replied, with evident unwillingness, "I had rather refer you to Lord Haig than answer it myself, but that I long to spare him all the pain I possibly can, and any allusion to this occurrence will for some time be fraught with exquisite pain to him. My presumption that fear and a cowardly dread of physical and mental suffering are at the bottom of De l'Orme's refusal to meet me, and his subsequent flight, is based upon an incident that happened some time ago in the lives of both of us."

"You knew him before we met you at Geneva, then?"

"We were schoolfellows."

"Will you tell me the incident? or would such relation be a violation of confidence?"

"It is no secret; it is well enough known in De l'Orme's own circle, and, upon account of it, an undue amount of ill-favour has pursued him. I have always pitied him for it, because I thought the condemnation much too largely proportioned to the offence. I never have lent my aid in spreading the story, though, when I found people entertaining an exaggerated notion of it, I have set them right by a plain narration of the event as it really did occur."

"May I hear it?"

"You may, if you really desire to do so; but pray believe me to be actuated by a wish to conciliate you by agreeing with your request, and not from any prejudice against De l'Orme himself, in relating it."

"I do believe that," I answered, sincerely; for I saw how unwilling he was to tell this story that detracted from the character of De l'Orme.

"When he came to our school he was long past the age at which boys are generally sent out to face the world, and he came to us full of conceits such as a miscellaneous army of boys will not and cannot endure. He wanted to establish forthwith a petty despotism amongst us, and to place himself at the head of it, compelling us, or striving to do so, to acknowledge his rightful pre-eminence, because he had had grandfathers and great-grandfathers from time immemorial, and we had not. I, as champion of the school, defied and challenged him to maintain his position by the might which we acknowledged to be the right. We were enclosed instantly, and I prepared myself to do battle on behalf of my supporters. I shall never forget the change that came over De l'Orme's countenance when we stood thus face to face; it turned white, then

livid; his eyes seemed cast on all sides at once like those of some frightened animal. When I squared my fists he shook like an aspen, then he darted round and had cleared the crowd, and the playground too, before we understood the meaning of his movements. The boys, who are unscrupulous in resenting such an act of cowardice as that, led him the life of a dog during the remainder of the short time he lived amongst us. I tried to befriend him upon several occasions, but was as much prevented by his own stubborn temper and unreasonable pride as by the disfavour of the rest of the school. He was removed at the end of the half-year, and I saw no more of him until we met that evening by Lake Leman. He recognised me at once, I believe, by the instinct of hate; I was more slow to discover his identity. The characteristics of the boy often distinguish the man, and that, Miss Trevor, is the reason that I believe a coward fear, and nothing but that, has proved him recreant now, and taken him away from Craigdallie."

My little Heartsease, when you read this you will be too generous, I know, ever to remind me, or Lord Haig, that your impressions were all in disfavour of Mr. De l'Orme, and that you never, try as you would to please us, could thoroughly conquer them. Well, he is gone now, and in all probability he will never have the presumption to cross our pathway again. I might have pitied him sincerely still, but for the manner in which he has repaid the noble and generous friendship of Lord Haig.

I am sure Mr. Deverel read my changed opinion in my countenance. Neither of us cared to discuss Mr. De l'Orme further. I believe Mr. Deverel was honestly desirous of changing the course of the conversation. The turn he gave it was worthy of the original genius of my clumsy but stalwart friend.

"What a very lovely morning it is!"

Of course I assented to an assertion there was no possibility of denying; my little Heartsease must remember what a brilliant October morning it was, and how the sunbeams burnished the lingering foliage with gorgeous hues.

Then he asked, "Will you trust yourself to my protection for a stroll through the grounds? it seems a shame to sit indoors."

I assented, and called for Mad'line to bring my hat and shawl.

I set out to walk with him very much at my ease; the trepidation with which he had made the request made my own self-control perfect. I could not help observing, and being amused at, the tameness of my giant, and his amenity to a word or look from me.

We strolled along for some time, the silence only broken by the most foolishly trivial remarks. You need not arch your eyes with astonishment to hear this of your Violet, little Heartsease, when you have heard her chatter by the hour together upon any and

every subject ; it was stupid, I will own, but, though I strove, not one idea, stale or new, could I rake up and introduce for dissection. Mr. Deverel seemed quite as much at a loss.

In this way we came to the summit of a wooded hill overlooking the lake. Beneath us was the boat-house, inside which Lord Haig's little shallop, that we have used so frequently during this visit, lay temptingly moored.

Mr. Deverel looked from it to me appealingly : " Will you venture ? "

It was an irresistible invitation. You know how we have luxuriated in morning and evening sails upon the glassy bosom of the lake, gliding over reflected mountain-peaks and hills of purple heather, over rainbow-tinted ripples and watery foliage, our glad voices ringing forth in song, or listening to the strains of your favourite pipes wafted to us from distant hills ; we have memories of this Highland loch almost as golden as those of Lake Lemane, and I longed for another to store away in my heart, Pansie, one, just one, in which our river-god should have a place. Our days were numbered at Craighadlie, I might never have another such opportunity as this, and I said that I thought a sail would be delightful.

" You must give me your hand, then, Miss Violet ; if you miss your footing in the descent of this hill-side I will not answer for the consequences."

I had no desire for a cold bath, so I placed my hand in his, and we carefully descended the heather-clad steep.

He unfastened the little shallop, which fortunately was not secured with padlock to its moorings, handed me in, and pushed off from shore. I took the helm, and he busied himself with the sails. When at length the white sheets were spread out to the sunshine and filled with the breeze that curled the waters of the lake, he seated himself in front of me with a glow of enjoyment upon his countenance. Little Heartsease, I wish you had been with us ! The silver mist was lifted from the woods, but it hung like a veil above the mountain crests, there was a dewy freshness in the air, and a stillness that was almost felt, only interrupted by the piping voices of the birds amongst the reeds by the water's edge. I half wished the hush of all things and the soft gliding motion of the boat could last for ever. It seemed as though it would be so easy to go on in that way to the end of life, surrounded by a lazy calm, with no demand for anything but enjoyment. What an idle sybarite I am ! Had I been one of those on board Ulysses' barque, I never had escaped the charms of the syrens' singing, nor torn myself from the shores of the island of the lotus-eaters. I felt inclined to cry, " Let me alone ! " there seemed nothing left to desire. I understood to the full how sweet it might be,

"Hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
 To hear each other's whispered speech;
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy."

But, alas! although there were no "ghosts" to trouble my joy, there were realities, and my companion not being similarly addicted with myself to the consumption of mental lotus-leaves, was not of opinion that "There is no joy but calm."

The sun rose higher, and the mist grew thinner.

We had crossed the lake, and were so near the edge that it was necessary to tack, a necessity that broke my reverie and reminded me of the limitation imposed on all earthly things—a condition applicable also to the silence of my companion, who allowed me no more time for the indulgence of my idle apathy.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY SELWYN, CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY HIS FRIEND, RICHARD MORTON.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the diary of my friend I select some notes gathered from the first year of his ministry, which will serve at once to illustrate his own character and temper, and to show the nature of the difficulties with which he had to grapple at most from the beginning of his course.

Jan. 1, 184—.—This "first day of the first month" has always been a season of solemn and yet joyous interest to me, and surely it never could have before the same significance as to-day, when it finds me, for the first time, in a home of my own, and among a people over whom I have to watch, and for whom I have to work as a servant of Jesus Christ. Anxiously and hopefully my heart looks forward to the day, now not far distant, when my anxieties and joys will be shared by my beloved Lucy, in whom I feel sure that I shall find a true helper. Meanwhile, though I work and battle on alone, I have never felt my life cheerless or desolate.

Sometimes, indeed, I long for one to whom I could freely unbosom all my secret thoughts and purposes, and when I come into my lonely study after a day of exhausting toil, in which there have been not a few things to fret and chafe my spirit, feel the want of one whose sympathy might help me better to bear my burden, or whose words of counsel might throw light on the little perplexities with which I have now and then to deal. Yet I am ready to blame myself for ingratitude while I write this, when I remember how much I have to encourage me, and how little there has been of a contrary element.

The time I have now spent with my Millport people enables me better to understand their character and to appreciate the kind of work I have before me. To many men this would be an ideal pastorate; why cannot I make it so for myself? Large and attentive congregations, a church ready for work, and with all kinds of organisations for carrying on its labours, little disposition, so far as I can learn, to that captiousness which is the curse of so many churches, strong attachment to me as the pastor on the part of many—much stronger than I could have hoped to awaken in so short a time—what more is there that I can desire? Any one to whom I was to express an uneasy feeling would pronounce me a most unreasonable man. That I hope I am not, and yet I cannot take that optimist view which there seems, nevertheless, so much to warrant. Perhaps I am morbidly sensitive to the evils that our enemies point out as inseparable from our Congregational system, and too ready to note the outward and visible signs of their existence here. I would I could think we were free from them, but I do see that which at times causes me anxiety; for I feel that I am not set here to sanction, even by silence, that which I feel to be inconsistent with Christian principle. I must not forget, however, that I am young and inexperienced; that there are customs and habits which do not commend themselves to my judgment which are heartily approved by those whose opportunities for observation have been much more extended than mine, and to whom I ought to show some deference, that under all circumstances it becomes me to proceed with caution, lest by rash impetuosity I should defeat my own purpose. I feel to-day, more than I ever realised before, the need of that wisdom which cometh from above. I felt it deeply when I entered on the work; but even the brief experience I have already had of its difficulties has intensified the feeling. May I be kept from unwise and unbecoming dogmatism! Lord, give me courage to speak at all times that which I believe to be true, and to do what I see to be right; but give me also meekness and patience that I may not cause my brethren to stumble. Keep me near Thyself, that I may be humble and yet faithful, bold in main-

taining the truth, yet gentle in all my dealings with those whose conscientious study of Thy Word has led them to a different opinion.

What I find most reason to regret among my people is their adherence, bigotted it often seems to me, to their own traditions. They are ready enough to reprobate the Churchman's idolatry of his Prayer-book or the Methodists veneration for the fiat of Wesley, but they seem unable to comprehend that there may be among Congregationalists a zeal equally without knowledge and an attachment to some favourite crotchets just as blind and infatuated as that of which they complain in others. Only last week I was with one of my deacons—an intelligent and sensible man enough on general questions, but one who has a firm and unwavering belief in all the traditions of Independency—at a Methodist missionary meeting. There was, I must confess, an excess of homage paid to the memory of John Wesley. There was not a speaker who did not feel himself called upon to make some unctuous reference to the sainted founder of Methodism, and before we got to the close I was tolerably well nauseated of the theme. We were hardly out of the chapel when my friend, who had been more annoyed than myself, burst out, "I have often said I would never go to a Methodist meeting again, and I never will. It is always the same—John Wesley at the beginning, John Wesley in the centre, and John Wesley to the end. It might be that John Wesley was the centre of all the religious movements of the universe." "Yes," I replied, "that is a very marked fault, and if they could see it as it appears to us, they would probably remedy it. I sometimes wonder whether onlookers may not perceive something of the same weakness in us." "Oh, surely not. Our fault lies in the opposite direction. We make far too little of our Congregationalism, and weaken ourselves by our unwillingness to attach any importance to that which is distinctive amongst us." "There is truth in that, too," I said, "but has it never struck you that, if we talk less about some of our denominational peculiarities, we adhere to them all the more tenaciously? Take, for example, our mode of admitting members." "Well, sir, you would not think of making any change in that. It is the very foundation of our whole polity. What is the good of our having Congregational churches at all if they do not contend for godly discipline?" "I feel that as strongly as you do, but is it quite so certain that the mode we adopt is the wisest and the most Scriptural? It certainly is a source of great trouble to many whose Christian character is beyond question, but who are deterred from making a public profession of their faith by the hindrances our plan throws in their way." "Then you would break down all visible distinction between the Church and the

world?" "Very far from it. I would, on the contrary, make it more clear and manifest. My doubt is whether we do not by our present plan keep out of our communion those who are of the Church, and admit into it those who are of the world." "Ah! that is because we are imperfect and fallible men, and cannot always form a correct judgment of men." "Why, then," I said, "attempt to judge at all, except so far as there is that in the life on which we are entitled to pronounce a verdict? Why not leave the responsibility of the solemn act of profession between a man's own conscience and his God?" "That would be to give up Congregationalism and adopt the practice of the Establishment." "Not at all. It would be an alteration of our mode of carrying out our principle, not a sacrifice of the principle itself. Our principle is that the Church should consist of converted men. We do not give it up because we abandon the attempt to pronounce whether a particular man is converted, but leave him to decide that for himself in the sight of God, to whom he must give account." "I do not see," he said, as we were drawing to the end of our walk, "how we could do that without sacrificing the purity of our churches." "I should be sorry to believe," I replied, "that the purity of our churches depends upon the maintenance of any particular mode of admission. I do not despair of convincing you that, looked at even from your point of view, the thing is a mistake, and that we are in no little danger of setting up a kind of Congregational fetish. But we must leave the subject to be resumed on some future occasion."

Mr. Sykes is anything but a bigot, but the strength of his convictions on this point only shows me how much I have to do before I can work out a reform which I hold to be essential if Congregationalism is to retain its hold upon the more thoughtful classes of society. It was long a stumbling-block to myself, and I have therefore the deeper sympathy with those whom it may keep back from church fellowship. I well remember the anxiety with which I looked forward to my interview with the deacons appointed to visit me on behalf of the church. They were plain, good men, of whom I never had any dread before, but the fact that they were commissioned, as I thought, to probe the very secrets of my heart and decide on my fitness for the privilege I so longed to enjoy itself invested them with a terrible awe. One of them in particular is before me at this moment, with his happy face, his kindly smile, his fine head with its silvery hairs scattered here and there, his whole bearing and expression indicative of goodness. Poor old Adams, how was it possible that I could invest thee with the attributes of an inquisitor, and suppose that my conversation with thee would be a dread ordeal? How could my anxiety have survived

the first glance of your eye, and the warm grasp of your hand, and the hearty expression of your pleasure that I had been led to take so decisive a step? Yet so it was, and looking back to-day on the story of past years, that time stands out with special vividness as an hour of peculiar trouble. Whatever it may be to others, I felt it in anticipation to be a time of tribulation, and was greatly surprised when the event proved that it was no tribulation at all. A few minutes sufficed for the interview, and yet, short as it was, only a few sentences of it were occupied with the special subject for which it was appointed, and on which I thought the scrutiny would be protracted and careful. I know that in other cases it is often very different, but so far as I personally am concerned it was a mere unreality, and I cannot believe that there is any place for unreality in the administration of a Christian church. But for the simple earnest prayer which good Mr. Adams offered at its close, and which was a help and comfort to me, I should have looked upon the whole as an unmeaning form. When it was over, and I was alone again, enjoying the relief of freedom from an expectation which had been something of a torture to me, I could not, young as I was, but think that there was a need for some change. I do not know that that impression would have been less decided if the examination had been of the more severe kind of which I have heard friends speak, and which I find is a special characteristic of those which take place in this Millport church.

My predecessor was a great stickler for all forms of this kind, and those who were trained under him have not unnaturally imbibed his ideas. The result is what might be expected. Outside the church are found some of the most thoughtful, and, as I believe, the most devout men in the congregation, and of those among the more cultivated class who are members the great majority joined the church while they were young. That a man of good social standing should make a profession of religion after he has entered upon middle-age seems hardly to be anticipated. The strange thing is that so few care to inquire why this is so, and those who do content themselves with the very discouraging idea that men soon become hardened under the preaching of the Gospel, and that if a hearer of it does not accept it when he is young he is not likely to do so when he has become old. A sadder idea for a preacher of that Gospel to hold, one more likely to injure and prejudice it in the minds of unbelievers, I cannot well conceive. Yet men go on accepting it, and never pausing to inquire whether it is not rooted in a mistake, whether many of those whom they quietly dismiss as Gospel-hardened sinners may not be as near Christ as themselves, and whether their not being in the church may not be the fault of the church and the plans which it has laid

down rather than of those in whose way this stumbling-block has been placed, and who, because they cannot overcome it or perhaps do not feel that they are bound thus far to conform to the will of their brethren, are regarded as "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel." When I look at it in this light the whole arrangement excites in me no little indignation. I hope to change it, but I must learn how to wait.

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Jan. 16.—More than a fortnight since my last entry,—a fortnight of hard and anxious work which has prevented me from adding anything to these records of ministerial experiences which, in accordance with the promise to my friend Morton, I am endeavouring to keep. Now that I come to this journal again I find that my last note has reference to the same subject which is now filling my thoughts. This morning I was called in by a young man whose increasing interest in our religious services I have observed with great satisfaction. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear him express his desire to become a member of our church. A little conversation satisfied me of his earnest wish and purpose to lead a holy Christian life, but it showed me also how far he was removed from the common type of candidates for church fellowship. He had been educated in the Established Church, and all the acquaintance he has with Dissenting ideas and usages has been obtained during the short time he has been attending my ministry, to which he was drawn soon after my coming to Millport. With great depth of feeling he has but very imperfect knowledge, and some of his ideas struck me as singularly crude and feeble. I am not anxious to glorify our Nonconformist habits unduly, but I think I may safely say that we certainly do, for the most part, succeed in giving our people a more correct knowledge of Gospel truth than is found among those trained in the Anglican Church. It was, indeed, no slight surprise to me to find a young man of some general intelligence so sadly ignorant of Scripture. I could find a score of boys in my Sunday-school who would put him to shame. At the same time I cannot doubt the reality of his faith in Christ, which, in fact, is all the simpler in its character, and all the more touching in its modes of expression, from the very absence of that theological phraseology to which I am so accustomed. With myself there would be no hesitation as to the cordial admission of one who seems to me to have a very childlike, trustful spirit into the church, but I am not quite so sure how he will be regarded by others, especially by some of my deacons. He was himself quite ignorant of our forms, and when I endeavoured to explain them to him did not appear particularly struck with their wisdom and

beauty. He objected, at first, very strongly to the notion of two visitors coming to inquire into his Christian experience, and seemed disposed to give up his application altogether. "I can be a Christian," he said, "even if I am not a member of your church, and I do not see why I should submit to such an ordeal as this. Do you think Christ expects it? Is there anything in the New Testament to enforce such submission upon me?" Here I confess he rather puzzled me, and though I tried to show him that the church was right to satisfy itself that those who sought its privileges were in sympathy with it in spirit and principle, and ultimately convinced him that he might comply without any sacrifice of his individual rights, I felt that I had a weaker case than I desired. The force of the objection to our common practice is scarcely appreciated by those who have been educated as Dissenters. To them it has been a thing not to be questioned, and their familiarity with it and the sense of sacredness attaching to it hinder them from perceiving the light in which it appears to those for whom it has none of the associations which, in their own case, have modified its character. Here, however, it is for the present as a law of the Medes and Persians which cannot be broken. Whether the time may come when it will be possible to effect a change I know not; but any proposal in that direction would be regarded as so revolutionary that I must certainly be content to wait before I venture upon it, and meanwhile so far modify the application of the rule as to prevent it from being oppressive and painful to the timid and sensitive. Farrar, the young man of whom I speak, decidedly objects to give that written statement of experience which the church has been accustomed to exact from all candidates, and on this point I have yielded to him. How far the deacons will yield to me is another question. I foresee strong opposition from Mr. Richardson, who, though not the oldest, nor the most intelligent, nor the most earnest worker, exercises considerable influence. How he has obtained it I can hardly tell, for though he talks largely he does little. Still, in virtue of an unctuous style of conversation, a puritanical tone of thought, a great facility in criticising the words and deeds of others, and altogether an assumption of superior goodness, he has a position. It seems to be in churches as in the world that there are a number of people who will take men at their estimate of themselves, and so Richardson has come to be regarded as a type of high-toned piety and the guardian *par excellence* of the purity of the church. I have heard him express regret that the good old plan, as he thinks it, of requiring every candidate for fellowship to make an oral statement to the church and then abide the scrutiny of all, any member being at liberty to put a question to him, has

been abandoned. Of course he will be shocked at my notions, and I must prepare myself for a determined encounter. But I feel, and have always felt, that it must come sooner or later, and perhaps it is better sooner than later.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

IN the hurried visit paid by tourists to foreign countries, some of the most interesting, if not the most notoriously or nationally characteristic things and places are necessarily overlooked. Hidden away in corners, where the great tide-wave of innovation has but languidly flowed, they are unimportant to the empire, and consequently obscure and unknown to the outside world. But they are the richest of all for the student and observer, for the lover of nature, and the curious collector of facts.

Americans, for instance, are always rushing about Europe, especially visiting England and France; but the Channel Islands they very seldom see, and it is probable that the majority of our Transatlantic friends know little of these islands beyond the bare fact of their existence.

At a distance of twelve hours from London, and to be got at only by a very troublesome sea passage, where the swirl of the Atlantic wave, thrown back by the coast of the Cotentin, and deflected by the currents which sweep round the various islands, creates a sea that is rarely calm and often dangerous; with no relics of general historical interest when got at, and but miniature "emporium" of loveliness at the best—we can scarcely wonder that these beautiful little islands are unvisited by the ordinary tourist from abroad, or that even the mass of the English themselves personally know very little about them, and are content to take them on trust from the accounts of the more adventurous few. Besides, they lie out of the highway. To be sure, you can go from Jersey to St. Malo, and from Guernsey and Cherbourg by way of Alderney; but most people prefer to get to France from England by Calais, Boulogne, Havre, or Dieppe; and so the St. Malo and Cherbourg ships are not on the list of the favoured passage boats.

And yet the Channel Islands are worth seeing. The magnificent outlines of every island and islet, bristling with sharp rocks and formidable cliffs, where the sea breaks with a terrible beauty as it comes surging in with the wild ocean sweep; the exquisite tenderness of the inland scenery; the strange peaks which wind and water have wrought on granite and sand; all make the Channel

Islands places of exceeding beauty for the loving observer of nature ; while quaint old customs, obsolete traditions, and a quite distinctive character supply the human element to those who remain long enough to enable them to enter into and understand the social life of the people.

Of the four chief islands, Jersey, the most protected and nearest inland of the great bay of which Cherbourg and Brest are the two extreme points, is the largest, the softest, the richest ; Guernsey, the foremost of the group, lying as the outpost on the Atlantic, is the grandest ; Alderney is the most barren of beauty, if the most important in geographical position, and by no means despicable in produce ; and Sark is the most fantastically picturesque, the one on which nature and the elements have exercised the most influences and the largest power. There is no doubt that originally all these islands, with their crowns and girdles of related rocks and islets, were united together and formed part of the Continent. Geographically, indeed, they are French, and ethnologically Norman ; though they had an early people of their own who were buried with food-urns and stone implements, and who used flint arrow-heads and stone hammers and hatchets and shin-bone skates, as are found in most of the prehistoric barrows throughout Europe ; and though before the Normans held them the Romans had come, conquered, and colonised—colonised, that is, in their high-minded military way, to hold, not to people. The old name of Jersey is *Cæsarea* ; in fact, the modern name is merely a corruption of the ancient through quick and slovenly pronunciation ; while Guernsey was *Sarnia* ; Sark, *Sargia*, and then *Sercq* ; and Alderney, *Aurégney*. *Hermes* is good French for a barren waste of land, which, however, the little island of *Herm* is not. But though all the islands were once part of France, and the people were Norman-French, the incessant work of the sea, beating against the tough granite, and eating out the softer veins which traverse it in all directions, has broken the bonds of union with the mainland ; and the incessant influx of English residents, English ideas, and English influence has worn away much of the earlier Norman and later insular character of the people, till soon there will be no ethnological specialties left to the islanders, and in time no islands in the Channel at all. For the same causes of disintegration by which they become separated from the Continent are still going on, and in some notably, as *Herm*, they are going on visibly and rapidly. Sark too is being torn to pieces shred by shred ; and old decrees providing for the reparation of roads in Guernsey, where now only the sea moans over barren sand and dashes against naked rocks, attest the loss of valuable land here within the memory of man.

Very beautiful, if very dangerous, are the rocks about these

islands ; and nowhere in England is there such an iron-bound coast, such treacherous shoals, such rapid currents. Nowhere either is there more enchanting loveliness. On a calm day, when the sea, lying like a lake over the sand, is of the colour of a beryl, over the hidden rocks like lapis-lazuli, while the lofty cliffs are golden with gorse and purple with heather, and the rocks, towering out of the sea above high-water mark, are gold, and green, and crimson, and orange, where the lichens fleck the old gray stone with broad dashes of colour, nothing can exceed the seductive sweetness of the sheltered bays and coves. They might be all parts of the island of Calypso, or the outworks of Armida's Garden. You may sit there listening to the tender ripple of the waves, and weave old-world poems, till you lose all memory of historic time ; and you seem to live in the days when the gods dwelt on Mount Olympus, and their sons and their daughters lived among men in such favoured spots as these. But in the wild weather, when the fierce Atlantic storms come tearing through sea and sky, and the waves dash up against the jagged cliffs as if they would grind them peak by peak to powder, and pour in turbulent cascades over the intervening rocks, making the earth vibrate as they thunder against her old granite bulwarks, then you see a fulness and majesty of the sterner powers of nature that may satisfy the most craving. Inland, both in Jersey and Guernsey, and in Sark too, the deep leafy Devonshire-like lanes, with their arching framework of foliage for every point of the view, the luxuriant growth of ferns, the wilderness of wild-flowers, the numerous picturesque little bits of architecture, though nothing more stately than a well-trimmed cottage porch, a mossy wall, an ivy-covered penthouse to protect a spring or well, an ancient gateway, proud though decayed, make the home scenery as beautiful in its own way as the bolder and grander coast ; so that literally there is nothing more complete, though much that is larger than the Channel Islands, if studied thoroughly with the eye of an artist and the love of a naturalist.

The most picturesque things are to be found in Sark, "the gem of the Channel Islands," as the guide-books not inaptly call it ; and of these the three *creux*, known as the Creux du Derrible (*vulgiè* Terrible) and the Little Creux in Greater Sark, and the Pot in Little Sark, Coupée, the Guliot Caves and Les Boutiques, also caves, are the most notable. These cruex are funnel-shaped abysses which open at the top far inland, and are connected by a subterranean way with the sea ; so that when the tide comes in, the waters rush up this narrow funnel with a force and violence that make it more like an aqueous volcano than anything else to which I can liken it. If the tide is high and the sea stormy, the scene is beyond measure appalling. The waters surge, and swell, and roar

in their rapid rise with a noise like imprisoned thunder ; the earth beneath your feet quivers with the passionate tumult of the waters within ; and if you have nerve enough to lean over the unprotected mouth, and look into the boiling maelstrom,—where a moment's giddiness, or the treachery of the rock you grasp for support, would be your death,—you may see there what Edgar Poe could best describe, and what you will never forget, and perhaps not care to see again.

Then there is the Coupée,—the narrow neck of land connecting the two parts of the island by a slender roadway three hundred and eighty-four feet above the sea, with a sheer precipice on either side and a strong wind always blowing. Before 1811 the roadway was only two feet wide ; it is now broadened to five, in parts to eight. But, though the danger of being blown over, once so great and not infrequent, has been lessened by just the number of inches added, enough still remains to make the Coupée a by no means desirable promenade in anything stiffer than a ground zephyr ; for even a ground zephyr will be found intensified into sufficient resemblance to a gale up above to make the Coupée as breezy as a pier in a sou'wester, and not quite so safe.

After the Creux and the Coupée come the Guliot Caves, but in point of interest they should have been placed first. The speciality of the Guliot Caves is not the rugged way by which you have to clamber up and down to them, though this too is a feat of which, if you have accomplished it, you may feel reasonably proud, neither is it the grand views of the Havre Gosselin, or of that, as it seems to us, most melancholy isle of Brechou, which Nature herself frames for you in the fantastic arabesques and arches of the brown cave-lines ; but in the zoophytes which cover the wall, the rough rock flooring, and the roof of these dark nurseries of life. Limpets and barnacles encrust the lower rocks ; sponges, madrepores, and corallines line the walls and roof ; while those strange and lovely things we call generically " sea-anemones " are set against the walls as thick as berries on an elder-branch. Of all colours are they,—ruby-red and emerald-green, pale flesh-colour, jasper-brown, Naples-yellow ; but they do not show themselves in their full beauty, for, the water having left them, they are close buttoned up, and are nothing now but wet and shining gem-like knobs. You must take them home to your aquarium to see them to perfection ; but one could imagine what a scene that cavern would present when the walls are alive with the moving tentacles, bright-beaded, fringed, plumed, and of all colours, as they open their flower-like mouths and rake the soft sea for their prey ! What an animated flower-bed ! one would almost dare the fate of Hylas for one moment's glimpse of such strange beauty !

Then there are the Boutiques, grand in rugged outline, and of more purely rocky character and charm, and without the zoophytes of the neighbouring Guliots; and there are Les Autelets, the odd altar-like rocks by the Port du Moulin; and the Moie de Mouton, a mass of inaccessible crags, where a few sheep are landed every now and then, and left to find their way from ledge to ledge as the scanty herbage tempts them. When their time has come, and they are considered to be in sufficiently good condition for food, a boat puts off for the base of the rocks, a man fires at the animal he fancies, or that is most conveniently placed; and down comes the poor beast, tumbling into the water, whence it is fished up and made into mutton forthwith. This, too, is a primitive trait not to be found on every highway in Europe.

These, though the chief, are by no means the sole attractions of Sark. Months of careful study would not exhaust those attractions; for is not even Sark, this small, comparatively unknown, and obscure island, but nine miles in circumference, all told, in its way an epitome of nature, a microcosm, where the sciences may be studied and more thoroughly mastered?

Not quite so fantastically beautiful as Sark, Guernsey has yet some specialities of its own that make it both delicious and tempting. Its bays and points or promontories are many and grand. Moulin Hurt, perhaps the most beautiful of all, where the pretty "Cradle Rock," in the middle of the bay, gets its fine-spun dazzling curtains as the tide comes in and pours over the Nord; Saints' Bay, where the magnificent "Old Woman" rock is clothed in a garment of green and orange, like nothing woven by human skill; Fermain Bay, where the island girls bathe without other dressing-room than the friendly rocks, and where the zoophytes and algæ are specially fine, with the chance of a stray *pieuvre* or octopod to give a not too pleasant excitement to the silver-footed Thetis of the hour; Tcart Point, where there is an old ruined house having the universal "rat" tradition attached to it, of a man being eaten alive by rats, and where the next parish is America, there being absolutely no intervening point of land between Tcart and the United States; the narrow gorge of the Gouffre, so like our dear old English Cumberland, where the sharp hillside road leads down to the sea, instead of to a land-locked lake, with the restful harbour of Bon Repos to the side, giving the fishermen safe anchorage for their boats and safe storage for their gear; Petit Bot Bay, the Creux Maliré, a grand and glowing cavern, where you must submit to be half suffocated with burning fuzæ if you would see the glory thereof, and which burning fuzæ, with dark-eyed Guernésiois men flinging it up and about on their pitchforks, gives you a lively image of that world to

come which is *not* heaven; Fleinmont, desolate and time-worn, where stands the lone house of which the island lion, Victor Hugo, made such good account in his "Toilers of the Sea," and where the Houvis rocks below have "perished many a bonny boat," till the Trinity House softened its heart and opened its hand and built the lighthouse which stands on them now, since when there has been but one wreck on them, instead of one or two each winter, as there used to be; Rocquaine Bay, weird and wild, and Cobo Bay, even more weird and more wild, with the grand rock forming such a magnificent point of resistance for the surging waves to break against; the "water caves," peculiar to Guernsey, small, narrow, winding ways, where a little rivulet of sweet, clear water, like a mountain ghyll, runs down to the sea, while hart's-tongue, lastreas, and other ferns, wild flowers, and sweet wholesome herbs, grow on the banks and trailing hedges, and the trees meet overhead, making green cloisters where you may walk in the shade and cool on the hottest summer noon;—these, which are just a rapid roll-call of some of the principal things to be seen, show that Guernsey, if not so strangely rich as Sark, is yet rich enough in beauty for any tourist who will be contented with less than the Cordilleras or Niagara. To be sure, on all these islands there is the danger of *walking over the edge in the dark*, as the Yankee said of England, but *multum in parvo* is both good Latin and a natural fact.

With Jersey the tale is of gardens; rich leafy lanes; pretty houses; softer bays, mild, sandy, rounded, not peaked, and torn, and jagged; and some bold coast scenery, of which the finest is the part known as the Corbières rocks. But the coast-lines of Jersey are decidedly inferior to those of Guernsey. The one is the sheltered garden of the group; the other the bit of fell land, half garden, half waste. Nothing very striking is to be seen at Alderney. It is a mere sandy hillock, rising bleak and bare out of the sea, strongly fortified as a check on Cherbourg, with a few fine rocks, specially the Sisters, and fertile as a farm for all its treeless nakedness. But the islands are generally fertile, in spite of the slovenly farming which is all that is bestowed on them. And truly the farming is slovenly! Seven, nine, eleven horses drag one huge, rude plough, which just scratches the ground it is trailed over, doing ill what two light ploughs of one or two horses each would do much better. And the weeding or clearing of the ground, what it gets at all, is as primitive as the ploughing. A man on his knees shoves out the weeds between the furrows, with a crooked, clumsy hoe, in the coarsest style of garden culture. Yet the land is kindly, and gives back generously for its niggardly tending. The manure—and wealth—of the islands is sea-weed, freshly laid, or the burnt

ashes thereof; and an old saying, "*Point de vraie point de hautgard*,"—No sea-weed no corn-yard,—shows its value. It is also the fuel of the poorer folk; and among the characteristic features of the Channel Islands is the clumsy sea-weed-laden cart lumbering along the narrow lanes,—perhaps drawn by a sleepy-looking bullock in the shafts, with a horse for the leader,—and the long stretches of barren land, as at Rocquaine and Cobo Bays, spread out with sea-weed like "scaled" hay, purple, red, or grey, drying in the wind and sun for fuel. When sufficiently hoary and dry, it is stacked up in piles, which are to the poor fisherman's cot what cords of wood and bushels of coals are to the richer houses. The sea-weed cutting is allowed only twice a year for the *vraic scié*; the *vraic venant* is unending. *Vraic scié* is the living weed cut from the rocks, chiefly at Herm for Guernsey, and *vraic venant* is drift-weed thrown up by the tide, and not so valuable as the *scié*. Herm is about twenty minutes' sail from Guernsey, and, besides stores of *vraic*, has a creux, and a "kitchen midden," and a curious shell shore made by the tail of the drift, and unique in its way; and a seigneur, who owns the island and has lordly rights; and, in fact, is a world in miniature, a very doll's house of an empire, beating Lilliput and Monaco hollow.

All the animals are tethered—cows, horses, apes, goats, and the narrow fields are eaten away in semi-circular sweeps as clearly as if mown by hand. The farmers say the grass is so rich that the short commons on which the poor beasts are kept are quite enough for them, want of quantity being made up for by goodness of quality. And, to be sure, the Channel Islands' milk and butter are proverbial. In consequence of this habit of tethering the live stock there are few, if any, field gates in the islands. A gap is left in the hedge, and a crooked bough is laid across it, but a gate, as we have them in England, is a rarity almost unknown.

There is one peculiar growth here—the cow-cabbage, of which walking-sticks are made, and which, specially in Jersey, grows to a quite majestic size. By stripping off all the lower leaves in succession, as covers for baskets for fruit, butter, &c., the succulent stalk hardens into a handsome knotted wood, which takes a fine polish, and answers all the purposes of a cane. Jersey is famous for these cabbage walking-sticks, and they are to be found in Guernsey also. The gardens are richly stocked. Magnolias bloom luxuriantly, while myrtles and fuchsias, geraniums and camellias, attain the dignity of trees. Hydrangeas, the lemon-plant, and other tender plants, which in England have to be kept under shelter for the winter, remain here in the open ground all the year round; aloes and semi-tropical growths flower and do well in chosen places; and at the Vallon, one of the loveliest residences in

Guernsey, are magnificent specimens of the *Gunnera scabra* of South America. All of which speaks well for the mildness of the climate and the (comparative) equableness of the temperature.

There are some old customs and superstitions left in the islands, eloquent of the origin of the race, and to be exactly matched in both Normandy and Brittany among the peasantry. One of these superstitions is that all water drawn from a well on Christmas-eve turns to blood, and if any one were to go into a cow-shed exactly at midnight, also on Christmas-eve, he would find all the cattle on their knees. But as something very terrible would happen to him for his profane peeping and prying, no one ever dares go in to verify the belief. At weddings a slice of cheese is cut into four square portions, never more nor less on the plate, and these, together with a peculiar kind of biscuit (cracker) made of fermented dough and butter, and a glass of mulled wine, are handed to each invited guest, and to every one who calls at the house for a certain period after. Then a huge currant-cake is made four times in the year, at Christmas, Whitsuntide, Midsummer, and Michaelmas, and every servant of the establishment has about two pounds of it given to her. I say her, for as yet men-servants are rare even at the best houses.

But the good old customs and beliefs are rapidly fading from the islands, and they are becoming as much like England as if no other than the ordinary British element was to be found in them. In fact, efforts are being made to keep up the old Norman-French among the people, at least in Guernsey, and though by law the church services, for instance, are performed in French alternately with English, yet a Guernsey peasant of anything like education will feel affronted at being spoken to in French, and holds himself entitled to use the language which was once the distinctive characteristic of the upper classes. The servants, too, have followed suit with the rest, and where formerly they were called *les basses*, the base or low ones, are now as independent as English domestics, and make service more and more a voluntary profession, and not an involuntary servitude as it used to be. For this we may thank that mysterious thing called, for the convenience of our ignorance, "the spirit of the age," whereby individual independence and the dignity of labour have taken their fitting place.

The fish of the islands are as peculiar as anything else belonging to them. These are to be seen best in the Guernsey market, which is one of the sights of the place, and include the long nose or snipe fish, called *du horfil* by the people, like a long, thin, mackerel-coloured ribbon, with grass-green bones; cray-fish, or *crabbe a' eo*; spider-crabs, or *pain clos*; velvet crabs, called *crabbe* or *gergeaises*; and immense crabs proper, magnificent fellows called *chanores*

which, together with their smaller brethren and big black lobsters, are to be seen on all the fish-trays in the market, twiddling their feelers and crawling about their beds of wet moss and sea-weed in a confused and helpless way. Then there are rock or vraic fish, or wrasse, and ormers (a corruption for *oreilles de mer*), the creatures which live in those pretty mother-o'-pearl shells with a row of holes along the projection, and which, when well beaten and stewed for a great many hours, taste like tough veal-cutlets dashed with sea-weed sauce. And there are conger-eels, great bits of which, raw and bleeding, are sold for a very small sum, and make an excellent addition to the island cabbage soup. For the island lives on cabbage soup. It is its *pot au feu*, its butter, milk, and potatoes, its porridge and whiskey, its *olla podrida*, its roast beef and plum-pudding, or whatever we choose to select as the national dish, and its men and women thrive upon it. But not too well; the islanders are not a very stalwart race, though wiry and with good "staying" qualities. And as I am on the question of food, I may as well say that the pigs are mostly fed with parsnips.

It is a misnomer to call the small short-horned dun cow we all know so well "an Alderney;" it may be a Jersey cow or a Guernsey one, perhaps a Sarkois, for each island has its own particular if allied breed, and each island claims to have the best. They are not allowed to mix the breeds nor to import foreign stock, but every now and then one comes upon a black or red-hided beast, which shows that the decree has been evaded somehow, and that the pure blood has got mixed, whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the breed I cannot say. Of the whole family the Jersey cows are the smallest, and I do not know which are considered the best milkers; but all are first-rate in that way, and produce magnificent butter.

Amongst other things belonging to the islands may be counted green lizards, the tree locust, the *pieuvre*, or octopod, immortalised by Victor Hugo, and in Guernsey Victor Hugo himself and his house. And if of these the one is noble and to be deeply revered, the other is decidedly odd and to my mind ugly. It is wonderfully ingenious in its clever adaptation of all sorts of things for all manner of unlikely purposes. Old trap-nailed chests and coffers make stately seats; barbaric *ceintures* are nailed as ornaments against the crimson velvet chimney-pieces. Pieces of fine old tapestry, with historical interest attached, chairs and tables, and beds and china, all possessing a special and peculiar value, and with pedigrees and traditions belonging, make the place in its way a museum; but of household comfort there is none, so at least I should say, in those gloomy, crowded, heavy rooms, and as little artistic beauty. But they are Victor Hugo's belongings. He has

gathered them together and arranged them, and so far as they go they are to be respected as the expression of a great man's mind and fancies.

The islands send no Members to Parliament. Ecclesiastically they are under the sway of the British crozier, being part of the see of Winchester, and strategically they are strongholds of the British army; but their internal government is individual, and a Guernésais, or a Sarkois, or an Aurégnais, is always a man of Guernsey, of Sark, or of Alderney, never a Briton, still less an Englishman. They have governors and seigneurs, and states and jurats, and they make their own laws after their own hearts, each island being *imperium in imperio*, and scornfully indifferent to the larger empire of which it forms a part, the coach of which it is the fifth wheel. In religion, though by law Protestant, there are a few Roman Catholics and more Dissenters among the islands, and the clerical tone is decidedly Low Church, not to say Calvinistic.

Guernsey is evidently a partially holy isle. There are no toads there, though plenty in Jersey; while frogs, slow-worms, and lizards are the sole representatives of the reptile class of creatures, and there are saints' wells and holy places in almost all the parishes. In fact, one of the traditions is that it is a holy isle, and that its first civilised inhabitants were saints. If so, their descendants have deteriorated from the piety of their forefathers, and, indeed, that piety is a little problematical, at least in the "middle distance," seeing that a whole large clan in Guernsey are the acknowledged posterity of a Roman Catholic archbishop. One peculiarity of these islands is the universal cousinship of the upper ten. All the great families are so related and interlaced by marriages of all allowable degrees that it is impossible for a stranger to disentangle the complex threads and understand distinctly who is who, and how A came to be B's cousin, and why C is obliged to go into mourning when D dies. Even the married stranger finds it difficult to learn all her husband's relations; and you may hear an Englishwoman who has entered a numerous clan after twenty years of marriage confess she has not learnt her lesson of kinship perfectly even yet.

It is very strange for one accustomed to a large centre like London, used only to such a free range of life and such incessant change of circumstances as one has in large centres, to come to one of these quiet "cornered" islands, where life moves at a snail's pace, and passions in their broader sense seem eliminated altogether. Havens of rest for a time to the weary are they, and beautiful in their peace and stillness, but only for a time. The man or woman who has been used to action would soon rust out here; and though the Channel Islands may be lovely as Calypso's Isle or Armida's

Garden, yet, like those sweet sleeping-places for brave men, they are to be visited only, not lived in permanently, by all who have work yet to do in the world, who have a purpose to fulfil and a plan to pursue.

PHANTASIES.

I.

A few soft pencillings
Of forest shade, and flecks of broken light,
And Fancy, quick forgetting nearer things,
Follows the sense of sight.

Treads where the dewdrops gleam
Like jewelled favours at a tournament;
Sees the low bend of rushes where the stream
Mirrors the firmament.

Hears many an echoed trill,
Startles the timid partridge from her nest;
Finds an old, moss grown trunk, and takes her fill
Of sweet imagined rest.

II.

Only an ear of wheat,
Yet, as an insect world in drop of rain,
'Tis to the heart pent up in city street
A field of golden grain.

And with it comes the sound
Of reapers' sickles, and the scarlet glare
Of poppies left upon the stubble-ground,
And gleaners here and there.

Which phantasy doth keep
That heart caged in the city's sultry room,
As tranquil as the little birds which sleep
Beneath the harvest moon.

III.

A name we cannot speak
Dropped flippantly from some rude stranger-tongue;
And deep within the startled echoes wake
And hidden mines are sprung.

Just for a little while
We feel upon our lips love's warmest kiss,
And catch the radiance of the sunny smile
We teach our hearts to miss.

Our fingers clasp the hand
Whose first caress was prelude to a strain
Of music we scarce grew to understand
Ere it had gone again.

IV.

Across an old man's knees
Lie the disjointed pieces of a flute;
His wrinkled hands touch reverently the keys
That have so long been mute.

Passes before his view
 Glimpses of some fair cottage in a chine,
 Within whose porch the sunset filters through
 The sprays of jessamine.

The sound of distant bells
 Perfects, not mars, the sense of holy calm,
 While to his flute a clear, sweet treble swells
 The Sabbath evening's psalm.

* * * * *

What are these phantasies?
 Whence come such fitful visitants? and why?
 Is it within us or without us lies
 The quiet mystery?

MERNE MANTON.

The Children's Hour.

NELLIE'S HANDS;
 OR, WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

BY MARIANNE FAERNINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.—THE BABY.

CHARLIE and Frank Seymour were having breakfast when papa brought the good news. They were so busy that at first they did not see how pleased he looked. But when he said, "Boys, guess what I have to tell you," they glanced up from their milk, and saw by his face that they were going to hear something nice.

"We cannot guess, papa. We give it up," said Charlie.

"Please tell us at once," said Frank, "what the news is about."

"Nonsense!" said papa; "the news is too good for that. You must at least try to guess what it is."

"Is it that we are going to the sea-side for a holiday, papa?" asked Charlie.

"No, it is something better than that."

"Are you going to give us a shilling each to spend?" asked Frank.

"No, better than that."

"Have you bought us a grand carriage to ride in?"

"No, it is better than that."

"Is it a new kite for both of us?"

"Oh, no, it is worth a thousand kites."

"Is it something for us, papa?"

"Yes, something for all of us."

"Something we shall like?"

"Yes, something we shall love very much indeed."

"Is it heaps of money, papa?" asked Charlie.

"No, it is what is worth more than silver and gold."

"Is it that we are never to go to school any more, but always to have holidays, papa?" asked Frank.

"No, indeed, that would not be good news."

"Well, papa, we have each guessed three times, so now you must tell us."

"Very well, then, put your ears close to me and listen while I tell you softly. *You have a baby sister!*"

"Oh, papa, that is capital."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

If papa told them in a whisper, the boys did not receive the news at all quietly. Indeed, they made so much noise that they were obliged to be stopped.

"Hush! Perhaps she is asleep, so you must be quiet, or you will wake her."

They did not make so much noise after that, but they were too excited to keep quite still.

"Oh, papa, aren't you glad?"

"Yes, Charlie, I am very glad, for I wanted to have a little daughter."

"And I wanted a little sister so much. I have often seen boys with sisters of their own, and they seemed so fond of them."

"And I hope, my boys, that you will be very fond of your little sister, and very, very kind and gentle toward her."

"I shall, papa," said Frank.

"Of course we shall both of us be as kind as kind can be," said Charlie.

You may be sure that the boys could talk of little all that day but the new baby. They were longing to see it, and could scarcely control their eagerness until the next day, when Mr. Seymour promised they should have just a peep at the baby's face.

It was a joyful moment indeed when the nurse brought what looked like a little round parcel wrapped in flannel for them to look at.

Very gently, and after the boys had promised not to touch, she opened the flannel, and showed the little, tiny face.

"Oh, what a pretty little pink creature!" said Charlie.

"She does not open her eyes," said Frank; "perhaps she is blind, like little kittens are at first."

"Do let me kiss her just once," said Charlie.

"Very well," said papa; "it must be a very soft kiss, mind."

So Charlie pouted his lips to the right form, and just let them touch baby's cheek.

"Just like satin," he said.

"Let me have one," said Frank.

But he was not quite so gentle as Charlie, and baby began to cry. So nurse took her back into the bed-room.

"When may we have a good look at her and nurse her for a little time?" asked Charlie.

And papa promised that if baby was well they should have that great pleasure in a few days' time.

One question puzzled the boys very much, and they were never tired of trying to find an answer to it.

"What shall baby's name be?"

A great many names were proposed. Frank said he liked baby best. But Charlie reminded him that if she lived she would not always be a baby, and that that name would be rather strange for a grown-up young lady.

"What shall we call her, papa?" asked Charlie one evening.

"Grandma is coming to-morrow," said Mr. Seymour. "She wants to see the baby very much, and we will ask her to decide what her name shall be."

"Yes, that is a good plan, papa, but perhaps she will not know either."

"I think she will," said papa, "and I will tell you something you boys can do to-day. You may get your slates, and write down a number of names for grandma to choose from."

"Yes, that we will," said Frank, gladly.

"We will write them alphabetically," said Charlie.

So they began, and these are the names which were written in good round hand upon their slates.

"Alice, Bessie, Carrie, Dinah, Emma, Fanny, Gertrude, Harriet, Ida, Jessie, Kate, Lucy, Mary, Nellie, Patty, Rachael, Susan, Trottie, Victoria, Winnie."

"We cannot remember any names beginning with O, Q, U, X, Y, and Z, papa," said Frank; "but we have a long list for grandma to choose from."

The next day, as soon as grandma came, the boys hurried to tell her that she had to select a name for baby, and wanted to show her their slates at once. But of course she wanted to see baby more than their slates, so it was no use for them to be so impatient. After a few minutes, however, when she was a little rested and had come downstairs again, they brought their slates to her.

"Am I to decide?" asked grandma of Mr. Seymour.

"Yes, please."

"Then I should like Nellie," she said, "for a great many years ago, when I was a little girl, I had a sister whose name was Nellie,

and she died. So for her sake I should like the baby to have her name."

So it was agreed, and now the boys began to speak of her as "Baby Sister Nellie."

"And, grandma," said Frank, "now you are come, may we look at her? We have only had such a little peep yet."

"Will you be very good boys, and only touch her very softly if I fetch her?"

Of course both the boys promised together that they would be good.

"As good as gold," Charlie said.

So grandma fetched down the baby, and showed her to her two admiring brothers, who stood looking at their baby sister with very smiling faces.

"She is the prettiest, tiniest little baby in the world," said Frank. "But she has not any hair upon her head."

"That will grow soon," said Charlie. "Will she wear it in long curls, grandma, when she is a big girl?"

"Very likely, Charlie."

"She has a very little nose," said Frank.

"She is very tiny altogether," said Charlie. "She is only about as big as a doll."

"Look what little hands she has, papa," said Frank.

"Yes, they are very small," said papa. "But they are nice hands too, and I hope they will do a great many good things."

"They are not even big enough to play with yet," said Frank.

"But some day they will be big enough to darn my stockings," said papa.

The boys laughed at that. They could scarcely believe that they would ever grow large enough to hold a needle and thread.

"They will though," said papa, "and I am sure they will do a great many things for you."

"And help mamma too."

"Yes," said papa, as he held the tiny hands in his, and looked at them; "I think they will do many things for us all, and that we shall love our baby very much."

"I hope they will be clever and busy hands," said grandma. "There is so much work in the world for little hands to do. I hope our Nellie will do her share."

"I hope she will not keep her hands for nothing but work though," said Charlie. "We shall want her to play with us."

"I expect they will not do much but play for several years to come," said papa.

"I think I had better take baby back to mamma now," said grandma.

But the boys both wanted to kiss her first, and papa made them quite happy by asking that they might each nurse her for a few minutes.

After that they had very happy times, rocking baby to sleep, playing with her, carrying her, and doing many things for her, and above all loving her with all their hearts.

CHAPTER II.—HANDS NOT TWO YEARS OLD.

Baby Nellie lived and grew stronger, and taller, and prettier. Her brothers taught her a great many things, and it was the greatest pleasure they had to take care of her, and talk to her. At first of course she could not understand them, but very soon she began to take notice, and to kick, and crow, and laugh, whenever they came near. At first too she did not seem to know what her hands were for; but after a time she would put her little fingers round one of Charlie's or Frank's and hold it. The boys were very pleased when she did that.

"Baby knows how to use her hands, papa. She will soon darn your stockings," said Charlie.

"I suppose though she can use her hands she will not do much beside mischief until she is two years old," said papa.

And that was true, as you will know before you have finished this chapter.

One of the first things she did was to pull her brother's hair. Frank had a curly head, which especially delighted her. When he was playing with her, he sometimes put his head in her lap. And once she quite surprised him by taking hold of his hair, and keeping it tight. Of course he laughed and said, "Do it again, Nellie," and whether she understood or not, she caught his hair in both hands, and pulled it, laughing all the time as if she thought it was fine fun. And so it was; but after a time, when her hands were a little stronger, and she pulled the hair out by the roots, it was not quite such good fun—at least for Frank. But, as Charlie said, she did not know any better.

She did another thing when she was very little which she would not have done if she had been older.

Charlie was holding her for a little time while mamma was out of the room. It was evening, and a lighted candle stood upon the table. Nellie seemed to think that was a very pretty plaything, and so she suddenly stretched out her hand and caught hold of it. Of course it burnt the poor little fingers very badly, and everybody was sorry for her.

"But she did not know the flame would hurt her," said papa. "She will not do it again most likely."

It was a pleasant time for the boys when she began to crawl across the floor or to move round the room holding by the furniture. But she did many mischievous things then.

Frank had a beautiful picture book which had been given to him for a birthday present. He was very proud of it, and loved to show the bright pictures to his sister and hear her say, "Oh, pitty, pitty!"

But one day Frank went out of the room, leaving his book upon one of the chairs. When he returned he saw little Nellie sitting on the floor looking quite happy. But what do you think she was doing? She had pulled all the leaves out of Frank's book, and was tearing all the pictures up into little bits and scattering them upon the floor. Frank could hardly help crying, and at first he felt rather angry, but he soon thought better of that.

"She is so little she does not know it is wrong, and I ought not to have left the book where she could reach it," he said.

But Frank's book was not the only thing that suffered at Nellie's hands.

Mr. Seymour had some very fine geraniums in his garden, which he took great care of, and of which he was very proud. It was great pleasure to him when he saw them in bloom, and he often asked his friends to admire them. One day he asked a lady and gentleman to come into the garden and see them. They went, but instead of the geraniums they saw something quite as pretty and far more mischievous than any flowers could be. Nellie had managed to crawl out into the garden, and had picked off all the finest blossoms and gathered them together in her lap.

"Look, pa! Pitty fowers!" she said.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie! what naughty little hands yours are!" cried papa.

One day there was great consternation in Nellie's home, for she could not be found.

"Nellie! Nellie! where are you?" cried mamma, going first into one room and then into another.

But she could neither see nor hear Nellie anywhere.

"Charlie, have you seen Nellie?"

"No, mamma."

"Frank, do you know where your sister is?"

"No, mamma."

"Come, both of you, and help me look for her."

For a minute or two they all searched in vain, and then Charlie burst into a loud laugh.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, "here is Nellie. I have found her. Do come and look at her."

Mrs. Seymour went, and there sat Nellie on the pantry floor, with a pound of butter in her lap, which she had found, and part of which she had put into her mouth with her fingers. You can guess what she looked like, with her pinafore and face almost covered with grease.

On another occasion she seemed to have an idea of being useful. Jane, the housemaid, was scrubbing the floor of one of the rooms, when she was suddenly called away, and went, forgetting to close the door. As soon as she was gone Nellie went in, and took the flannel and brush, and moved them over the floor, and at last trying to lift herself up by the bucket, pulled it over her. She was not quite drowned in the water, but she was made quite wet through by it, and when mamma hearing her screams ran in, she found that every one of Nellie's clothes must be changed for dry ones.

Even that was not as bad as another thing she did. Generally

But the boys both wanted to kiss her first, and pay quite happy by asking that they might each nurse minutes.

After that they had very happy times, rocking, playing with her, carrying her, and doing many things above all loving her with all their hearts.

CHAPTER II.—HANDS NOT TALKING.

Baby Nellie lived and grew strong. Her brothers taught her a great many things, and the pleasure they had to take care of her. Of course she could not understand their words, but she took notice, and to kick, and cry, and be near. At first too she did not know how to walk; but after a time she was able to walk like Charlie's or Frank's and her mother. And so she did that.

"Baby knows how to walk," said Charlie.

"I suppose though," said Charlie,

beside mischief until she was a year old.

And that was true, for she was very simple, and she suffered me to come to Thee."

One of the first things that

Frank had a chance to say—

was playing with her.

once she was quiet.

it tight. Charlie

whether or not. And when she used to say, "Look at my tean hands,"

and pull her hands.

And so she always said they were the best hands they had ever

And so she

strong

suc-

ne

Jesus, meek and mild,

upon a little child,

by my simplicity,

Suffer me to come to Thee."

"Pity my simple city,

Suffer me to turn to Thee. Amen."

though she was a little mischievous, all the household

And when she used to say, "Look at my tean hands,"

and pull her hands.

And so she always said they were the best hands they had ever

And so she

strong

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at present.

, not yet two years

now. She was very

pa's face, and said softly,

he had dear little hands.

she put them together at night,

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of the CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE begs respectfully to intimate to voluntary contributors that she will not hold herself responsible for MSS. sent on approval. Unaccepted MSS. of any great length will be returned, provided the name and address of the owner is written on the first or last page, and provided also that the necessary stamps are enclosed for transmission through the post. Authors are recommended to keep copies of verses, short essays, and minor articles generally, since they cannot, under any circumstances, be returned. Miscellaneous contributions are not requested.

THE

D MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1870.

A WOMAN'S PULPIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GATES AJAR."

[IN England the professional clergywoman is not yet an accepted institution, though women preachers are by no means such curiosities as to excite extraordinary attention when they are announced as about to fill any particular pulpit or to address "the people" from any special platform. The Society of Friends has always countenanced women preaching, the Primitive Methodists acknowledge them, and certain Plymouth Sisters, we believe, are privileged upon occasion to hold forth to promiscuous assemblies. Still, in this country it is a fact that women are *not* admitted into the paid ministry. A few weeks ago Lady Bowring, at a denominational Christian meeting at the Crystal Palace, made a very emphatic little speech, which the press generally condescended to record, and in some instances to praise. She wished to see the intellectual health of women more considered than it is, for they were not at present occupying that position to which they were entitled, and which she hoped future ages would accord to them. She believed there was a great field open for women's work. If their education were more defined they would be able to occupy positions that were now unfilled. She would be glad to see some of the younger women trained for the special work of the ministry, for though other learned professions might in time be open to them, yet in the work of the ministry they would be specially in their sphere. They were already engaged as Bible-women, and why should they not go a step farther and occupy the pulpit?

It was thought desirable and proper that ladies should sing and act in public; why should they not come forward in the higher and nobler sphere of teaching and leading souls to God?

Whether the professional clergywoman is something really to be desired we will not pretend here to say, for we have a story to tell rather than a point to argue. We will only stay to remark that to some women as well as to some men the message may come that will burn in the soul until it is delivered, and that to them life may teach some individual lesson which may be fit for the healing of other souls. God's true messengers in all ages have found utterance, but this is not quite the same thing as embracing the ministry as a profession, with its attendant salary and position.

We had "a story to tell," we declared, and in truth we have, and it comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic, and from no less an author than *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*, who wrote that justly celebrated little book "The Gates Ajar," and, later still, the strikingly original and pathetic "Hedged In." It is, moreover, quite too good a story to be subjected to any manipulation of ours; we therefore give it as it stands, only necessarily curtailing a little in order not to occupy too much space.]

I fell to regretting to-day, for the first time in my life, that I am an old maid; for this reason: I have a very serious, long, religious story to tell, and a brisk matrimonial quarrel would have been such a vivacious, succinct, and secular means of introducing it.

But when I said, one day last winter, "I want some change," it was only *Mädchen* who suggested, "Wait for specie payment."

And when I said, for I felt sentimental, and it was Sunday, too, "I will offer myself as a missionary in Boston," I received no more discouraging reply than, "I think I see you! You'd walk in and ask if anything could be done for their souls to-day. And if they said No, you'd turn around and come out!"

And when I urged, "The country heathen requires less courage; I will offer myself in New Vealshire," I was met by no louder lion than the insinuation, "Perhaps I meant to turn Universalist, then?"

"*Mädchen!*" said I, "you know better!"

"Yes," said *Mädchen*.

"And you know I could preach as well as anybody!"

"Yes," said *Mädchen*.

"Well!" said I.

"Well!" said *Mädchen*.

So that was all that was said about it. For *Mädchen* is a woman, and minds her own business.

It should be borne in mind that I am a woman "myself, Mr.

Copperfull," and that the following correspondence, now for the first time given to the public, was accordingly finished and filed before Mädchen ever saw or thought of it.

This statement is not at all to the point of my purpose, further than that it may have, as I suppose, some near or remote bearings, movable on springs to demand, upon the business abilities—by which, as nearly as I can make out, is meant the power of holding one's tongue—of the coming woman, and that I am under stress of oath never to allow an opportunity to escape me of strewing my garments in the way of her distant royal feet.

"To be sparing," as has been said, "of prefatory, that is to say, of condemnatory remarking," I append at once an accurate vellum copy of the valuable correspondence in question.

"Hercules, February 28, 18—.

"SECRETARY OF THE NEW ENGLAND HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I am desirous of occupying one of your vacant posts of ministerial service; place and time entirely at your disposal. I am not a college graduate, nor have I yet applied for licence to preach. I am, however, I believe, the possessor of a fair education, and of some slight experience in usefulness of a kind akin to that which I seek under your auspices, as well as of an interest in the neglected portions of New England, which ought to warrant me success in an attempt to serve their religious welfare.

"For confirmation of these statements, I will refer you, if you like, to the Rev. Dr. Dagon, of Dagonville, and to Professor Tacitus, of Sparta.

"An answer at your earliest convenience, informing me if you are disposed to accept my service, and giving me details of terms and times, will oblige, yours respectfully,

"J. W. BANGS."

"Harmony, N. V., March 5, 18—.

"J. W. BANGS, Esq.—MY DEAR SIR,—Your lack of collegiate education is an objection to your filling one of our stations, but not an insurmountable one. I like your letter, and am inclined to think favourably of the question of accepting your services. I should probably send you among the Gray Hills, and in March. We pay six dollars a week and 'found.' Will this be satisfactory? Let me hear from you again.—Truly yours,

"Z. Z. ZANGROW, Sec. N. V. H. M. S.

"P.S.—I have been too busy as yet to pursue your recommendations, but have no doubt that they are satisfactory."

"Hercules, March 9, 18—.

"REV. DR. ZANGROW.—DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 5th is at hand. Terms are satisfactory. I neglected to mention in my last that I am a woman.—Yours truly,

"JERUSHA W. BANGS."

"Harmony, N. V., March 9, 18—.

"JERUSHA W. BANGS.—DEAR MADAM,—You have played me an admirable joke. Regret that I have no time to return it.—Yours very sincerely,

"Z. Z. ZANGROW, Sec."

"Hercules, March 11.

"DEAR SIR,—I was never more in earnest in my life.—Yours,

"J. W. BANGS."

"Harmony, March 14.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry to hear it.—Yours,

"Z. Z. ZANGROW."

"Hercules, March 15, 18—.

"REV. DR. ZANGROW.—MY DEAR SIR,—After begging your pardon for encroaching again upon your time and patience, permit me to inquire if you are not conscious of some slight—we will call it by its mildest possible cognomen—inconsistency in your recent correspondence with me? By your own showing, I am individually and concretely qualified for the business in question; I am generally and abstractly beyond its serious recognition. As an educated American Christian, I am capable, by the word that goeth forth out of my mouth, of saving the Vealshire Mountain soul. As an educated American Christian woman, I am remanded by the piano and the crotchet-needle to the Hercules parlour soul.

"You will—or you would, if it fell to your lot—send me under the feminine truce flag of 'teacher' into Virginia to speak on Sabbath mornings to a promiscuous audience of a thousand negroes; you forbid me to manage a score of White Mountaineers. Mr. Spurgeon's famous lady parishioner may preach to a 'Sabbath-school class' of seven hundred men; you would deny her the scanty hearing of your mission pulpits.

"My dear sir, to crack a hard argument, you have, in the words of Sir William the logical, 'mistaken the associations of thought for the connections of existence.' If you will appoint me a brief meeting at your own convenience in your own office in Harmony, I shall not only be very much in debt to your courtesy, but I shall convince you that you ought to send me into New Vealshire.—Meantime, I am, sincerely yours,

*"J. W. BANGS."**"Harmony, March 18, 18—.*

"MY DEAR MISS BANGS,—You are probably aware that, while it is not uncommon in the Universalist pulpit to find the female preacher, she is a specimen of humanity quite foreign to orthodox ecclesiastical society.

"I will confess to you, however (since you are determined to have your way), that I have expressed in our hurried correspondence rather a denominational and professional than an individual opinion.

"I can give you fifteen minutes on Tuesday next at twelve o'clock in my office, No. 41, Columbia-street.

"It will at least give me the pleasure to make your personal acquaintance, whether I am able or not to gratify your enthusiastic and somewhat eccentric request.—I am, dear madam, cordially yours,

"Z. Z. ZANGROW, Sec."

I went, I saw, I conquered. I stayed fifteen minutes, just. I talked twelve of them. The secretary sat and drummed meditatively upon the table for the other three. He was a thin man, in a white cravat. Two or three other thin men, in white cravats, came in as I was about to leave. The secretary whispered to them, they whispered to the secretary; they and the secretary looked at me. Somebody shook his head; somebody else shook his head. The secretary, drumming, smiled. Drumming and smiling, he bowed me out, merely remarking that I should hear from him in the course of a few days.

In the course of a few days I heard from him. I have since acquired a vague suspicion, which did not dawn at the time upon my broadest imagination, that the secretary sent me into New Vealshire as a private, personal, metaphysical speculation upon the woman question, and that the New Vealshire Home Missionary Society would sooner have sent me to heaven.

However that may be, I received from the secretary the following:—

“*Harmony, N. V., March 23, 18—.*

“DEAR MISS BANGS,—I propose to send you as soon as possible to the town of Storm, New Vealshire, to occupy on trial, for a few weeks, a small church, long unministered to, nearly extinct. You will be met at the station by a person of the name of Dobbins, with whom I shall make all necessary arrangements for your board and introduction. When can you go?—Yours, &c.,

“Z. Z. ZANGROW, Sec.”

“*Hercules, March 24, 18—.*

“MY DEAR DR. ZANGROW,—I can go to-morrow.—Yours, &c.,

“J. W. BANGS.”

A telegram from the secretary, however, generously allowed me three days “to pack.” If I had been less kindly entreated at his hands, I should have had nothing to pack but my wounded dignity. I *always* travel with a bag. Did he expect me to preach out of a Saratoga trunkful of flounces? I explosively demanded of Mädchen.

“He is a man,” said Mädchen, soothingly, “and he hasn’t behaved in the least like one. Don’t be hard upon him.”

I relented so far as to pack a lace collar and an extra paper of hair-pins. Mädchen suggested my best bonnet. I am sorry to say that I locked her out of the room.

For the benefit of any of my sex who may feel induced to follow in my footsteps, I will here remark that I packed one dress, Barnes on Matthew, Olshausen on something else, a Tischendorff Testament, Mädchen’s little English Bible, Jeremy Taylor (selections), and my rubber boots. Also, that my bag was of the large, square species, with gapes from ear to ear.

“It isn’t here,” said Mädchen, patiently, as I locked the valise.

“Mädchen,” said I, severely, “if you mean my Florentine, I am perfectly aware of it. I am going to preach in black ties,—always!”

“Storm!” said Mädchen, concisely. As that was precisely what I was doing to the best of my abilities, I regarded Mädchen confusedly till I saw the Pathfinder on her knees, her elbows on the Pathfinder, and her chin in her hands.

“It isn’t here,” repeated Mädchen, “nor anything nearer to it than Whirlwind. That’s in the eastern part of Connecticut.”

I think the essentially feminine fancy will before this have dwelt upon the fact that the secretary’s letter was not, to say the least of it, opulent in directions for reaching the village of Storm. I do not think mine is an essentially feminine fancy. I am sure this never had occurred to me.

When it comes to railway guides I am not, nor did I ever profess to be, strong-minded. When I trace, never so patiently, the express to Kamtschatka, I am let out of the Himalaya, Saturday-night

accommodation. If I aim at a morning call in the Himalayas, I am morally sure to be landed on the southern peak of Patagonia. Mädchen, you understand, would leave her card in the Himalayas if she had to make the mountains when she got there.

So, when Mädchen closed the Pathfinder with a snap of despair, I accepted her fiat without the wildest dream of disputing it, simply remarking that perhaps the conductor would know.

"Undoubtedly," said Mädchen, with her scientific smile. "Tell him you are going to see Mr. Dobbin, of New Vealshire. He cannot fail to set you down at his back door."

He did, or nearly. If I cannot travel on paper, I can on iron. Although in the Pathfinder's index I am bewildered, routed, *non est inventus*, "a woman and an idiot," I can master the *patois* of brakemen and the arts of conductors with unerring ease. I am sure I don't know how I got to Storm, and when I got there I was sure I didn't know how I was to get back again; but the fact remains that I got there. I repeat it with emphasis. I beg especially to call the masculine attention to it. I desire the future historian of "Woman in the Sacred Desk," as he playfully skims the surface of antiquated opposition to this then long-established phase of civilisation, to make a note of it, that there *was* a woman, and she at the disadvantage of a pioneer, who got there.

I arrived *there* on Saturday night, at the end of the day, a ten miles' stage-ride and a final patch of crooked railway, in a snow-storm. Somebody who lectures has somewhere described the unique sensations of hunting in a railway-station for a "committee" who never saw you and whom you never saw. He should tell you how I found Mr. Dobbin, for I am sure I cannot. I found myself landed in a snow-drift—I suppose there was a platform under it, but I never got so far—with three other women. The three women had on waterproofs; I had on a waterproof. There were four men and a half, as nearly as I could judge, in slouched hats, to be seen in or about the little crazy station. One man, one of the whole ones, was a ticketed official of some kind; the other two were lounging against the station walls, making a spittoon of my snow-drift; the half-man was standing with his hands in his pockets.

"Was you lookin' for anybody in partikkelar?" said one of the waterproofs, thoughtfully or curiously, as I stood dismally regarding the prospect.

"Thank you. Yes. Can you tell me if Mr. Do——"

"obbins," said the half-man at this juncture, "Bangs?"

"Yes, sir."

"New parson?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the talk!" said Mr. Dobbins. "Step right round here, ma'am!"

"Right round here!" brought us up against an old buggy sleigh and an old horse with patient ears.

"Hold on a spell," said Mr. Dobbins, "I'll put ye in."

Now Mr. Dobbins was not, as I have intimated, a large man. Whether he were actually a dwarf, or whether he only got so far and stopped, I never satisfactorily discovered. But at all events I could have "put" Mr. Dobbins into anything twice as comfortably as I could support the reversal of the process, to say nothing of the fact that the ascent of a sleigh is not at most a superhuman undertaking. However, not wishing to wound his feelings, I submitted to the situation, and Mr. Dobbins handed me in and tucked me up with consummate gallantry. I mention this circumstance, not because I was prepared for, or expected, or demanded, in my ministerial capacity, any peculiar deference to my sex, but because it is indicative of the treatment which, throughout my ministerial experience, I received.

"Comfortable?" asked Mr. Dobbins after a pause, as we turned our faces eastward towards a lonely landscape of billowy grey and white and in the jaws of the storm, "'cause there's four miles and three quarters of this. Tough for a lady."

I assured him that I was quite comfortable, and that if the weather were tough for a lady I was too.

"You don't!" said Mr. Dobbins.

Another pause followed, after which Mr. Dobbins delivered himself of the following:—"Been at the trade long?"

"Of preaching? Not long."

"Didn't expect it, you know" (confidentially). "Not such a young un. Never thought on 't."

Not feeling called upon to make any reply to this I made none, and we braved in silence the great gulps of mountain wind that well-nigh swept the buggy sleigh over.

"Nor so good lookin' neither," said Mr. Dobbins, when we had ridden perhaps half a mile.

This was discouraging. A vision of Mädchen scientifically smiling, of the Rev. Dr. Z. Z. Zangrow dubiously drumming, of the New Vealshire Home Missionary Society shaking its head, drifted distinctly by me in the wild white whirlpool over Mr. Dobbins's hat.

Were my professional prospects to be gnawed at the roots by a dispensation of Providence for which I was, it would be admitted by the most prejudiced, not in the least accountable? Were the Universalist clergywomen never young and "good lookin'?"

I did not ask Mr. Dobbins the question, but his next burst of eloquence struck athwart it thus:—

"Had 'em here in spots, ye see—spiritooalist and sech. There's them as thinks 't ain't Scriptooral in women folks to hev a hand in the business noway. Then ag'in there's them as feels very like the chap whose wife took to beatin' of him; 'it amuses her and it don't hurt me.' Howsomever, there's them as jest as lieves go to meetin' as not when there's nothin' else goin' on. Last one brought her baby, and her husband he sat with his head ag'in the door and held it."

To these consoling observations Mr. Dobbins added, I believe, but two others in the course of our four miles and three quarters' drive. These were equally cheering: "S'pose you know you're ticketed to Samphiry's?"

I was obliged to admit that I had never so much as heard a rumour of the existence of Samphiry.

"Cousin of mine," explained Mr. Dobbins, "on the mother's side. Children got the mumps down to her place. Six on 'em."

It will be readily inferred that Mr. Dobbins dropped me in the drifts about Samphiry's front door in a subdued state of mind. Samphiry greeted me with a sad smile. She was a little yellow woman in a red calico apron. Six children in various picturesque stages of the disease which Mr. Dobbins had specified hung about her.

"Law me, child!" said Samphiry, when she had got me in by the fire, taking my dripping hat and cloak, and turned me full in the dying daylight and living firelight. "Why, I don't believe your two year older than Mary Ann!"

Mary Ann, an overgrown child of perhaps seventeen, in short dresses buttoned up behind, sat with her mouth open, and looked at me during the expression of this encouraging comparison.

I assumed my severest ministerial gravity and silence, but my heart was sinking.

I had salt pork and barley bread for supper, and went to bed in a room where the ice stood on my hair all night, where I wrapped it around my throat as a preventive of diphtheria. I was prepared for hardship, however, and bore these little physical inconveniences bravely; but when one of Mary Ann's brothers, somewhere in the extremely small editions, cried aloud from midnight to five a.m., and Samphiry apologised for the disturbance the next morning on this wise: "Hope you wasn't kept awake last night, I'm sure. They generally cry for a night or two before they get through with it. If you'd been a man-minister now, I don't s'pose I should have dared to undertake the keep of you, with mumps in the house; but it's so different with a woman; she's got so much more fellow-feeling for babies; I thought you wouldn't mind!"—I confess that my heart dropped "deeper than did ever plummet sound." For about

ten minutes I would rather have been in Hercules making calls than in New Vealshire preaching the Gospel.

I was aroused from this brief state of despair, however, by the remembrance of my now near-approaching professional duties; and, after a hot breakfast (of salt pork and barley bread), I retired to my icy room to prepare my mind appropriately for my morning's discourse.

The storm had bent and broken since early dawn. The sun and the snow winked blindly at each other. The great hills lifted haughty heads out of wraps of ermine and gold. Outlines in black and grey of awful fissures and caverns gaped through the mass of wealthy colour which they held. Little shy, soft clouds fled over these, frightened, one thought; now and then a row of ragged, black teeth snapped them up; I could see them struggle and sink. Which was the more relentless, the beauty or the power of the sight, it were difficult choosing. But I, preparing to preach my first sermon, and feeling in myself (I hope) the stillness and smallness of the very valley of humiliation, did not try to choose. I could only stand at my window and softly say, "Before the mountains were brought forth, Thou art."

I do not know whether Mary Ann heard me, but when she appeared at that crisis with my "shaving-water," and blushed scarlet, transfixed in the middle of the room, with her mouth open, to beg pardon for the mistake, but "she'd got kinder used to it with the last minister, and never thought till she opened the door and see my crinoline on the chair!" I continued, with a gentle enthusiasm, "That is a grand sight, my dear, over there. It ought to make one very good, I think, to live in the face of such hills as those."

"I want to know!" said Mary Ann, coming and gaping over my shoulder. "Why, I get as used to 'em as I do to washing-day!"

I had decided upon extempore preaching as best adapted to the needs of my probable audience, and, with my icy hands in the warm "shaving-water" and my eyes on the icy hills, was doing some rambling thinking about the Lord's messages and messengers, —a subject which the colour, and dazzle, and delight of the morning had touched highly to my fancy; but wondering, through my slicing of introduction, firstly, secondly, a, b, c, d, and conclusion, if the rural tenement in which we should worship possessed a dinner-bell, or a gong, or anything of that sort, which could be used as summons to assemble, and if it were not quite time to hear the sound, when Mary Ann introduced herself upon the scene again, to signify that Mr. Dobbins awaited my pleasure downstairs. Somewhat confused by this sudden announcement, I seized

my Bible and my hat, and presented myself promptly, but palpitating.

"Morning," said Mr. Dobbins, with a pleasant smile. "Rested yet?"

I thanked him, and was quite rested.

"You don't!" said Mr. Dobbins. "Wal, you see I come over to say that meetin' 's gin up for to-day."

"Given up!"

"Wal, yes. Ye see there's such a heft of snow, and no paths broke, and seein' it was a gal as was goin' to preach, me and the other deacon we thought she'd get her feet wet, or suthin', and so we 'greed we wouldn't ring the bell! Thought ye'd be glad to be let off, after travellin' all day yesterday, too!"

I looked at Mr. Dobbins. Mr. Dobbins looked at me. There was a pause.

"Will your paths be broken out by night?" I asked, with a terrible effort at self-control.

"Wal, yes. In spots; yes; middlin' well."

"Will my audience be afraid of wetting their feet, after the paths are broken?"

"Bless you, no!" said Mr. Dobbins, staring; "they're used to 't."

"Then you will please to appoint an evening service, and ring your bell at half-past six precisely. I shall be there, and shall preach, if there is no one but the sexton to hear me. And next Sabbath you will oblige me by proceeding with the regular services, whatever the weather, without the least anxiety for my feet."

"If you wasn't a minister, I should say you was spunky," said Mr. Dobbins, thoughtfully. He regarded me for some moments with disturbed interest, blindly suspicious that somebody was offended, but whether pastor or parishioner he could not make out. He was still undecided, when he took to his hat, and I to my "own sweet thoughts."

This incident vitally affected my programme for the day. It was harrowing, but it was stimulative. There was the inspiration of the rack about it. The *animus* of the stake was upon me. I could die, but I would not surrender. I would gain the respect of my parishioners, whether—well, yes—whether I gained their souls or not; I am not ashamed to say it now, partly because of the true, single, gnawing hunger for usefulness for usefulness' sake, and for higher than usefulness' sake, which came to me afterwards; and partly because the acquisition of my people's respect was a necessary antecedent to that of their salvation.

So by help of a fire which I cajoled from Samphiry, and the shaving-water, which was warmer than the fire, I contrived to

employ the remainder of the Sabbath in putting my first sermon upon paper.

The bell rang, as I had directed, at half-past six. It did not occur to me at the time that it sounded less like a dinner-gong than a church bell of average size and respectability. I and my sermon were both quite ready for it, and I tramped off bravely (in my rubber boots), with Mary Ann as my guide, through the drifted and drifting paths. Once more, for the benefit of my sex, I may be permitted to mention that I wore a very plain street suit of black, *no crimps*, a white collar of linen, and a black tie; and that I retained my outside garment—a loose sack—in the pulpit.

"Here we are," said Mary Ann, as I floundered up half blinded from the depths of a three-feet drift. Here we were indeed. If Mary Ann had not been with me I should have sat down in the drift, and—no, I do not think I should have cried, but I should have gasped a little. *Why* I should have been horribly unprepared for the sight of a commodious white church, with a steeple, and a belfry and stone steps, and people going up the steps in the latest frill and the stove-pipe hat, the reader who has ever tried to patronise an American seamstress, or give orders to an American servant, or ask an American mechanic if he sees a newspaper, must explain. The citizens of Storm might be heathen, but they were Yankees; what more could be said? Sentence a Yankee into the Desert of Sahara for life, and out of the "sandwiches there" he would contrive means to live like "other folks."

However, I did not sit down in the drift, but went on, with meeting-house and worshippers all in an unnatural light like stereoscopic figures, and sat down in the pulpit; a course of conduct which had at least one advantage—it saved me a cold.

Mr. Dobbins, it should be noted, met me at the church door, and conducted me, with much respect, up the pulpit stairs. When he left me I removed my hat and intrenched my beating heart behind a hymn-book.

It will be understood that, while I was not unpractised in Sabbath-school teaching, mission prayer-meeting exhortation, "remarks" at sewing-schools, and other like avenues of religious influence, of the kind considered suitable for my sex, I had never engaged in anything which could be denominated public speech; and that, when the clear clang of the bell hushed suddenly, and the pause on the faces of my audience—there may have been forty of them—warned me that my hour had come, I was in no wise more ready to meet it than any Miss A, B, or C, who would be content to employ life in making sofa-pillows, but would be quite safe from putting it to the *outré* purpose of making sermons.

So I got through my introductory exercises with a grim despera-

tion, and made haste to my sermon. Once with the manuscript in my hands, I drew breath. Once having looked my audience fairly in the eye, I was prepared to conquer or be conquered by it. There should be no half-way work between us. So I held up my head and did my best.

The criticism of that sermon would be I suspect a choice morning's work for any professor of homiletics in the country. Its divisions were numerous and startling; its introduction occurred just where I thought it would sound best, and its conclusion was adjusted to the clock. I reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come in learned phrase. Theology and metaphysics, exegesis and zoology, poetry and botany, were impressed liberally into its pages. I quoted Sir William Hamilton, Strauss, Aristotle, in liberal allowance. I toyed with the names of Schleiermacher and Copernicus. I played battledoor and shuttlecock with "views" of Hegel and Hobbes. As nearly as I can recollect that sermon was a hash of literature in five syllables, with a seasoning of astronomy and Adam.

I had the satisfaction of knowing, when I read, as modestly, reverently, and as much like an unanointed church-member as I knew how, a biblical benediction, and sat down again on the pulpit cushions, that if I had not preached the Gospel, I had at least subdued the church-going population of Storm.

Certain rough-looking fellows, upon whom I had had my eye since they came in—there were several of them, grimy and glum, with keen eyes, men who would read Tom Paine you would say, and had come in "to see the fun," while I must admit that they neither wept nor prayed—left the house in a respectful, stupid way that was encouraging.

"You gin it to us!" said Mr. Dobbins, enthusiastically. "Folks is all upstot about ye. That there was an eloquent discourse, marm. Why, they don't see, but ye know jest as much as if ye wasn't a woman!"

And when I touched Mary Ann upon the shoulder to bring her home I found her sitting motionless, not quite strangled stiff. She had made such a cavern of her mouth during my impassioned peroration that an irreligious boy somewhere within good aim had snapped an India-rubber ball into it, which had unfortunately stuck.

Before night I had reason to feel assured from many sources that I had "made a hit" in my corner of New Vealshire. But before night I had locked myself in the cool and dark, and said, as was said of the Charge of the Six Hundred: "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

Suffice it to say that I immediately appointed a little prayer-meeting for the following Wednesday night, in the school-house,

with a little table, and a tallow candle too. The night was clear, and the room packed. The men who read Tom Paine were there. There were some old people present who lived out of walking distance of the church. There were a few young mothers with very quiet children. I succeeded in partially ventilating the room, and chanced on a couple of familiar hymns. It needed only a quiet voice to fill and command the quiet place. I felt very much like a woman, quite enough like a lady, a little I hope like a Christian too. Like the old Greek sages, I "was not in haste to speak; I said only that which I had resolved to say." The people listened to me, and prayed as if they felt the better for it. My meeting was full of success and my heart of hope.

Arrived at this point in my narrative, I feel myself in strong sympathy with the famous historian of Old Mother Morey. For, when "my story's just begun," why "now my story's done."

"Ce n'est pas la victoire, mais le combat," which is as suitable for autobiographical material as to "make the happiness of noble hearts."

From the time of that little Wednesday-evening meeting my life in Storm was a triumph and a joy, in all the better meanings that triumph and joy can hold. My people respected me first and loved me afterwards. I taught them a little, and they taught me a great deal. I brightened a few weeks of their dulled, drowsy, dejected life; they will gild years of mine.

I desire especially to record that all sense of personal embarrassment and incongruity to the work rapidly left me. My people at once never remembered and never forgot that I was a woman. The rudest of the readers of the "Age of Reason" tipped his hat to me, and read "Ecce Homo" to gratify me, and after that the Gospel of John to gratify himself.

Every Sabbath morning I read a plain-spoken but carefully written sermon, which cost me perhaps three days of brain labour. Every Sabbath afternoon I talked of this and that, according to the weather and the audience. Every Wednesday night I sat in the school-house, behind the little table and the tallow candle, with the old people and the young mothers, and the hush, and the familiar hymns, and lines of hungry faces down before me that made my heart ache at one look and bound at the next. It used to seem to me that the mountains had rather starved than fed them. They were pinched, compressed, shut-down, shut-in faces. All their possibilities and developments of evil were those of the dwarf, not of the giant. They were like the poor little Chinese monsters, moulded from birth in pitchers and vases; all the crevices and contortions of life they filled stupidly. Whether it was because, as Mary Ann said, they "got as used to the mountains as they did to

washing-day," and the process of blunting to one grandeur dulled them to all others, I can only conjecture; but of this my New Vealshire experience convinced me: the temptations to evil of the City of Paris will bear no comparison to those of the grandest solitude that God ever made. It is in repression, not in extension, that the danger of disease lies to an immortal life. No risks equal those of ignorance. Daniel Webster may or may not escape the moral shipwrecks of life, but what chance has an idiot beside him?

"It's enough to make a man wish he'd been born a horse in a treadmill and done with it!" said Happen to me one day. Happen was a poor fellow on whom I made my first "parish call;" and I made a great many between Sunday and Sunday. He lived five miles out of the village, at the end of an inexpressible mountain road, in a gully which lifted a pinched, purple face to the great Harmonia Range. I made with difficulty a riding-skirt out of my waterproof, and three miles an hour out of Mr. Dobbins's horse, and got to him.

The road crawled up a hill into his little low brown shanty, and there stopped. Here he had "farmed it, man and boy," till the smoke of Virginia battles puffed over the hills into his straight-forward brown young eyes.

"So I up and into it, marm, two years on't tough, then back again to my hoe and my wife and my baby, to say nothing of the old lady,—you see her through the door there, bedridden this dozen year,—and never a grain of salt too much for our porridge, I can tell ye; when one day I'm out to cut and chop ten mile deep in the furest, alon', too, and first I know I'm hit and down with the trunk of a great hickory lyin' smash along this here leg. Suffer? Well, it was a day and a half before they found me, and another half-day afore you can get the nighest doctor, you see, over to East Storm. Well, mebbe he did his best by me, but mebbe he didn't know no more how to set a bone nor you do. He vowed there wasn't no fracture there. Fracture? It was jelly afore his eyes. So he ties it up and leaves a tumbler of suthin', and off. Mortified? Yes; been here ever since on this sofy; yes. Likely to be here—bless you, yes! My wife, she tends the farm, and the baby, and the old lady, and me. Sometimes we have two meals a day, and again we don't. When you come to think as your nighest neighbour's five mile off, and that in winter-time—why, I can see, a-looking from my sofy, six feet of snow drifted across that there road to town—and naught but one woman in gunshot of you able to stir for you if you starve, why, you feel, sometimes—now, marm, beggin' your pardon—you feel like hell! There's summer-folks in their kerridges comes riding by to see them there hills, and kind enough to me some of 'em is, I'll say that for 'em; and I hear them a-talking and chattering among themselves about 'the grand

sight,' says they. 'The d——d sight,' says I, for I lie on my sofy and look over their heads, marm, at things they never see—lines and bars like, over Harmonia, red-hot, and criss-cross like prison-grates. Which comes, mebbe, of layin' and lookin' so long and fanciful. They say I'd stand a chance to the hospital to New York or Boston, mebbe. I ain't gi'en it up yet. I've hopes to go and try my luck some day. But I suppose it costs a sight. And my wife, she's set her heart on the leg's coming to of itself, and so we hang along. Sometimes folks send me down books and magazines, and such like. I got short o' reading this winter, and read the Bible through—every word, from 'In the beginning' to 'Amen.' It's quite a pretty little story-book, too. True? I don't know about that. Most stories set up to be true. I s'pose if I was a parson, and a woman into the bargain, I might think so."

Among my other parochial discoveries I learned one day to my exceeding surprise that Samphiry—who had been reticent on her family affairs—was the widow of one of my predecessors. She had married him when she was young and pretty, and he was young and ambitious,—“Fond of his book, my dear,” she said, as if she had been talking of some dead child, “but slow in speech, like Aaron of old. And three hundred and fifty dollars was tight living for a family like ours. And his heart ran out, and his people, and maybe his sermons too. So the salary kept a-dropping off, twenty-five dollars at a time, and he couldn't take a newspaper, besides selling the library mostly for doctor's bills. And so he grew old and sick and took to farming here, without the salary, and baptised babies and prayed with sick folks free and willing, and never bore anybody a grudge. So he died year before last, and half the valley turned out to bury him. But that didn't help it any, and I know you'd never guess me to be a minister's widow as well as you do, my dear. I'm all washed out and flattened in. And I can't educate my children, one of them. If you'll believe it, I don't know enough to tell when they talk bad grammar half the time, and I'd about as lieves they'd eat with their knives as not. If they get anything to eat it's all I've got heart to care. I've got an aunt down in Massachusetts, but it's such a piece of work to get there. So I suppose we shall live and die here, and I don't know but it's just as well."

What a life it was! I felt so young, so crude, so blessed and bewildered beside it that I gave out that night at evening prayers and asked Samphiry to "lead" for herself and me. But I felt no older, no more finished, no less blessed or bewildered, when she had done so.

I should not neglect to mention that I conducted several funerals while I was in Storm. I did not know how, but I knew how to be

sorry, which seemed to answer the same purpose; at least they sought me out for the object from far and near. On one occasion I was visited by a distant neighbour, with the request that I would bury his wife. I happened to know that the dead woman had been once a member of the Methodist Church in East Storm, whose pastor was alive, active, and a man.

"Would it not be more suitable," I therefore suggested, "at least more agreeable to the feelings of Brother Hand, if you were to ask him to conduct either the whole or a part of the service?"

"Waal, ye see, marm," urged the widower, "the cops was partikular sot on hev'in' you, and as long as I promised her afore she drawed her last that you should conduct the business, I think we'd better perceed without any reference to Brother Hand. I've been thinking of it over, and I come to the conclusion that he couldn't take offence *on so slight an occasion!*"

I had ministered "on trial" to the people of Storm, undisturbed by Rev. Dr. Zangrow, who, I suspect, was in private communication of some sort with Mr. Dobbins, for a month—a month of pouting spring weather, and long, lazy walks for thinking, and brisk, bright ones for doing; of growing quite fond of salt pork and barley bread; of calling on old bedridden women, and hunting up neglected girls, and keeping one eye on my Tom Paine friends; of preaching and practising, of hoping and doubting, of struggling and succeeding, of finding my heart and hands and head as full as life could hold; of feeling that there was a place for me in the earnest world, and that I was in my place; of feeling thankful every day and hour that my womanhood and my work had hit and fitted; of a great many other things which I have agreed not to mention here,—when one night the stage brought me a letter which ran:—

"Hercules, April 28, 18—.

"MY DEAR,—I have the measles.

"MÄDCHEN."

Did ever a woman try to do anything that some of the children did not have the measles?

I felt that fate was stronger than I. I bowed my head submissively and packed my valise shockingly. Some of the people came in a little knot that night to say good-bye. The women cried and the men shook hands hard. It was very pleasant and very heart-breaking. I felt a dismal foreboding that, once in the clutches of Hercules and Mädchen, I should never see their dull, dear faces again. I left my sorrow and my Jeremy Taylor for Happen and my rubber-boots for Samphiry. I tucked the lace collar and the spare paper of hair-pins into Mary Ann's upper drawer. I begged Mr. Dobbins's acceptance of Barnes on Matthew, with the request that he would start a Sunday-school.

In the grey of the early morning the patient horse trotted me over, with lightened valise and heavy heart, to the crazy station. When I turned my head for a farewell look at my parish the awful hills were crossed with Happen's redhot bars, and Mary Ann, with her mouth open, stood in her mother's crumbling door.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SCHLOSS WANTERFELS.

How shall I describe what I felt as with my two companions I walked away from the Rent Tower in the calm and mellow moonlight down towards our lodgings in the town? I tried to talk about the stars, and about the precession of the equinoxes, which were the subjects started by our professional friend. He told me at last rather sharply I must be asleep and dreaming, for I was uttering not fallacies, but absurdities; and he would fain have entered into an argument respecting the relative positions of Taurus Poniatowski and Cassiopeia. It was a great relief when he turned into his own street, and left Charles and myself to pursue our way alone.

By a mutual impulse we turned back again from the quarter whither our steps were bending, and walked a little way out of the town, till we came to a comparatively quiet place, where there was a little bridge spanning a slight stream that fell into the Neckar. Leaning against the railing with his hands in his pockets, and the moonlight full on his handsome, kindly face, Craven said:—"Well, what have we to say, Travis?"

"What can we say? What is to be said? What possessed the man to tell that story to-night, and to us of all the people in the world?"

"Did you never guess the truth?"

"Once or twice I have had a hazy, glimmering notion that so it might be; but that was long ago when I was quite a child. I remember once telling the Marchioness right out what I should have concluded had she not spoken one little sentence."

"And that sentence was——"

"That she had not a mother's *rights*! I remember very well how it was; she was entreating my obedience on a certain point to which I not unreasonably demurred. It was in fact the question of my name. I was to be known only by my baptismal name—Hugh Travis. I strongly objected, and she entreated my obedience, say-

ing distinctly that she had *not* a mother's claim—the only claim which could enforce submission. I understand it now.”

“Yes; she meant that she had forfeited all maternal prerogatives of course, as indeed she had.”

“Not so, Craven; she has had the first place in my heart ever since I first saw her in the Castle-pew that Sunday morning. I know now why I have loved her so tenderly yet so deferentially. Now, henceforth she will always speak to me with the authority of a parent. I at least must recognise her rights. Now at last I can throw myself at her feet, and call her by that divinely sweet name I have so long yearned to utter—*mother, mother!*”

“And I felt like one in a dream as I looked upon the green valley below me, lying asleep in the calm, radiant, summer moonlight, and listened to the murmurs of the falling water. The ruin-crowned slopes of the opposite mountain glimmered dream-like before me, and behind me frowned the magnificent pile of the ancient castle, dream-like also, as I turned and looked up to its crumbling towers and arches, distinct yet shadowy in the soft, bewildering moonbeams mingled with the lovely June twilight, which would linger till it passed away in dawn. We kept silence for several minutes, and all the clocks in Heidelberg struck the hour. Strangely enough my mind went back to memories of the old Palatinate, of the hapless Elizabeth Stuart; of Otho Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and grand Seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire; of the armed knights in St. Udalrich's Chapel. And yet, mingling with these involuntary reminiscences of a once-glorious, faded past, was the thought of the present, intense, abiding, and pervading my whole being. The story I had listened to under the blossoming lindens seemed to be written on the whole shimmering landscape above, around, and below. In the rush of the Neckar I heard the deep tone of the waves of that far-off sea by whose margin my desolate child-mother had waited for a hand that could never be clasped again on this side eternity. In the oak-crested hills of the Geissberg and the Kaiserstuhl, and in the loftier ranges of the Odenwald, I saw the lonely Cumberland high fells that lay between Eaglesmere and Rothwaite.

My reverie was disturbed by Craven. “But, Hugh, my boy, things are exactly as they were, you know, and I am not sure that it would be well for you to speak plainly to Lady Dovercourt. As far as I understand her strange story, she is so unhappily situated that any recognition of her maternal rights may interfere seriously with her prosperity, with her happiness. You will have to think quietly and dispassionately before you decide upon any line of action.”

“Yes, I see that I may do irreparable mischief, and that most easily. I have no right to come between her and the Marquis.”

"I tell you what, old fellow, let us go home now and go to bed. The day after to-morrow term is up, and we are due at Schloss Wanterfels. Then we can talk it over with the mater. You see we are young and hot-headed, and may make mistakes, and my old lady is the very wisest woman that ever lived; she always sees every side of a subject, and she is pretty sure to give you the best and soundest advice. Besides, she is so fond of you that if I were not half spooney on you myself I should be rather inclined to indulge in that amiable sentiment called jealousy. Seriously, Travis, we cannot do better than tell everything to my mother; she will see things in their true light, and make them clear and plain to us. I say *us*, Travis, because all that concerns you must concern me; I can never be indifferent where your interests are involved. And I declare to you I share my mother with you with all the satisfaction in the world, and that, I assure you, is about the strongest proof of friendship that I could possibly bring forward."

The next day we were very busy with a final lecture, and I contrived to put Professor Rigg's story somewhat out of my head. The next afternoon we went to Schloss Wanterfels, the place which Mrs. Craven had hired, a few miles farther up the valley. The Schloss had really been a castle once, and it still boasted of battlements and machicoulis, and a lofty tower or turret with a winding-stair and innumerable arrow-slits; but it was now transformed into a pretty comfortable dwelling-house. The grounds were extensive and wildly beautiful, and the view from nearly all the windows enchanting. Craven and I excessively enjoyed ourselves at Schloss Wanterfels. Our enthusiasms were still rather of the school-boy order, and I am fain to confess that Mrs. Craven indulged and petted us to her heart's content. Till to-day I had always felt on passing through the ancient gateway of the Schloss that I was entering into Paradise. Now I was excited, miserable, depressed, and quite unable to take pleasure in those sources of amusement which hitherto I had fully prized. I was not conscious of it at the time, but I believe I had the sensation of being many years older than when I had last visited Mrs. Craven. Old Foster, Mrs. Craven's confidential servant, met us as we wound our way through the avenue of oaks and firs and immense evergreens, winding upwards to the verdant lawns immediately round the Schloss, and taking our horses, which we were leading, for the ascent was steep, said, "Glad to see you, young gentlemen. The mistress has been counting the days, I do believe, of late. It's very dull here, and the German ways are enough to make one sick, and when you young gentlemen are away at your studies the dullness is just about as much as we can bear without turning into dormice or owls. Give me a gentleman's seat in good old England, and I'll never

want to set my eyes on Château or Schloss again. I've no opinion of foreign parts, Mr. Craven. It's all very well to see them and know what they're like, for you are thought nothing of in your own country nowadays if you haven't travelled. But *living* in such places is another thing, quite, and I don't hold with it, Mr. Craven; no, I don't, Mr. Travis."

"Have patience, Foster," said Charlie, smiling kindly at the good old man, who was indeed "the life-long creature of the house;" "we shall not be here always, you know; we shall go home to Cravenshaugh one of these days. You would not like to leave your mistress, Foster?"

"Now, Mr. Craven, you'll vex me if you speak of such a thing. Where my mistress goes I go as long as she permits me. I know my duties, I hope, and the last time I ever spoke to my dear old master, your father, Master Charlie,—Mr. Craven, I mean—I do beg pardon; I keep forgetting that you're a gentleman growed and to be addressed as such."

"I like 'Master Charlie' very much the better, Foster. I am in no great hurry to throw off my boyhood, for I shall never have it again. But what was it you said to my father?"

"I just promised him, sir, always to keep with the mistress and to serve her faithfully and to the best of my ability. Your poor pa, sir, was powerful fond of your ma; they were more like lovers than married folk."

"I do not see why married people should cease to be lovers," said Charlie. "When I am married, if I ever am, I mean to be a most devoted, lover-like husband."

"Of course you must marry, sir; it's your duty to. The Cravens of Cravenshaugh must not die out; they are of too good and old a stock. Good descent has its privileges, Master Charlie, but it has also its responsibilities; only don't go for to fall in love with any German hussy that sets her frowsty cap at you—nasty Frowlines, as they call themselves. They're a nasty people these Germans. They smoke filthy tobacco, they spit, and drink bad beer like pigs-will wash, and they devour stinking cabbages and eat plum-sauce with horrible flesh of veal."

"But the ladies do not smoke and spit, Foster. I daresay I could find a pretty girl who cares nothing for beer, and would not mind renouncing plum-sauce and *sauer-kraut*. I saw one the other day with eyes like forget-me-nots," said Charlie, mischievously, and trying to look sentimental; "and the Frau her mamma was very anxious that I should go home with them to tea—an æsthetic tea of course."

"The hussy now! Did she? But don't you go to none of their teas, Master Charlie; they'll lay snares for you and perhaps catch

you before you are aware. Why, I used to know a young man in my own sphere of life, and he once kissed a young woman,—meaning nothing, promiscuous-like,—and he had to marry her, and wasn't she a nice handful, that's all! She was the death of him at last, poor fellow."

"Serve him right," said Charlie, "for kissing a girl 'promiscuous-like.' What do you say, Hugh?"

"I say nothing," I replied, listlessly. I had heard all their talk, but it did not interest me.

"Why, Mr. Travis," exclaimed Foster, suddenly, wheeling round to get a good look at me, "what's gone wrong with *you*? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"It is very hot weather, and I have been studying hard for one thing, and——"

"*You* haven't been falling in love with one of them Frowlines I hope, sir? Foreign jades never did a man any good yet."

"Not I, indeed! The Frauleins do not trouble me, Foster; I have something else to attend to."

"Of course you have your lessons, but don't go and study yourself into your grave, Mr. Travis. A gentleman must have his learning, of course, but he needn't overdo it, and I should say you've been overdoing it considerable. You are thin and pale and look worried, and I'll be bound you are off your feed and don't sleep at nights."

"It's a true bill," I said, with a forced laugh; "I suppose I am not quite well, Foster. I hope Wanterfels will set me up again."

We had agreed, Craven and I, to say nothing till after dinner, and we kept to this resolve, though Mrs. Craven asked me more than once if anything were amiss. At last the meal was over; it had been rather a sumptuous one in honour of our arrival, and then Mrs. Craven gave some orders to Foster, who was in attendance, and he nodded his head approvingly and went away. A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Craven said, "I have told them to take the dessert into the garden and to serve our coffee there; it will be pleasanter this warm, light evening."

We ascended to one of the higher terraces, where some of the old fortifications of the ancient Schloss remained, and now, overgrown by tall trees, formed a delightful recess, which served as a summer-house on an extended scale. There we found a table covered with fruits and light wines and Vanilla creams, which Charles always declared were his especial weakness. We all three sat on one side of the table, for Charles, like a child, nestled up to his mother at once; and she, after two or three caresses, extended her hand to me, saying, "Come and sit on this other side, Hugh, then I shall have both my boys. Charlie will not be jealous, will you, Charlie?"

"Well, really I don't know, mamma," said Charlie, pretending to look disconcerted; "you see when a fellow beholds his mother making much of another fellow it does rouse his spleen a little, especially if the one fellow is a spoilt child, as I am. The only thing that restrains my jealousy in fact, is the dread of my eyes,—which are heavenly blue, I know,—turning green."

"Fie, Charlie. Well, if you will be jealous you must, even if your eyes turn green, which I do not believe they will; I never yet heard of a Craven having green eyes. Hugh here looks poorly, and tired, and altogether out of sorts, and I am going to pet him accordingly. I am sure he wants a little care just now; he has been working too hard, I suspect. So take notice, Hugh Travis, I proclaim myself your mother—for want of a better—till you find your own."

"*She is found*," I said, gravely. "Dear Mrs. Craven, none the less do I thank you for your goodness to me; none the less do I prize the affection you so generously bestow; but I know now who my own, my very own mother is."

"Is this true? I mean, are you assured of the fact?" asked Mrs. Craven, regarding us both by turns.

"Craven replied by telling her as literally as possible the story we had listened to on the top of the Rent Tower. When he had finished I said, "You see, there cannot possibly be any doubt about it."

"I think there cannot. Lady Dovercourt is as surely your mother as I am Charlie's. My poor boy, I can quite understand how all this has upset you. And yet, do you know, I am not surprised."

"You guessed how it might be?"

"Scarcely that, though now it seems quite natural. I never could quite understand the Marchioness's extreme affection for you; I fancied that perhaps in her girlhood she had loved your father, who had, nevertheless, preferred your mother, and that her heart being still tender to the memory of her early love, she had made you, so far as was compatible with circumstances, the son of her adoption. That you were really her own child I could not imagine, for I never heard any rumour of a previous marriage. It was always asserted that the Marquis married for his second wife a Miss Grahame from the north country, a girl just out of the school-room, and with no fortune, but of a good old Scotch or Border family. The marriage was generally regarded as a singular one; but I never heard any one so much as hint at a *mésalliance*. I do not think any one suspects that the Marquis married a widow."

"He laid his plans too well," I returned, bitterly; "I always

hated and distrusted that man; now I know why. But he shall learn that his miserable scheme has failed."

"What do you purpose doing?" asked Mrs. Craven, becoming suddenly more serious.

In truth I could not tell. I had a vague notion of rushing to the Marquis, wherever he might be, and upbraiding him with his cruel pride, which had so long interposed between a mother and her child. I said something to this effect, incoherently enough, but I made Mrs. Craven understand. She replied, "Let us talk this matter over, Hugh. I think when you come to consider it calmly and rationally, when you have asked God to guide you in all your actions, you will do nothing of the sort. There are two facts you must not forget,—the Marquis and the Marchioness are husband and wife; their interests cannot be separated; if Lady Dovercourt is the mother of Captain Vassall's son, she is quite as certainly the mother of the Marquis's children. Also, she must have resigned you *voluntarily*,—no force could have been used, no threats employed; she must have given you up, however reluctantly, of her own free will. That is to say, she consented to terms, and she was evidently accessory to all consequent arrangements."

"What do you suppose the terms were?"

"They seem to me apparent enough; let us look the truth in the face. The connection between herself and her child was to be totally and for all times severed, and her former marriage was to be practically annulled. She was to die to the past and begin a new life without any reference to that which was over, and you, for whom she dreaded poverty, perhaps actual want, were to be provided for amply, liberally. This money you have spoken of as being your own was doubtless settled upon you before the marriage took place. It was the price of your mother's hand; she sacrificed herself for you."

"You feel sure it was a sacrifice?"

"I feel quite sure of it; I know enough of Lady Dovercourt to be certain that she is quite free from any mere vulgar ambitions. She did not care for rank, or grandeur, or riches for herself, but she had not courage enough to brave privation and trial where you were concerned. She made a terrible mistake, as I believe, but remember she was very young; she could not have been more than eighteen, and she had lived a lonely life. Perhaps, too, she had that morbid, excessive dread of extreme poverty to which some sensitive, delicately strung natures are liable; she was quite a child, and had all a child's terror of the solitary, painful future that was to be her lot if she remained a widow. What she did she did for the best be assured, dear Travis."

"That I am sure she did; but, dear Mrs. Craven, knowing all

that I now know, am I never, *never* to hold her in my arms as often I have seen Charlie hold you—as my own dear and honoured mother?”

“Your own dear and honoured mother she must always be, but the more I think about the matter the more sure I am that you ought to do any violence to your own feelings rather than expose her to scenes that must necessarily be of a painful nature, rather than cause her one needless pang, rather than give her one anxious hour. The past—hers and yours—is irrevocable; nothing can alter it, nothing can blot out its memory; it would not be wise, it would not be kind, to let its sadness and its errors overshadow the present and the future.”

“But this money! I cannot keep it; I cannot use it any more, Mrs. Craven—nay, I will not. I will not be a dependent on that detested man who came between me and my mother, who dared to hint that I was a base-born foundling.”

“Hugh, my dear boy, I shall speak to you as I should to Charlie. Do you know you are talking a great deal of nonsense? Would you fling from you all the advantages which your mother purchased for you with better than her heart’s blood? for, Travis, you will understand some day that to a true, pure-hearted woman such as Lady Dovercourt is, and was, a marriage without affection must be infinitely worse than death. What it must have cost her to give herself to the Marquis I cannot imagine. How in all the anguish of her early widowhood, with her deep attachment to her husband’s memory,—a memory that has never in the least faded, as her conversations with you prove,—with her passionate love for you, his child, she could perform such an act of self-devotion, is more than I can divine. Shall her sufferings have been in vain, Hugh? Shall the long years of martyrdom have been for naught? Shall misery and conflict unspeakable come upon her a second time, and shall it be her son, the child for whose sake she has endured so patiently the bitterness of her loss, from whose careless hand the cruel blow shall come?”

“If you only knew what a burden my wealth will be to me! How I shall envy some of my fellow-students who have not a *thaler* they can call their own, but who are free from obligation. Oh, I would far rather make shoes like Martin than I would be the *protégé* of a man whom I despise.”

“You are no *protégé* of his. Doubtless the money bargained for at the time, the whole sum which was to be yours, was settled on you inalienably in your infancy, before your mother would consent to go with the Marquis to the marriage-altar. Martin Wray appears to have been appointed your guardian, for your means seem always to have come from him; but there must be some one

else, some lawyer, some man of business who would place the whole affair in proper legal form."

"All I have to do, then, is to go on as I have been going on ever since I can remember—keeping silence to my mother and to every one else, being Hugh Travis to the end of the chapter?"

"Not to the end of the chapter, unless it break off most abruptly. Be patient, Hugh, do nothing rashly, trust no eager impulses, and oh, my boy, above all things ask God to guide you, to lead you in the way you should go, to show you that way, step by step, and so to control your speech and your actions that you shall neither injure yourself nor any one else. I think there can be no harm in your preparing yourself quietly and thoughtfully for a life of self-dependence. I think it will be well for you to select a profession, and to work hard to make it a successful one."

"I should like to follow my father's profession."

"I am afraid you are too old for that."

"I shall be seventeen in less than two months."

"Then it is too late, I am almost certain."

"I wish one had some idea what one's future would be."

"One never has. That which we picture to ourselves as most probable rarely comes to pass. Oh, Hugh, do not trouble yourself about the future; leave it all in God's hands, and patiently wait for Him. Take each day, each hour as it comes, and spend that day, that hour worthily, faithfully, as one who must give account, as one who submits himself to God's holy will, actively as well as passively. Trust life to your heavenly Father, Travis, and so it will unfold as a rose, leaf after leaf, to perfect beauty and fragrance, though how exquisite that beauty really is, how subtle and rich its fragrance, you may never quite comprehend till you come at last to His eternal joy. It is one of the first lessons we have to learn, boys—for I speak to you now, Charlie dear, as well as to Travis—to *take things on trust*. First of all to trust God, next to trust humanity, for nothing is more certain than this—he who has no faith in God's creatures has very small faith in God the Creator. And little faith, if less dangerous, is more tormenting than no faith. Oh, boys, whoever, whatever you doubt, *never doubt God*. Never doubt His goodness, His wisdom, His tender mercies, which are over all His works."

Years afterwards I remembered that quiet, grey evening at Schloss Wanterfels; I could see the terraced garden on the slope of the green, wooded hill; I could see the clouds settling on the mountain tops, and resting darkly on the solemn Odenwald, and I could hear the rushing river deep down in the valley, dashing over rock, and mossy boulder, and fallen tree towards the kingly Rhine. And I could see the faint, rosy, summer lightning quivering among

the trees, and hear ever and anon that low, far-off voice pealing from the mountain fastnesses, and saying sweetly and grandly, "The God of glory thundereth! The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." I remember it all so well because, although I did not recognise then the spirit working within me, I surely learned the first lines of the glorious lesson which teaches us so much, and raises us so high, that at last by it, and in the might of the Great Teacher, we triumph over frail mortality and over all the trials and weaknesses of earth, and are made meet for the better, purer life beyond the grave. I began to feel that I must control myself, that I must trust myself to God, because I knew so little, and needed so much; and there came to me dimly and faintly that hope—which, thank God, has never quite deserted me in any season of darkness, or failure, or desolation, and which now shows brighter and brighter as the afternoon shadows slant towards the silent eventide—the hope that good, certain good from my Father's hand, will be mine here below, and mine, too, the bliss unspeakable in the world to come; for—

"Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun—
But there sight fails; no heart may know
The bliss when life is done."

CHAPTER XIX.—MEURICE'S.

I took Mrs. Craven's advice, and accepted my situation; and it was astonishing how quickly I became reconciled to all the circumstances with which I was environed. It is wise to accept the inevitable. Vain and useless struggles only hurt and maim the struggler; the bird who dashes himself ceaselessly against the strong bars of his cage cruelly beats and bruises himself and expends his tiny strength for naught; but he is not one inch nearer the blue sky to which he yearns on free wing to soar away. Some day Providence may leave the door of his cage unfastened; and some day, oh! weak and foolish struggler, God may open to thee the long-closed door, and say, "Depart!" or "Enter in, as even thou desirest." Work and strive, while to work and to strive can possibly avail; when they cannot—and so often they cannot—sit still with patient, folded hands, waiting to see the end, which will be as God pleases. And what pleases Him is always best; and what we know not now we shall know hereafter, when the mists of earth have all melted away in the clear, golden sunshine of heaven.

Early in September Charlie and Mrs. Craven were to go to England for awhile; business called them to Cravenshaugh. I could not make up my mind whether or not I could accompany them, for

I had some notion of going to Vienna, and afterwards to Buda and Pesth. If I went Roger Blake would go with me; and we thought it possible if our funds held out that we might get to Trieste, go on to Venice, and return home by way of the Tyrol. But while I was still debating there came to me—a very rare occurrence—a letter from the Marchioness. She was in Paris with her children, and she would be staying perhaps through the winter, but certainly till quite late into the autumn, and she wished me to join her party as soon as possible. The Dovercourt family were at Meurice's, and a room would be engaged for me as soon as my answer should be received. It was impossible to hesitate, and after being duly counselled by my friends to keep a strict guard over myself, and to remember how much unhappiness a little rash conduct of mine might occasion, I packed up my belongings and set off for Paris.

There had been an accident with a goods-train, so that we had to wait while the line was being cleared, and that of course brought us to our journey's end several hours later than the appointed time. I reached Meurice's in the middle of the night, and was shown at once to a room which was ready for me. It was a very small room *au quatri me*, but I could see traces of other preparation for my comfort than that which was due to the servants of the establishment. There is always much obsequious homage rendered to a rich English milord and suite, abroad; and when people spend their money lavishly there are not supposed to exist any of those impossibilities to which the owners of lighter purses must succumb; but in the present instance I felt quite certain that something more than gold had been used in my behalf, and that the Marchioness had not contented herself with merely issuing orders, she had evidently been at work herself; for some of my favourite flowers were daintily arranged in two small but exquisite vases, and several of my favourite authors in their familiar Dovercourt guise were collected in a little blue-enamelled book-slide, which, together with a handsome blotting-case and abundant writing materials, lay on my table. There was nothing actually superfluous, yet nothing had been omitted that could possibly conduce to my comfort or my pleasure.

I was tired, and slept till rather late, and I was scarcely dressed when some one came to my door to know if I would descend and breakfast with *miladi* in her own room. I recognised the voice, and opened the door, and there was Mademoiselle Sophie, as trim and jaunty as ever, looking her very best in honour of her beloved Paris. Wendell Holmes says that good Yankees, when they die, go to—*Paris!!* I wonder whether the Parisians think their own city at all inferior to the new Jerusalem!

Sophie burst into raptures upon the subject of my improved

appearance. "*Ah! monsieur, comme vous avez l'air noble!*" she exclaimed, regarding me approvingly. "Ah! when you have also that indescribable air of fashion—the true air of distinction, which Paris, and Paris *la belle* alone can give—you will assuredly be charming. That is a beast of a waistcoat, Mr. Travis, and your collar is quite too low as they wear them now. And your hair—your *cheveux magnifiques!*—how have the German barbarians spoiled it? *Ah, ciel!*" and she quite wrung her hands in dismay, partly real, partly affected. "Ah! do they cut hair in that dreadful country with shears, such as they crop the hedges with in England? *Ah, quel bêtise!*" And then Sophie took up comb and brush, and proceeded to rearrange my abundant locks, which were, I must say, in anything but drawing-room order. She would have kept me some time, but that I sprang up impatiently at the end of half a minute, and, running my hands desperately through my curls, declared that I was not going to sit for a barber's block while the Marchioness was waiting breakfast for me.

"The Marquis is not here, I suppose?" I inquired, carelessly, as I left the room.

"*Mais non!*" replied Sophie, with an exaggerated shrug. "Milor, he is far away in some savage country or other, and he returns not till the summer. *Ma foi!* if he returned not at all, we would not die of grief, for I tell you, *moi, qui vous parle, que M. le Marquis de Douvrescour, est un véritable—bête.*"

I was relieved to find that my enemy, as I could not help considering him, was gone to a savage country, and, as I did not care to discuss him with Sophie, I begged her to show me at once to her lady's sitting-room. In a few minutes I was once more alone with the Marchioness—with my mother—whom I had not seen for more than a year. "My boy, my dear boy!" she exclaimed, rapturously folding me in her arms; "at last I have you again! Ah! Hugh—*Hugh Vassall*—I have been hungry and thirsty for a sight of you! And how you are grown, and how manly you have become, and how like your father you are! I think you will be as handsome as he was, Hugh; and—yes! there is the black down on your upper lip already. You must not shave, your father never did; he had such a beard as few men could show. But, oh! my boy, how glad I am to see you; tell me all about yourself; tell me *everything*; only first you must have some breakfast. Is there anything you would especially like, my dear? Let me order something very nice."

But there was an abundance of nice things ready and waiting to be attacked, and I said so, and would not suffer her to ring the bell. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when we sat down to breakfast; it was past one when we had entirely finished. Not that

we were devouring all that time. I made a pretty good meal, taken in instalments however, but my lady picked up her crumbs and sipped her chocolate very much as if she were of the chicken species. But we talked to our hearts' content; the smallest trifle relating to my university life was interesting, and I told everything I could remember, save and except that episode of the Professor's story heard under the blossoming linden-trees. I abstained from mentioning his name, for I was quite sure she would remember it, and it could only awake the most bitter reminiscences. I was beginning to be considerate, for Mrs. Craven had impressed upon me the fact that thoughtlessness is selfishness, and that selfishness is a vice of the most ignoble order. It broke upon me one day that I, who in my childhood had wept because I had no mother, was now actually gifted with *two*, for as my second mother I must always regard that most incomparable of women, Mrs. Craven.

The "savage country" to which the Marquis had betaken himself was India. He was going up into the Himalayas, his wife said, and she thought he would visit China and Japan before his return, which would be no one knew when; I am afraid no one cared. As regarded myself, the longer he expatriated himself the better I should be pleased. I really felt quite grateful to him for going to such a distance, and remaining absent from England and indeed from Europe, for an unlimited period of time. I rejoiced within myself, thinking how many thousand miles away India was. It was by his desire that the Marchioness came to Paris. Lady Olive had taken a fancy to spend some time in France in order to complete her education; and though Lady Juliana had offered to chaperone her niece abroad for as long as she desired, the Marquis preferred that she should be under the care of her stepmother. He certainly respected and trusted his wife more than any other person; doubtless, too, he penetrated his sister's motives, which were scarcely of a disinterested nature.

"Is Lady Olive here then?" I asked, in some dismay. I wished sincerely she had accompanied her father to India.

"Yes, Olive is with me; I came very much on her account, and yet not entirely. Maude is now in her fourteenth year, and I am anxious about her education. Felixstowe is with me for awhile; I have engaged a tutor for him. He has been rather delicate of late, or he would have been at Eton as soon as term commenced. As it is, I think of keeping him with me this winter."

"And Miss Flogg?"

"Miss Flogg has become companion to Lady Juliana Rashleigh, and Olive has a new governess, Madame Le Gramont. I believe her to be a very excellent and trustworthy person, and Olive gets on with her wonderfully."

"And the Wrays?"

"Ah! I am afraid the dear old people are breaking, Hugh. Martin fails even more than Margery; I have promised for you, my dear, that you shall spend Christmas with them. Now come with me; I want you to see Maude and Felixstowe."

CHAPTER XX.—FAIRY-LAND.

A few hours later it occurred to me that I had not seen Lady Olive, and I began to wonder whether my arrival had so utterly disgusted her that she had withdrawn herself from the family circle. It was nearly dark, and I was sitting alone in a balcony among the flowering plants, watching the gay crowds below who came and went incessantly. The sun had gone down in a great ruddy haze, for the day had been intensely hot, and now the stars were beginning to glitter in the purple sky. But the brilliant city seemed scarcely to need the celestial luminaries of the firmament, for as the night fell thousands of dazzling lamps shone forth in long lines of light, jets of resplendent flame shot up here and there, floods of intense radiance were poured over street, and park, and boulevard, and outside the *cafés* merry groups were seated chatting and discussing ices and effervescing drinks, while splendid equipages incessantly flashed by, and everywhere were sounds of mirth, and music, and rejoicing. The white and gold *salon* behind me lay still in shadow, but the balcony was light as day, and while I was intent on the gay scene beneath some one glided out from another window than that near which I sat, and came up past the blooming *étagères* close to where I was established. At first I thought it was Lady Dovercourt, but it was scarcely her figure, and there was something altogether girlish about the floating robes that swept lightly by the flowers; and yet it could not be Maude, for she was not so tall, and certainly not so graceful, as the fair unknown bearing down upon me like a dream.

Another second, and I knew that my visitor was Lady Olive. She had shot up considerably since I saw her last on the archery ground; she was pale, but her skin was pure as ivory, her brows were nearly straight, and delicately pencilled, her chestnut-brown eyes were lustrous as stars, and her rich dark hair fell like a veiling cloud on her snowy drooping shoulders and her bare, rounded arms. The sallow, angular, plain little girl had grown up into a beautiful young lady. I saw that at once, I recognised on the instant her stately patrician loveliness, and I wondered whether, in mind and manner, she were equally improved. To my intense surprise, she extended her hand—her delicate, white hand, with its soft, pink

palm, and its slender fingers glittering with gems, and took mine as if we had been old friends.

"Hugh Travis, I am sure," she said, gently, and without the smallest admixture of scorn. "I knew you were here, of course, but I have been away since morning improving my mind with my new governess, Madame Le Gramont, who is a vast improvement on Miss Flogg, and since then riding in the Bois. I hoped you would have ridden with me, but you had wandered off somewhere, mamma said; it is disagreeable riding with only other ladies and servants, and there is no one here I care to ride with. You *will* ride with me, will you not, Mr. Travis?"

I was so bewildered that I scarcely knew how to answer her. I had been debating within myself whether she would accost me as "young man" now that I could no longer be styled "*boy*." And here she stood in her graceful array, with rich jewels sparkling on her neck, and arms, and hands, and calling me *Hugh Travis* and *Mr. Travis* in the sweetest, softest accents, and as amiably and cordially as if we had always been on the closest terms of intimacy.

"Do you really wish it, Lady Olive?" I said, coldly.

"To be sure I do," she replied, glancing up into my face with a confiding smile. "I want a handsome cavalier by my side in the Bois, and all the demoiselles will envy me if you consent to be my attendant."

This was very flattering of course, and I felt as bashful as the merest rustic. Of course I knew I was handsome. When a man or woman is really and undeniably handsome it is sheer affectation to pretend to be ignorant of the fact; but it is one thing to be conscious of your own good looks, and another thing to have them praised by a beautiful young lady of rank.

"You are very good, Lady Olive," I stammered; "but I am afraid you are preparing a disappointment for yourself and for me also. I shall scarcely create the impression you desire."

"Oh, yes, you will. I have not seen any one so divinely handsome for ages. Of course you ride?"

"Oh, yes; but does not the Marchioness ride now?"

"Very seldom; horse-exercise does not suit her she says. She prefers to drive, and so does Madame Le Gramont. Madame is not exactly my governess, you know. I read with her for an hour or two each day, and she takes me to galleries and museums, and cultivates my taste, and improves my mind, and all that; and I have lessons from masters. But still, though I am not regularly '*out*,' I go into society a little, and do pretty much as I please. Madame is the best creature in the world, and lets me have my own way, and I let her have hers. We quite understand each other. Was not Flogg a horrid creature?"

"I did not like her, Lady Olive. I always thought she was insincere, and I am sure she was rather vulgar."

"Say excessively vulgar, if you like, and you will be nearer the truth. Madame is essentially a gentlewoman."

I thought she must have worked some wondrous charm on her pupil. Never could I have imagined such a transformation. It did not seem as if the scornful Lady Olive of Dovercourt and the gracious Lady Olive of Paris could be identical. Thorough was the alteration; and yet there was no mistake. There I, the despised "boy" of old time, sat by her, the heavy-featured, contemptuous, insolent child of other days; but there was no scorn now in the sweet, silvery voice, no sneer on the lovely rosy lips, no contempt in the proud, shy dark eyes, no arrogance in the stately, patrician bearing; and she sat close to me, and my arm touched her filmy, gauzy draperies that floated like fleecy moon-lit clouds around her. Once she dropped her glove; of course I picked it up and restored it to her. She thanked me with a beaming smile, and presently she said, "Indeed, Hugh, I think you are as gallant and graceful as you are handsome. It was an excellent idea of mamma having you here."

"But you forget, Lady Olive," I returned, proudly, "that I am — 'lowly born!'"

She coloured a little; a soft, faint tinge of crimson flushed for a moment the pearly tint of her fair, smooth cheek, and her eyes drooped till the long, dark lashes rested fringe-like on those transient roses. Then she raised her eyes and looked straight at me.

"Do you remember all that foolishness? What a disagreeable little animal I must have been. It was more than half the fault of that Flogg though. Ah! I know better now. Come, let bygones be bygones; we *must* be friends, the very best of friends. Shall we make 'a paction,' as your old nurse Margery says?"

"What will Lady Dovercourt say?"

"She will be delighted. There, give me your hand. Now, we are sworn friends and allies, and you will walk and talk with me, and ride with me, and take me to the theatre and to the opera. I shall not be dull any more."

Presently we dined—we four, Madame Le Gramont making up the number. And afterwards we sang, for Mrs. Craven and Charles were both musical, and I had cultivated my voice pretty successfully of late. It went quite well with Lady Olive's, and we tried duet after duet, Madame playing our accompaniments, till the evening was almost spent. Lady Dovercourt seemed to enjoy our little concert most thoroughly; she and Lady Olive were evidently on the best of terms. I could only suppose that it was the departure of Flogg and the separation from Lady Juliana, who had some-

how offended her noble brother, that had wrought so great a succession of miracles.

After that evening all went smoothly and pleasantly. Life became a sort of fairy pageant, and I gave myself up to the delicious intoxication of the hour. I wrote to Charles and to Mrs. Craven, but Heidelberg and Schloss Wanterfels seemed very far away. By-and-bye they went home to Cravenshaugh, and they were farther away than ever. In Paris I lived, moved, and had my whole being. I was always with the Marchioness or with Lady Olive, and every day the young girl's manner was more flattering. Her smile was shyer yet sweeter, her tones lower but gentler, her whole bearing prouder yet more confiding. We walked, we drove, we rode; we went together to the opera, chaperoned by Madame Le Gramont; we made excursions, we explored the wonders of the splendid city; we practised our duets; we read together *Jéan Paul*, and *Göthe*, and *Tasso*, and *Mdme. de Stäel*. We were like two careless, happy-hearted children, sipping continually at the sweet, exhilarating draught that was presented to our lips, dreaming not that a day might come when the goblet should be empty, or contain only bitterest drugs and lees. We forgot the past, we lived in the present. The future never entered into our calculations. We were butterflies, rejoicing in the sunshine and flowers of a spring just blossoming into earliest summer—a season of beauty, and fragrance, and melody, and golden sunlight, and warmth without heat, that seemed perennial.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF HENRY SELWYN,
CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY HIS FRIEND, RICHARD MORTON.

CHAPTER IV.—FROM HENRY SELWYN TO RICHARD MORTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Yours, which reached me two days ago, came so opportunely and was so welcome that I take the first hour I have been able to secure to reply. The truth is, I am greatly in need of that kind of relief which the outpouring of one's troubles to a friend gives, and it is a pleasure to write to one in whose sympathy I have perfect confidence. Do not be too much alarmed at this terrible beginning. I am not in any difficulty but such as I might have expected to encounter. The worst that has

come to me is that I have had a strong discussion with some of my deacons, and as yet it is uncertain what view the church will take of the subject and what the ultimate issue will be. A very common thing for young ministers you will say, but when one is in the midst of a struggle like this it is poor consolation after all to remember that there are few who have not had similar experience. I have long felt that the position of deacons in our churches is one of the greatest hindrances to the pleasant and efficient working of our system. They are generally chosen for life, and, as they are of course selected because of the influence they possess, are apt to arrogate to themselves a power inconsistent with the comfort of the minister or the due exercise of its proper power by the church. Instead of accepting the position of an executive they assume a control to which they have no just title, and set up their own crotchets as laws for the guidance of the church. The relation of a young minister to those who have held office under a predecessor such as good Mr. Sainsbury is specially unfortunate. They have an immense advantage in consequence of their years and experience, and some of the older ones are very unwilling to believe that plans which have worked well can be improved, and are in fact inclined to resent any idea of change as the impertinence of a young man, and they speak with an authority which it is not easy for me to resist. There is one of them in particular who has a very exalted conception of his office, and who talks as though he expected that I should be content to be led instead of attempting to lead, and as if the responsibilities rested on the deacons rather than on the pastor. Mr. Sainsbury was the last man to tolerate such an idea, but the very firmness with which he held the reins appears to have made Mr. Crabtree, the gentleman of whom I speak, and another who sympathises with him, the more determined to assert their own supposed rights; and the consequence is, I have more than once found myself involved in unpleasant discussions with them, none of which, however, were of any great importance until that which arose at our last deacons' meeting.

But if you are to understand what I have to tell you I must first, though at the risk of troubling you with a letter of unusual length, introduce you to my deacons, of whom I have seven. The most intelligent and independent of the whole is Mr. Lassell, one of the leading Millport manufacturers, who owed his election (I believe) more to the liberality with which he supports all the institutions of the Church than to any other cause, and who is of a very different type from the majority of his colleagues. To Crabtree his presence at the deacons' board is, I know, extremely distasteful, and in fact he took the opportunity shortly after I came of assuring me in strict confidence that he did not regard Mr. Lassell as a spiritual man, and

warned me against allowing myself to be influenced by him. I have found him, however, clear-headed, sagacious, and decided. He has mixed too much in the world and seen too much of men to allow himself to be trammelled by the traditions of any sect. He is too manly to indulge in the kind of cant which passes with men of the Crabtree class for a sign of exalted piety, and while he has the courage to express his views with decision, the position he holds and the arguments he employs, never fail to give them authority. The election of such a man to the deaconate may be quoted as an evidence of the power of wealth in our churches, and it is so to this extent that no poor man of a similar character would have had any chance of being chosen. Still in my judgment the church in choosing him gave a proof of its wisdom, for he is in many points better qualified for the post than most of those with whom he is associated. If he is not given to make a parade of his piety in looks and words he does what is far better, he carries out its principles both in his commercial and political life. He is too strong and pronounced in many of his views for those who believe that the highest achievement of a Christian is to say nothing which can offend the susceptibilities, and do nothing which can provoke the opposition of others, and who, forgetting how little there is in the Master's character of this tenderness towards wrong and wrong-doers, are, in direct contravention of His own declarations, inclined to think that it must be evil with a man when all men do not speak well of him. But he is an honest, straightforward man, who forms his own judgments and does not hesitate to express them, and who is not much troubled about the censures of the world so long as he has the approval of his own conscience.

Much as I rely on him, however, I have even stronger dependence on my friend Davenport, of whom I have spoken to you before. He is our oldest deacon, and has, therefore, a large amount of influence in the church which he is too single-minded and upright ever to abuse. His experience gives him weight, and yet his years have not soured or narrowed his spirit. Of a genial, hopeful, trusting nature, he carries this spirit out into the business of the church, and always inclines to the brighter and happier view of every subject that comes under consideration. To some the strength of his faith may savour of fanaticism, but to me it is always refreshing and encouraging, and though, perhaps, he is too impulsive to allow of implicit reliance being reposed in his judgment, yet his impulses are so generous and good that they may for the most part be safely trusted. He is a decided opponent of many articles of the Congregational creed, especially those relating to the constitution of the church and the mode of admission to its fellowship, and his opinions on these points necessarily carry more

weight because of his own high character and long experience. It is here that his support is even more important than that of Mr. Lassell, who, on questions relating to the external movements of the church, would receive more deference.

Mr. Crabtree and his friend Mr. Richardson are of a very different order, and though they would not be willing to acknowledge that they are leaders of an opposing party, it cannot be doubted that this is the case. Of the two, Richardson is the better man, less severe in temper, less irritable, more generous, though not less narrow or obstinate than his ally. Crabtree has the misfortune to be an old bachelor, and his temper, which can never have been very good, has become worse, as the result of a solitary and somewhat ascetic life, in which there has been nothing to call forth the kindlier side of his nature. Occasional manifestations of generosity I have seen, and others I have heard of, which lead me to think that under different influences he might have developed into a nobler character. As it is we see in him all the evils of a narrow intellect under the control of a still narrower heart. He can talk of two subjects, and of two only, his business and the church: but business men say that his commercial ideas are altogether behind the age, and I can testify that his ecclesiastical and religious views certainly are. In truth, most of his beliefs are merely traditional. He is a Liberal in politics—that is, he always votes for the two Liberal Members, because in Millport, where there is a hard and fast line between different parties, and where the Congregational Church has, since the passing of the Reform Bill, exercised a powerful influence in the choice of the representatives, a Dissenter is always supposed to be a Liberal; but of any grasp of the ideas which lie at the root of a Liberal policy and of any sympathy with them his worst enemies could not convict him. So in his ecclesiastical views he fancies himself a Protestant of the first water, but if Protestantism has any sympathy with independence and progress, he altogether mistakes his position. The Romanist does not believe in the infallibility of his Church more fully than he does. What the church at Abney Chapel, Millport, has been and is, that it ought ever to be. Its old practices he regards as of perpetual obligation, and as its decrees and decisions have not been reduced to writing or put in any authoritative shape, he claims for himself and his brother deacons the right of pronouncing what they are, and of invoking them on every occasion when he may find it necessary for the purpose of supporting any particular view of his own. The confidence with which he lays down the law would be amusing were it not that the dogmatism is insufferable and the attempt to repress the free action of the church in the last degree

injurious. His manner, too, is intensely offensive, its pretentious arrogance being made all the worse by the wondrous air of sanctity with which it is blended. The most disagreeable things he brings out are said with an unctuousness which makes them excessively irritating, and the tone he adopts, implying a pity for those opposed to him as though they were on a lower spiritual level, is, to say the least, not calculated to contribute to the harmony of any discussions which may arise.

The remaining members of the deaconate are useful men; but they are not so prominent, nor do they exert so much influence as those I have named. Mr. Chapman is one of my most intimate friends, greatly valued by me for the perfect simplicity and transparency of his character, his unaffected but earnest goodness, his devotion to the interests and work of the church, and his personal affection. Mr. Sykes also is a well-meaning man, with a good many old-fashioned prejudices, which require to be very carefully handled, but still open to conviction, and disposed to listen to reason even when it challenges some of his favourite notions. Of Mr. Burgess I have seen little, and the little I have seen leads me to think that he is one of those who will never take up a strong position of antagonism unless absolutely compelled so to do. His feelings would incline him to side with the views of Crabtree and Richardson, for whom he appears to have conceived a high respect, but I do not fancy he would like strongly to oppose me, or do anything which might disturb the peace or peril the prosperity of the church. From this general view you may at all events see that my work as leader cannot always be a very pleasant one, and that it requires a good deal of discretion and tact, more than I venture to flatter myself that I possess, to make all things go straight.

It has always been my practice, partly because I found it had been that of my predecessor, and partly because its wisdom approved itself to my own mind, to mention the names of the candidates I intended to propose for church fellowship to the deacons before naming them to the church. I do not feel that the deacons have any actual right to demand this, but it appears to me so conducive to a proper understanding between us, and so calculated to prevent any unpleasant discussion at church meetings, that I have maintained, and, despite some inconvenience I have found, intend still to maintain it. Among others whom I named at the last deacons' meeting was a young man of the name of Farrar, in whose sincere piety I have perfect confidence, who is indeed far superior to the majority of those who present themselves, but who has notions of his own that clash with some of our usages that he will not abandon. After speaking therefore of his religious history, I added, "he has not been educated as an Independent, and he objects to receive a

deputation from the church to inquire as to his experience. To me he has spoken freely, and has given me all the satisfaction I can require; but he is unwilling to do anything more. I trust that this will not stand in the way of his admission, especially since the fact of his seeking union with us is itself a proof of his conscientiousness. His friends all belong to the Established Church, and look upon the step he is taking with extreme displeasure. A young man would not lightly incur the odium he has to meet in his own circle, and as his life is in all respects that of a Christian I cannot think that we ought to hesitate as to his reception."

My proposal was a surprise, and for a minute or two all were silent. At last Mr. Davenport spoke. "I quite agree" (he said) "with our pastor. It is a new thing certainly for us to admit any one in this way, but our laws are not like those of the Medes and Persians, and I for one am not a believer in a hard uniformity, especially when it acts as a discouragement and barrier to those whom we believe to be real disciples of Christ. I should, therefore, move that he be proposed, and that the church be advised to dispense with the customary forms of visitation." "But" (said Mr. Richardson, who had evidently been extremely uneasy under these remarks), "we must have regard to the purity of the Church; and how is that to be preserved if we thus break down the distinction between the Church and the world, and lend our sanction to an indiscriminate admission?" "That" (I ventured to suggest) "is not at all what is contemplated or proposed. I have as deep a sense of the reality of that distinction and of the necessity of maintaining it as our friend. If I had not believed Mr. Farrar to be a sincere Christian I should not have asked the deacons to make this concession to what is with him a strong conscientious feeling." "That may be so" (was the reply), "but I cannot look at the course suggested in this instance as standing alone. In my view it is another step in a wrong direction. Already we are by no means so particular as our fathers, and now it is proposed that we should become more lax." "Not at all" (I said). "Laxity depends on the conditions of church fellowship which we lay down rather than on the means we employ for giving them effect. We should be fairly chargeable with laxity if we did not lay the basis of our communion in a clear and intelligent profession of a personal trust in Christ as the Saviour, or, if accepting this as the law of the church, we admitted those whose lives proved that in their case such a profession was an act of hypocrisy. But we surely are not lax because we do not undertake to be judges of men's thoughts, but leave this in the hands of Him who knoweth the hearts."

This was too much for poor Mr. Crabtree, who fancied that the very foundations of the faith were threatened by such perilous

innovations. "If I understand our minister right" (he began) "he would dispense with all those safeguards which the wisdom of those to whom Congregationalism owes all its power in the country has thought to be necessary for preserving our churches from the intrusion of ungodly men. As it is, we have too much reason to mourn over the admission of unworthy characters who are sure, sooner or later, to bring discredit upon the Church. We have only to look over the rolls of our own church and see this. I have just been running over in my mind the names of some whom we have had to exclude during the last few years, and the list is a sad one. Our good Mr. Sainsbury was too kind and hopeful, and sometimes unfortunate mistakes were made." "It appears, then" (said Mr. Lassell, interrupting the speaker), "that the old plan has not been so perfect after all." "That was our misfortune, not our fault. We are but fallible men, who have not the gift of discerning the spirits." "But, then" (said Mr. Lassell), "why should we pretend to it? We are claiming a power and exercising a prerogative which really involves a skill in interpreting the thoughts of men's hearts; and if it be found by bitter experience that we have nothing of the kind, but are perpetually making mistakes, would it not seem as though there were a fundamental error, and that the sooner we rectify it by renouncing pretensions which have no validity the better for all parties concerned?" "So you would abandon a system because of defects in the mode of working. Such an argument is a dangerous one, and might be applied with fatal effect in relation to Christianity itself." "Excuse me" (said Mr. Lassell), "that is not my argument at all. If the system rested on a solid foundation, and could plead Scriptural authority in its favour, the faults in the application of it might be remedied. My doubt is as to the authority of a system which demands, in order to its proper development, the possession of gifts which God has not given to man." "Do you, then" (inquired Mr. Richardson), "believe that the church should open its gates to all who choose to enter? Surely that is not the doctrine of the New Testament. It always describes churches as composed of saints—holy men—those who are sanctified in Christ Jesus." "On that point" (I said), "we are all agreed; and, for myself, I am most anxious that my position in relation to it should not be mistaken. I know too well how those who advocate any alteration in our modes of admission are liable to be misrepresented." "Do not think" (burst out Mr. Crabtree), "that we are going to misrepresent you. There is no need of that." "Perhaps I should have said misunderstood" (I replied, endeavouring to speak as mildly as possible, though it was hard to repress my indignation at the insinuation, which was thrown out in the most irritating way), "and that I am to some extent misunderstood

even now your own words too plainly show. Let me say that once for all my idea of the church is the same as yours. I am as desirous to maintain its purity as you can be, but I do question, and the conversation has done much to confirm me in the doubt, whether the means we take in order to secure it are always the wisest and the best."

"My opinion is" (said Mr. Richardson) "that instead of giving more liberty we should be more strict. We live in an ungodly age. Much of the right spirit of former times has died out, and if we do not take some strong measures in order to arrest the growth of the evils that are abroad, I tremble to think what the results may be. I fear that there is great neglect in some of our colleges, and that many of our young men are tainted with heresy. Our good minister will quite understand that I do not mean anything personal." "If you did" (said Mr. Lassell) "I should feel bound to insist that proper apology should be made. I certainly would not sit here to hear Mr. Selwyn insulted. Such remarks, indeed, appear to me altogether out of place." "Mr. Lassell must have forgotten" (replied Mr. Richardson) "the exposure which Dr. Cameron has given in his admirable Watchword of the dangerous tendencies that are abroad." "Happily for myself I never read that wonderful publication, which is itself, in my judgment, one of the worst signs of the times." At this poor Crabtree and Richardson, both of whom are implicit believers in the redoubtable Doctor, and hold his Watchword to be a new revelation intended for the special benefit of this degenerate age, looked such unutterable looks of pious horror that I thought it best to interpose and lead the discussion back to its proper point.

"Well, gentlemen" (I said), "this is not the case of Mr. Farrar, who has not, so far as I am aware, been charged with any false doctrine, and who, so far as I can judge, is a sincere and humble believer in the Saviour." "The things hang together" (said Mr. Crabtree); "lax discipline prepares the way for false doctrine, and latitudinarian doctrine prompts the desire for loose practice." "I hope, however, that we are not going to have either the one or the other here, simply because I propose in this case to modify a practice which presses unduly on the conscience of one whom I believe to be in every way a fit subject for communion." "I cannot and will not agree to it" (said Mr. Crabtree). "The church has placed me here as a guardian of its purity, and I won't betray my trust. I will resign my office first." "So will I" (chimed in Mr. Richardson). "That" (said Mr. Lassell) "is the last kind of argument which would move me. Such menaces ought never to be heard in a body like ours, but if they are made I for one am prepared to receive them with the silence and indifference which they deserve."

"I hope" (said Mr. Sykes, speaking for the first time) "our brethren will reconsider their decision. For myself I must say that at first I was disposed to agree with them, but the subsequent conversation has greatly shaken my opinion. After all, our practices are means to an end, and if the end is not secured it may be wise to inquire whether the means we employ are the best that could be adopted. I suggest, however, that we adjourn the question to our next meeting." To this I thought it best to agree, and we separated, leaving the matter undecided. The two dissentients went away evidently very angry. Mr. Lassell had stung them to the quick, and they were too vexed even to bid him good-night. I foresee that I am in for a regular struggle, for they will spare no pains to carry their point. I will let you hear again as the matter progresses.

Yours affectionately,

HENRY SELWYN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE SIR JAMES SIMPSON.

"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN."

THE decease of Sir James Young Simpson in the midst of his days, and of his almost marvellous usefulness, will be felt to be a personal loss by all who came into contact with him, and who were favoured with his genial acquaintance. It is with such feelings that the writer proceeds to gather up a few reminiscences of such an acquaintance, and to record them as a grateful and loving memorial.

In the summer of 1864, when on a visit to Edinburgh, I determined to consult Dr. Simpson in respect to my wife's health, and to seek for her the benefit of his skilful treatment. I wrote to him accordingly, and signified that we should call at his house in Queen Street on a fixed day. On approaching the door we were struck by the number of persons who seemed bent on the same errand as ourselves. Broughams and flies were driving up to it incessantly, a cab stand, as we afterwards learned, being fixed on the opposite side of the way for the express purpose of accommodating his numerous patients. Immediately on giving our name we were shown into the dining-room, where we found a few others, equally privileged with ourselves, awaiting the doctor's arrival. In the course of a little time we were surprised to find luncheon spread, and still more surprised when on the doctor's coming in we were received with smiles, friends at once, and invited to take our seat at the board. The Evangelical Alliance was holding its annual conference in Edinburgh at the time, and we soon found that our

worthy host took the liveliest interest in its proceedings. The doings of the conference became at once the subject of questioning and conversation, and the matter ended in a cordial invitation to come to breakfast the following morning to meet a few friends of the Alliance, who like ourselves were visitors in Edinburgh. At this breakfast it was our privilege to meet amongst others with the esteemed Christian lady whose earnest prayers and Christian influence had been among the foremost means in bringing this eminent physician to the knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus;" and now we were struck with her earnestly expressed desire that his influence in its turn might be brought to bear on the multitudes who were daily placing themselves in his hands. That breakfast meeting in Dr. Simpson's house is never to be forgotten. The combined goodness and greatness of the man struck us most forcibly. We had never met with one so beautifully natural, so delightfully childlike in the expression of his religious feeling. On every subject, and many were introduced incidentally, he was great, but it was the greatness of simplicity; while the broadly genial countenance of the man seemed scarcely to conceal the soul that was behind it. It was the finest opportunity for high-toned Christian intercourse with which we were ever favoured. We felt ourselves in the very atmosphere of holy greatness. God was there, and His presence was recognised by the great and good man. Nor shall we soon lose the impression made on our hearts when, as time hastened on, and duty called to other occupations, the professor proposed prayer, and suggested that a young Swiss pasteur, who was one of the company, should offer supplications in the French language, and that the writer should follow in the English.

Our visits at luncheon were continued for some days, and on taking leave we were requested to return again in a few weeks, for medical purposes, when, if we pleased, we might make that house our home. We did not avail ourselves of such excessive kindness, but we renewed our visits at luncheon time, and had many an opportunity for Christian intercourse and lively conversation, till the physician's skill rendered our visits no longer necessary. And then what generosity! Not a farthing could by any means be taken in the way of compensation. On the contrary, we were assured there was nothing he had done for which he required payment, although we felt such services as his demanded more than all we had in our purses. I understand this to have been his generous habit in the case of all Christian ministers. One evening, a few months afterwards, there came a ring at our street-door bell, a hundred miles from Edinburgh, and there was Dr. Simpson, who, being in the town, had called to see how his patient was going on, and to cast on

her and her husband a shower of the sunshine that fell from the light of his countenance.

Returning to the intercourse of Professor Simpson's luncheon-table, it is pleasant to recall the numerous persons and the numerous characters we met with there. The door was continually opening to some fresh arrival. There were some there, mostly ladies, who came "from the uttermost parts of the earth" to avail themselves of the eminent physician's skill. Besides these, representatives of the Church, of the army, and of medical and other fields of scientific investigation were continually dropping in and mixing with Professor Simpson's privileged patients. One day it would be some Scotch bishop; another some author of mark; yet another an eminent surgeon, like Sir W. Fergusson. All were welcome; and the coming in of each generally started some fresh topic of conversation, and elicited some valuable information. In particular, the religious questions suggested by geological and antiquarian researches were frequently coming up. Professor Simpson was President of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, and it was most interesting to hear him read off the story, as he could read it, from some old relic. On the Biblical points arising out of modern geological investigations Professor Simpson was in no haste to come to a decision. He had the intellectual calmness and patience of all really great minds, and so he was willing to wait for the explanation of difficulties which he readily saw, but which he believed had their solution without impugning one iota of the veracity of the written Word of God. He believed, and therefore he did not "make haste"—a lesson which some men of less ability in dealing with such questions would do well to learn.

Schemes of Christian usefulness were not unfrequently discussed around the doctor's social board, and pleasing instances of the success of Christian effort related. The Edinburgh Medical Mission, instituted for the benefit of the poor in the "closes" and "wynds" of the city, and which was a distinctively Christian agency, was a matter of great interest at that time, as was also the Cowgate Mission, which aimed at the spiritual welfare of the same class of persons. In connection with these agencies the Special Sunday Evening Services, held in the Free Church Assembly Hall, were often spoken of. These were noble gatherings, in which some of the foremost laymen of the city, and Dr. Simpson amongst them, took part with the ministers in seeking to save the lost. I have also a distinct remembrance of the delighted interest with which Professor Simpson related to me the case of Catherine McDougall, a young girl who had been found living a homeless and wandering life in the country, and subsisting upon trifling charities, but who had been taken up by some kind ladies and assisted to emigrate, and to take an honourable position in life. This young girl ha^d

discovered unusual talent, which had become baptised with true piety. I call to mind the joyous beam which played upon his face as he handed me the following lines of her composing, and requested me to read them aloud to the company:—

"GOD IS LOVE.

"How beautiful our God hath made
This earth, how passing fair;
How lavishly He giveth,
What golden grains He sifteth
'Mong life's dull sands of care.

"The great sea welleteth from His love,
The rivers deep brim o'er;
From it the fountain springeth,
Of it the wild brook singeth,
By hall and cottage door.

"It smileth in the flowers bright
That cluster round our feet;
They're laden more than they can bear,
So give it bounteous to the air
In fragrance passing sweet.

"It thrilleth in the woodbird's song
As her soft nest she weaves;
It laugheth o'er the sunny glade,
And blesseth in the forest shade,
And quivers midst the leaves.

"It burns and glows in sunset sky,
And whispereth in the evening air;
It gleameth from the orbs of night,
And soothes us in the moonbeams white,
And lurketh everywhere.

"'Tis painted on the thunder cloud,
And droppeth down in rain;
From the green earth it breaketh,
In voice of winds it speaketh—
Oh! shall it speak in vain?

"He hath such store He giveth much
To human hearts to keep;
We love to see its radiance glow
In a dear friend's eyes—'tis sweet to know
That heart to ours doth leap.

"But, oh! what gushing floods of love
Burst forth midst bitterest woe and pain,
In what He did for you and me,
On the dear cross of Calvary,
To cleanse our sin's dark stain.

"O Father God! O Saviour Lord!
O Comforter Divine!
What have we, Lord? what can we give?
How show Thy great love while we live?
Do with us as Thou wilt—we're Thine."

The corridors and waiting-rooms of the house in Queen Street were like the porches of the Pool of Bethesda, and some of the sufferers had to wait a long time before the favourable tide "moved" for them. It was surprising to see the perfect self-

possession with which the doctor passed amongst them on his way to the consulting-room. The crowd never disconcerted him. They would all be attended to in their turn, the poorest equally with the wealthiest; but they must bide their time, be it that day, or the next, or the next following. Any other arrangement would have become disarrangement, entailing distress and even misery on some. In this great practice Dr. Simpson had the assistance of several clever young surgeons, all of them devoted servants of the Lord, and all of them engaged in some good and useful work in the very "slums" of the city for His sake. Amongst these was the Professor's now distinguished nephew, Dr. Alex. Simpson, who has just been appointed to succeed his uncle in the Chair of Midwifery in Edinburgh University.

To these reminiscences of this "beloved physician" it may be permitted me to add a few lines touching his end.

There is now before me a letter of Sir James Simpson's to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, an eminent American physician, published in the form of a pamphlet. It appears to have been the last of his productions that issued from the press, being dated April, 1870, only the month preceding his death. It is a calm and manly defence of himself in reply to an attack of the American physician concerning the place in respect of time to be assigned respectively to the introduction of chloroform as an anæsthetic—Sir James's great discovery—and of sulphuric ether for inhalation in medicine. The pamphlet is entitled, "*The History of Modern Anæsthetics.*" Suffice to say of it that Sir James does not claim precedence for his discovery, but he avails himself of the opportunity for defending its usefulness against the slighting way in which his opponent had spoken of it. I refer to the pamphlet for the purpose of quoting its closing paragraph, which will be read now with touching interest. "I am very sorry," says the lamented author, "to have taken up so much of your time and my time with such a petty discussion as the present. It has extended to too great a length; but I am a sad invalid just now, and quite unable to write with the force and brevity required. With many of our profession in America I have the honour of being personally acquainted, and regard their friendship so very highly that I shall not regret this attempt—my last perhaps—at professional writing as altogether useless on my part if it tend to fix my name and memory only in their love and esteem." When he wrote these words he knew death might come at any time, but he spoke of it without fear. His still beaming countenance indicated a soul "in perfect peace." His faith was simple as that of a little child. As the end drew near, his minister, the Rev. Mr. Philip, the successor of Dr. Guthrie, quoted the passage, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish," and Sir James repeated twice

with strong emphasis the words "Whosoever" and "shall not perish." When in the still nearer prospect of death, he said to his friend, Professor Duns, "It has happily come to this: I am a sinner needing a Saviour, and Jesus is the Saviour I need." And his dying eye kindled when once they spoke "of the body of our humiliation being fashioned like unto Christ's body of glory." All this was in beautiful keeping with the lines he had written at Geneva some three years before :—

"Oft 'mid this world's ceaseless strife,
When flesh and spirit fail me,
I stop and think of another life,
Where ills can ne'er assail me;
When my wearied arm shall cease its fight,
My heart shall cease its sorrow,
And this dark night change for the light
Of an everlasting morrow.

"Then shall be mine, through grace Divine,
A rest that knows no ending,
Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
Though still with clay 'tis blending.
And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,
Where a Father's love has found me,
Oh, let me feel, through woe and weal,
Thy guardian arm around me."

It is amongst the inscrutable mysteries of things that such a man as Sir James Simpson should have been taken away in the midst of his usefulness from a world that seemed to need him so much. We can scarcely help calling his decease premature, for he was only between fifty and sixty years of age. We do not wonder that all Edinburgh mourned for him, and that the greater part of the city turned out to look upon his coffin as it was drawn beneath a cenotaph to its burial-place. We do not wonder that loving fingers entwined wreaths of flowers and laid them on the bier, and that loving hands brought others of choicest variety to cast into the tomb. We are sure that throughout the United Kingdom there were many moist eyes when the sad news circulated that Sir James Simpson was no more. How delightful is the "sure and certain hope" that that "no more" applies only to this world! No more *here*, for ever *there*—where "the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick,'" and where the physician's skill shall never, therefore, be called into exercise for the healing of disease. But who can tell what exalted functions such men shall be commissioned to discharge in that "realm and home of life"? The grave is itself a great mystery, and it covers a greater; but "the day shall declare it."

J. B. FRENCH.

P.S.—Since writing the above it has been announced that Lady Simpson has already followed her beloved husband to the tomb. This sad circumstance will increase the sympathy and ensure the

prayers of Christian friends for the dear lads—I believe three in number—who have been bereft in so short a time of both father and mother.

J. B. F.

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CALM BROKEN.

"I know not which to praise most," Mr. Deverel exclaimed, "this glorious morning, this lovely scenery, or your kindness in trusting yourself to me. I suppose I must make much of this golden opportunity for enjoyment; I heard Sir William this morning allude to your speedy departure."

"Yes; we leave Craigdallie upon the day after to-morrow," I answered.

"And Lord Haig's Castle in the Highlands will be delivered over to the gloom of a long, cold, and merciless winter?"

"Our departure will not hasten the coming of that," I laughingly replied; "nor will it harm Lord Haig when it does come; he has promised to spend Christmas at Crowland, so Craigdallie will be deserted."

"Lucky fellow!" he ejaculated—apostrophising Lord Haig, I suppose.

We had been sailing along, oh! so lazily, the slight wind there was hardly sufficing to fill the sails. As the sun rose higher that slight wind failed us, the canvas flapped the mast, the waters were like glass, in which the fleecy cloudlets, the mountain peaks, and the variegated autumnal tints of the trees were all mirrored. Mr. Deverel reefed the sails and took to the oars.

Once more the lazy calm stole over me, the dipping of the oars into the molten gold of the waters sounded as a soothing lullaby. I had a vague idea that time was passing, and that so much of it was already gone that I ought to suggest a return to the Castle, when a sudden movement of my companion thoroughly aroused me.

He drew in the oars which he had been plying with most unnecessary vigour, and fixed his eyes upon my face while the perspiration stood upon his white brow in large globules.

"I know I have an unfortunate habit of blundering head-foremost into whatever I have a desire to accomplish, therefore I must trust to your charity for forgiveness."

What did he mean? What did he desire to accomplish now, that

he should preface it so strangely? Just then I wished we were on shore, or that the boat would spring a leak, or that a sudden storm would arise "like a giant in its wrath," or that something else would occur to divert him from his earnest contemplation of my face; I could not keep my colour from rising, and I knew it was extremely foolish for it to do so.

He bent forward, resting upon the oars.

"Do you think that, under any circumstances, the welcome to Crowland promised Lord Haig might be extended to me?"

"Lord Haig's invitation to Crowland was given by mamma."

"Yes, I know; what I want you to tell me is, what my own chances are in that quarter. I know, in spite of the pains and expense my dear father has bestowed upon my education, I am but a blundering fellow after all, and what cannot be carried by storm I seldom effect; I am afraid my roughness may have disgusted Lady Trevor."

My dear little Heartsease, would you believe it? my heart actually throbbed in sympathy with the despondency of his tones. Certainly there could be nothing more foreign to his nature than *finesse* of any description. I knew, of course, that mamma was not disgusted with him; but I knew also that there are many reasons to prevent her ever receiving him as a guest at Crowland, the reasons we once talked over that made it likely after our return to England that our paths would never cross those of the Deverels again. This thought prevented me from extending the least bit of hope to him with regard to mamma. I did not wish him to see that I sympathised with or understood his difficulties in the smallest degree, so I laughed a little wickedly.

"You would not have *me* invite you?"

He flashed a glance at me, then his countenance fell.

"I suppose that would not be according to *les convenances* of this narrow, narrow world; but only tell me that you have a desire to do so, and I will move heaven and earth to gain permission to visit Crowland."

I do not know why I should show any false shame because he has compelled me to feel that the interest he has in me is of no trivial description, nor why I should fear to acknowledge the warm admiration his conduct altogether has inspired me with; only I wished then he had not chosen such a place in which to compel such acknowledgment from me, for there was no escape from his burning glance, no avoidance of the eyes that I felt were searching my very heart, face to face, with only a narrow space between, and the glare of the unshaded sunlight upon us. My voice faltered in reply, though I strove to render it as steady and indifferent as possible.

"I should like to know what you would think of the beautiful home Pansie and I are so proud of."

Even that tiny bit of encouragement was too much for him. The boat lurched under the sudden movement he made, and I, Pansie, like the foolish creature I am, felt a sudden fear in the unusually excited frame of mind in which I was, and clutched hold of him. He drew me to him with a quick, passionate embrace; even now it appears to me nothing less than a miracle that the boat was not upset, and we both consigned to a romantic and watery grave, in which case I should never have been able to write this, and you would not have known what you will know when you read it.

"Is it possible I may teach you to love me, Violet?"

I surely need no further instruction, Pansie. I have thoroughly learned that lesson, and nothing can ever cause me to unlearn it, though I much fear what papa and mamma will say when they know what I am chronicling here, for the decision you and I came to upon that first evening of our arrival at Crowland again recurs to my mind.

I did not tell him all this so plainly as I have recorded it here, but I said enough to convey to him the assurance that his many noble qualities are not so entirely unappreciated as he supposes.

He has been rash and precipitate, I know; it is all a wild, bewildering dream. I can almost count the number of times I have met him, and yet it seems as impossible to recall the past as it is to imagine the future without reference to him. My heart is yearning for a kiss from your lips, little Heartsease, for the clasp of your hand, and to hear your dear voice confirm my own supposition that this and this only is true love.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WRITTEN BY PANSIE.

We are back again at Crowland, and here am I sitting in our own boudoir, striving with pen in hand to recal the incidents of our departure from Scotland.

Crowland looks quite homely after the mediæval splendour of Craigdallie, but it is my home, my own darling home.

Mamma seems fatigued after her journey, but otherwise she is much better for our trip to Scotland.

And Violet is engaged, really betrothed to the river god. I own I am astonished, though very much delighted, for I liked Hugh Deverel from the first moment that I saw him, and am so thankful that he and not Mr. De l'Orme has had the good fortune to win my dear Violet's heart. I was very much afraid at one time that the latter suitor would be successful, but his departure from Craig-

dallie was attended with so much ignominy that his character at last showed itself in its true colours.

It is not surprising that Hugh should regard Violet in the way he does, for her lovers are legion; his precipitate declaration did not astonish me so much as Violet's candid response to it.

"My dear little Heartsease," she exclaimed, when I expressed so much of my mind to her, "Hugh would hardly have understood anything less downright than yes or no; coquetry would be quite lost upon him, so what use was there in affecting the indifference I did not feel?"

Wonder the second was that papa and mamma should sanction the engagement so readily. Papa certainly did not give Hugh a definite answer at once; he held consultation with mamma, and then Violet was called to them. I think she fully made them understand how deeply her heart was concerned in the matter, and then their consent was given.

When the fact was published it caused a little sensation amongst Lord Haig's guests. Upon the evening before we left Craigdallie I accidentally overheard some remarks upon the subject. I was screened from some ladies by a falling curtain; we had been dancing, and Lord Haig had left me to fetch my fan that I had accidentally forgotten in the music-room.

"Yes, I am astonished," were the first words I heard; "the Trevors, I have heard, are one of the oldest and proudest families in England, and this is no match, certainly, for a daughter of theirs."

"No, indeed; the Deverels are nobodies, in spite of their reputed wealth. But, really, money is everything now-a-days, and one never knows but the father of the person one sits next to at my lord's table swept out some City office once upon a time."

"His manners, too, are so indifferent; he is for all the world like a great, sheepish school-boy, and Miss Trevor, with her matchless beauty, her stately grace, her ample dowry, and noble birth might have mated with a peer of the realm."

"What astonishes me is that Sir William and Lady Trevor permit such an engagement. She is evidently too young and too new to the world to understand what a fearful sacrifice she is making. Girls ought to be controlled in such selections."

Oh, my dear Violet, was it thus they could discuss you and the simple, manly heart of your river god? I am thankful you and I have been brought up in the seclusion we have if these sentiments are current in the world outside.

I hailed Lord Haig's return gladly, and requested him to lead me to another seat, that I might not hear more of a conversation not intended for my ears.

Lord Haig is delighted at the turn of events. What do you think he said regarding it, Violet? I will repeat it verbatim, because I think you will do what I did not, set his depreciation of you against his appreciation of somebody else, and so make it equal.

"I rely upon your forgiveness, Pansie, when I confess to you that I have been, and am, most agreeably surprised; I did not give your sister Violet credit for possessing sufficient plain common sense to enable her fully to appreciate the sterling qualities that make Hugh Deverel infinitely superior to many to whom the world might judge him inferior; he is one of nature's noblemen, whose patent of nobility lies in his lofty mind and generous heart."

"It would be just, but perhaps not generous, to remind you that Violet is not the only person whose character you have wholly mistaken lately," I replied.

I was very sorry, and would have given worlds the next instant to recall the words prompted by my sisterly pique, for his face flushed suddenly, painfully, and then grew pale as death. His reproachful glance went to my heart.

"I did not think your tongue could utter so cruel a home-thrust. Perhaps it was deserved; I am afraid that I inflicted a wound also."

"It did pain me, certainly, to hear you so misjudge Violet. You hold the common opinion that, because she is beautiful, she must necessarily be frivolous; because she is admired, she must be vain; because she is courted and flattered, her mind must be empty, her heart hollow. I am glad your theory has been proved false. Were Violet all that, she would never have loved and appreciated Hugh Deverel as she does now."

"She would not," he said, earnestly; "but, Pansie, it is you who are unjust now; I never imputed such qualities to her. I believe Violet to be a high-souled, high-principled girl, but I have thought her to be romantic in her ideas, and, what is almost pardonable with such attractions as hers, a little ambitious."

"I believe Violet *is* ambitious in a certain sense, but hardly as you interpret the word, and for the rest, nothing but the self-forgetful heroism of a Hugh Deverel could ever have won a heart like Violet's."

"I am willing to withdraw all I have said, to express regret for my thoughts even, and to perform any penance you choose to inflict, if only I may win your forgiveness."

He looked so sincerely penitent and regretful that I could not do other than promise to forget the subject of this little disagreement.

The next day we quitted Craigdallie.

Nature put on a melancholy aspect for our departure. Lord Haig said winter was commenced already, and he looked so sad

when he said it that papa smiled; then he told him that he ought to greet winter's icy hand with a friendly grip, for that Christmas and reunion were not far behind it.

Lord Haig accompanied us to Forfadine, and took leave of us there; his blue eyes glittered suspiciously when he said farewell. I think we were all as sorry to leave as he was to part with us.

I wish the sun had been shining, I wish that desolating wind had not been hurling all the faded leaves from the trees to the ground, and making idle sport of them, it made the mere act of leaving seem doubly dreary. And yet we were returning to Crowland, to the home I was so-rejoiced to come back to when we returned from the Continent.

Violet seems much gladder than I am that we are at home once more.

"Have you no regret that our pleasant visit is ended?" I asked her this morning.

"My dear little Heartsease," she answered, "I have enjoyed myself immensely at Craigdallie, but I prefer the tame, cultivated neighbourhood of Crowland Abbey infinitely to the magnificent surroundings of wood, mountains, and water that enclose Lord Haig's ancestral home; that is wild and eerie, but this is more home-like. Craigdallie is too exciting, too savage in its mountain isolation; it rouses, it does not soothe the mind as I like mine to be soothed. Crowland seems to possess an exquisite sense of rest, under which my mind will soon regain its accustomed tranquillity." Then she kissed me. "Cheer up, little sweetheart, don't mope yourself to death; Christmas will soon be here."

My heart throbbed wildly, and I began to count over again, for the sixth time that morning, how many intervening weeks there were between this and Christmas. The dreariest time of all the year is to come; the time when the leaves decay, and the mists gather in the meadows, and the air is damp and heavy. Oh! for the crisp, bright frosts and exhilarating air of December.

Hugh travelled from Craigdallie with us, and is to spend a little while at Crowland. It is strange to have Violet's time monopolised by him, and to feel that she no longer belongs entirely to her greedy little sister. Hugh is very good; he would always have me with them if I would suffer it, and never appears to think I am an interloper, but still I like to leave them to themselves to stroll about or ride together; instead of accompanying them, I have taken to reading to mamma for two hours every morning, and I ride with papa.

* * * * *

Violet is to be married in February. Hugh is so impatiently persuasive, and Violet has no will opposed to his. Papa demurred

at first, but mamma said Hugh was quite right, there was no reason for delay, and she finally induced papa to give his consent. I cannot understand why mamma agreed so readily, for she seems to dread the coming of the day upon which Violet is to leave us quite as much as I do. I said as much to her this morning; she caught her breath quickly, and as though my suggestion gave her pain. "Had you made any objection, mamma, Hugh would have waited contentedly, I am sure; we might have kept Violet with us until the summer time."

"It is better as it is, dear; Violet will not be utterly lost to us when she becomes Hugh Deverel's wife."

"Not utterly; but, oh! mamma, she never can be just the same again."

"It is not natural nor desirable that she should again be quite the same; her husband, of course, will have the first claim upon her; but, if I understand our dear Violet's heart aright, the birth in it of a new and stronger interest than all others will not weaken the old, but will rather strengthen them. Can you not understand how that may be possible, my darling?"

I thought I could, but I hid my burning face upon her shoulder.

"Still, it will be very dull without Violet."

Mamma sighed.

"It will, Pansie. I believe it to be for Violet's good, or I had never given my consent so readily. I am anxious to secure a happy home for her, and the love and protection of a man so essentially honest and brave as is Hugh."

I was going to ask what new home could be better than the old, and what protection more able than papa's, but just then Violet herself entered the room, and I could say no more upon the subject.

There are only two weeks intervening now between this and Christmas. Mamma has invited Mr. and Mrs. Deverel and their daughter Julia to return to Crowland with Hugh for Christmas. Judging from what we saw of her at Vevai, Julia Deverel is, I should think, a very amiable girl. Hugh is in Sussex now, and does not return until the twenty-fourth. I cannot be wholly sorry that he is away, I am glad to have Violet entirely to myself for the next fortnight. The Abbey will be filled with guests at Christmas, and we shall hardly be free from them before February is here. When that time arrives how shall I endure my bereavement?

"Oh, Violet! Violet! is it not cruel to forsake your little Hearts-ease, even for love of the river god?"

Violet's tears have blotted the paper here, but she smiled through them when she took the pen from my fingers and added the following sentence, which must, perforce, remain, because it would deface my neatly written diary to blot it out:—

"Cruel, indeed, but that I have seen greedy eyes fixed upon my little Heartsease, and covetous fingers outstretched to pluck my little blossom; and I know that when the Violet is transplanted to its new home, the Pansie will not be left to flourish much longer in its native soil. These partings are heavy to endure, my little sister, but there is great satisfaction in the thought that if we accept our trials from God, He makes them act always for our good."

CHAPTER XIX.—THROUGH THE SNOW.

The twenty-fourth of December of that year was characterised by one of the deepest falls of snow that had been known in England for many winters. Roads were blocked, Her Majesty's mail detained, trains delayed. Many anxious eyes looked forth from windows covered without by Jack Frost's pencillings, illumined from within by the blaze of the yule log, watching for coming vehicles rolling silently over the snow, conveying home safely the eagerly longed-for face of the dear ones whom Father Christmas annually restored, and looked, and looked in vain, while the hours rolled on.

The luxuriously furnished, well-lighted rooms in Crowland Abbey were filled with visitors; the Christmas company only lacked one member to make up its complement of guests, but he who had been expected to arrive in time for dinner had not come yet. Sir William had sent the carriage and horses to Eversley to meet Lord Haig, but the coachman sent word back to Crowland that the train from the north was not in, and that they could not tell when it would be, as the line was blocked with snow, and danger was feared to be imminent. He had put the horses up, and intended to wait until the train arrived.

One little expectant face at Crowland grew very pale at the intelligence. She and Violet were dressing when this news came, and Violet, with her loose gown flowing around her, and her long hair hanging about her shoulders, went to Pansie's dressing-room to say what cheering things she could.

"I think Gilbert might have ascertained whereabouts the stoppage occurred, and have taken the carriage on to meet Lord Haig. How provoking to think of him being within a few miles of Crowland, and not able to reach here! If they are detained at any civilised place he will be sure to take post-horses, and then he will be here in a few hours."

Pansie smiled as her sister spoke, but the smile vanished when Violet departed, for she could not still the nervous fear fluttering her heart.

When her own toilet was completed, and Mad'line had left her

to attend Violet, Pansie lifted the curtains that shaded her dressing-room window, and looked forth upon the drifts of pure white snow. The tree branches were heavily laden with a soft pile of accumulated snow-flakes, and there were hollows and mounds of it in the garden beneath, from which a white glimmer seemed to emanate.

There was no wind—not so much as a murmur, not so much as a breath astir in the air—only the broad flakes fell noiselessly downwards with a velvety softness in the ghostly silence.

Pansie's cheeks were paler than the silver-white lustre of her silken dress, for those dropping snow-flakes seemed to be piling up barriers between her and the clasp of that hand her heart was yearning for.

Softly, silently as they fell through the grey night air, their accumulation seemed to hush the pulsations of her heart. She looked up to the pitiless heavens above, and she watched the black specks gather, whitening as they fell; there seemed no hope of the snow-storm ceasing. Only clouds of such little, frail, fluttering things; but their mischief lay in their numbers, and it was in the power of these gauzy, vaporous atoms to set the giant offspring of man's intellect at defiance, and impede the progress of the fiery steed that snorts through the night in slavish obedience to the will of its captor. It is strange how near the relationship was between this giant who works so ably in subservience to his conqueror and the fragile, vaporous snow-flakes that set him so resolutely at defiance.

These thoughts were not in Pansie's mind. As she looked upon the dropping snow, the white-sheeted lawns, and weighted tree branches, with still paling cheek, she thought only of the obstruction they formed to the fulfilment of her heart's desires; and in her anxiety for the safety of one round whom gathered all her thoughts, she simply and tenderly put up the prayer with which her Church's liturgy made her familiar, for "*All who travel by land or sea.*" In her thoughts she might commend *him* especially to the protection of the Almighty God; but some delicate instinct restrained her lips from singling him in particular, since she had no positive right to do so. Pansie's sense of delicacy was scrupulous in the extreme; her mind and heart had the spotless purity of that white veil of snow. She never would have admitted even to herself that, in having singled her out as he had done, Lord Haig stood in any way committed to her, or that she had more than the right a sweet friendship imparted to interest herself for him; and she had no more idea of the strength that interest had assumed in her guileless heart already than she had of what he was doing at this present moment. Had he never come to Crowland, had he never sought or found interest in her society again, her heart might have broken

slowly, painfully, secretly, but no one would ever have heard her lips frame one reproach against him, hardly would her heart have admitted one. Granted that such high and delicate natures are rare; were they more common the burlesques upon Cupid's dramas would be fewer, and newspaper reporters would be deprived of that subject for their pens' buffoonery, breach of promise cases, that, like all burlesques, give offence to our ears and hearts by the ridicule of our highest and holiest feelings.

The second dinner-bell rang, and Pansie dropped the curtains over the window, rose from her knees, and went down to the drawing-room.

This was the first gathering of strangers at Crowland for many years, and though when at Craigdallie Lady Trevor had excused herself from appearing on the occasion of any assembly beyond their own immediate party, upon the plea of her delicate health, when the guests were her own and her husband's no such excuse would avail her.

She was dressed in rich robes of crimson velvet, her only ornaments a set of pearls. She looked so young and so lovely in this most becoming attire that she might almost have passed for Violet's sister. Only a very close observer would have attributed the lustre of her eyes and the bloom upon her cheek to the insidious fever attendant upon an incurable malady.

Pansie looked down the long line of faces at the dinner-table, seeing them all as in a dream, from the lovely patrician face of her mamma at the one end to the handsome, animated countenance of her papa at the other. Her heart was not cheered, nor her spirits raised by the sight of so many happy faces. She could not shake off the depression that long gaze out into the snow-white night had left behind it.

Hugh sat next to her upon one side, and his efforts to provoke his little sister Pansie, as he already called her, to mirth and interest were unflagging. Violet saw, and was mutely grateful to him for his intention.

In spite of his kindness Pansie wearied exceedingly of the brilliant room and happy faces, and was greatly relieved when her mamma's gentle inclination of the head gave the signal for the departure of the ladies from the dinner-table.

Pansie retreated to her boudoir, and when Violet came in search of her she found her striving to warm her pale chilled hands over the feeble blaze. The fire had been neglected, and when Violet stirred it the flames sprang up, casting a ruddy glow over the two young figures in their glistening white dresses.

"My dear little Heartsease, what spectre were you gazing at during the whole of dinner?"

For answer Pansie clung to her sister, and sobbed aloud.

"Hush! hush!" said Violet, soothingly. "My dear Pansie, there is no cause for this alarm. It is but a temporary delay from which hundreds of passengers must have suffered in like manner to-night. It is very painful, but there can be no danger."

Pansie could not explain, for she could not analyse the dread at her heart, nor tell how that creeping, ghostly whiteness of the snow had chilled her with fear.

Then Violet whispered: "He will certainly be here in time to claim your hand for the first dance to-night."

Pansie shook her head, and they sat in silence until Violet bethought herself.

"We have left poor mamma all alone to her onerous duties as hostess. I will go down, Pansie, if you will promise me to try and compose yourself if I leave you alone."

"Hark! what is that?"

Violet listened.

"I hear nothing but what is the sound of the wind rising, I think."

Pansie started up.

"It is no wind, but Gilbert returned."

Violet's less sensitive ears could not detect the sound of wheels rolling over the snow; but Pansie was not deceived, for a peal from the door-bell resounded through the hall below.

Simultaneously Pansie and Violet moved to the door of their room, and proceeded thence to the gallery overlooking the hall, from which the wide staircase swept downwards.

The porter was just in the act of throwing open the doors when the sisters appeared in the gallery above. The chill night air crept in over the snow. Pansie shivered, and Violet threw her arm across her shoulders.

Two figures entered through the doorway. Muffled as they were both Pansie and Violet recognised in the first one the slight, boyish form of Lord Haig.

"He is here, little Heartsease, safe and well," Violet whispered, gladly.

Sir William Trevor's anxiety upon Lord Haig's behalf caused him to withdraw himself from his guests immediately he heard the sounds of arrival. As he crossed the floor of the hall now with extended hands to meet Lord Haig, Pansie and Violet, listening, heard every word that was said.

"You are doubly welcome. First our disappointment, then our anxiety upon your behalf, have made suspense almost unendurable. Did Gilbert find you at Eversley without any difficulty?"

The person accompanying Lord Haig was neither valet nor

attendant, for the former official entered with two valises as Sir William spoke, and the hall-doors were closed.

Lord Haig threw aside his cumbrous tartan plaid when he advanced to greet Sir William; his companion made no effort to denude himself of his wraps, but stood as though there on sufferance, while his very full bright eyes from beneath his hat-brim glanced over the hall; so it happened that he saw what Lord Haig did not, the two white figures in the gallery. Had Lord Haig perceived them he would instantly have doffed his hat with his most courtly bow; but the stranger only shifted his position, as though ill at ease in this spacious and magnificent entrance-hall.

"The train has not reached Eversley," said Lord Haig, in reply to Sir William. "The stoppage occurred before we reached the junction, near some little out-of-the-way village, to which we managed to walk through the snow. There was only one conveyance and one pair of post-horses procurable, and as my companion kindly waived his prior claim to them upon my behalf, the only return I could make was to persuade him to accompany me here with a promise that he should be sent to the junction in time to catch an early train to-morrow morning. I was selfish enough to accept his kind offer, as, in doing so, I escape at least two hours' longer delay. I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken, and allow me to present Captain Goldering to you."

The stranger bowed; Sir William hesitated an instant, drew slightly back, then, recovering self-command, he advanced and held out his hand to the stranger, bidding him welcome to his house and its hospitalities.

Lord Haig was momentarily grieved. He fancied the hesitation upon Sir William's part to be occasioned by his unwillingness to receive a casual visitor of this description beneath his roof, and his tardy welcome only given because civility to himself constrained him to bestow it.

When Captain Goldering followed the servant whom Sir William ordered to show him to a room, Lord Haig said, regretfully, "I owe especial apology to Lady Trevor for having dared to bring Captain Goldering here; had he been an entire stranger to me I would have sacrificed my own comfort rather than have done so, although I know that this season justifies many breaches of custom and etiquette."

"No apology is needed," said Sir William, frankly; "I am sorry that you observed my involuntary hesitation when you presented him to me, and, as is very natural, have misinterpreted the cause of it. The name you introduced him by rather startled me. Was it Golding, or Goldering?—some years ago the latter was familiar to me, and it is, I believe, quite an uncommon name."

"Quite; I never heard it before. His name is Goldering; he is captain of the *Travailleur*, a passenger-boat belonging to the Dundrossie Steam-Packet Company—a firm I know very well—sailing between Edinburgh and Bordeaux. I feel sorry for him, as he was returning to spend Christmas with his relatives when this stoppage occurred. He is an honest, trustworthy fellow, thoroughly respected by his employers. Of course he is not accustomed to such society as that assembled here, and will, I am sure, remain in his room unless expressly invited to leave it."

"Lady Trevor will not permit that on Christmas-eve, I am certain; any person introduced by you must needs have welcome to Crowland."

"You are very kind," murmured his lordship.

"I never heard papa or mamma mention the name of Goldering," whispered Violet above into her sister's ear. "Have you, little Heartsease? A common sea-captain can hardly be related to friends whom they once knew, any way. Let us go down, Pansie, and add our welcome to papa's."

The silver rustle of silken dresses was heard, and Lord Haig, lifting his eyes, saw the two white figures gliding downwards towards him. He met them, with bared head, at the foot of the stairs, and only Pansie knew what there was in the lingering tenderness of his glance and touch to distinguish his greeting of her from the one he gave Violet.

Sir William would not suffer longer delay, but banished Lord Haig to the rooms prepared for him, and conducted his daughters back to Lady Trevor's side. It was past ten o'clock when Lord Haig, having made all possible haste over toilet and dinner, entered the ball-room. Lady Trevor was reclining upon a couch at the upper end of the room, and Pansie, as demure as any quiet little white mouse, sat close by. Lord Haig made his way at once through the crowded room to Lady Trevor's side.

"I am so glad to see you here!" he said, as they shook hands; "it looks, indeed, as though your charitable sojourn in my Highland fastness had done you good, and not harm."

Lady Trevor, smiling a glad welcome upon him, assured him that she had been much the better for that visit, and that the memory of his mountain home was very pleasant to her.

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so, for it gives me hopes of persuading you to repeat that visit at no very distant date. Am I forgiven for having taken the liberty to bring an uninvited stranger to Crowland at this festive season?"

"It is impossible for Lord Haig to offend in that way, therefore I have nothing to forgive. I have sent a request for your friend to join us, and hope that you will present him to me when he comes in."

"You are very kind," said Lord Haig; and he stepped aside from the front of the couch to Pansie's side.

Lady Trevor asked for the name of the stranger, for Sir William had been interrupted in his communication to herself, and had not divulged it. Her words fell upon deaf ears, and she smiled to herself when she saw that her proximity was entirely forgotten by Lord Haig, who was preferring some eager request to Pansie, his mind wholly intent upon catching her reply.

"I want to talk to you, Pansie; this tantalising meeting in the midst of numbers is neither one thing nor the other. Is there no place where you will permit me to converse with you for a short time unmolested?"

Pansie replied without raising her eyes from the swansdown her fingers were absently picking from her fan.

"The western corridor is thrown open for promenade—we will walk there, if you wish."

He offered his arm and bore her away, throwing only one parting and apologetic smile into Lady Trevor's face, which she fully comprehended, and returned with one expressive of an entire confidence in him to whom it was given.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON LINGUISTS.

THE study of modern languages being more generally prevalent than it has been at any former period of the world's history, and the tendency being so strong in that direction that we may safely predict a still farther extension of this pursuit, the reader is likely to take some interest in the question whether it is possible to learn a foreign language or not. I have been on the look-out during the last ten years for a person who knew two languages perfectly, and I have found *one*. As for the man who knows three languages I have not found him yet, and do not believe that he exists upon the surface of this planet. There are many instances of people who have learned a foreign language so as to speak it exactly like a native; but in all such cases that have come under my own observation, except the one just alluded to, the acquisition has been paid for by the loss, total or partial, of the mother tongue. I remember meeting with a bookseller in the north of England who spoke English with a strong foreign accent, but he spoke the French well; he had lived ten years in Paris, where he had been in business, during which time he had acquired a good French accent, and a bad Eng-

lish one. An American lady, who is a friend of mine, and has lived fourteen years in France, always speaks French with me because she finds it easier than English. She speaks English correctly still, or nearly so, but with evident embarrassment, and it is clear that she does not feel at home in it; her English vocabulary, too, has become limited through the loss of words which have gradually dropped out of her recollection.

But one of the most curious instances of the loss of the mother-tongue occurred in a case about which I can give the best possible testimony, since it was the case of my own eldest son. He spoke English at one time as perfectly as any other English child of his age; but we migrated to France, and for some months he lived in the house of some French friends of ours in the south of France, not very far from Avignon. Notwithstanding the fact that two of the ladies in the family spoke English (and spoke it uncommonly well for Frenchwomen), the child had not been more than a week or two in the house before he ceased speaking English altogether, and began to speak, not French, but the purest Provençal, which he heard the servants and work-people speaking about him. The next time I met him there was no longer any means of communication between us. He could not understand one word of English, nor of French either, and I was equally ignorant of the beautiful and poetical language of Provence. Since then he has acquired French and forgotten his Provençal, but he has not yet recovered his lost English, and will only do so by learning it as a foreign tongue. He is at a French public school, and speaks French as well as any of his schoolfellows; but he has paid his English for it, exactly as an Englishman pays a sovereign for twenty-five francs.

The solitary instance that I have known of a person knowing perfectly two languages is that of a distinguished English landscape-painter, William Wyld. Mr. Wyld came to live in France at the age of nineteen, and has therefore lived in the country about forty years. He speaks English *quite* perfectly still, without the faintest trace of a foreign accent, and his French is equally perfect. I took a French lady one day to his studio (a born Parisienne), and begged her to listen to Mr. Wyld's French, and detect a fault in it if she could. When we left she said that during the first half-hour she had been quite unable to detect anything, but that afterwards she became aware of something, and for some time could not make out what it was. Finally, however, she hit upon a slight defect, not in grammar or the choice of expressions, but in the vibration of the letter *r*. I take the case of Mr. Wyld, therefore, as a proof—the solitary proof which after much searching I have been able to discover—that it is possible to possess two languages in the full sense of possession, that is so as to have a perfect use of both. The only

other instance which may possibly be as conclusive as this is that of an assistant in M. Goupil's shop in Paris. I went there one day to transact some business for a London publisher, and in M. Goupil's absence had to deal with one of his clerks. After a long conversation, during which I had not the slightest suspicion that he was an Englishman, I happened to mention the name of the English publisher I for the moment represented. "I think, sir," he said, "there has been a mutual mistake; we have been taking each other for Frenchmen." As our business was then virtually at an end, I heard very little of his English, but it did not appear to be defective. I know a French lady who has written two English books, and speaks English well enough for her nationality to be a matter of doubt, well enough to be often taken for an Englishwoman, yet not absolutely well. Her style in speaking is the style of a highly cultivated Englishwoman, but there are occasional traces of gallicisms enough to betray her to an attentive and critical hearer. In addition to these instances I used to count that of an Italian who spoke French in perfection. He was the late M. Bixio, formerly French ambassador at Turin, &c., and a great friend of ours. Since M. Bixio was an Italian by birth, we used to believe that his Italian must necessarily be faultless; but I have since learned that he did not speak Italian at all, having abandoned his native tongue since his residence in France. During his frequent visits to Italy on financial and political business he made use of the French language only. Instances of the perfect acquisition of a foreign language are usually accompanied by the total or partial loss of the native tongue. The only modern to whom classical Latin was the language of childhood, the essayist Montaigne, failed to keep Latin and French to the same point simultaneously.

Every instance of anything even approaching the perfect acquisition of a foreign language which has come under my own observation has been accompanied by peculiar family conditions. The person has either married a person of the other nation, or is of mixed blood. When the father is English and the mother French, the children may know the two languages; but even then it is highly improbable that they will do so unless they live alternately in the two countries. I could mention an Italian family in Manchester which does not know a word of Italian; but I reserve this instance for the present, because it will be valuable as an illustration of another part of our subject.

Even intermarriage, however, by no means insures the acquisition of the other language. There are very numerous examples of wives who have never learned the native language of their husbands. Instances of the converse are more rare: a man generally learns his wife's language, but not always. I know instances of both kinds, in

which one of the two is absolutely ignorant of the other's native tongue, and willing apparently to remain so. So in the case of children: it by no means follows that because you speak English your children will speak it too, if they are living in a foreign country. The language they are quite sure to acquire is the slang or dialect of the district, because that, so to speak, is in the air. Children receive a language from the medium which surrounds them, as a piece of cloth is stained by being plunged in the dyer's vat.

There appear to be certain insuperable difficulties of pronunciation that stand in the way of particular races of mankind. For example, I never heard a German pronounce French even tolerably, and, though constantly in the habit of making inquiries on this subject, have never met with a Frenchman who had heard a German pronounce tolerably. There may, of course, be exceptions, but I naturally conclude that they must be very rare. Germans usually pronounce *joli* "choli," *ensemble* "ensemble," and so on; nor does any length of residence in France seem to produce the least amelioration in this respect. Again, I never heard a German pronounce English *perfectly*, though they usually succeed much better with English than with French, and one or two instances have come in my way of Germans whose English accent was fairly good; but in these instances the speaker had intermarried with an English family, or was himself of mixed blood.

In speaking thus, of course, I set aside the usual complimentary estimates altogether. In every country people will tell you that you have a perfect accent, that you speak wonderfully, that you might easily be taken for a native, and other civil nonsense of that kind. The consequence of compliments of this kind is that most people rest contented with a very low degree of acquirement—with a much lower degree than might be attainable by them. In many instances there is not so much the intention to pay undeserved compliments as an inexact, though not insincere, use of language. People tell you that you speak well, meaning well for a foreigner, which is about as much as to say that you are barely intelligible.

But although to speak a foreign language really well is a matter of all but superhuman difficulty, and a thing only possible under rare and peculiar conditions, people might speak foreign languages incomparably better than they do if they would set about it in the right way. Nothing is more surprising than the resisting faculty which grown-up people possess, and by which they are capable of remaining any length of time in a country without learning the language which they hear every day around them. There is a story of a Frenchman who had lived in England fifty years without acquiring any English, and who excused himself by asking, "What's fifty years to learn English in?" his impression being that such a

vast undertaking required a century or two. The story may be a true one, or it may not; but I know an Englishman who has lived in Paris permanently for many years, who has no intention of living anywhere else, and who is utterly and absolutely ignorant of French, and will for ever remain so. I spoke just now of "the resisting faculty which *grown-up* people possess," because children do not possess it at all. A child is sure to learn the language of the country he lives in, but then he is almost as sure to forget his native tongue unless the greatest precautions are taken to keep it up. The adult, on the other hand, resists in the most astonishing manner, so that it does not in the least follow that an Englishman or a German will speak French enduringly because he has lived twenty years in France. The German will call a *Boulevard* a "Poulevard," and an *église* an "église," and a *Juif* a "Chuif," and praise the "chénie" of an author and the "peauté" of a lady till death puts a period to his crimes. So the Englishman talks boldly about the "Roo Santonnoray" and the "Chong de Marz," and remains all his life in dubious uncertainty whether a famous picture-gallery ought to be called the "Louve" or the "Louver."

A class of Englishmen who never *can* learn how to pronounce French are the English swells. In using this slang word I do not mean English gentlemen of high rank, but men with the aristocratic affectations. There are many gentlemen in England, of very high rank indeed, who are absolutely devoid of the aristocratic affectations; but there are others, both of high rank and of little or no rank at all, who have them in a marked degree. In a word, these affectations are more an affair of character than of rank. They affect a man's manners, but that is not our present concern; they affect also his pronunciation, they vitiate it. The late Charles Dickens made some very severe observations about fifteen months ago on the non-pronunciation which distinguishes England beyond other nations, and the English swell beyond other Englishmen. The supposed acme of elegance is not to pronounce at all. Listen, for example, to a young Londoner when he intends to say "I don't know." The sounds which really issue from his lips are "oidanow." When he intends to say "It is the sort of thing to do," he says, "itsawtathingtdoo;" for "How are you, old fellow?" he says, "hāayaolfulla." He calls a horse a "hoce," and a carriage a "caidge," and Ireland "Ahlnd," and York "Yoke." I remember Mr. Ruskin says, in a chapter on vulgarity, that you may know a man to be not a gentleman by the accuracy of his pronunciation. In England this is partially true, but how lamentable it is that it should be at all true!

The English swell, with his notion that a gentleman ought not to condescend to pronounce anything, goes into France, where

people think that a gentleman ought to pronounce with more studied and perfect accuracy than anybody else. He has no notion of such a thing as an accurate study of sound; he despises it. The consequence is that he carries the habits of a non-pronounced language into a language which requires the most exquisite truth of pronunciation, and the effect on the ears of his audience is like the effect of the worst violin-playing when every note is out of tune. It is far more a moral affair, belonging to character, than a physical hindrance, that disqualifies him. It is the pride of a swell who has always thought it beneath him to pronounce his own language, and who is still less likely to condescend to study accuracy in another. I never met with an English swell who could pronounce French at all. The Englishmen who do come to pronounce French are either men of comparatively humble position, without affectations, or else, if they are men of rank, they are very simple in character and destitute of the pride of caste.

There are many proofs that French is an accurately pronounced language, but one of the most striking is the variety of sound given to the letter *e*—a variety strictly regulated and most delicately observed. A nation which sets itself four ways of pronouncing the letter *e* (*e è é ê*), and which, having settled these four ways by rule, sticks to them quite faithfully whenever the letter occurs in the most rapid conversation, is a nation which respects its phonic laws, and has phonic laws to respect. The only letter about which the English are severe is the letter *h*. It is much to be regretted that we are not equally severe about every letter in the alphabet. For instance, there is that unfortunate letter *r*, which would be of the utmost use in giving a distinctive character to the words in which it occurs—a letter which is especially precious because there is not another in the least resembling it. The *t* is only a *d* hardened, the *v* is only a softer *f* and the *b* a softer *p*; *ê* and *û* have precisely the same sound; but *r* is unique, being the only vibrated letter in the whole alphabet. Well, what have the English swells done with this most valuable letter? Here was a letter which really required to be pronounced; there was no getting over it, pride must condescend to learn it, and laziness exert itself to make the necessary little vibration. So the English swells made up their minds that they would not be bothered to pronounce this letter at all, and they have actually abolished it! The letter *r* does not exist in swell English! But unfortunately it *does* exist in France, and the swell Englishman cannot abolish it in that country, so he is placed in a strange dilemma. Either he must learn to pronounce the letter *r*—a piece of condescension which the swell mind feels to be humiliating and degrading, or else he must remain for ever incapable of pronouncing the French tongue. He invariably prefers

the latter alternative. As for studying the four sounds of the letter *e*, he has no notion that accents have anything to do with pronunciation at all; he believes them to be useless and put there for the purpose of plaguing him every time he tries to write a letter.

The same combination of laziness and pride which prevents the swell Englishman from learning a foreign pronunciation hinders equally his acquisition of the verbs and genders. His scorn of servile accuracy, his feeling of personal superiority to foreigners, and his general objection to taking trouble, are quite sufficient to insure his permanent and irremediable ignorance on these points. The swell Englishman *never* masters the French genders; they are sometimes mastered by an Englishman, though very, very rarely, but never by a swell. What hinders him most, both in pronunciation and grammar, is the notion that in order to prove himself to be a gentleman he must carry into French the disdainful habits which command respect in England. It is a perfect comedy to hear him giving himself airs in French. The defects of pronunciation which in London are supposed to be an evidence of social status are in Paris only evidence of pure ignorance, and the affectations of one country are a sort of coin which does not pass current in another. The French swell has his affectations also, and very absurd affectations they are; but then they are different affectations.

If it is so rare to find a man who can speak two languages perfectly, what are we to say about polyglots?

There is a natural provision by which every generation has its regular supply of polyglots. I know several. I know one who has studied eleven languages, and the reader will no doubt remember instances which are on record of men who have studied, and even in a certain sense mastered, many more than eleven languages. As it is the business of an author to know one language thoroughly well, to be able to use it as an organist uses an organ, and not merely to possess it as a collector possesses his curiosities, so, on the other hand, it is the business of the polyglot to be not so much an artist in one language as a collector of several. His head is a museum of words and phrases, useful for reference, useful more especially for comparison. The whole science of comparative philology—a science which has already rendered various and most unexpected services—is due to the polyglots. Another practical service which they continually render is in teaching the rudiments of languages which without their help would never be taught at all in certain isolated localities. It is a great convenience to have a man in a remote little town who can teach your children correctly the rudiments of four or five languages, because you can select the one which is most likely to be useful. The most accomplished

polyglots go, of course, much farther than the mere collecting of phrases. They arrive at a comparative knowledge of the spirit of the different nations whose languages they have studied, and they become comparers, not merely of words but of literatures. It is obvious, also, that to be a polyglot is practically a great help to a man in travelling. The English polyglot when he goes abroad picks up a great deal that the monoglot necessarily misses.

The limits of the attainments of polyglots lie much less in the number of the languages which they learn than in the degree of mastery which is possible for them in each of those languages. *It is easier to learn twenty languages imperfectly than two perfectly.* Any one with a good memory and that knack of language-learning which no doubt is a special gift, but not a rare gift, could learn a new language every year, if he devoted his time to that pursuit and retain the elements of eight or ten languages at once. He could read and construe ten languages with the help of dictionaries, but he could not write and speak them with any approach to *correct* fluency, though he might be fluent without correctness. It is always easy to do many things badly. For instance, what is easier than to play badly on many instruments, what more difficult than to play excellently on one? The polyglot is like a musician who plays badly upon all the instruments in a band, with the difference, however, that the polyglot is really a useful personage, whereas the other is not.

There appears, however, to exist usually a certain degree of confusion in the polyglot mind. Polyglots seldom use a language without painful hesitation, even when they are men of culture, and it does not follow that a polyglot need be a man of culture at all. The mere acquisition of the rudiments of many languages does little or nothing for culture; if it is culture at all, it is culture of a very low order. But even those polyglots who *are* men of culture seem to have the greatest difficulty in making any practical use of the languages in their armoury. They are like collectors of many weapons, who may indeed boast of possessing them, but are unskilled in their use. I know a Frenchman who possesses, in his memory, every word in the English language, except of course the technical and scientific vocabularies; yet he speaks most incorrectly and with the most painful hesitation—in fact, in such a manner as to be altogether unintelligible at times.. The bishops who went to the Œcumenical Council at Rome are said to have found out the wonderful difference which there is between having learnt a language and being able to use it. They all know Latin, in a certain sense; but as for debating in Latin, or, still worse, talking freely in Latin with each other, they find that quite impossible.

There is a large class of uneducated and uncultivated polyglots,

servants, couriers, waiters, &c., and very useful their acquirements are. What would Europe do without the polyglot waiter? Thousands of travellers would be embarrassed at every turn without his valuable help. He is generally a German, and retains the frank accent of the fatherland. Though he speaks quite fluently, his vocabulary is wonderfully limited; but he knows all the phrases which are necessary in his situation, and by constantly using the same expressions has acquired that fluency which we admire. He can tell you when the train starts in four languages, but his mind is not the more cultivated on that account, for, after all, the fact that the train starts is always exactly the same fact, calling forth exactly the same reflections, whether one affirms it in English, or French, or German, or Italian. So it is with all the other facts which habitually come in the polyglot waiter's way. He can announce them to four nations, but after all they are not the greater facts on that account, any more than a book can be made deeper or better by being translated into four tongues.

I once knew a polyglot servant who in his old age ended by knowing no language on the face of the earth. He was a Neapolitan by birth, and had become travelling-servant to an English marquis, in whose family he ever afterwards remained. He was supposed to have learned English and French, but never understood either, and, what was still worse, totally forgot his Italian. At the time I knew him the man had no means of communication with his species. When his master told him to do anything he made a guess at what was likely to be for the moment his master's most probable want, and sometimes hit the mark, but more generally missed it. The man's name was Alberino, and I remember on one occasion profiting by a mistaken guess of his. After a visit to Alberino's master, my servant brought forth a magnificent basket of trout, which greatly surprised me, as nothing had been said about them. However, we ate them, and only discovered afterwards that the present was due to an illusion of Alberino's. His master had never told him to give me the trout, but he had interpreted some other order in that sense. Any attempt at conversation with Alberino was sure to lead to a perfect comedy of misunderstandings. He never had the remotest idea of what his interlocutor was talking about; but he pretended to catch your meaning, and answered at hap-hazard. He had a habit of talking aloud to himself—

"But in a tongue no man could understand."

It is to be feared that many more-cultivated polyglots are much in the same position, with the difference that they usually remember their native tongue. Ladies and gentlemen who know several languages, or are supposed to know them, rarely succeed in speak-

ing them even intelligibly. But it must also be acknowledged that a language may be studied for other purposes than that of speech. A man may be well acquainted with our literature without being able to speak our language, and it is not rare to meet with cultivated foreigners who know our authors better than we do. Yet, after all, they know them better only in the sense of having read them more, not in the sense of a deeper and more perfect understanding. The pedant's knowledge of books is very different from that more perfect knowledge to which a happy sympathy with the author can alone lead us, and this sympathy is scarcely attainable without a colloquial knowledge of his language. This is one of the causes for the very different estimates of literary reputations which exist in foreign countries, and in the countries where the writer's own language is the language usually spoken. In speaking upon this subject I am upon rather dangerous ground, because every one who has learned a foreign language in the privacy of his own study is disposed to believe that his knowledge of it is perfectly sure. He trusts the dictionaries; but what is a dictionary? The constant observation of the manner in which a word is actually used by the living inhabitants of the country can alone convey to the mind a precise idea of its value and of its use. You want a foreign word, and seek in the dictionary the English word you already know. The more conscientious the dictionary-maker has been the more he will embarrass you. Out of the string of meanings which he gives, which are you to choose? Suppose you choose the right one; it is after all only the nearest, which by no means proves that you have found a true equivalent or anything like one. And the dictionaries are generally so rough and clumsy—it is so rarely that they explain or can explain those shades of meaning which constitute all the delicacy and beauty of a language. When you have learned all that the dictionary can tell you the study of *nuances* is still to be begun. I never knew a Frenchman, whose knowledge of English had been acquired exclusively by reading, who understood our authors as we ourselves can understand them. For a Frenchman to do that he must have lived in England or else with English people. And yet there are many Frenchmen who study English without ever speaking it, and who arrive at the possession of an extensive vocabulary which they never really understand. So it is with English people who study French in England. They know all the words, but miss the delicate sense, and it is no use reading to them anything really exquisite.

The reader may guess from what has just been said that my belief in classical scholarship is not of the strongest. The utmost knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics which is attainable by any modern is about the same as the knowledge of English literature

which is attainable by a provincial Frenchman who has never been in England or spoken to an Englishman in his life. I know from personal observation what that amounts to. And the most discouraging thing about what is called "classical education" is, that it prescribes for us just those languages which we have no opportunity of learning in any genuine and perfect sense. Those who teach them are not natives of the countries where they were spoken, and never heard them spoken. It is wonderful that they should know even as much about these languages as they do know, but it is not wonderful that their knowledge of them should still be merely of the nature of erudition, not that true and intimate knowledge which we may acquire of a living tongue amidst the people for whom it satisfies all the needs of human existence. And I think that any one who fully realises the satisfaction of knowing a language well, and the feelings of vexation which attend the commission of a blunder, would feel deterred from reading any dead language aloud by the consciousness of his own horrible and abominable pronunciation. For our pronunciation of Greek and Latin must be truly horrible and abominable! What cultivated Roman or Athenian could endure to listen to us?

To sum up. It does not appear to be possible to learn more than one language perfectly, in addition to the native tongue, but many languages may be acquired to such a degree as to be useful for certain purposes, and polyglots are in the order of nature and often valuable members of society. It may be added, however, in conclusion that linguists are rarely intellectual, which may be easily accounted for. They are occupied, not with thoughts, but with languages, which are merely the vehicles of thought, and a man whose business it is to know eight or ten languages up to a certain point cannot keep them up without constantly going over their rudiments. The polyglot, in a word, cannot retain his accomplishment without making himself a perpetual school-boy.

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY; OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER VII. (*continued*).

It was something accomplished, something done, to have the organ built, and we determined to have it opened with all due solemnity. As I have said, the cost of the instrument was subscribed for, and we had not to associate with our service the not very agreeable duty of making a collection to pay the debt. That to me always savours

of the concert, and I do not much admire the mingling of religious worship with what is really an attempt at amusement. However, the day arrived. Dr. Pedlar, who is the celebrated organist at Lightditch, was induced to "lend us his valuable services" upon the occasion. We were to have a grand selection of sacred music upon the Monday night, and, as the doctor was a friend of the minister, he came for the Sunday, and conducted our service upon the first day. It was, indeed, a treat to hear the voluntaries with which he commenced and closed the services—"played the people in and out" I believe is the proper term. I am not gifted with a large musical bump, and not having received an elaborate musical training cannot supply the reader with all the information concerning the pieces, authors, &c. However, I know it was very pleasing. In the morning I attended the service, but in the evening I did not venture to make one of the crowded congregation who I felt sure would be found in Salem that day. However, it was a fine evening, and I sat or rather reclined upon my couch with the window open, and listened to the strains of music which poured forth from our dear old meeting-house. Dr. Pedlar was in good humour, liked the organ, was not displeased with the treatment given him by his friends, and accordingly went very early to the chapel, and played for a long time before the service commenced. I listened. The mingling of the sounds made up a sweet and exquisite concert. There was first of all the murmur of the wind through the trees of the garden, which ran down to the wall of the little burying-ground. It was not strong, but just enough to produce a rustle among the leaves, which always has seemed to me one of the most beautiful among the sounds of nature. Birds gathered in those trees, and kept up a constant song. There was the twitter of the sparrow, and now and then a flood of melody from the thrush or blackbird, who would perch for awhile upon the poplars that grew there: Alas! all this is gone now, and our town, as I have said, is changed. It has grown into a place of busy trade, and poplars and blackbirds have alike been lost. I take my Cowper, and in his words lament how

"The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melodies charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more."

But it was not so when Salem had her new organ. The woody glories around the chapel were still my delight, and the sweet singers of God had not then fled. I had been listening for some time to the sounds around, while there ever grew and gathered in fulness and in volume the hum and murmur of the streets. The earlier church and chapel goers were beginning to wend their way to their places of worship, and the Sunday-evening excursionists

were also making countrywards. The distant hum of voices is not unmusical; the stir of footsteps along the pavement or in the road, the heavy tread of men, the softer footfall of women, and the pleasant patter of the feet of the children who trotted along by the elders' sides, all came in to mingle with the rustle of the leaves, the sighing of the winds, and the song of the birds. When the church clock had tolled out the hour six there burst forth from the old belfry the chime of bells whose beauty I had before mentioned. They seemed that evening to have an unaccustomed fulness. Now they rang out the scale of eight and then interspersed the broken runs of thirds and fifths, while there was the constant palpitating of the air in a ceaseless outrolling of sound. Even the single bell of the district church did not jangle on my ear that evening, but seemed to harmonise with all the rest, and preserve time and rhythm by its constant beat. But, hush! what is that plaintive half-wail, half-moan which seems to mingle with all the other sounds, and yet has in it the almost individuality which belongs to a human voice? Yes! it surely is the organ, and Dr. Pedlar has commenced playing long before it was expected. I call the chapel keeper, who was passing through the yard just under my window, and beg of him to open all the windows upon this side of the chapel, that I may distinctly hear. It was quickly done, and I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of the moment. A soft and tender passage, as if the player were half suspicious of his powers, and would only try them with half force and bated breath. Now the music bursts out with a joyous and triumphant march; trumpets seem to lend their bray. In an instant all is hushed, and a single soft, flute-like note almost rivals for sweetness the song of the thrush. Now, again, stop after stop is opened, and the body of music swells and gathers volume, until the whole power of the organ seems gathered up in magnificent burst, with which the voluntary closes. I soon fell into an almost unconscious state. All my powers were gathered into the sense of hearing, and I felt nothing but the ocean of music in which I was bathed. Hum of people, song of birds, clangour of bells, and note of organ, all joined and commingled, until I found myself repeating the words of the seer of Patmos, who spake of the "voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Allelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

Salem was thronged that evening. Scores of people could not get in, so that I was not by any means left alone as the audience outside, and everybody declared that at all events there had never been in Market Brampton such an organ or such an organist before. The effect of this was very remarkable. There were several Church

people who gave up at once their adherence to the doctrines either of Episcopacy or a State Church. Not a few Wesleyans were also found who unanimously determined against Mr. Wesley's sermons and the power of Conference, and it was said that even some Baptists were disposed to forswear deep waters and take to infant sprinkling under the influences of Dr. Pedlar and Salem's new organ. These remarkable converts to the Independents were among the young men and women of Brampton, of ages ranging from seventeen to two-and-twenty; and, as they had been for the most part equally celebrated for such rapid conversions when Sunday-school treats were in fashion in their childhood, becoming Independent, Baptist, and Church of Englandite just three weeks or so before the respective school treats of those religious bodies took place, I for one did not augur much increase to Salem's strength from these promised new attendants, most of whom I found had intrusted the secret of their conscientious convictions to the young daughter of our pew-opener, who in his turn had mentioned it to one of the deacons, who brought the news to myself. I felt it would be well to wait awhile, and see how our promised adherents *stood* before we reckoned up the success of the new organ.

It hardly falls within my "glimpses" to give an account of the sacred concert on the Monday night. It went off without any hitch, and everybody declared himself well pleased with our new organ.

But now came the far more difficult subject. It was all very well so long as Dr. Pedlar was at the organ, but what were we to do afterwards? Who should take the post? On Tuesday morning Dr. Pedlar returned to Lightditch, and the mere recollection of that musical genius would not play the organ. Spirit-rapping had not been introduced in those days, or perhaps we might have enlisted the Doctor's spirit; but moreover he was not dead, and from all appearances was not going into the spirit world for some time at all events. Sunday would soon be here, and it was felt that it would never do if we were to have a Sunday and its services but no organ by which the singing should be led. So Mr. Cutem, the schoolmaster and quondam leader of the singing, undertook to supply some one who should play for us, at least until we had decided upon our regular organist. He managed to induce his sister to preside upon the Sunday, but she had only been accustomed to a seraphine, so that the pedal part of our instrument was metaphorically hung upon the willows. The result was a thinness and a weakness about the sound which contrasted painfully with the volume of sweet melody which the doctor had at times poured forth from the organ. The strangers who were present were

evidently hurt; a look of ill-concealed disappointment appeared upon their faces, and I saw that several of our recent converts were meditating a return to the Church and to the Wesleyan chapel. They felt that Independency, or rather Salem, with Dr. Pedlar was altogether a different thing from Independency with only Miss Cutem. We were much obliged to the young lady for her assistance, but it was evident that she would not be our organist. To have a magnificent row of pedal pipes and never use them was absurd. To hope that Miss Cutem should ever arrive at the foot-skill which organ-playing demands was also absurd. The lady was so very short that she could not possibly have reached all the pedals upon the board, and it was not probable, judging from the age to which she confessed, that she would ever grow any more than her then height. We felt it hopeless, and so a committee was formed for the purpose of making such arrangements as should secure the services of a competent organist. We issued an advertisement announcing the fact of the open post, and received several answers which brought us into communication at last with Dr. Sharpe, who promised to be a perfect treasure in the way of organist. We met him, and at last agreed that he should take the entire charge of the organ and singing, recognising no authority but that of the minister of the chapel.

Dr. Sharpe was one of the most charming men I ever knew. He was not large, perhaps under the middle size, but so well formed and proportioned that most people would have supposed him of quite an average height. He had small, dainty feet, which were encased in the most charming patent-leather boots, evidently of French manufacture. His arms were long and well hung, his hands were white, with taper fingers; but it was the doctor's head over which everybody went mad—that is to say, the young ladies of Salem chiefly. Don't laugh, gentle reader, at this exceedingly feminine passage, but you do not understand how a poor cripple looks at and watches every portion of the frame of those who are not in any way afflicted ones. It is not exactly jealousy or envy. I am thankful to say I have got over those feelings, though once I entertained them, and they were very bitter; but self-conscious weakness makes us very sensitive upon those points wherein we are deficient, and there are none who study physical beauty and strength more than the deformed and weak.

But I must return to the description of the musician, as my feminine readers are anxiously waiting to hear of the wonderful head. The difficulty is to know how to begin the description. I am no phrenologist and am ignorant of physiognomy. I have little faith in either, while physiological or anatomical details, in which I might be more successful, would be of little interest to anybody. The first impression you received of Sharpe's head was that it was well and powerfully set. I have never seen a neck which gave you more of the sense of a column—marble-like in its whiteness too. He knew it, and allowed the neck to be seen by a device of collar after the fashion of those portraits of Byron which are so well known. The forehead was square and massive, and as it ran up into the hair, which was growing more thinly upon the top of

the head, it gave to the whole face an appearance of intellectuality, which balanced the lines of merely physical beauty which marked the cast of the face. But there—really I cannot go on with this kind of portrait painting. Throw in a nose which reminded you of a Greek statue of Apollo, large blue eyes, somewhat too prominent perhaps, a mouth slender and well cut, a shaven face (moustachios were not fashionable in those days, and Sharpe had a thorough contempt for the snobbism of some English musicians, who love to affect foreign names and ways), and then give to the whole an expression of almost childlike sweetness and simplicity, and you will then gain a very poor idea of what was our organist's personal appearance. I really believe that the face and general aspect of the man went a long way even with us a committee of men. It is all nonsense to suppose that men are not as sensible as women to the influence of beauty in men. The great leaders of men have with rare exceptions been of fine physical development. At all events, we chose Dr. Sharpe as organist, and he was the handsomest man by a great deal in Market Brampton.

Salem's organist was soon known. The Baptist and Wesleyan young people who had come to us, and wavered in their new Independent principles on account of the break-down in the organ playing, to which I have gently alluded, were immediately strengthened and confirmed. The congregation in the neighbourhood of the organist's gallery was always very crowded. Indeed I am not sure if the minister did not get rather piqued when so evidently the magnet of Salem was becoming the organ and the organist.

The story of Dr. Sharpe is so touching that its telling must be left for another month.

The Children's Hour.

NELLIE'S HANDS;

OR, WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER III.—“ALL THUMBS.”

“NELLIE, I want you to do something for me, please.”

“Yes, Frank; what is it?”

“Come down into the kitchen and see.”

Nellie was now eight years old, and had grown into a tall, strong girl.

She went down as soon as her brother had called her, for she was always ready to do anything either for him or Charlie, and indeed she could not well have anything to please her better than a request of this kind. All girls like to be useful, and Nellie was especially anxious to do what she could.

“What can I do for you, Frank?”

"I want this glass tube washed quite clean, and made thoroughly dry. You must get a clean towel, Nellie, and rub it well, you know."

"Yes, Frank."

"And when you have done it will you bring it upstairs to me?"

"Yes."

"Thank you; I will go at once and get ready for it."

Nellie took up the tube, and went off with it, singing as she went. She thought if she took it to the sink she would be able to wash it more easily. She took great pains to wash it quite clean, and to wipe it very dry, so that it was quite clear.

"That will do, I am sure! Frank could not have done it much better himself," thought Nellie, as she looked at it.

But, alas! for Nellie, she whisked the tube round as she moved from the sink, and struck it against the tap. Of course, being glass, it was broken, and fell to the ground in many pieces.

Frank heard the noise, and came running down. He was very angry when he saw what had happened, and he spoke quite crossly to his sister.

"Oh, Nellie, what a stupid girl you must be! I declare you are good for nothing, for you cannot do a thing like other people. Your hands are of no use whatever, and as for your fingers they could not be more awkward if they were all thumbs. That would be a very good name for you I think, 'Nellie All Thumbs.' I shall call you by it."

"I hope not, Frank," said Nellie, with tears in her eyes. "Indeed, I am very sorry I have broken your tube, and I will buy you a new one with my own money."

But that did not appease Frank.

"I don't want a new one," said he; "I want my own old one, and I want it now. It is so tiresome of you, Nellie."

"Yes, I know it is, Frank dear, but I did not mean to do it. I cannot tell how it happened."

"You are always doing something of the sort, Nellie. I would not have your hands for all the world."

Nellie did not contradict her brother. She felt rather that it was all true, for really she had been very unfortunate.

"I wish I knew how to prevent it," said Nellie. "I am sure I do not try to break things, and yet they break."

"Of course it must be through carelessness," said Frank. But then, seeing his sister look very grieved, Frank began to relent a little. "Never mind, Nell. Don't be miserable about it, for that will not mend matters. Give me a kiss to make it up, and I will do without the tube."

Nellie kissed her brother very gladly, although she felt ready to cry.

"I cannot think why I am so awkward," she said to herself.

That morning she went to school, feeling rather sad. And when it was time to write in her copy-book she was thinking more about Frank and his tube than of the best way to form letters. But her thoughts were recalled by an exclamation from her governess.

"Oh, Nellie Seymour, what writing! Really I should think a

baby could have done it as well! If a fly had dropped in the ink, and managed to crawl out and walk over the paper, it would have looked nearly as well as this. You are the worst writer in the school, Nellie, although you are by no means the youngest. I am quite ashamed of you, child. What hands yours are; they do nothing well!"

Nellie hung her head, and her face flushed painfully. Her awkward hands again! What trouble they brought her into! She thought of Frank's name, and began to fear that she would really deserve it.

"And you sew as badly as you write," continued the teacher. "I have been looking at your work, and I see that every stitch must come out. I should be inclined to turn over a new leaf if I were you, Nellie. A girl who cannot sew properly is a very strange and disgraceful person."

It was all true, Nellie knew. She had only a short time since hemmed a pocket-handkerchief for her father.

"Dear papa! I love him so well that I am glad to do anything for him," thought Nellie, as she sat down to do it.

But it was hemmed so badly that her father could not use it until it had been done again better.

"You ought to be able to do better than that, Nellie," said he. "Some little girls no older than yourself make their fathers' shirts."

"I should like to make one for you, papa," said Nellie; "will you let me try?"

But he shook his head.

"I am afraid you would only spoil it," said he. "I am really afraid to trust you, Nellie."

It was very hard for Nellie, was it not? But then her father certainly had some reason for speaking as he did.

That day was an unfortunate one for Nellie.

In the afternoon her mamma had some flowers sent her.

"Oh, mamma, please will you let me arrange them in a vase for you?"

"Thank you, Nellie; you may try, but please be very careful."

So Nellie was careful for a few minutes. And then, as she was passing rapidly from one room to another, admiring the flowers instead of looking to her steps, she ran against the door, and the vase fell from her hand.

"Oh, Nellie, I told you to be careful!" said her mother.

"There's Nellie's hands being awkward again!" said Charlie. "Frank is right in his opinion that her fingers are all thumbs, I think."

Nellie lifted her flushed, tearful face to her mother. "Oh, mamma, please forgive me; I am so sorry."

"But your being sorry will not mend the vase, Nellie. I want you to be careful, my child, that you may have no need to be sorry."

Mrs. Seymour never scolded Nellie very much, and she did not now. But Nellie saw that she was displeased, and it grieved her, for she loved her mother, and was anxious to please her. But her

hands seemed to be always in mischief. Many times every day she had to grieve about them, and often to cry over them.

"I wish my hands were like those of other people!" she said on this evening.

And Charlie said, "I am sure I wish so too, Nell."

You see that at present no one was much the better for Nellie's hands.

CHAPTER IV.—HOPE FOR NELLIE.

Nellie and her brothers had each formed one very good habit, which I would earnestly recommend all boys and girls also to adopt: *they told their mother everything*. If all children did that it would be much better for them, would save them from many mistakes and great sorrows, and be a help to them in every way. Little readers, if you knew how much your mothers love you, you would not hesitate to confide in them.

Poor Nellie sat looking at her hands in a very doleful way on the evening of the day which is mentioned in the last chapter. They did not look very awkward hands. They were not ill-shaped, or too small to be of any use. They were not different in appearance from those of other people. And yet how clever were other hands, and how useless were her own! The more Nellie thought of it the more grieved she became, until, feeling too unhappy to go to bed, she went to her mother.

"Mamma, may I talk to you for a little?"

"Certainly, my child; come and sit by me."

Nellie took the seat which she liked the best of any in the house—the ottoman at her mother's feet.

"Oh! mamma, I am so very, very miserable."

Mrs. Seymour laid her hand on her little girl's head in a very comforting manner.

"What is the matter, Nellie?"

"My hands, mamma. I do not know what to do with them. I wish I could change them for another pair. I think it must be true what Frank says, that my fingers are all thumbs."

Mrs. Seymour took Nellie's hands in hers, and looked at them.

"There is nothing wrong with your hands, Nellie. The fingers are all properly shaped, and your hands are quite strong and straight. It is not there that the fault lies."

"Oh! mamma, I think you must be mistaken. If my hands are as good as those of other people, why are they not as useful?"

"You must answer that question for yourself, my child. Your hands are only servants, they obey your will."

"They are not obedient servants, mamma. I wish them to do things nicely, instead of which they blunder over everything."

"I think that is not because the hands are disobedient, but because the mistress is careless, and does not keep them under good control. It was not the fault of your hands that the vase was broken this afternoon."

"Was it not, mamma?" cried Nellie, in some surprise.

"No; they would have held it safely enough if you had bidden them; but you did not, you were thinking of something else, and

so you came in contact with the door. Even then, if you had had perfect control over your hands the vase would not have been broken, for you might have held it tight, although you were smarting with pain. So you see it was your will that was in fault, not so much your hands."

Nellie thought for a few minutes, feeling that what her mother said was true—the fault lay in herself, not in her hands.

"But, mamma, it is not only about breaking things; it seems to me that I cannot do anything properly. Look at my writing!"

"My dear Nellie, I do not want to look at your writing. The last time I saw it I was quite grieved. Many little girls no older than you are have beautifully neat copy-books to show without a blot or a mistake in them. But yours is quite disgraceful."

"But I cannot help it, mamma. I should like to be a good writer if I could, but I cannot."

"My dear Nellie, I do not believe in that word 'cannot.' Are you sure that you cannot help it? It is more difficult for some people to learn to write than it is for others; it is not easy for you, but I am sure that it is not impossible for you to become a really excellent writer."

"Oh, mamma, how?"

"By being more patient and persevering than others. I think you try very hard to do it well already now and then. You take great pains for a little time, perhaps when you have a new book, or a fresh copy. But you do not *always* do your very best. Now if you are ever to write well you must take pains with every letter, and write it as well as it can be written."

"It would take me a long time to write a copy so, mamma."

"But that would be of no consequence. A few lines really well written would be better than half a dozen pages written hurriedly and without care."

"Dear mamma, I will really try."

"You must determine, Nellie. If your hands are not clever make up your mind that you will teach them to be so. It will require great patience and perseverance; but if you are willing to give them I am sure you will succeed."

"I hope I shall, mamma. I am so disappointed in my hands, because I wanted them to be very good and useful. I should like to do many things for you and papa and my brothers. It makes me so sad when I do things badly, and spoil them. I want to use my hands rightly."

"I know you do, my child. And I think you will be able to do so. Girls and women should have quick and skilful hands. There is so much work that only we can do, and that very much needs doing. I want my little girl to begin being useful now. If you begin while you are a child you will have so many opportunities of becoming perfect before you are a woman. You know there is an adage which tells us that "Practice makes perfect," and it is very true. You must practise doing things well, not one or two things, but everything you do. If it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Remember that, Nellie."

"I will try, mamma dear, and I hope I shall succeed."

"And there is something more that I want you to think of, Nellie. God has given you hands that you may serve Him with them. And I do not know anything that will make you more skilful than remembering Him in all that you do. 'Thou God seest me' is a thought that will make us earnest in all things. Nellie, have you asked Him to help you with regard to your hands?"

Nellie looked confused as her mother asked her this question.

"I thought it was too small to ask Him about, mamma."

"Oh, my child, nothing is too small. Jesus told us that when we pray to God we are to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' You know that your papa does not think anything that troubles you too small for him to care about. And our heavenly Father is even more tender and loving than earthly parents can be. So take courage, Nellie. Tell Him all about it and ask His help, and see if before long Nellie's hands are not all we wish them to be."

Nellie kissed her mother.

"Dear mamma, there is hope for me," she said.

Then Mrs. Seymour advised her child to learn one verse and never forget it.

"Teach me, my God and King,

In all things Thee to see,

And what I do in anything

To do it as for Thee."

Nellie felt quite cheered after this conversation with her mother. She made a resolution that she would be very patient, and painstaking, and persevering, and conscientious in all that she did. And with these qualities she would certainly be successful.

When she had said "Good night" to her mother, and was in her own room, she did as that kind friend had advised her, and told her Father in heaven all about it.

"O Lord," she said, "I am only a little girl, and am of no use in the world, but Thou art strong, and able to do everything for me. Please teach me how to use the hands that Thou hast given me. I want to do what is right and good with them, but I am so careless, and hasty, and forgetful. Oh! help me. I want to give my hands to Thee and to my dear parents and brothers whom I love so well. But they are not worth having at present, for they are not able to do anything. O Lord, teach me, and help me, for Jesus Christ's sake."

After that there is some hope for Nellie's hands. Don't you think so?

(To be continued.)

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

THE WAR, AND THE SEAT OF WAR.

At this season of the year the study of Continental geography is one of the chief occupations of leisurely, well-to-do Englishmen. Everybody is wanting rest and change, or rather rest *in* change. The fatigues and inconveniences of an autumn excursion are probably much greater than any of us would tolerate in our own homes, and in the routine of our common life. But once away for our holiday, we are free from care and worry, among strange faces and new scenes, forgetting, or trying hard to forget, the dreary mill of monotonous duties in which, month after month, we are grinding out our lives. And we try, not unnaturally, to make our change as complete as possible. Throughout England there are scenes of beauty, if not of grandeur, that can be surpassed in few lands; but there are also incessant deliveries of letters, telegraph offices at the corner of every large street, and even at almost every rural post-office, and the innumerable daily papers which so few have the fortitude to leave unread. They must glance, at least, over the City article, and so are plunged at once into all the anxieties of rising or falling discounts, changing markets, failures and bankruptcies, and the perpetual perils by which commerce is beset. It is surely better to be out of the way of all this—near enough to “business” to be fetched home in any case of grim necessity, and far enough away to be left in peace unless a real necessity should arise. So those who can afford the time and money get away out of their native land altogether. They find a charm in what is wholly *un-English*, even though it never occurs to

them that what is so agreeable abroad might possibly with advantage be imitated at home. They admire, while they half despise, the easy gaiety of Continental life, and almost wish that out of their own far harder work and far more substantial fortunes they could extract half as much enjoyment. Even the strangeness of the foreign languages enhances their delight, and helps them to realise that they are for a while completely cut off from home and England. So about this season of the year there is a great demand for Murray's Hand-books, Continental Railway Guides, Tourists' Companions, and the like. People whose knowledge of geography had been almost confined to the names of the principal countries, with their capitals, and possibly the names and the number of the inhabitants of a few principal towns, begin to inquire about the great physical features of Europe, the ranges of mountains, the courses of rivers and valleys, the greatest wonders of architecture, the finest collections of art-treasures, the best roads and lines of railway. Other lands become as real as their own, and begin to excite the same kind of curiosity and interest.

But a very cursory glance at shop windows and street advertisements would inform us that Continental geography is this year invested with a new and dreadful interest. Maps of Europe, of all sizes and qualities, and especially maps of the frontier of France and Germany, are everywhere to be seen; but no Continental "Hand-books," no advertisements of cheap trips to Paris or the Rhine. On the contrary, we have "Hand-books" of our English cathedral cities, our English, Scotch, and Irish lakes, and cheap trips to our own over-crowded watering-places. The maps of Europe indicate no longer the highways of pleasure, but the districts which tourists must avoid. That which has so long been dreaded by statesmen and philanthropists—a great Continental war—has come at last. We have to study the river courses and valleys, the mountain passes or wide plains, the great high roads and railways, as furnishing access and battle-fields for huge armies—such armies as have never clashed together before in the whole history of the world.

So rapid and startling have been the incidents of this war that we can scarcely realise that it was only on the 15th of July that war was declared. So unexpected by many have been the successes of the Prussians and the reverses of France that it is worth while to attempt some kind of estimate of the true strength, material and especially moral, of these great Powers. This may help us to understand why the seat of war is not the lovely Rhine land, and why fortress after fortress is yielding to the invader of France. It may help to reassure us also in the danger of our own possible share in the sufferings and sacrifices of our allies. The determi-

nation of our Government that, if the neutrality of Belgium be violated, England will fight is probably the surest guarantee of peace—but we know not what may come; and if the worst should come, it is not to a huge standing army or a whole population of well-trained reserves that we can look for safety, but to the moral effect of English institutions and the force of English character.

The French forces are so numerous and so brave, and were supposed at first to be so admirably provided with all the necessities of war, that the army was regarded as the impregnable bulwark of the Emperor's power. It was hoped, and half believed, that nothing but the extremest personal peril could induce Napoleon III. to defend himself and his dynasty by the wickedness and immeasurable misery of a European war; but scarcely anybody doubted that he could, if he chose, recover the confidence and loyalty of Frenchmen by the glory of great victories and the annexation to France of long-coveted territory. The readiness of the French troops, the fact that they have been for many years preparing for the great crisis of Europe, the unscrupulousness with which, when the hour came, everything would be sacrificed for victory, the (supposed) comparative slowness and unpreparedness of Germany, together with the moral restraints by which her war might be controlled and almost impeded,—all this seemed to indicate that the Emperor was in possession of a power which it would be unspeakably wicked to use, but which would certainly render him invincible. That this was the Emperor's own belief was indicated by the precipitancy with which he declared war, and the rashness with which he commenced the invasion of the Fatherland; while all France went mad with the excitement of certain victory, and were already in imagination keeping Napoleon's *fete* in Berlin itself. The army of France is indeed a mighty instrument of destruction. On a peace footing it numbered more than 400,000, and on the war footing it reached the enormous total of 757,727. Her navy consists, in all, of 401 vessels, carrying 3,045 guns, and (the steamers) impelled by engines of an aggregate of 92,627 horse power.

But there was many an element of weakness where all seemed strength. The soldiers are for the most part Frenchmen, and their political sympathies were already giving some uneasiness. And, above all, the whole system of Imperial government is based upon ignorance and deceit. Not *being* infallible, it could seem so only by shrouding itself in impenetrable secrecy. Everybody knows the restrictions to which the French press is subject, and the limitations of the right of public meeting. Even foreign newspapers were examined, and excluded from France whenever they contained dangerous criticisms or damaging facts. It was an absolutely

necessary qualification for high office—almost for any office—in the State or the army to be a devoted adherent, not to say a mere servile tool, of Napoleon. Hence the best men were excluded from office, driven into discontented privacy, or opposition, or exile. Even the army is without military genius, as the war has already abundantly proved. The commissariat is jobbed. The Ministry of the Emperor is more afraid of Paris than of Prussia. The principle of government by lies is always in danger of a sudden and total collapse, and in France is actually collapsing. The utter distrust which is produced by habitual deceit and treachery is showing itself on every side. The Bank of France suspends cash payments. That vast currency which in all commercial countries consists of bills of exchange, has been set free from those legal restraints which alone render it available in the transactions of business. The coin and bullion in the bank is clearly destined for foreign use. And this hurried and suicidal legislation can be interpreted in a single sentence, "Keep the people in the dark." The direct methods of financial prudence would indicate, as they would be founded upon, the real causes of commercial depression and the only means of safety and recovery. Meanwhile the people are amused, irritated, maddened by sheer lies. They have to learn the disasters of their own army from English newspapers. They are assured, in spite of the gloomy isolation of the Empire, that all the European Powers are rallying round her for sympathy and defence, England binding herself by new treaties to *defend France* on the side of Belgium. Every detected lie weakens France. Imperial deceit is worth whole legions of Prussians to France's foes, and her noblest sons are distracted by the uncertainties at once of revolution and invasion—how to save the country and yet to put an end to the dynasty of Napoleon. Moreover, Prussia has hastened to affirm that she wars not with France, but with Napoleon, that she wants no new territory for herself, no bitter humiliation for the French people. Already the French prisoners are treated with the utmost kindness and respect. Private property, as far as possible, is spared. The Empire has *no moral power*.

On the other side the armies of Prussia are not inferior in numbers to the armies of France. By the charter of 1867 the Prussian obligation to serve in the army is extended to the whole Northern Federation: "Every North German is liable to service, and no substitution is allowed." The total strength of the North German Confederation amounts to 319,358 men on the peace footing, and to 977,262 men on the war footing, of which Prussia alone can raise 700,000. Nor are these raw recruits untrained, unintelligent, possibly unenthusiastic, or even disaffected. They are the flower of the population, the fruits of a deliberate and far-

seeing policy steadily pursued for more than fifty years. The military organisation of Prussia, since 1814, is based on the principle that every man capable of bearing arms shall receive military instruction and enter the army for a certain number of years. Every Prussian subject is enrolled as a soldier as soon as he has completed his twentieth year. He has to serve for seven years—from twenty to twenty-three in the regular army, and from twenty-three to twenty-seven in the army of reserve. At the end of this term he enters the "Landwehr," or militia, for nine years, and is liable to be called upon for annual practice, and to be incorporated in the regular army in time of war. Leaving the Landwehr the soldier is finally enrolled, till the age of fifty, in the Landsturm—a body which is only called upon for service within the frontiers of the country in case of invasion. In fact *the whole male population* of Prussia is trained for arms,—ready for offensive warfare, in the army or the Landwehr, from the age of twenty to that of thirty-six; and for defensive warfare, in the Landsturm, till the age of fifty. Nor is this a liability which the Germans endeavour to avoid. The regiments are full to overflowing. Even men in feeble health are eager to join the army. At the utmost sacrifice, but with heartiest goodwill, students, shopkeepers, merchants, manufacturers, skilled artisans hurry to their quarters, eager to fight for the Fatherland, and to keep the enemy far away from their own beloved country. The enormous foundry of M. Krupp, at Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, employs nearly 8,000 men. Of these no fewer than 1,488 have had to join their colours—indispensable, skilled workmen—and yet there is not a murmur. The streets of the best-known towns are well-nigh deserted—only old men and invalids mix with the women and children. The streets of Cologne are dead and noiseless, and everywhere throughout Germany the *thews and sinews* of the people are gone to the war. And this energy and enthusiasm are the results of knowledge and intelligence. There is no boasting and swagger, no exaggerations of victory, no concealment of facts, no lies. For intelligence, education, even military training and weapons of war, there is probably no such army in the world as the Prussian; and they are encouraged by the undisguised sympathy of the freest, and strongest, and most advanced nations of the civilised world—England and America. Whatever Prussia herself might be, France *has been* for generations the scourge of Europe—at once bullying and treacherous. Napoleon himself, and his dynasty, is a standing menace. It is impossible to realise the reckless waste of blood and treasure for which that one man is responsible. The direct cost of war to France is a very imperfect index of the misery that has been wrought, yet even that is sufficiently appalling. The three wars of the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico, have cost France alone 440,000,000*l.*

sterling, and 205,000 men; and this represents but a small part of the loss to the rest of Europe, in men, in money, in the ruin of commerce, in the pressure of taxation and the maintenance of enormous armies and fleets. If France could be disarmed there is scarcely any limit that could be reasonably assigned to European prosperity.

It was confidently expected that the Imperial forces would sweep rapidly on towards the Rhine, take possession of the long-coveted territory on its left bank, and almost reach Berlin before the Germans had awaked out of the terror and surprise of the sudden proclamation of war. Count Bismarck, however, was not long in announcing that "German territory would be spared the direct inconvenience and burdens of war operations." Those horrors are now bounded by the French frontier, while, that frontier itself is rapidly changing, and not unreasonable fears are entertained even for the safety of Paris.

The operations of war began, indeed, at Saarbrücken, just within the frontier on the German side, a few miles from Forbach. Here there was a battle, in which the Germans retreated with very trifling loss, and which exhibited in the most marked manner both the infatuation and the suicidal self-confidence and boastfulness of the French. The infatuation amounts almost to a fatal paralysis. It is now known that Saarbrücken was held by only three companies of the 40th Regiment, while it was attacked by General Froissard with a whole *corps d'armée* under his command; and even when he had attacked it with overpowering numbers he was afraid to enter the place. The Emperor and his little boy were present, and Napoleon telegraphed to the Empress that Louis had passed through his "baptism of fire," and had shown himself so unmoved, though "the bullets fell at his feet," that the soldiers wept at the sight of his fortitude. To an ordinary Englishman the theatrical sentimentalism of French telegrams, proclamations, appeals to patriotism or appeals to despair, is simply sickening. But the monstrous exaggeration of the first victory has been terribly avenged both on the frontier and in Paris. Apart, however, from this first engagement, which did very little harm, not even interfering with the railway traffic or destroying the junction, the war has been wholly within the French territory, the frontier of which in this direction, exclusive of neutral territory, extends from the Meuse to the Rhine, and along the Rhine to Basle.

The French frontier in the basin of the Escant and Rhine is, excepting at the Rhine itself, exceedingly artificial and defective; nor can any one be surprised that French ambition has so often longed and striven for that far more perfect barrier which would be furnished by the whole course of the Rhine—to say nothing of the

Rhine Province and Belgium, with their fertility and beauty, and, above all, their fortifications. The weakness of the existing frontier arises from several causes. It offers no natural obstacles (except at the Rhine itself) to the advances of an enemy. Its rivers run perpendicularly to the boundary line, opening up natural roads by which the country may be penetrated. These rivers, again, are only separated from one another, almost throughout their whole course, by lines of low hills or insignificant heights. It has, therefore, been necessary to create this frontier of every variety of ground, and to protect it entirely by artificial defences.

The defence of this imperfect boundary was a task entrusted to the genius of the illustrious Vauban, that most renowned of military engineers—who had the conduct of fifty-three sieges, was present at one hundred and forty battles, erected thirty-three fortresses, and renewed the works of three hundred old ones—whose biography is almost, for his own lifetime, the history of France. He regarded the frontier line between the sea and the Rhine as divided into eight principal sections by the seven lines of rivers and mountain chains by which it is intersected—viz., the Lys, Escant, Sambre, Meuse, Moselle, Vosges, and Rhine. His aim was to arm each of those lines which form the flanks of each section with two or three fortresses; to provide also the intervals or gaps between these lines with one or more defences, generally placed on the tributaries of the lines themselves; and finally “to form of all these fortified points, and of the natural accidents which support them, eight faces of a vast citadel, of which Paris may be considered the interior retrenchment.” Our insular position renders it, happily, hard for us to regard a whole country as a fortification, not so much to be lived in and enjoyed as to be defended from attack or made the base of offensive operations.

The sixth of these sections of Vauban is included between the Moselle and the Vosges, of which these two boundaries may be considered the flanks. The line of the Moselle is protected by the fortresses of Thionville, Metz, and Toul, the Vosges by Bitche and Phalsbourg, and the interval between them by Marsal. The imperfection of this frontier is apparent enough. Marsal is quite inadequate to the defence of the wide interval between the Moselle and the Vosges, into which, moreover, the river Sarre forms a natural entrance. Since the fortress of Sarrelouis, a work of Vauban's, was taken from the French by the Allies in 1815, Metz may be eluded by way of Nancy, and the basin of the Marne and the road to Paris reached with comparatively trifling obstacles.

It is, in fact, in this section that one of the most brilliant Prussian successes has been achieved—that is to say, the victory at Saarbrücken and Forbach. The narratives of eye-witnesses as they

come to hand, with fuller and fuller details, are more exciting than wine or the clang of martial music. The French had made their stand on two hills, divided by a narrow valley, and also behind an entrenchment on a plain, extending from the side of the second of these hills up to a wood which marked the left of the French position, the right being equally marked by a wood on the top of the first-mentioned and most inaccessible of the two hills.

The correspondent of the *Times* tells us how "the most inaccessible of the two hills, the Spickler Berg, as the Germans call it, with its natural fortification of forest on the right, was assaulted three times before it was taken. Two regiments had exhausted themselves in attacking the position, and had retired, leaving long lines of dead and wounded on the slopes, when the 40th, the most popular regiment in Saarbrücken, and one of the most justly esteemed, advanced under a cross fire of artillery, and with a heavy musketry fire falling upon it in front and from above rushed up the heights and ended by scaling them. This exploit cost the 40th no less than 16 officers and 600 men." This is the very regiment that had "retreated" from Saarbrücken when the little Prince Imperial was playing at soldiers on the opposite hill. Both armies performed prodigies of valour, but fresh troops came up from General Zastrow. The French were attacked in flank and rear with terrible losses, and the day was won. The effects of this victory have been precisely those foreseen by the military geographers. The roads to Nancy and Metz were open. Nancy has been taken. Metz is surrounded. Toul has been summoned to surrender. And unless the routed forces can win a decisive victory in Champagne, Paris itself must before long be at the mercy of the invader.

The seventh of Vauban's sections of this northern frontier is between the Vosges and the Rhine, defended in the Vosges by Bitche and Phalsbourg, on the Rhine by Lauterburg and Strasburg, and between the Vosges and the Rhine by Weissembourg and Haguenau. These defences, excellent in themselves (excepting, perhaps, Weissembourg and Haguenau), have been rendered almost useless by the loss of Landau, one of Vauban's fortifications, which was taken from the French by the Allies in 1815. The Vosges can now be turned by Mentz and Sarrelouis, and the Rhine by Mentz, Gemersheim, and Landau. In the military operations of 1701-1703 and 1793 and 1794 Landau was invariably the pivot both for the enemy to penetrate into France and for the French to repulse the enemy. So now again in 1870 it is the basis of operations. Its occupation by the German Powers left the road from Mentz to Strasburg nearly open. Already Weissembourg has been taken and Lichtenburg. Strasburg is surrounded, feebly garrisoned, and

scantily provisioned. A bloody victory at Woerth has, moreover, opened a way for one main division of the German army to communicate with the rest, already a mighty and triumphant host.

Fortunately "the seat of war" has not for us the interest which at first we feared. The beautiful Rhineland is spared. The Vosges, notwithstanding their romantic beauty, are not much known by tourists. Fortresses like Metz have scarcely more than a military interest, and, anticipating the future, the best of Champagne is what can easily be imported into England. But

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside. . . .
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest. . . .
That land our country, and that spot our home."

Already our newspaper correspondents, and even the generals themselves, are sickening over the horrors of this war. Women weeping on the thresholds of their desolated homes; whole villages emptied, and their terrified and helpless inhabitants—tottering old men, infants at the breast, little prattling children, in their sweet innocence, half amused at their hurried flight—starving in forests, or crowding into towns already too full of men, too empty of food; miles of dead bodies; tens of thousands of widows, orphans, childless, friendless mourners; these are the sights which invest with a solemn and terrible interest any seat of war. Even while we write, bloody battles are adding their new horrors. The fortune of war may change, and *any* victory must, to thousands of innocent hearts, bring unutterable and incurable agony. We can only hope and pray that God may give peace in our times—a peace the more stable and beneficial for all the miseries by which it has been prepared.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE PORTRAIT.

IN the midst of so much gaiety time went swiftly by. There were several English families in Paris with whom the Marchioness and her step-daughter visited; and through them—for I always accompanied their ladyships—I came to know a great many people, with whom, for the most part, I speedily grew intimate, so that very soon my engagements were manifold, and I really had not an hour unoccupied. When I say "unoccupied" I do not mean that any actual duties were performed by me—quite the contrary, indeed!

for I laid aside my studies entirely. I delayed to write the letters which I knew the Cravens and some of my friends at Heidelberg were expecting, and I gave myself up, body, soul, and intellect, to the delicious enchantment of the hour. I made acquaintance with several lads of my own age, also with several young men, who were my seniors by a few years, and who knew the great world of Paris as well as I knew, or used to know, the calm retreats of far-off Eaglesmere.

They did not lead me into any positive wickedness, these new and brilliant friends of mine; but they did lead me, or rather I permitted them to lead me, into a great deal of folly, and I was fast acquiring habits by no means desirable. I learned to play at billiards, I made bets, I practised the airs and graces of a *petit maître*, I grew fastidious about my dress, I became shamefully extravagant in trifles; now and then I handled the dice. I studied *vingt-un* and *écarté*, and talked learnedly about *rouge-et-noir*, and the "immutable laws of chance." Happily for myself and for others it was all boyish bombast. I only chattered nonsense, which I did not myself comprehend, when I discoursed of subtle "combinations," which I know now are as delusive in practice as they are infallible in theory. Also, I began to take a great deal more wine than was good for a lad of my age. I was never actually intoxicated, but I was very often foolishly excited, and I made myself, I doubt not, superbly ridiculous. Certainly, my moral standard was lowered, and my constitution was by no means benefited by the idle, frivolous, careless life I led.

Letters came from Cravenshaugh, and I used to open them and glance uneasily down the pages before I read them. I had an uneasy sort of notion that Charlie and his mother would hear something about me that I would rather they should not hear, and that they would remonstrate with me did they find out how foolishly, how sinfully I was spending my time in Paris. And yet I told myself a dozen times a day that I was only doing as others did; that it was only my morbid fancy and the rusticity of my bringing up that caused me continually to reproach myself.

It was well that I should see life, and know the world, I told my restless conscience; no one was any the worse ultimately for sowing a few wild oats—just a few—that could be easily plucked up when the ground was wanted for the golden wheat; and, after all, I had done nothing absolutely wicked, and the very thought of actual vice filled me with a shuddering, shrinking dread. Had it not been for those higher teachings, and for the pure and holy influences of the last few months I might have been content to sink and sink till I fell at last into the horrible quagmire of guilt and shameful folly which sooner or later arrests the unwary feet, and

befouls the heedless wanderer who plays with sin. He who plays at sinning will sin in reality ere long. The child who amuses himself with broken glass is pretty sure to maim himself most cruelly ere his game is over!

God was not now in all my thoughts. I no longer liked to think that *He* saw me and knew all about me, and read the hidden secrets of my heart. I began to be afraid of God, to dread His judgments, to wish I could go on my way without Him. Yes; I would have forsaken my God—I would have let Him go—but He would not forsake me; He would not quit His hold of me. Blessed be His holy name! “Like as a father pitieth his children!” And children are seldom wise and good. They rebel against lawful authority, they are full of vain conceits, they are wilful, selfish, passionate—oftentimes ungrateful. And yet the father forgives *all*, is willing even to forget all, because his heart yearns over the creatures who are flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. And the Almighty Father loves His children with a love passing all other loves; and in all their affliction He is afflicted. The angel of His presence saves them; in His love and in His pity He redeems them. “Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer. Thy name is from everlasting!”

Lady Dovercourt began at last to be uneasy. Never was there a creature more innocent of this world’s pollution than she,—never was there a woman more pure of heart, save perhaps the Virgin Mother of our blessed Lord,—never one more trustful, more simply confiding in her beloved ones than she—Helena, Marchioness of Dovercourt. But there came a day when I found out that she was ill at ease, and that I was the cause of her anxiety.

I was taking by appointment my early breakfast in her room. I thought as she sat in her delicate robe of snowy cambric and filmy lace, with her golden hair hanging about her, and an unutterable tenderness in her deep violet eyes, how very lovely she was. The years as they glided by had taken nothing from her exquisite beauty, rather had they added to its wondrous grace and radiance; and yet I knew that she must have reached her four-and-thirtieth year, for I, who had passed my seventeenth birthday, was her son. But to-day there was a shade on the sweet, perfect features, a cloud rested on the open, candid brow, and the rosy, childlike mouth had sunk into its saddest curves. I was playing with some gold sleeve-links which I had bought the day before.

“Hugh,” said the Marchioness presently, “do you know I think you are contracting a taste for finery?”

“Do you?” I answered, lightly. “Well, really I must confess to a good deal of personal adornment of late. Paris is such a place for spending money.”

"I am afraid I am not doing my duty by you, Hugh."

"As how, *madre*?"

I had called her so of late when we were quite alone, not as acknowledging the actual tie between us, but rather to give her a pet name, and as less formal than addressing her by her usual style and title.

"I do not claim any authority over you, you know," she continued. "I do not seek to control you, my dear, but I am not sure that I ought to let you go quite your own way in this great city where subtle temptations abound. For you are very young, Hugh, and you are impulsive and confiding and—*inexperienced*. I am not afraid of the issue, Hugh, for your father's son, though he may be weak and hasty, even rash as youth is nearly always rash, could never bring dishonour on *his* name. I am quite certain, Hugh, that you would never deliberately commit sin; but I tell you candidly I am afraid for you,—as I said, not for the future, not for your character ultimately, but for the present. You may so easily involve yourself in wrong-doing; you may darken half your life by the folly of one hour; the boundary line between imprudence and sin is a very faint one, and it is readily, too often unwittingly, over-passed. I could not bear to see the shadow of remorse on *your* brow, Hugh Vassall; the blush of shame on your cheek would humble me to the dust. I think you understand me, my dear?"

Yes, I understood her quite well, and even as she spoke the burning flush of shame reddened all my face. I had gone so much nearer absolute wickedness than she at all suspected. Oh! women, wives, mothers, sisters, it is well for your own peace that you know not how close to the precipice the beloved ones too often wander. But now it was as if my guardian angel touched me with gentle, spiritual touch, and whispered spiritual warnings in my ear.

"*Madre*," I said, "I am afraid I am not nearly so good as you believe me to be. I have done many foolish things—oh! worse than foolish things, for I knew they were wrong; I knew they were actions not becoming a Christian man, not becoming a manly man. All the while I knew that what *they* called 'manliness' was not really such; it was affectation; it was absurdity; it was cowardice and selfishness combined; it was madness; only a little more and it might have been crime—*devilry*."

She turned very pale, and for an instant shaded her eyes with her hand. Then, looking at me, she said: "Thank God, Hugh, that so *He* spake to you. It matters not now whether it were the still small voice within called conscience, whether it were the memories of early teachings, or whether it were—who knows?—your father's spirit permitted by the great Father of all spirits to shield you from evil, to speak to you in that wordless, unuttered language which

spirits that are akin are permitted to use to each other. Thank God that you were not left entirely to yourself, that you were not allowed to wander away into those seemingly pleasant paths which lead at last to *death*. Hugh, my dear, I have set my mind on one thing, and it is that Captain Vassall's son should be one of the best, the purest, the noblest of men. I know that one generally speaks of purity as a woman's attribute, but that seems to me false reasoning. God has not one measure for the man and another for the woman whatever polite society may have. Sin is sin, shame is shame, irrespective of sex or rank; and a man whose life is not pure is as utterly disgraceful, as unworthy in the eyes of a just God, as she whose frailties have placed her beyond the boundary line of acknowledgment. I say this to you, Hugh, because you have no father to look ahead for you and to give you kindly notice of the shoals and quicksands on which so many make fatal shipwreck. Try to keep close to God; try to remember that an evil action, though it may be repented of, and though it may be pardoned, can scarcely ever, if ever, be undone. Somebody must always be the worse for it, somebody must always suffer, for sin brings suffering as certainly as the sun arising brings light. Am I preaching to you, my dear? Well, I have done, and forgive me if I have been a little prosy. But I have been afraid for you, and there is no one else to speak to you if I keep silence. Now let me ask you a question."

"As many as you please, *madre*!"

But even as I replied I felt that there were several questions I should not care to answer. I coloured a little, and looked uneasy, lest her next words should be just those I did not wish to hear. But she only said, "You have been spending so much money of late that I think you must have exceeded your allowance. Are you in debt?"

"I scarcely know; I am afraid I am, for I owe for a great many things."

"You have not lost any money?"

"Lost? Do you mean——?"

"I mean have you lost it at play? Have you gambled at all?"

"I have lost small sums at *écarté*, only a few francs at a time—not more than five or six napoleons in all."

"I had far rather you had thrown a hundred pounds into the Seine! It is not the amount you have lost, it is the injury your character may have sustained which I deplore. Nay, I am thankful that you have lost; anything is better than gains so utterly accursed."

"But, *madre*, many honourable, or at least seemingly honourable, gentlemen do play. Surely there can be no harm so long as one keeps within certain bounds. Surely it cannot hurt one to risk a

napoleon now and then, just for the sensation of the thing, you know."

"My dear Hugh, you cannot touch sin any more than pitch and escape defilement. Gambling is gambling, whether it be the toss-penny of boys in the street or the stakes at *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* of the desperate *roué* at Homburg. The passion is so easily contracted; there is a certain feverish fascination at the outset which tempts men, ay, and women too, for I have seen women with glittering eyes and feverish fingers clutcling at gold in the gambling *salons* of Baden Baden and Homburg, which tempts them on and on till the infatuation is complete, and they plunge head-long into the fatal depths from which so few emerge, save as mere wrecks—the desolate waifs and strays of life. As in some cases of confirmed inebriation, the only safety lies in total, decided, unpromising *abstinence*."

There was a strange energy in her look and tone, her cheeks burned, and her voice quivered as she spoke, and I—I, boy, neophyte as I was, knew that she spoke truly. I had seen terrible sights already; I had seen men glaring at men like devils; I had seen them mad, reckless of honour, love, life, of all that humanity should cherish most completely; and I had seen some women, too, one in particular I called to mind, for she always made me think of a fallen angel. I saw my danger. Hitherto I had gone but a little way, and the path of retreat was still open to me if I turned my back at once and for ever on the specious temptation. I was still far from the abyss, but I felt that if I lingered on the enchanted ground my footsteps would surely be drawn insensibly, magnetically as it were, towards the awful brink. My lady was right; this was one of those snares which are to be shunned rather than resisted. There are some kinds of evil which it is better never to confront; there are serpents whom our instincts teach us to fly; there are vices which we should never even voluntarily contemplate. Shall we mock God by praying "Lead us not into temptation" when we deliberately pass through the gates of the tempter's palaces? Shall we say "Deliver us from evil," when the evil we resolutely seek?

"*Madre*," I said, after a little silence, during which she watched me almost imploringly, I could feel the unuttered prayer that I knew was going up to God for me, "*madre*, dear, you are right: I have been very foolish, very wrong. I have been false to myself, to the teachings of all my life, to the holy memory of my father. I will go no more with Louis du Carel nor with Victor Monsallier. But, oh! what a poor, weak creature I must be; the moment I am tempted I fall—I fail!"

"You have failed, my boy, but not fallen; it has pleased God to show you your own weakness, your own insufficiency. Put this away

from you utterly, make of this trial a stepping-stone to something better and higher. Failure is sometimes better than success; if only it teaches us to know ourselves, it achieves much. But, ah! my dear, we often pay for such lessons in coin more precious than the miser's gold—yet, if they be learned, humbly, perfectly, and intelligently, who would grudge the price?"

"I think I have learned a lesson. For the last few weeks my better self has been in arms against my meaner self; I have given myself up to pleasure—to pleasure, too, of the baser sort. And I thought I was far above such follies. Oh, what would Charlie say? Charlie never would have sunk into the mire as have done!"

"Never mind what Charlie might have done, though I am thankful, Hugh, that you have so pure-hearted and true a friend. Get up straightway out of the mire, and shake it from you; do not, as some good people do, sit down inertly to contemplate and bewail the stains. All the wail you can make is not repentance. Ask Christ to cleanse you from the defilement of past sin, then remember it only as a warning, as a painful, salutary lesson which taught you your own frailty, your own unworthiness. Do you remember that some one has said that men may rise

"On stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things'?"

And our sinful selves should be our dead selves, my dear. Now we will talk about something else. I wanted to say this to you, Hugh, and I have said it; and I trust I believe I shall never have to say it again. You think you owe money—more money than you can at present pay?"

"I am sure that I do; I am ashamed when I remember how much I have wasted; there is not only the money I lost at billiards and at that stupid *écarté*, but all I spent on dress, and gewgaws, and baubles that I really did not want or even care for. Only, you see, I was such a fool that I must do as Du Carel and Monsallier and the others did. Since I came to Paris I must have spent a little fortune on gloves, and scents, and neckties, and silly jewellery, that has not even the merit—some of it—of having any intrinsic value."

"I do not mind so much about that; it was foolish, and you see it was scarcely honourable, since you were by no means certain when you would be in funds sufficient to meet your liabilities. But I can guess what Paris is to a young man when for the first time he enters into its gaieties. The fault is more mine than yours, my dear Hugh; I have placed you in a false position—no! not exactly that—rather let me say, a difficult position; and it is my duty as well as my pleasure to extricate you. Hugh Vassall's son must owe

no man anything, and what are falsely called 'debts of honour he must forswear.'

"He will, *madre*. God helping him, he will never touch cards or dice again."

"That will be the wisest way."

"It will be the safest way—the only safe way! There is an awful fascination—it is almost like magic—in those silly little scraps of pasteboard, and those fearful bits of ivory. Charlie was right when he refused, at Stoketon, to play speculation for chestnuts."

"Now go and get in your bills—every one of them, mind, from the least to the greatest, and bring them to me this evening when I am dressing. I will ring for Sophie early, so that I may be ready for you. Do not fail."

I kissed my *madre* reverentially, and went away. If she had really "preached" to me—if she had scolded, and lectured, and taunted as some mothers do—I had not left her so humbled, so truly repentant, so earnestly desirous to retrieve that space of foolish self-indulgence. I have heard a woman say, "I gave him a good talking to!"—which means that she had uttered a heap of platitudes, reproached, taunted, and upbraided the recusant till he felt as if he had been rolled in a bed of nettles. And I think the process of being *nettled* in any sort is an unpleasant one, seldom, if ever, producing satisfactory results. And such a woman invariably *quotes herself*, which is about the most foolish thing a woman can do, whether she be mother, wife, or solitary spinster. Given a woman who unduly parades the personal pronoun, first person, singular number, nominative case, and you have a perpetual nuisance and a stumbling-block!

I went out, as directed, and gathered in my little bills; but they all, without exception, amounted to more than I had anticipated. Also, there were some which I had forgotten altogether, and there was one account which I thought ought to be Du Carel's that was entered to me, and which I felt it would be useless as well as unpleasant to dispute. I was confounded to find to what a sum total they all amounted.

That evening I went, according to appointment, to the marchioness. She was already dressed, and awaiting my arrival. Sophie was dismissed, and Lady Maud, who had been reading to her mamma, rose to depart immediately I entered. Feeling deeply humiliated, I laid down the *rouleau* of accounts before my lady mother, saying, "Indeed, *madre*, I had no idea they came to so much; about one half I fancied."

"That is just the sort of mistake we all tumble into, my dear, especially at the outset. Let us be thankful that in this case the

error entails neither disgrace nor suffering of any kind. Now and then, only very rarely, experience does give us one of her invaluable lessons without her customary fee. How much does it all come to ? ”

With a faltering voice I told her ; it seemed an immense sum to me. A sad smile stole over her features as she answered, “ To me that is a trifle not worth naming ; to you it is so much that, had you been quite alone in the world, the want of it might have occasioned you much mortification and inconvenience. Here is the money, my dear. Take it, and pay all you owe, and never think of it again, save when you are tempted to expenditure beyond your means. I may not always be at hand to aid you, my dear. What I can do for you I always will ; but a time might arrive when I could only mournfully reply to any claim of yours, ‘ *I cannot !* ’ ”

And once again she folded me in her arms, and showered passionate kisses on my lips and brow. Did she ever so embrace Lord Felixstowe ? I wondered.

“ Oh, Hugh ! Hugh Vassall ; my dear, dearest boy, I cannot have you go in the ways of folly and sin ; it would break my heart to see you of the ordinary type of young men of the period, who seek only their own pleasure and amusement, their own selfish ends. I have so counted upon your being good and pure and noble—like your father, who was a second Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Hugh, you will not disappoint me ? ”

“ By God’s help, I will not. I will try to be worthy of my father ; for to be the son of such a father——”

I paused, and the marchioness quickly interposed—“ is to be *nobly born*. My boy, you are the son of one of God’s heroes and princes of the earth. There is no patent of nobility like that which true worth confers. Without that true worth which God acknowledges, and which even the basest of men allow, all the blue blood, all the long descents, all the quarterings in Christendom are rather ignoble than the reverse.”

“ But long descent, heraldic honours, a grand old name, and true worth *may* go together ? ”

“ Certainly they may, and do. There are those who rather grace their coronet than are graced by it ; there are also those who are a *disgrace* to the proud ancestral name they bear. And now I have something for you. Give me that desk, and slip the bolts of both doors ; I do not wish even Sophie to interrupt us.”

I did as she directed, and then I watched her open an old-fashioned *ecritoire* of some rare wood, inlaid with brass. I had seen it before in her dressing-room at Dovercourt, and she had brought it with her to Paris it seemed, though till this evening I had not noticed it. She took a curious-looking key from her *chate-*

laine, and proceed to unclothe the desk. It was a very old-fashioned one, large and heavy, though handsome, and lined with crimson leather much worn and faded; but I thought that she raised the lid tenderly and even reverently, as if it were a precious relic of the past. Slowly and with trembling fingers she drew out a small square packet, and removed the tissue paper with which it was covered. Then she put into my hand a morocco case, bidding me open it. I did so, and there was a beautiful miniature portrait on ivory of a splendidly handsome man in seafaring costume. I knew at once that it was the face of my dead father that met my gaze. I could see the strong likeness to myself in every lineament, though I knew I never should be as handsome, for it was the perfection of manly beauty on which I looked. The features were fine and delicately cut, the complexion was a clear olive, the forehead was broad and not too high, and short silky raven curls clustered thickly around it and on the grandly formed head, which had the pose of a king's. But oh, the dark, lustrous eyes, all ablaze with soul! from their pictured depths, shone out truth, candour, gallant bravery, the very spirit of chivalric honour. It was a face instinct with power, yet replete with tenderness; strong, yet sweet; daring, yet gentle. It was a face to disown treachery, to conciliate hatred, to win confidence, and oh, above all, to inspire love, such love as is not too often given in this cold, selfish world of ours. It was the sort of face that dumb animals would understand and trust; the sort of face which would at a glance propitiate the most timid child, the most despairing suppliant, the weakest and most shrinking woman. Had I met that man anywhere on the surface of the earth, and had he, as we met thus for the first time, held out his hand and said "Be my friend," I should instantly have placed my hand in his and answered "Yes, to the death." I was greatly stirred as I looked into the deep dark eyes, and gazed upon the open brow, and contemplated the lordly pose of the regal-looking head. This, then, was the father who had held me, a little unconscious baby, in his arms; this was he who had given me life, who had blessed me when leaving me at my mother's breast, he went away on that far voyage from which he never returned. And this was all I might call father till I, too, crossed the invisible barrier which separates world from world, that with its shadowy veil conceals from mortal ken the spirit-land where our beloved ones dwell. Ah, it is a filmy, cloud-like veil, and it wears thinner and thinner as the years roll on; and sometimes, in hours of lonely musing or when one of our best and dearest passes within its folds, it seems to be lifted for a moment, and we see beyond the heavenly country, the white-robed spirit-land, the bliss, the joy, the dazzling glory that shrouds in its ineffable brightness the face of God Himself. It

is only a glimpse, but it cheers us onward, and comforts our souls, and bids us wait in patient hope till the Father shall say, "Child, thy work below is done; enter into rest, pass within the veil."

And for one brief moment, looking through my tears at that dear pictured face, I seemed to behold the unseen; to hear the voices that, resounding no more in earthly song, swell the eternal anthems of the skies; to catch, as it were, though faintly, some distant echoes of the celestial hymn-notes of the redeemed. I looked up and saw my mother's pale, lovely face close to mine. She, too, was gazing on the portrait with a calmness and sadness that touched me to the heart. How she must have loved this man! How still she treasured his memory, and yet—and yet! Surely God alone can fathom the depths of a loving woman's heart. I am sure that no man ever can.

"Well," she said, laying her head on my shoulder, for I was taller than she now by several inches, "you know who it is, Hugh?"

"It is my father."

"Yes, your own dear father, the Captain Vassall, *my friend*, who set sail for the heavenly country almost seventeen years ago."

"Is this my very own?"

"Your very own, to keep as a treasure as long as you live."

"But—but—do you like to part with it?"

"I had it taken on purpose for you. This is not the actual portrait, Hugh; I could not give up that. This is a copy—see, here is the original."

I looked on a small oval portrait, in a dingy, well-worn, red morocco case. Yes, my copy was an excellent one, but the original was the one which my father himself had had taken, and which he had presented to his wife. Was it a love gift, or was it taken after marriage, before he went away on his first voyage? I could not venture to ask, though I craved to know all about it, even to the veriest trifle.

"I will, indeed, keep this as a treasure," I replied; "but, *madre*, let me hold the little red case in my own hands. My portrait is very beautiful, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart; but this one that he must have touched himself—that he sat for, you tell me—seems like his very shadow. Now, I understand to the full Cowper's 'Oh, that those lips had language!'"

"This one also will be yours when God calls me away; this desk too, and all that it contains I shall leave to you. Remember what I say, and claim it,—claim it under any circumstances. No one else can have any right to it. One other thing let me mention. I have delayed it too long, and life is ever uncertain. Did you ever hear of a Mr. Merriton?"

"I think I have heard the name. Yes, I am sure I have heard Martin mention it."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Gibson long ago. Also, it seems to me, that I have heard it of late years at the Gate House."

"Very possibly, for Mr. Merriton and Martin have had dealings ever since you were taken to Eaglesmere. And Mr. Merriton is your lawyer, and to some extent your guardian."

"My lawyer! my guardian!" I answered, in extreme astonishment. "What need have I for a lawyer, *madre*?"

"I should have said, rather, he is your man of business. He holds your money, he has taken care of it all these years, and it is from him, through your bankers, that you receive your allowance. He is a good, wise, righteous man, and you may always trust him."

"And he is in some sort my guardian, you say?"

"He has guarded your property, and, in case of Martin's death, he would be your nominal guardian till you were of age. Long ago he accepted the trust of your money, but he declined to interfere with you personally while you were a child. I had a letter from him the other day, and he wishes to see you at the first convenient opportunity."

"Where does he live?"

"In London. You can call upon him when you pass through on your way to Dovercourt. You must cross by Calais or Boulogne, and go up to town, see Mr. Merriton, and then come back south again to Dovercourt. Of course London is out of your way, but that does not matter. You will soon be going, you know."

"Yes, if I am to spend Christmas with the Wrays."

"It has occurred to me that, as they have no special associations with the season, it might be well for you to go earlier—go at once, I would say, now that Mr. Merriton wishes to see you. It would be better in many ways."

"It would, *madre*; it would be an excuse for breaking off with Du Carel and Montsallier and the others, and afterwards it will be easy not to resume the intimacy."

"I was thinking of that, my dear. I do not want you to quarrel with these young men, especially with Du Carel, whose mother is related by marriage to Lady Juliana Rashleigh."

"I had made an engagement with Du Carel for this very evening."

"Tell him that I claimed you. Indeed, I do want you to go out with Olive and myself presently to Pastor Mercier's."

"*Madre*, what has changed Lady Olive?"

"In what respect do you mean that she is changed?"

"In nearly every respect; but, above all, in her conduct towards

myself. Whenever we met, which was seldom, at Dovercourt, she treated me with as much arrogance, disdain, and scorn as could be expressed in words and looks and manner. She used to speak to me as if I were an inferior creature scarcely of her own species,—in fact, she was far more courteous to the dogs. She was not only haughty and supercilious, but insolent,—yes, duly acknowledging her rank and my own obscurity,—she was outrageously, abominably insolent!”

“And now?”

“Now you may judge for yourself. Lady Olive and I are the best of friends. No; I am not certain that we are *friends*, for friendship implies so much; but we are allies—great allies, certainly. Lately I have seen less of her, but it has been my own fault. I have sought other society, and she has reproached me more than once for deserting her.”

“It seemed to me that Olive was cordial that first evening of your arrival?”

“She was; she came out to me on the balcony, while you were dressing. I was ready fifty minutes too soon, for I had made a mistake in your dinner-hour. She met me with something more than courtesy—with actual effusion; and she struck up an intimacy there and then that has continued ever since, progressing rather than receding. I received her advances coldly enough, I confess, for I distrusted her. Besides, I remembered her scorn, her rudeness. I could not forget how greatly she had humiliated me in days past. But insensibly the ice in my bosom thawed, the charm of her society conquered me; and it is not easy to repulse the attentions—the kindness, I should say—of a beautiful girl like Lady Olive. Besides, she was but a child when she hated me so demonstratively, and she apologised, too, with so much frankness and sweetness that I should have been a brute to persevere in my resentment and reserve. Still I wonder, no less now than then, what wrought the change which seemed to me little less than a miracle? Can it be the influence of Madame Le Gramont?”

“Indeed, Hugh, I am no less puzzled than yourself. Between Olive and myself there was always an impenetrable coldness, an unexpressed antagonism. I never exercised over her the authority which I might have claimed. I felt instinctively that it would be unwise to come to open war, which must have been the case had I ever urged my rights. She, on her side, never flagrantly transgressed, and though she refused to acknowledge me as her mother she never forgot that I was her father’s wife. I was the Marchioness of Dovercourt, and, as such, entitled to some show of deference.”

“But she calls you ‘mamma’ now.”

"Yes, we are almost mother and daughter *now*! She consults me on every point, and recognises my authority on all occasions. She is as obedient as Maudie. Not that I ever greatly test her obedience. I always try to meet her wishes, and I have sometimes, when no principle was involved, sacrificed my own opinion, my own plans, to hers; so we go on our way charmingly, and people quote us as perfect in our relations as step-mother and step-daughter."

"Do you, can you love Lady Olive?"

"Hugh, I am afraid I do not love her; I am not quite sure that I trust her. Madame Le Gramont may have influenced her pupil, but it seems to me—indeed, it is self-evident—that Olive rules her governess. I never could endure that Miss Flogg. She was a very vulgar person, and her cunning was apparent. She was an accomplished linguist, and that was all that could be said for her."

"Why did you permit her to remain so long in office?"

"She was Lady Juliana's selection, and I would not interfere. To me personally Miss Flogg was respectful, more than respectful, for she cringed, and fawned, and toadied to an extent possible only to a very low and mean type of character. She professed to be guided by me in every action. She was constantly consulting me on minutiae which were left entirely to herself. She tried flattery, she proffered confidences, she would have told tales had I condescended to listen; but I never did. I mistrusted her, and she knew it, and with the natural venom of a base, narrow mind she hated me accordingly. She lamented my dislike, and was *désolée*, because I did not believe in her. She was a very dangerous person, and I am thankful that she is gone. Olive herself despised her, and when there arose some misunderstanding between the Marquis and his sister, Olive adroitly seized the opportunity to get rid of her obnoxious governess. Lady Juliana, as you know, took Flogg as her companion—they always suited; and we secured Madame Le Gramont. Truly the changes we have remarked date from her arrival among us."

CHAPTER XXII.—MY LEGAL ADVISER.

In three days I had said good-bye to Paris. I had bidden adieu to the Marchioness and Lady Olive, promising to be back again for the *Jour de l'An* at latest. It was a mild, soft day early in December, grey and tranquil, and the long railway journey from Paris to Boulogne was pleasant. I found the sea as quiet as a mill-pond, and I crossed at once, and made the passage in something less than two hours.

It was dark when I got into London, and I was proceeding to

take a cab from London Bridge to Bedford Square where Mr. Merriton lived when some one touched me on the shoulder.

"Mr. Hugh Travis, I believe?"

I turned round, and there stood an elderly, impenetrable-looking gentleman, with shaggy eyebrows, plenty of iron-grey hair, and a grave though kindly expression of countenance. I admitted that I was Mr. Hugh Travis.

"I was sure of it," responded my companion. "I had the pleasure of seeing your father many years ago, and the moment you got out of the train I knew that you must be his son. I came to meet you; my name is Merriton."

A neat one-horse brougham was waiting for us, and we drove away to Bedford Square. London streets seemed to be in just the same state of bustle and commotion as when I had seen them last six years ago. Mr. Merriton did not attempt to converse, but as we drove through the gas-lit streets—oh! how dingy and dim they seemed after the Boulevards and the Rue Rivoli—he gave me sundry information as to the localities through which we passed.

"This is Cannon Street," he announced, "and that is St. Paul's. Ah! you know it. I thought this was your first visit to town?"

I explained, and presently he continued: "That is the Old Bailey, and there is St. Sepulchre's Church, and here we are at the foot of Holborn Hill, the worst foot crossing in all London, not excepting the Mansion House and London Bridge from King William Street corner. I always tell Mrs. Merriton that if ever I come to my death by being driven over it will be at the junction of Holborn Hill and Farringdon Street. Lots of people are run over there, you know, annually, but they are nobodies; one of these days a somebody will be killed, and then there will be—a *viaduct*." Which singular prevision has come true literally. The dangerous crossing was left in its normal condition of danger and difficulty, till only a very few years ago, an omnibus coming full tilt down the incline of Holborn Hill ran over and caused the death of a person of importance, a very wealthy and philanthropic Bristol merchant, W. D. Wills, Esq. And there is the Holborn Viaduct *un fait accompli* at this day, a monument to the memory of Mr. Wills for at least the remainder of the century. "Now we are in New Oxford Street," resumed Mr. Merriton; "that was Chancery Lane where the horse shied at the milk-boy. Up there is Bloomsbury Square, and this is Bedford Square. Welcome, Mr. Travis, to my humble home."

Mrs. Merriton met us in the hall; she was a quiet, elderly woman, short and stout, as kind as she knew how to be, but uncompromisingly dull and stupid; I presume Mr. Merriton thought otherwise in his youthful days, else why did he make her Mrs. Merriton? She paid me a great deal of attention, and I could

plainly perceive that the dinner was a sort of inaugural feast celebrated expressly on my account. There was a Miss Merriton, the eldest daughter of the worthy couple, and as I discovered afterwards, she was a little over thirty years of age, while I, in my juvenile inexperience, set her down for a regular old maid of five-and-forty. Her sisters were all married, for the Merritons had rejoiced in numerous olive branches round about their table; and she who answered to the name of Lavinia was the last full-blown blossom upon the parent stem. She was evidently quite as common-place, but not nearly so amiable as her mother, and I remarked that she ate her dinner as it were under protest, and drank her wine as if she were at feud with mankind generally. She refused to enter into conversation, but listened with a covert air to all that others said. I made up my mind that Lavinia Merriton was a very disagreeable person, and that her nephews and nieces caricatured her, and voted her a nuisance.

We had no business talk that evening, for it was presumed that I was fatigued, and some one came to speak to Mr. Merriton on an affair of importance, and kept him till long after Lavinia had established herself behind the urn, and rattled the cups and saucers. I tried to make myself agreeable, and talked eloquently about Heidelberg and Paris; and Mrs. Merriton, after listening attentively to my spirited narration, anxiously inquired if I could tell her whether flounces were really going out and plain skirts coming in. She had heard that frills up to the waist were no longer seen in Paris, and that short waists and square-cut boddices were all the rage. I am afraid I sank sadly in her estimation when I replied regretfully that really I had not noticed; I knew that the ladies had waists, but could not say whether they were long or short, and I was quite sure they wore dresses, though whether flounced, or tucked, or plain I could not remember. I said, however, that I thought the Marchioness and Lady Olive wore a great many skirts, one over the other, voluminous, diaphanous skirts that floated about them like clouds. Mrs. Merriton was sorry I could not name the material of which they were made. Miss Merriton sneered and glanced sulkily at her own unbecoming, stiff copper-coloured silk, trimmed with yards of heavy purple velvet. And was this regulation London dinner-dress, I wondered!

The evening wore away. When Mr. Merriton came in he desired Lavinia to give him some music, and she rose and went to the piano, still under protest, while I hastened to open the instrument and drag the music books into position. She neither thanked me nor rejected my services, but she scowled at me over her shoulder, and intimated that she never allowed any one to turn over the leaves for her. Presently, in a thin, high-pitched voice she sang a

lugubrious ballad, beginning, "All alone I am pining," and then she gave us in *adagio* time and *con espressione*, "Go, forget me!" From her choice of songs I argued that she had suffered from some kind of unrequited or blighted attachment, though at the same time I could not wonder at anybody forgetting her, if he possibly could do so. The other sisters, I afterwards discovered, were pretty and lively, and had married before they were well out of their teens; no wonder that poor Lavinia should object to be "left pining alone" in the comfortable, sombre, Bedford Square mansion.

The next day Mr. Merriton took me down into his private office, which was snug and cosy, but very close and dark. There was light enough, however, for me to read my own name in large white letters on a square japanned tin box, placed on a shelf immediately opposite my chair. My *whole* name, too—"Hugh Travis Vassall!" I supposed the box must be mine, but I knew nothing about it.

"Now, Mr. Travis," began Mr. Merriton; "let us have a little quiet talk. In the first place, let me observe that I know your real name to be Vassall, and that I know also all the reasons why you are known only by the two names given you by your god-fathers and godmother in your baptism; I know more about you than you know about yourself."

"I am not sure of that," I replied, quickly; "I know my own strange history, Mr. Merriton."

He looked sharply at me. "From whom did you learn it, pray? from the marchioness?"

"By no means; neither was it from the Wrays, nor from my old tutor at Eaglesmere. A stranger, from Rosthwaite, in Cumberland, told me the whole story."

"Indeed! Well, then, there is nothing more to be said, and please do not tell me the story, or any portion of it."

"May I not ask you a few questions?"

"Not as regards the history to which you have just alluded; I could not answer them."

"And yet I am told that you are my legal adviser!"

"Precisely; and as your legal adviser, and being in possession of all the facts of the case, I counsel you to keep silence on the subject in question."

"But you will at least admit——"

"I admit nothing, young gentleman. On principle, I never make admissions; they are unprofessional and imprudent."

"Then what is the use of a lawyer?" I asked, quite angrily, "if one may not ask him questions concerning one's self, and if he distinctly refuses to make admissions even?"

Mr. Merriton smiled, "Have patience, Mr. Vassall. If you do really

know the story of your infancy—you could not help suspecting it, matters have been so wildly, so insanelly managed—you must feel that it is wisest, that it is a duty you owe to one person in particular, to *let it rest*. You are not a child, and you must perceive the force of what I say. I cannot answer any questions referring to the past; but if you wish for information as regards your present position, and your future prospects, I am at your service."

"I beg pardon if I spoke hastily," I replied. "I am afraid my temper is none of the most even, and I am sure you mean only kindness to myself and to others concerned. The marchioness said I might fully trust you."

"And you may, young man. I thank God the man or woman lives not who has cause to repent trusting Richard Merriton. May I ask you if your allowance is sufficient? that is, do you *make* it sufficient?"

"It was ample while I was at Heidelberg; during my sojourn in Paris I was foolish enough to overrun the constable."

"Then you are at present in debt?"

"I am happy to say I am not. The marchioness kindly paid all I owed, and I have promised her that a similar necessity shall not recur."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Vassall, her ladyship has written to me, proposing that I should increase your allowance to 500*l.* a year. It rests with me entirely, for *she* has no power over your income, always remember that! Now I think her ladyship is scarcely wise in making this proposition; 500*l.* per annum is more than a young fellow like you ought to wish to spend. I disapprove entirely of extravagant habits, and they are so easily acquired."

"May I ask what money I really have?"

"You may, and I will tell you, for you have a right to know. You have a clear income of 1,000*l.* a year—it was less once, but it has been judiciously managed. By the time you attain your majority it will be, I doubt not, 1,200*l.* per annum, even if your allowance be at once increased to five hundred!"

"May I ask to whom I am indebted for this income, sir? I know that my father left literally nothing when he died."

"You may not ask; I told you not to question me about the past. Only be sure that the money is honestly and honourably yours, and you need not scruple to make use of it. Have you any thought of selecting a profession?"

"I have thought of it, Mr. Merriton, and I should be glad to discuss the subject with you. I had thought of my father's profession, but I believe I am too old for that?"

"You are. Should you like to enter the Church?"

"I think not; I have scruples about subscription."

"Would the army suit you?"

"By no means; I have not the smallest military enthusiasm."

"My own profession, then? How should you like to be a lawyer—a barrister, that is to say?"

"I think I should like it very well. I have no wish to be idle because I happen to have 1,000*l.* a year."

"We will think it over. The Marchioness would not disapprove, I know."

And we did think it over, and the result was that arrangements were made for my entering upon the necessary studies immediately, though I was to keep my terms at Heidelberg for yet another year.

"But if I had had my own way, young man," said Mr. Merriton, grimly, "I should have entered you for the Civil Service, and got you shipped off for India as soon as possible. I am convinced that would have been best for all parties."

I was glad that Mr. Merriton had not had his own way, for expatriation, however honourable, was scarcely to my taste.

(To be continued.)

A CAMP MEETING IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

It is to the praise of Primitive Methodism that it flourishes best in the great counties of Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Durham, and has its most splendid moral trophies in the midst of populations where rude sports on the one hand, and self-cultivated minds on the other, largely prevail. But to see Primitive Methodism in its glory we must attend a camp meeting, and, above all, a camp meeting in a popular locality where good singers, fiery preachers, and mighty "praying men" are expected. Such a meeting did we once attend long, long ago, and its memory is sweet and verdant still. A sketch of the day as genial and literal as we can make it may, perhaps, be acceptable to our readers, especially those in the "north countries."

The meeting, then, is held in a green field within sight of a colliery, and not far from the valley of the Tyne. Long rows of pitmen's cottages run along the side of the hill on which the colliery stands, and at the end of these rows is the Primitive Methodist Chapel. At the bottom of the meadow, under the shade of some trees, is a large waggon, "the preaching-stand" for the day, and here are gathering processions of Primitives from Newcastle,

Blaydon, Winlaton, Ballast Hills, Greenside, Walbottle, and many other places famous for eloquent local preachers and class leaders full of faith and holy fire. On they come, the men in black clothes cut like a Quaker's, wearing white neck-cloths and broad-brimmed hats, and carrying umbrellas to shelter them from sun or rain. On they come, the women in light dresses and semi-Quaker bonnets. On they come, young men and maidens blithe and good, and radiant with love both human and Divine. On they come, crowds of "all sorts" from near and far, poachers, quoit players, dog-fighters, wrestlers, bowlers, ploughmen, tradesmen, drunkards, reformed drunkards, farmers and their families, and artisans from the engine factory, all hastening to what they improperly call "the Ranters' camp meeting."

Many of the Primitives approach the rendezvous singing some favourite hymn. Here, see, is a procession headed by the famous Primitive singer, Richard Raine, the *beau ideal* of a Primitive choir master, and as they troop through the gate into the field Richard strikes up—

"The Gospel ship along is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
Thousands she has safely landed,
Yet there's room for millions more."

And then outbursts the chorus—

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
All our sailors loudly cry;
See, the blissful port of glory
Opens to each longing eye."

But it is half-past ten o'clock, and time to begin. William Towler, the superintendent preacher, a fine, tall, polished, pleasant-looking man—but, mark you, one who can at times excite a congregation into a religious *furor*—ascends the waggon, followed by Robert Foster, of Newcastle; Thomas Waller, of Scotswood; George Bailey, of West Moor; William Leighton, of Ballast Hills; George Charlton, the circuit steward; and Richard Raine, who is to lead the singing. William Towler announces the hymn—

"Blow ye the trumpet! blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

Up stands Richard Raine, and in a fine, clear, inspiring voice commences the tune, and, in a moment more, hill, dale, river, and sky resound to the mighty song of the people. Two prayers follow—such prayers! They are not genteel whispers, not formal petitions. No, they are audible, fervent, holy prayers, and the kneeling multitude respond with loud "Amens" and shouts of "Praise

the Lord." William Towler, evidently roused by the prayers, announces the second hymn in an impassioned voice—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able, He is willing, doubt no more."

Richard Raine is now like a prophet-singer. His eyes closed in rapture, his face twitches all over with religious feeling, his voice rings out like a silver trumpet, and the people join in the strain until they come to the words—

"Agonising in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
It is finished! Sinners, will not this suffice?"

And then strong men and feeble women alike may be seen ceasing to sing that they may weep. Then the following words are sung softly:—

"Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call."

And then is heard an exultant burst of song, Richard Raine pouring out his soul in wondrous tones:—

"Lo! the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

Robert Foster, a middle-sized man, grave, earnest, and fluent, delivers the first sermon from the words, "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." It is a model sermon. Brief, clear, solemn, and forcible, it brings men's thoughts into harmony with things that are eternal. Another sermon by George Bailey, and then "two praying circles" are formed—that is, the crowd divides into two parts, one led by a pious brickmaker, and another by a Newcastle tradesman, and, having walked a short distance from the waggon, singing as they go—

"Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view,
A crown of bright glory is waiting for you,"

the praying men kneel down in a circle, and the *ad fresco* prayer meetings begin. How these men pray! They cry aloud for God. They invoke the Saviour with tears, groans, and passionate supplications. Some, like good Robert Simpson, throw the people into a tumult of feeling by crying out: "Save souls, Lord, save souls. I believe! I do believe! Glory! I do believe. Hallelujah, praise

the Lamb." The outsiders begin to mock, but "the power of God" descends, and fills even them with awe, and notoriously profane men are seen prostrate on the grass in sore spiritual distress praying for mercy and life. When "they find liberty," shouts of "Glory be to God" rend the sky.

Back to the waggon. William Towler's pale face is flushed. His eyes sparkle like diamonds. His fine form is instinct with emotion; his soul is on fire. Now look out for something to be remembered. "Men and brethren," he cries, "this is the day of salvation. . . . Who wants to be saved? . . . I am here to proclaim redemption. . . . Blessed be God! Christ died on Calvary for *you*. . . . Sinners, come down before Him. . . . Hallelujah, He is here to save you.

"Come, ye wounded, contrite spirits,
You that long have toiled in vain,
Jesu's blood and deathless merits
Now can save from every stain;
Hallelujah, 'twas for sinners He was slain.

"Come, thou broken-down backslider,
Gaze upon the Lamb of God,
See His arms extending wider
As you plead His precious blood;
Do not linger, while He waits to do you good.

"You that thirst for consolation,
Peace and holiness below,
In His blood there's full redemption,
This we all on earth may know;
Countless millions have been washed as white as snow.

Sinners, backsliders, wretched souls, come to Jesus now, and glory eternal shall be yours."

Here is an orator indeed; every word tells. His action is graceful, voice sweet, face attractive, earnestness overwhelming, and the people sway like a forest when the breath of God blows upon it. A true orator, and a man of a thousand, is he.

It is now noon, and we break up for dinner. Every Primitive keeps open house, and all along "the pit row" may be seen the good people enjoying the viands—chiefly roast beef and plum pudding. No beer is visible; teetotalism reigns supreme. After dinner comes a quiet pipe, much talk on preaching, stories of conversions, singing, and extemporised prayer meetings. How merry these Primitives are! "Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." So they do sing. As we saunter along "the row" we hear one group singing:—

"Come, soldiers, can't you rise and tall
The wonders of Immanuel?"

Another—

"March on, happy pilgrims, the land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;

Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go,
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above."

And another—

"My God, I am Thine; what a comfort Divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
Hallelujah! send the glory. Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah; send the glory. Revive us again."

The afternoon congregation is immense. Some wonderful preaching is expected. Praying men—famous for miles round—are here. Bands of singers have come in. Fresh processions from Hunston, Arthur's Hill, Nelson Street Chapel, Gateshead, and other places, have arrived. "Surely a great day is here. The heavens will pour down blessing on the hosts of Israel. It is a Pentecost. 'God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran,' and surely God will come to us to-day." Such is evidently the belief of these Primitives; so let us wait and see.

William Towler is at his post, but looks pale and worn. He gives out the hymn—

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

And it is sung with great spirit; and then follow three enthusiastic prayers from brethren in front of the waggon. Then another hymn which somebody began of his own accord, and because he could not help it:—

"I'm happy in Jesus, and cannot forbear,
Tho' sinners despise me; His grace I'll declare,
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I would fly
To yonder bright mansions prepared on high.

"I love Thee, my Saviour, I love Thee, my Lord,
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways, and Thy word;
With tender affection I love sinners too,
For Jesus hath died to redeem them from woe.

"I find Him in secret, I find Him in prayer,
In sweet meditation He always is there;
My constant Companion, may we never part,
All glory to Jesus who reigns in my heart."

Sermons, prayers, hymns follow in rapid succession, and the religious excitement is very great. Young women go off into agonies. Sinners of evil fame fall to the ground and pray with tremendous earnestness for mercy. Backsliders are found out by their friends and prayed with there and then. Triumphant songs break forth from men whose faces shine with joy. The sermons grow more powerful, and the words of the preachers are like hammers and swords, and many are "the slain of the Lord." It is a great day in Israel. But, see, here comes the man of the hour—a man of rough face, shaggy hair, big head, loud voice,

flashing eyes, strong brain, horned hands, stalwart frame, and fearless mien; a man who spends hours and hours in solitary prayer; who sees Satan and fights with him; who believes in God, Christ, heaven, and hell as realities; who reads volume after volume of theology after his day's toil; whose sermons are brooded over until they are as hot as his own coke-oven; a man of faith, and prayer, and spiritual struggle such as we seldom see—THOMAS WALLER, OF BLAYDON. He looks like a man going to fight; he has prayed for hours about this season; tears have deluged his face; he has entreated God to bless him as he never did before, and he said to a friend, "I've got the promise." So expect something glorious. "Thomas Waller is up" is whispered through the crowd, and all press towards the stand. We are breathless, listening for the text, and at last it comes from the preacher's lips: "IF THE RIGHTEOUS SCARCELY BE SAVED, WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR?" It is like a crash of thunder. Both saints and sinners feel thrilled. None dare stir. This rough coke-burner is as Elijah, the prophet. The sermon scathes like fire. It is an appeal to saints to battle against sin, and to sinners to flee to Calvary. He spares none. Knowing as he does, and says he does, the plague of sin in his own heart, he dilates on heroism in God's service, on self-mastery, and on "perfect sanctification," until his fellow Primitives groan and pray for holiness as they stand in deep and awful attention before him. Then he suddenly turns to the sinner. With his Bible in one hand and his coloured silk handkerchief in the other, he appeals to him to repent and seek salvation. "*Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*" he cried aloud in a terrible voice. "*Where?* when God shall come down with clouds of darkness round about Him. *Where?* when God shall rain snares, and fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest upon the wicked. *Where?* when hell shall move from beneath to meet the sinners, and to swallow them up." But this man is after all a messenger of peace. "Sinner," he cries, "thou art close to hell, but see, Christ is coming from His cross and crown to save thee.

" 'By faith I view my Saviour dying on the tree:
To every nation He is crying, "Look to Me!"
He bids the guilty now draw near—
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear,
Hark! hark! these precious words I hear, Mercy's free.

" 'Long as I live I'll still be crying, Mercy's free!
And this shall be my song when dying, Mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last, Mercy's free!"

The effect of these lines, delivered as they were with a combination of earnestness and winning tenderness, was wonderful. Preachers

and people wept; praying men shouted, "Lord! save now." The crowds bowed their heads and prayed, and for a time heaven seemed to visit earth with mercy, joy, and love. After a hymn and prayer, the camp meeting came to an end, and Richard Raine, melodious as ever, marched the people from the field, singing:—

"Oh, then we'll shine, and shout, and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

" 'Amen, amen,' my soul replies,
'I'm bound to meet Him in the skies,
And claim a mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in the heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.' "

At the gate of the field many part to meet again only in Canaan for evermore. William Towler died abroad; Robert Foster has joined him in the skies; Thomas Waller is gone too, and many "devout men" who were at that meeting are now with him in the celestial spheres, and know, with Hugh Bourne, William Clowes, John Flesher, and James Watson—men of whom the world was not worthy—that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Of the others, many continue to adorn Primitive Methodism, and to make it a source of pure and blessed light unto thousands of people in the Northern counties. But they grow older, some are gray and feeble, yet, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, they patiently wait for the opening of the golden gates, that they may enter in with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and be—

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK VII.—PROVERBS AND PARABLES CONCERNING KICKING DEAD LIONS, AND GOING TO THE DOGS.

ONCE upon a time the lion was found dead in the forest; it was a time when the beasts had a much more united manner of action than they have now, although my parable does not appear to give them credit for any greater superiority in their natures. The lion

had been a very respectable beast, with much greater strength and courage; he had really possessed more equanimity and regality in his animal activities. All the other beasts, too, had been very much afraid of him, not merely when his tremendous roar shook the forest and resounded through the wilderness, but they had respected also a certain reticence when his majesty strode with majestic steps along the solitudes of the woods, occasionally meeting some terrified creature, to whom he gave a dignified and cheerful "good day," condescendingly shaking his magnificent head and mane; but now the king is dead he lies there in the forest shades, the sunlight gleaming over his tawny hide, his massive jaw fallen, and every movement utterly extinguished, nor any possibility longer of agitated and nervous twitch in whisker or in tail. The monkey discovered him first, and in ten thousand indecent gambols jumped upon the king's body, grinned, and gibbered, playing all the games of a disreputable antic, as every one knows he is. Having satisfied his jocularly by slapping the face, tweaking the whisker, playing with the tail, he bethought to start off and apprise the other beasts that old King Tawny was dead. Knowing that the monkey had no great regard for truth they crept along slowly and cautiously, and behaved themselves in a very modest and seemly manner until they were quite certain that the breath was fairly out of the royal body, and then with sundry and manifold indignities they all began to discuss and depreciate his claims to be regarded as the king. The jackal and hyæna both declared that he was wholly deficient in courage; the wolf said for his part he could not understand how it was that they had ever praised his majesty or strength; an ugly old baboon exceeded the monkey in his indecent behaviour. Encouraged by the apparent amity and unanimity subsisting among the beasts, even a donkey sidled in, venturing to dispute the majesty of the lion's roar; he set up a loud demonstration in his own peculiar line of music, and, putting it to the company whether that was not really a far nobler sound, he gave a few hearty kicks to the dead body and then disappeared, lest he should excite the affectionate interests of his fellow mortals in too appetising a manner. Finally, a little bit of a dog approached, and after setting up a bark to intimate to the company that he was there, he proceeded to sniff, in a contemptible manner, round and round the poor old king; and then in a peculiarly unseemly manner he insulted the royal remains.

It is a parable which has been often acted out in human life. History is full of such instances of the treatment of dead lions. Here is a striking instance in the history of France in the great days of the League. The Duke of Guise was a great man—a very great man. He represented the chivalry of France in his day; he

was a great statesman and a great soldier. Perhaps a more utterly despicable creature than the King of France then, Henry III., never sat upon a throne; such a king could not know what to do with a man like Guise better than to get him assassinated. It was the age of murders and assassinations, so the weak King treacherously seduced him to a meeting, cleverly planting his murderers so that he was slain in the very presence of the King, who, had he known how to do it, might have strengthened his throne by the wisdom and the will of the Duke. But the pith of the story is in what happened after the murder. Then the King advanced to see the body of his victim. With gnashing teeth he set his foot upon it, trampling it under his feet. He contemplated it for some time, and as he did so, spectators tells us, his face assumed a frightened aspect. He exclaimed, "My God, what a great man! He seems even greater dead than living!" But he pushed the body a second time with his foot, and exclaimed to one who was standing by him, "Does it appear to you that he is dead?" The person to whom he spoke, braver than the King, answered, "Yes, I believe it, sire." And then the chronicler, who tells the story, says: "I think if the Duke had only breathed when the King pushed him with his foot, he would have fallen down by the side of the corpse through fear." It is a striking illustration altogether of cowardly imbecility kicking the body of the dead lion. And yet there was some retribution in this circumstance. In the Massacre of St. Bartholomew the great Coligny had been sought out by the assassins employed by the Duke of Guise himself; and when the venerable and majestic old man had been murdered, from the windows of his house, where the murder had been committed, the body was thrown out into the street. There Guise himself was waiting for it, and, treating it with indignity even still more horribly disgraceful in a great man like Guise than in a mere imp like Henry, he anticipated the treatment of his own body, and trampled upon that of his incorruptible Protestant rival. It is very curious to notice how "*Curses, like little chickens, come home to roost.*"

Such instances, I have said, are furnished us in history and biography. Our English Edward found it tough work to overcome Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, but when the dead body of the Prince was brought to him at Conway he visited upon the dead body every mark of indignity and ignominy. It was paraded through the streets of London, then it was placed in a pillory, and afterwards exposed upon the highest part of the Tower of London. The only crime of Llewellyn had been his heroic defence of his own country. He had shown himself to be a lion among his mountains and in the field, and this treatment his body received from the hands of his conqueror was an illustration of the ease with which the lion may

be kicked when dead, who was able to fill men's souls with fear when alive. Such instances belong to military ages, but the passions of jealousy and revenge survive in other forms when the phenomena of the times have changed or passed away. Religious intolerance has afforded fine opportunities for kicking dead lions. Many a body which has been safe by death, from all the inflictions of cruelty and pain, has been exhumed that it might receive indignities from which the living soul was exempted. When the mighty Arnold of Brescia was burned his enemies were not satisfied until they had cast his ashes into the Arno, but Wycliffe's remains were disinterred, and the men who could not confute him living burnt his body, and then consigned his ashes to the river to be borne away on the Avon to the sea. It almost seems by such treatment as if men dreaded lest

"E'en in their ashes lived their wonted fires."

But it would almost seem there is something in human nature which delights in insulting over departed greatness. It would seem as if some subtle sense of feebleness and incapacity animates men; they seem to put on a kind of fool's cap and bells, and imagine in their tintinabulations they are wakening a whole Antwerp peal of joy-bells, because greatness lies breathless, its long day's work done, and folly free henceforth from its shafts of wisdom or of wit. Scarcely a great serviceable soldier drops in the ranks, scarcely one of God's nobler day labourers fails and falls, but some impudent ass affects to kick, or some little miserable cur sets up a yelp around the remains. It is so in all departments, perhaps it is so in the very proportion to the eminence and excellence of the departed lion, for there are men who are like the owl and the night-hawk, and other birds which build their homes chiefly in ruins, amidst decaying turrets and towers, where the thick ivy only mantles round, and even saves from their fall, tottering ruins, such are the natural homes of such birds; and so it would seem some little natures fancy they can build a secure nest for their own reputation in the decay of some illustrious name. But it will not do; night-hawk and owl are little to the lofty ruin, and if some lesser and lower nature out of the traces of departed greatness lifts up its hooting or screaming cry, it only attracts attention rather to the majestic edifice it seeks to bring into contempt, assures us—

"It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the right is riveted.
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer-by;
The tower, by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;

Each ivied arch and pillar lone
Pleads haughtily for glories gone ! ”

It does so, but it is none the less shocking that there are natures, human natures, which, like the jackal and the hyæna, disinter the dead to devour them. A proverb of an old Latin writer says, “*They would pick out meat from the very funeral pile,*” from the funeral service and oblation there are those who would extract aliment for their own jealousy, and the honours with which the dead are treated become texts for captious depreciation, for “*Even a boy can beat a man when bound,*” says an old Latin proverb; and there is one satisfaction in arguing with the dead, we may generally contrive to have it all our own way. And there are those, as we well know, whose power deserts them and whose influence is dead before they really quit the scene; such a circumstance of character Shakespeare describes, in one of his most vivid and pathetic scenes, the fall of the mighty Minister of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey—that man of almost measureless power and ambition—when Norfolk, giving to him the dismissal from the King, exclaims—

“So fare you well, my little, good, Lord Cardinal.”

It was an impudent kick at a dead lion. A string of sayings and proverbs are in keeping with this, “*Every accusation against a fallen man gains credence,*” “*When the ox falls there are many will help to kill him,*” “*When the tree is fallen every one goes to it with his hatchet,*” “*All bite the bitten dog,*” and so on, through many proverbs which may be more or less ready to the reader’s mind. Incapable of reverence, they cannot honour the work done, and incapable themselves of touching those fine springs of mental and moral activity which waken the world, and carry it forward in its sphere of progress, they can only mark defects, and know not how to honour and applaud. They would reduce all men to their own level; they cannot admire; they are impatient of greatness and superiority. Nor must it be forgotten that the majority of men are unable to perceive the attributes of higher natures, they have no sympathy with them; even the loftiest and noblest natures are compelled to touch the multitude and the majority by that which is inferior to their better selves. If they have obtained a hold on mankind, it has not usually been in virtue of their fine spiritual insight, their imagination glancing from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, and bodying forth highest and divinest truths, it has not been in virtue of their merely exquisite sensibility, but it has been in the degree in which these attributes have been associated with adroitness which has surprised, strength which has overcome, or because they have sheathed their wisdom in humour and in laughter, or because they have made themselves dreaded by a pungent and invincible wit, which has kept coarse pens and rough tongues at a

distance, as the master of the fine blade is held in awe by a crowd of roystering beings who are only strong in the power of the fist; then, when the hand is paralysed and drops the blade, the brutal and the timid can advance and take their revenge. And many a man who would have dreaded in the lifetime of the strong man the being impaled for his audacity on the spear of an epigram, becomes suddenly quite brave, and affects to think there was nothing of the lion after all; they forget, as Shakespeare says, in words which sound like a proverb, "*The man that did sell the lion's skin while the beast lived was killed with hunting him.*" I suppose the dead lions have, for one reason, received more kicks than commendations inasmuch as they also in their lifetime had frequently an angry growl for things and people they did not like. It is not the whim of a lion, like our old friend in Shakespeare, to "roar like any nightingale," and even when their breathing has been a little modulated, it has been not the less pleasant to some tastes. Even so gentle a creature as Dickens was, Pecksniffs will never forgive him; the great Veneer companies, the Barnacles, and the Circumlocution-offices will always make out a case against him. But what a genuinely surly lion must Dante have been while he lived. In truth, there was very little in the world through which he moved to put him in a good temper. While he lived his native city exiled him, and after his death was long in paying him his meed of honour. Then came the time when she passionately desired his bones might be given to her. But that was not to be. In the sacred enclosure of Santa Croce there is the magnificent monument; but there is no sacred dust beneath it as beneath the tombs of Michael Angelo and Galileo and the others who repose within that sacred fane. Florence cast him out, and he cannot be restored. And as the other day I sat in Verona, on the very spot where he so often nervously paced to and fro and ate his bitter bread, and the Piazza, once the palace court of the great Can Grande, or the great dog,—a singular title for a great prince to rejoice in,—as I looked up at that ineffably beautiful marble statue which adorns the square, the finest monument I think which Italy has erected to his memory, I could not fail to remember all the savage growls the old lion had uttered on that very spot. I did not wonder that he was not very much loved, or that he was not very soon forgiven. A bitterly sardonic bit of human stuff, we may depend upon it, was that Dante, not at all likely to "prophecy smooth things" when his spirit was charged with the injustice of bad things. "You are not a merry man," said the Duke to him one day at table; "a clever man, but certainly not a merry one. You don't make me laugh like my jester; he is not thought so much of as you are, but he is a merry fellow, and he makes me laugh. How is this, Dante?"

said the Duke. "Oh, the like to the like," growled the lion. Mr. Rossetti, in his very vigorous and musical poem "Dante at Verona," has set a good many of these lion growls of Dante to music. Once, during an absent fit of the poet at table, the Duke, in a coarse jest, caused all the well-picked bones to be piled on his plate. Then the Duke exclaimed, "Our Dante is very musical; but see, he is fond of flesh, and can pick bones." The quiet, deep, sunken eyes of the poet turned on him, "My lord, you would not have seen so many bones if I had chanced to be *the dog*." It was a grim and bitter pun, the growl of the lion in fact. Like such sayings was that of his when Florence exiled him:—

"If I go, who stays?"—so rose
His scorn;—"and if I stay, who goes?"

It is this measureless bitterness which has often won for the dead lion hatred and revenge when his growl has been silenced and he has passed away.

Shall we ever know what it is, in this world, to reach an age of just judgments? Perhaps much of that spirit condemned in this paper arises more from capriciousness than a lower motive. We attach often to the works of some departed worthy attributes or results which never had a foundation, excepting in our own fancy. A condemnation arises often from an entire misconception, and a noble nature is doomed to suffer we often wonder why or how. A name is assailed, a cause is assigned, the cause never had an existence excepting in the fancy and imagination of the assailant, then men find themselves in the wrong, but instead of nobly retracting they proceed to torture words and acts, innocent in themselves, and capable altogether of another interpretation; so it often happens that a name is dragged through the mire of controversy, becomes the target for the shafts of one party or the watchword of another, when perhaps nothing in the life or writings could justify such unenviable distinction. Men are capricious and unjust; they do not or cannot examine or inquire, and are too proud to admit that they have neither the time, taste, nor capacity. "*I like writing with a peacock's quill, because its feathers are all eyes*," says an old proverb, and that consciousness in the pen produces, usually, injustice in the judgment. Men follow suit, and verdicts marvellously differ in different times. There was a clergyman once—the minister of Stratford-on-Avon—who caused to be cut down Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, because it overshadowed his window. Beyond all question it was a rude and Gothic act. The people of Stratford were indignant. They led him such a life that he was obliged to leave the town, and the people declared that no one of his name should ever afterwards live in Stratford. It was a severe judgment; but when a few years afterwards the great actor, Garrick, instituted a

festival in Stratford, in honour of Shakespeare, upon which occasion—was it not?—he wrote his celebrated song:—

“Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal our Shakespeare would dream,”

the same people rose on the other side; their piety took alarm. Some declared Garrick to be a magician, and as a very rainy season continued during the celebration of the jubilee, it was regarded as the judgment of heaven upon the play-actor, who came to celebrate the greatness of the play-writer. So hard it is for men to judge righteous judgment, it seems almost impossible for men to ride straight where things of the judgment are concerned; said Luther, and the saying is well known, “Man is like a drunken fellow on horseback—he is sure to tumble over on the one side or the other.” Thus it is with the judgments of men, they are all lopsided. Few judgments are circular, hence severity on the one side or the other. What contradictions among the reviewers, and when men die what differences in the verdicts of posterity! Of course every one believes himself to be right.

“’Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.”

Undoubtedly in some great matters the ultimate verdict of society reverses and sets aside the injustice of even eminent men. The history of the triumphs of law, the stories of national reformations, and the victories obtained over adverse reviewers, all illustrate this. Reviewers, especially, ought to learn lessons of modesty, for almost all the greatest poets of our age, in our own country especially, have been greeted with showers of ridicule—Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Southey, Tennyson. To read the *Edinburgh, Quarterly*, and *Blackwood*, upon their performances, as they appeared, we might suppose that these eminent writers were only separated and set apart by their utter alienation from all imaginative wisdom and common sense. In this way also, through all ages, the judgments of men have been formed. And so, as tradition tells us, the great Bohemian leader, Zisca, left it in his will that after his death his body should be flayed, that his skin might be turned into an animating drum to rouse his armies. Many a dead lion’s skin has served a similar purpose, becoming the means by which the injustice rendered in life might be perpetuated in death. Such is the cheap victory achieved by little minds. Is it likely that the judgments of men upon one with whom they had no sympathy in life will be more worthy of consideration after his death? and is it not certain, as we are aiming to say in this hint, that the majority in many matters are sure to be in the wrong, obstinate in ill judgment, as an old French general, the Duke de Vendôme, was in the habit of saying, “In the march of my armies I often inquired into the quarrels be-

tween the mules and the muleteers, and, to the disgrace of human nature, I almost always found reason to be on the side of the mules." Dead lions suffer, to be sure, in various ways, and the kick which insults sometimes assumes the form of a hand which patronises. I thought so the other day in Milan, and I thought of certain lines of Robert Browning on some of the "Old Pictures in Florence," in which, apparently, attempts to retain or to restore some pieces of the mighty masters seemed to him like—

"A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient master."

There are paintings which could tell mournful tales of what patrons have done in the attempt to preserve. One of the most wonderful illustrations of this is in the mighty and matchless picture of the "Last Supper," of Leonardo da Vinci; but the story of this picture is such a tragedy in the annals of art that I must take some other way of telling it; enough here to say, that it wonderfully illustrates how a dead lion may suffer from the hoofs of asses, as our poet says. But, indeed, ignorance has ever been the foe to the lion's reputation, even when it has sought to defend the dead monarch, and we have often been reminded of that tavern brawl in Germany, in the days of the Reformation, when two drunken fellows quarrelled about their different religions, one declaring that he was of Dr. Martin's religion, and the other declaring that he would only be of Dr. Luther's, and they fell to blows upon the matter, but neither of them had learning enough to know that Dr. Luther and Dr. Martin were one and the same. Dead lions often suffer in this way, and perhaps more than from the malignancy of their foes.

I suppose we expect that generally religious people will have a higher standard of judgment than others, and will act upon it, especially that they will revere all honest work, and be prepared to make great allowances for human nature from the perception that no work or workmen can fulfil all conditions; and that as we expect great toleration for our own performances from our sense of our share in the universal weakness and infirmity of human nature, so in a special sense we should avoid the acrimony and injustice which we may expect from those who have not so large and enlightened a creed. But it almost seems sometimes as if religion had given to certain natures a larger intolerance and injustice. Romanists who are of the high religions do proverbially go about kicking dead lions. Who ever heard a Romanist speak, even in terms of common courtesy, of one not of his own faith? How strange it is, turning to the recently published life of Frederick William Faber, to find such a passage as the following:—"I cannot comprehend the anomaly which strikes me of quoting and

praising a man like Milton when a man professes to love Christ and to put all his hopes of salvation in Him; to love Christ in church, yet to praise his blasphemers in society. Milton, accused of his blasphemous memory, spent a great part of his life in writing down my Lord's Divinity," &c., &c. That was the way in which Frederick Faber could read "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," and what a falsehood! but I have nothing to do with arguing the matter only to see in this an illustration of the way in which Romanist and party spleen was able to lift the foot to kick the great dead lion. So all Protestant poets, writers, statesmen, generals, have been blasphemers, and are only worthy of the kick and curse of the pious Romanist. Pious Protestants have sinned in the same manner; they seem to invert a Scriptural proverb, or to deface it, and "Be righteous over much" would seem to be the spring of each word and action. A mistaken principle leads to a whole life of intense injustice, and men suppose themselves to be doing very religious things, and saying very religious things, because they have gained a certain point of view from which all their estimates of certain characters seem to them only to represent certain evil things written, or said, or done. "*By looking at squinting people,*" says Ovid, "*you learn to squint;*" but not only so, by looking from that certain aspect the on-looker acquires himself a kind of moral squint. Faber, in his judgment of Milton, is an illustration of it, and millions illustrate it. Characters most pure and admirable are maligned because they are regarded from some partial and extravagant point of view. What was intended to be a judgment becomes only a mask of the passions; so many men play at hide-and-seek with their own souls, while conscience is never awake the whole time, but instead punctiliousness of creed and a certain accuracy of statement and form take the place of high, clear, conscientious regard, and it has been well said, such men are like parrots, great in one word, but without much power of conversation; these are the people who strain at gnats and swallow camels, adopt certain pet opinions, and pour their scorn upon any standard of greatness which transcends them; they go lame and halting themselves like travellers with stones in their shoes, their lives full of scruples, and they become quite vexed and passionate as some great free, noble life crosses either their memory or their observation. A great friend of Faber's was Hurrell Froude, of Oxford. - In his published life we find him uttering the bitterest things about Ridley and Latimer, and their like, and evidently thinking they only received their deserts when they were burnt and done with; and we find him one day bemoaning his weakness, and fancying himself in a bad case, and far from the kingdom, because, sinner that he was, he had eaten buttered toast for his breakfast. This is usually the

character of the religious type which kicks a dead lion,—a life made up of scruples can have little grandeur in it, nor can it sympathise really with grandeur of character. Life is made up of ingenious self-tormenting, exaggerated duties, fulfilled because they are a torment to fulfil, a sense of falling short of sense and glory too if there should be detected the least tendency to enjoy life. To such people imaginary cases of conscience have been a kind of game of romps with the soul. It is out of this righteousness of scruple comes all the opera work of religion, in which conscience has no place, only a kind of conceited opinion; anywhere weakness becomes impatient of magnanimity and strength, and eagerly seizes on some opportunity to treat it with contempt. In a word, none are perfect, and in every great character, and in every work of art, something is perhaps to be desired; but if with a humble and gentle spirit this is acknowledged, it is also to be acknowledged that the greatest and noblest men, and their performances, cannot be appreciated until after they are dead. "You do not know me," said Henry IV. of France to some of his councillors, "but I shall die one of these days, and then you will know the difference between other men and myself." As men are remote from their fellows they expose themselves to the contempt of their own, and attain to the admiration of other times. Paracelsus, almost wherever his name has been pronounced, has only been regarded as a charlatan and a quack; but when the other day, in the Engadine, I went to the baths of St. Moritz, and saw his name shining in gold letters conspicuously over the fountains, when I remembered what hundreds of years have passed along since he first discovered them, and defined their value, and when I thought of the thousands, from all parts of Europe, who seek in those waters every year restoration and health, I could not but think too how perhaps men had been unjust to him, as they had scoffed at and scorned his reputation and attainments, and that as in this so in other aspects perhaps of his strange character, our poet had conceived him most truly when he puts into his mouth those fine words—

"Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart!
Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent, boundless regions of the sky!
Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!"

The readers and lovers of Bacon's "*Novum Organum*" in his own day were called a "bacon-faced generation;" and when Kepler, amidst the contempt of men, announced his theory of the universe, or the solar system, with a pardonable audacity he wrote:—"I dare insult mankind by confessing I am he who has turned science

to advantage; if I am pardoned I shall rejoice, if blamed I shall endure it; the die is cast, I have written this book, and whether it is read by posterity, or by my contemporaries, is of no consequence; it may well wait for a reader during one century, when God Himself, during six thousand years, has not sent one observer like myself."

But "*A living dog*," says the well-known proverb, "*is better than a dead lion*." And this is not very complimentary to the dog. But the dog fares as badly in the city of proverb as in those Eastern cities where every hand is raised against him, and every missile employed to effect his death. Perhaps, in the estimation of some travellers, a living dog is better than a living lion; the old traditional forest king has, like other monarchs, been somewhat shaken lately in his dynastic relations. Dr. Livingstone, for instance, gives him a very indifferent character, makes a very cowardly, Bourbon-like sort of creature of the old sovereign; but then it must be remembered that Livingstone was nearly eaten up by one, and this may have sharpened his animosity. Touching dogs, however, "*An old lion is better than a young ass*," seems a more unquestioned sentiment than that we have quoted above. Such a noble, universally loved and trusted creature as is the dog, it is almost wonderful that the proverbs concerning him are not more affectionate. "*Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?*" the King asked when it was prophesied that he would commit a murder, although Sidney Smith asked the same question when he was requested to sit to Landseer for his likeness. Then "*Dog don't eat dog*" we say when we exonerate even the crafty and the mean from preying on each other; but this is unjust—it is an implied insult—for the dog neither eats his brother dog nor anybody else's brother. Dogs are active creatures, most industrious, and yet we must associate their name with laziness when we speak of the "*Lazy dog who leaned his head against the wall to bark*." And then they are cheerful creatures; but if we meet with some sullen person, we say, "*A black dog has trodden upon him*." And the proverbialist who invented the saying that "*Barking dogs never bite*" might have found himself very often in circumstances where his proverb was put to a very unpleasant test. Dirt, a dirty character, a person morally defiled and innately vicious and mean, we call a "*dirty dog*;" it is a much more disgraceful designation than "*As dirty as a pig*," for it implies, but very unjustly, a more depraved character. But of all these proverbs, that in which a bad character, or a fallen character, is said to have "*Gone to the dogs*" seems the most unjust. "*Gone to the dogs!*" why, according to all accounts, they would usually form very pleasant companions. Some of our best tales of heroism and chivalry, perseverance and courage, and intense affection and faithfulness, are told of dogs, and then some scamp of a fellow,

who has been all his life the reverse of all these in his character, when his sins have brought him to grief, is said to have "*Gone to the dogs.*" Well, it ought to be understood that he had gone to them to be taught better behaviour, good morals, and good manners. And, indeed, he might learn something by "*Going to the dogs*" from another old proverb, "*If an old dog barks he gives counsel.*"

The proverb, indeed, seems to be derived from the games of the Romans. The ace in dice was called *canis*, dog, and a cast of dice, when all was lost, was thrown in three aces; and hence dog came to mean ruin, loss, ill-luck, and so in a word "*to go the dogs*" was "*to go to the bad.*" Another mode of accounting for the expression is derived from the idea of a horse in a knacker's yard. But anyhow the dog deserves a better proverb, and better company than it seems the proverb would give him. Why, what says Sir Walter Scott? "The Almighty who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with a sword, or a witness to take life by a false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man save when man justly incurs his enmity." This being so a man may certainly do far worse things than "*go to the dogs.*" The inscription, "*More faithful than favoured,*" inscribed beneath the mastiff, by the side of Sir Henry Lee, in the celebrated household portrait at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, might appropriately be inscribed as the motto of the whole race. Dogs have saved from murder and discovered murderers, have saved from robbery and theft, and have discovered the criminal or the lost goods. Dogs have been faithful companions through long nights of watching, or travelling over wild moors, wilder mountains or dark forests; and dogs have often broken their hearts over some beloved master's body, lost and dead in the wilderness, or some coffined clay, or grave mound. And then we say of some scamp, "*He has gone to the dogs.*"

Elihu Burritt, in his "Walk from London to Land's End," tells a very pretty story of a friendship, in Devonshire, between a fine dog and a little child. He constituted himself the guard of honour by the child's perambulator, and he gave himself up to all the pettings, pinchings, pullings, and rude rompings with which the child's hands could be amused, and the affection was perfectly mutual; and so it continued until one day, as the dog lay watching by the door-stone, the child, peeping from the window above, lost its balance, and fell head foremost upon the stone pavement below. It never breathed again; it was taken up out of a puddle of blood

with fractured skull, motionless, and dead. The red drops of blood bespattered the face and feet of the dog as he sprang to the rescue. The poor creature's heart was broken, and died out in a long whining moan of grief. He refused to eat, refused to be comforted by his master's voice or his master's home. By day and night he lay upon the spot where the child fell. Elihu Burritt was in the house of the druggist to which the master went for a prescription for his dog, "something," says Elihu, "to

" ' Minister to a mind diseased,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.' "

Elihu Burritt hoped there was no irreverence in wishing for such a dog a "happy immortality," thought he would like to know that such creatures might have a chance for the heavenly Jerusalem, and fancied that "they might find scope enough to bask on the banks of the river of life without getting in the way, or abstracting from the happiness of their saved and sainted masters, taken up to heaven on a smaller footing of personal merit." That is what Elihu Burritt thinks about dogs, and we hear of some fellow who has made the worst of all his opportunities and affections, and we say, "*He has gone to the dogs.*" Happy for him the proverb if dogs are to be admitted to the New Jerusalem!

Mr. Edward Jesse collected, in his entertaining manner, a multitude of anecdotes tending to glorify the dog. A gentleman, passing by St. Bride's Churchyard, in London, always saw a dog at one particular grave. The gentleman saw it there month after month, year after year, in the cold, in the rain, in the heat. It was the grave of his master; nothing could drive or keep him from it. The good-natured sexton had scooped out a hole by the side of the grave. At last, when he saw the persevering affection of the dog, thatched it over and took it food. A story is told of two spaniels, mother and son, who were self hunting in Mr. Drake's woods near Amersham, in Buckinghamshire. The gamekeeper shot the mother; the son, frightened, ran away for an hour or so, and then returned to look for his mother. Having found her dead body, he laid himself down by her, and was found in that situation the next day by his master, who took him home, together with the body of the mother. Six weeks did this affectionate creature refuse all consolation, and almost all nutriment; he became at length universally convulsed, and died of grief. A chimney-sweeper had ordered his dog to lie down in his soot-bag, which he had placed inadvertently almost in the middle of a narrow back street in the town of Southampton. A loaded coal-cart passing by, the driver desired the dog to move out of the way. On refusing to do so he was scolded, then beaten, at first gently, and afterwards with a smart

application of the cart-whip; but all to no purpose. The fellow, with an oath, threatened to drive over the dog, and he did so, the faithful animal endeavouring to arrest the progress of the wheel by biting it. He thus allowed himself to be killed rather than abandon his trust. But such stories are truly countless, only we have to remark that such are the things we learn by "*going to the dogs.*"

In England, it may be supposed, we have a prejudice in favour of dogs; in the East they have a prejudice against them, and thence come most of those partial and ungrateful proverbs to which we have referred, and those others even in apostolic writings, "*Beware of dogs,*" "*Without are dogs,*" although since the days of the apostles the last proverb has somewhat lost its truth and force, for dogs, in their more unpleasant character of snapping and barking, seem to be quite as much within the Church as without it, and the sect of canine Christians seems to be rather largely on the increase; a large amount of barking and biting goes on, and if the dogs are without all our readers will very well know multitudes who profess and call themselves Christians who are prepared to send all fellow Christians differing from them, but in the shade of an opinion, "*to the dogs.*" If we were to go to the dogs for an illustration we should find it in a queer story of canine orthodoxy in a story told, I think, by the Ettrick Shepherd. In the Highlands it was, perhaps is, quite usual for the fine race of shepherd dogs to go to kirk with their masters, each dog lying quite devout, like a Christian with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, at the master's feet; but in one kirk this entrance of dogs into the house of the Lord seemed to the minister quite unseemly, and he gave forth from the pulpit that he would not allow dogs to come into kirk any more; that henceforth it would be strictly forbidden. The minister had a dog himself, and he was there; instantly he rose from his place, went round, succeeded in putting out dog after dog from the kirk, and on every Sabbath after took his place at the kirk door to prevent the entrance of any of his peculiar fellow-mortals. The story is ludicrously analogous to many whose refined orthodoxy in things ecclesiastical and theological succeeds much better in driving people from the Church than in keeping them within its fold. So that we shall not find ourselves without lessons really if we go to the dogs.

The Turks were wont to take pride in the fact that dogs, which sometimes slip into private houses, preserved a miraculous respect for the inside of mosques, never daring to go into such buildings; and the members of the Greek Church also give to dogs the same credit for discreet behaviour. They do not tell us how far such discretion is dictated by fear; and it may be believed that many of those who are without the church porch are there from a certain wholesome dread they have of the ugly bruising which often go on

withinside the church. Many a man has joined a church only to find his head broken in a conflict. When we think such thoughts, we are reminded of what is told us of the dogs of ancient Rome, which were kept to guard the capitol. If they barked by night, they were judged well of, for thieves and dangers were abroad; but if they barked by day, they had their legs broken. And Mr. Bayle applies this parable to the behaviour of Christian ministers and teachers. He says: "The public maintains you to guard the truth; make a noise, then, against all comers. If you have ingenuity enough to compare yourself to a dog that cannot discern anybody in the darkness of the night; if you are in darkness by reason of your incapacity, or because passions cloud your judgments; and if you have the honesty to acknowledge the obscurity that surrounds you, you ought to be excused; but if you pretend to the quality of a great doctor, acting only for the glory of God, without any personal motive, and if, nevertheless, you involve a great number of good men in your libels and denunciations, you deserve to be punished, you are a dog, falling indifferently on friends and foes, and causing a thousand disorders." Thus indeed it was that the word *Dominican* arose, *Domini Cano*—that is, "*The dogs of the Lord*;" and it is said that the mothers of St. Dominic, that great hunter of heretics and creator of the Inquisition, and St. Bernard, whose trumpet voice roused France to the cruelties of one of the Crusades, both dreamt that they had given birth to enormous dogs. The dreams were in no way complimentary to the noble animal, unless they prefigured the birth of bloodhounds.

We have thus, in referring to an old proverb, done so rather to vindicate the dog. "*Every dog is valiant at his own door*," "*Every dog is a lion at home*," "*Every dog hath his day*," "*He sleeps as the dog when the housewife is cooking*," "*He is like Wood's dog, he will neither go to church nor stay at home*." We will quote no more of the ungenerous sayings. If we go to the dogs, it shall be to take lessons from, and to learn stories of their courage, affection, faithfulness, activity, and a hundred other qualities. It is sorrowful to find so much more manifest in a poor beast than in many men.

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XX.—IN THE WESTERN CORRIDOR.

"Then he took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be his bride."

THE lamps in the corridor cast a faint, rosy light from their coloured glass shades down the long passage; though the air was artificially

warmed, it struck pleasantly cool after the heated atmosphere of the ball-room.

Lord Haig and Pansie were the sole occupants of the corridor, none other of the guests caring to enjoy a solitary promenade so early in the evening. The deep oriel windows were uncovered, and a gleam of whiteness from the unsullied snow came in from without, mingling with the rosy light; the balmy air was laden with the subtle perfume of some exotic flowers placed on stands in the window recesses: the sound of the music, softened by distance, stole to their ears in dream-like waves of melody. At intervals, along the walls, calm, impeturbable marble features looked down in impassive contemplation of the young lovers as they walked beneath; everything combined to fill the mind with a dreamy and romantic abstraction, but Pansie's was no calm and visionary reverie, to her it all seemed so very real, and her heart fluttered like a captive bird in her bosom. Through all the past weeks, ever since she left Craigdallie, her heart had been thirsting for this moment, and yet dreading it with a shy timidity she could not explain to herself.

When Lord Haig spoke, with some little difficulty, upon a subject comparatively indifferent to the thoughts of both, it was a relief to Pansie, anything was less embarrassing than that eloquent silence.

"It is a relief to be here," he exclaimed, drawing a long, deep breath; "the lights, the glare, the brightness, and beauty of the ball-room seemed almost more than I could bear at first. You can hardly imagine how I spent my last Christmas, Pansie, the contrast of this one is intoxicating."

"Tell me," said Pansie, softly.

"I was alone at Craigdallie, with only the ghosts of all the happy Christmases of my life to bear me company. I hope I never again may have to endure so terrible an ordeal. Seeing it as you did, you cannot imagine the inexpressible dreariness of Craigdallie in its winter solitude, frowned on by gloomy mountains, enveloped in mists and vapours, and tenanted by haunting memories. I left for Rome upon the morning following Christmas-day."

"You must let the enjoyment of this Christmas blot out the memory of that one for ever," said Pansie, beseechingly.

"Will you give me heart's ease?" he asked, looking tenderly into her upturned face.

"If I can."

She took his words simply enough, and so replied to them without attaching any secondary meaning to them; Lord Haig saw that by the unvarying bloom upon her smooth cheek, and her frank, unveiled eyes; his own face flushed deeply, for he was conscious of having asked for so much.

"Do you know what licence your words convey to me?" he asked.

Pansie's inquiring glance went upward; perhaps his eyes were more explicit than his tongue, for the next instant hers fell to the ground, and the colour leaped to face and neck, glowing there in a rosier hue than that which fell from the lamps above their heads. It might have been only a few coquettish shadows that created the delusion, but certainly, as the two young figures passed beneath, wrapped in their blissful love-dream, the still white marble features of the inanimate busts above them seemed suddenly to flush into life, and their immobility gave place to transient smiles.

Or the delusion may be attributed to the apparent unreality of the whole scene, which might have been only a phantasy with nothing veritable in it but the silver thread of that pure affection binding together those two young hearts; wherever the irrefragible thread of true love does exist the real overshadows the ideal, and they who cling to it hold in their hearts the clue to the mysteries of the unseen world, where the great spirit, whose earthly name is Love, holds the ball from which the thread is unwound in the hollow of his palm.

But the concomitants of the scene! Were not Pansie and Lord Haig walking in a visionary ecstasy through an atmosphere interpenetrated with dreams, laden with flower perfume, interfused with silver and rose-coloured gleams, from the pale, soft glow from the lamps to the delicious slumbrous softness of the music there was nothing actual. Lord Haig's voice, tenderly modulated, was in exquisite harmony with the whole.

"I have brought you a Christmas present, Pansie," said he, "which for some time I have hoped that I might induce you to consent to wear."

They paused in the embrasure of one of the windows where the soft light lay like a blush upon the snow without, and he took from his pocket a tiny jewelled case that Pansie regarded with curious interest and an inquiring glance.

"I have not purchased it for you," he said, as he smilingly returned her glance, but refrained from opening the case, "because the undying associations that make this trinket so valuable cannot be bought. It is girt round with histories and legends, and was of old considered to have talismanic properties. The stones were procured by one of my ancestors from a Saracenic merchant during the progress of one of the Crusades. Legend says that, urged by some tender impulse of humanity, he saved the merchant's life at the risk of his own, and that the precious stones were transferred to his possession out of gratitude, and upon that account a blessing is considered to rest upon the wearer of this talismanic ring."

Pansie's cheek was aflame with unwonted excitement and interest when Lord Haig opened the curiously fashioned case and took from it a ring of rare and beautiful workmanship. It consisted of six slender circlets of gold exquisitely chased, bound together upon the underneath part with a link of gold that only held them conjointly, allowing the rings to pass freely through it, so that the six stones, one set in the upper portion of each circlet, could vary their positions according as the movements of the hand they adorned propelled them.

As she displayed it Lord Haig explained that the initial letters of the name of each stone spelt his own Christian name, the name borne by the ancestor who saved the life of the Saracenic merchant, and of succeeding Barons Haig for many generations. The first was a *ruby*, the second an *opal*, the third a *beryl*, the fourth an *emerald*, the fifth a *ruby*, and the sixth a *topaz*.

Pansie looked and questioned eagerly, and Lord Haig replied to all her interrogations. The novelty of the present pleased her much.

Lord Haig drew the glove from her left hand, and placed the ring upon one particular finger of it; the stones fashioned themselves into a quaint device upon the little white hand. Pansie noted his selection of a resting-place for his gift, and a flame leaped into her cheeks, and her heart throbbed; until that instant the significance of his present had never occurred to her.

"For several centuries, Pansie, this ring has been given by the reigning Lord Craigdallie, or his immediate heir, to the maiden he loved most dearly in all the world as the signet of betrothal and the promise of a stronger bond still. It has graced the hands of many fair ladies of Craigdallie, and my mother wore it during the short period of her own betrothal, and through all the happy years of her married life. It forms a portion of all my tenderest associations of her; I removed it myself from her hand when it was cold in death."

Here Lord Haig paused to steady the voice that was quivering with emotion, and, having succeeded, he continued—"The hands that have worn this ring have been frank as the heavens, and true as steel, firm to hold the good, quick to reject the wrong. They have wielded holy and gentle sway at Craigdallie; they have smoothed the pillows of the sick and the aged, and dispensed aid liberally to the poor and suffering; they have guided the strong, and upheld the tottering steps of the weak; they have trained their children in the love of right and in the hatred of wrong, in the knowledge of God and in the fear of evil. They have been tender in sorrow, firm in duty,"—he bent his head lower, his warm breath fell upon her flushed cheek,—“and the Lords of

Craigdallie have ever cherished them as the most valued of their lives' possessions, fighting for them, dying for them if need be. It is because I have the same entire and perfect faith in you that they had in those whom they selected to wear it that I crave your acceptance of this ring, because I hold you more dearly in my estimation than any living creature, and with it offer you my heart's deepest devotion and tender faith. Dear Pansie, will you wear my ring?"

To say that Pansie was overwhelmed by this speech of Lord Haig that conveyed so much to her ears and heart would be to give but small idea of its effect upon her. She had known that he cared very much for her, he had told her that a hundred times by his actions, if not in words, at Craigdallie, and she knew sufficient of her own heart to be aware that she returned that liking. But this confession stirred up depths in her heart she had never been cognisant of until this moment—not of love alone, though that was there burning deep and strong, but of noble desires, and heroic thoughts, and a great yearning to emulate those who had worn the ring before her in the practice of all those virtues enumerated by her lover.

Her blue eyes filled and overflowed with tears while her faltering lips exclaimed—"I am not worthy, Robin."

And Robin kissed the tears from her cheeks, but, in spite of her declaration, did not attempt to withdraw the ring from her finger. It rested there upon the tiny white hand, and his eyes delighted themselves in seeing it where he had been yearning to place it for a long while; but the traditional code of honour of the Haigs of Craigdallie forbade them to woo and win their brides under their own roof, and he had resisted the great desire to tell Pansie what he had told her to-night while she and her parents were his guests at Craigdallie.

While the two lingered in the western corridor the brilliantly lighted ball-room was the scene of great mirth and enjoyment. Lady Trevor looked on with an inward and happy peace shining in her bright eyes. She was at no loss to account for the prolonged absence of Pansie and Lord Haig from the festive scene; she had long known what was in Lord Haig's heart with regard to her daughter, and had indulged a sweet dream concerning their happy love.

Her heart was full of content to-night; she had hardly an anxiety to bear, hardly a wish unfulfilled. She knew quite well that the decree of her own death had gone forth, that her years, her very months of life, were numbered. She was perfectly satisfied that it should be so—perfectly resigned. It was only when she looked into her husband's face that she desired her days to be lengthened. But even that last and strongest tie was gently

loosening its hold upon her mind, and the prospect of their eternal union beyond the grave seemed to have greater attractions for her than a prolonged union here. God was very good to her, He had given her the fulfilment of her heart's strongest desires, and she would live to see both of her darling children happily settled for life with the husbands of their hearts' free and unbiassed choice. As such thoughts as these flooded her heart and mind with sweetness and joy in the midst of that gay assembly a serene and gentle light crowned her brow with a heavenly radiance.

Presently she saw Pansie and Lord Haig re-enter the room ; she needed no explanation, she read the event of that interview she had anticipated in their faces ; the bashful joy in Pansie's crimson cheek and veiled eyes, and the proud happiness upon Lord Haig's brow, more than fulfilled her expectations. She closed her eyes for a few minutes upon the blaze of lights that her own happy thoughts might have free scope ; she longed for one second to hold her child in her arms, to feel her happy heart-throbs beating against the laboured pulsations of her own. How vividly it brought back the well-remembered bliss of her own happy maidenhood ! She recalled the very spot where the declaration was made, the bowery shade of a forest opening, with only the tall ferns and purple bells of the fox-glove as listeners to the tale. And that was long, long ago. Oh, the long, long years, and the weary hours of sorrow and sickness that had been endured since then !

A loud whisper near her startled Lady Trevor from her reverie, for though her eyes were closed her ears were not deaf.

"What an astonishing resemblance !"

"Who is he ?"

"The likeness must be certainly more than a coincidence."

"Nonsense ! Do you know that is Miss Trevor to whom you are comparing him ?"

Lady Trevor languidly unclosed her eyes when this allusion was made to her daughter. In an instant their languor vanished, and they became distended and brilliant, while a scarlet spot burned in either white cheek. She clasped her hands tightly over her wildly bounding heart.

Opposite to her, scarcely twenty yards away, under the full blaze of a glittering chandelier, stood both of her daughters, the centre of an animated little group. Sir William Trevor was there, and Lord Haig, and Hugh Deverel, and, by the latter, a fourth figure, as manly in appearance, nearly as broad-shouldered, but much shorter in stature than was the river-god. What had occasioned the passing remarks of the strangers, and caused Lady Trevor's heart to leap so tumultuously in her bosom was the strange and startling resemblance this man bore to one of her daughters,

allowing, of course, for the difference of sex, and what was so masculine in him, so feminine in her. The radiant young beauty of both girls, their lovely complexions stood the test of that strong blaze of light perfectly. The stranger had the same brilliancy of complexion. Though exposure to various atmospheres had bronzed his cheeks his brow was of marble whiteness. The lower part of his face was enveloped in a curling beard, with warm shades gleaming amidst its brown tints. It was in the contour of the brow, the shape of the exquisitely formed nose, and the fulness of the blue-grey eyes that the marked resemblance lay.

As Lady Trevor leaned forwards in an almost fatal excitement, with a wild terror in her eyes, and crimson, parted lips, Pansie addressed some remark to the stranger, and the two faces that were so similar were brought for an instant into profile—a pose that made the likeness more striking still.

A little earlier in the evening, about half an hour before Lady Trevor's attention was thus roused and excited, Hugh Deverel had noticed a stranger standing in the doorway looking on at the dancing, evidently not quite at home in the gay scene. With his customary good-nature Hugh sought to put him more at ease. He learnt from him the circumstances attending his advent at Crowland, and of the courtesy of Sir William and Lady Trevor that had constrained him—a chance visitor and unbidden guest—to appear in the midst of strangers. Unable to refuse a request that, coming from them to him, he regarded as a command, he had complied, but his profession and mode of life totally unfitted him for participation in society such as this.

"That is all nonsense," said Hugh, kindly; "no guests are more honoured at Crowland than will be a friend of Lord Haig's."

"An acquaintance, rather—friendship implies equality, which I am not presumptuous enough to lay claim to."

"An acquaintance, then, if you will. Besides this, a sailor is never so much at home as when he is aboard, and these polished planks are as good as a deck any day."

Captain Goldering smiled at this frank address, but shook his head.

Hugh's good intentions were not, however, to be thus frustrated. This Christmas gathering at Crowland was an unceremonious and informal affair, and to make up sufficient to fill the spacious rooms for the evening's amusement several of the principal families in the village had been invited. To a certain doctor's pretty little daughter Hugh Deverel insisted upon introducing Captain Goldering, and speedily had the satisfaction of seeing his little scheme attended with success. Then Violet, anxious to second Hugh in any undertaking, especially when his endeavour was to add to the

enjoyment of one of her papa's guests, walked through a quadrille with Captain Goldering, at the conclusion of which the group was formed that so startled Lady Trevor, for Lord Haig, struck with compunction for his own neglect of the man to whom he owed his own presence at Crowland, with Pansie on his arm, came up to apologise and make amends.

While Lady Trevor's glance went straight forwards in amazement some one replied to the question that had startled her from her reverie, and the name of the stranger was spoken. She heard it and her senses reeled, a dizziness obscured her vision, then the voice of many waters was in her ears, but she did not hear the terrified exclamations nor know what consternation was spread throughout the room when she was discovered fainting upon her couch.

CHAPTER XXI.—SORROW TREADETH THE HEELS OF JOY.

Lady Trevor's sudden illness spread a panic through the guests at Crowland, and caused a deep gloom to supplant the festivities. On the following Christmas morning she was pronounced better, but too weak and exhausted to leave her room. Pansie remained with her, nor would she quit her side, while Violet did the honours of the mansion upon behalf of her mamma.

Captain Goldering quitted Crowland at an early hour, never guessing in the least that he had been the innocent cause of the distress he left behind him.

The Abbey was but poorly represented at church on that white Christmas morning to hear the Vicar's sermon preached in the bowery midst of scarlet-berried holly and dark-leaved ivy, from the text: "Emmanuel, God with us." Sir William excused himself to his guests and remained at home. Lord Haig stayed with him, relieving Sir William's anxiety by winning him to the consideration of another subject, and finding consolation for himself, being deprived of Pansie's company, in communicating to her father the purport of last evening's conversation in the western corridor.

"You must have understood my intentions," he concluded. "Though bound by motives I am sure you would approve of I could not declare them until now. I augur favourably for my suit, because you have bidden me here as a guest and allowed me free intercourse with your daughter."

Sir William grasped the young man's hand and shook it warmly.

"We have felt certain that you loved our child, and had we disapproved of the suit you now urge there were, as you intimate, plenty of means by which we might have made known to you that disapproval, and so have prevented this explanation. In a worldly

sense your position is higher than that we might justifiably expect for our child, while as a man there is none other amongst all our acquaintance that Lady Trevor and I would so gladly confide our darling's happiness to as to yourself. May God bless your union."

Pansie came down to dinner; Lady Trevor was sufficiently recovered then to insist upon that. Though her absence was felt keenly and sincerely regretted, the hope inspired by the latest and most cheerful report from the sick-room spread a sober cheerfulness over the repast. It was Christmas still, and the spirit of Christmas is rejoicing, so the season triumphed over heaviness and depression.

When the ladies left the dinner table Pansie slipped back again to her mamma's room. She found her partly dressed and lying upon the couch in her dressing-room. That heavy fainting fit and prolonged stupor succeeding it had robbed her of every particle of colour. Her delicately beautiful features looked as though they were chiselled in marble, but in the luminous depths of her eyes there lurked a serene radiance like the brilliant glow of an expiring fire. She felt, and felt almost gladly, that this shock had not sapped her strength at its foundations; she would recover and be spared yet awhile.

Before dinner she had listened to the sweet story Pansie had to tell that was related in broken sentences, each one tenderly significant to the ears that heard them, and she had given her child fully of the love and sympathy looked for upon such occasions.

Pansie was rejoiced to find her dressed now and looking more like herself.

"You are better, dear mamma; you will soon be quite well again."

Pansie was kneeling by the couch when she put the question. Lady Trevor looked tenderly into her wistful eyes. Pansie must learn the truth some time shortly, why not now when the rosy flush of her great happiness was upon her, and might in some degree negative the pain this information was certain to inflict?

"For the present I am better, darling, but I shall never be well again."

The change that came over Pansie's face at these words once more caused the labouring heart to beat wildly.

"Never, mamma; what do you mean?"

"I have been anxious to tell you for some time past, but I knew not how to broach the subject. My disease, Pansie, is incurable, and is carrying me to the grave. Slow though its progress is, death as its result is inevitable."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Be calm, darling, if you can; so much depends upon my free-

dom from agitation. I shall feel inexpressibly relieved when both you and Violet know what an uncertain tenure of life mine is. I may be spared to you for a year or two yet, or the sum of the remainder of my existence may be told in months or weeks. I can bear to tell you this now, Pansie, because I know that the pain inflicted by my words is in some degree counterbalanced by the great joy that has come to you. It is natural and right, darling, that one person should now stand in your regard before even your parents. I thank God that it is so, and that when I go I shall not leave you comfortless."

But for awhile the news she had just received overpowered every other feeling in Pansie's bosom. For her mamma's sake she put restraint upon her emotions, but her heart felt full to bursting with one great sob, and her eyes were burning with the scalding tears that stood in them.

Lady Trevor saw the effort Pansie's self-control cost her, and strove to divert her thoughts.

"Can you convey my desire to see and talk to him alone—to Lord Haig? Let him come to me here, Pansie."

"I will send Mad'line."

Pansie hurried from the room, glad of this excuse to quit her mamma's side, for the voice of anguish within could be no longer stilled.

In the ante-room she rang the bell and dismissed Mad'line with a message to be delivered to Lord Haig in the dining-room, and which she knew would bring him in immediate obedience to the summons.

A large log blazed in the grate there, and Pansie stood with one little white-slippered foot upon the fender, looking down into the dancing flames while the tears rolled silently down her white cheek.

Presently she heard a light footstep bounding up the stairs, and her sad heart leaped in her bosom when Lord Haig entered the ante-room. She turned to meet him.

"Mamma is very anxious to see you, and alone; you must go to her without me, Robin. Talk to her calmly, and be very, very careful not to agitate her; she cannot bear excitement."

She pointed out the door of her mamma's dressing-room to him, but before he entered therein he took both her trembling hands in his and looked his tender inquiries into her tearful face, pale and heavy with its great sorrow. Perhaps it was the first time that Pansie had met that earnest glance without a ready flush springing up to meet it, but now it only made the tremor of her lip greater still, and the means he employed to steady it were unsuccessful.

When Lord Haig left her she stood silently in her old position

upon the hearth without moving, her blank gaze fixed upon the burning coals, striving and striving in vain to realise the truth of her mamma's communication.

She heard a low murmur of voices in the room behind her; she could distinguish the difference in the tones, but she could not tell what words were used.

The conference was a long one; it seemed an age to Pansie. When at length Lord Haig came forth both voice and step were subdued, and Pansie saw his eyes glittering full of tears. He took her in his arms silently, straining her closely to his bosom, and for awhile only Pansie's hardly stifled sobs were heard. Then, while he tenderly caressed the soft, bright hair Lord Haig ventured upon a gentle remonstrance.

"I thought my own trouble last Christmas the heaviest that could be borne, yet I would gladly endure its repetition to save you from the anguish of this, my darling!"

"Does mamma want me; may I go to her?"

"She is weary, and wishes to retire. She bade me ask you to send her maid to her, and, Pansie, you are to belong to me exclusively for the rest of the evening."

Pansie obeyed her mamma's request, and then Lord Haig led her downstairs; but they did not go to the drawing-room where were music and lights and bright faces, instead of that they went to the western corridor that was illumined by the brilliant light of the moon streaming across fields of glistening snow, entering through uncurtained windows, and there they walked to and fro until the sympathy of the one made the anguish of the other less.

CHAPTER XXII.—HESTER TAKES HER SON INTO HER CONFIDENCE.

Jane Goldering had made no further progress in solving the mystery of little Trottie's whereabouts since her discovery of the name by which she was known until the time when we again look in upon her own meagre home upon that very Christmas-eve that her brother Charlie so unexpectedly spent at Crowland Abbey. She had searched every imaginable authority for information, but the redundancy of the knowledge gained only served to bewilder her the more, since she knew not how to determine in which of the several families of the Trevors that she found in peerage, baronetage, and clergy list her sister was located. Should she ever succeed in completing her discovery she had a design formed within her fertile brain that she determined to put in execution, but she did not wish to risk the possibility of a failure of her intention, and therefore she agreed that it would be better to watch and wait. But the weeks and months

went by in silent monotony, and little Trottie's name never passed the lips of her mother, brothers, or sisters. All communication had ceased long ago between Mrs. Goldering and Lady Trevor. Had it not been so Jane's sharp eyes must have discovered whatever took place.

In the little house in the terrace the Christmas festival is commenced also. The frames of the pictures and of the chimney-glass are wreathed with holly, laurel, and bay, and a bunch of mistletoe hangs over the door.

Mrs. Goldering sits upon one side of the hearth. Her face wears a look of anxious expectancy now, but maugre that there are no traces of the delicate health that was her portion during that most trying part of her life when much trouble and many fears had enabled her to give up her youngest and darling child. She has the appearance of one who in all probability may spend a hale and hearty old age. That buxom, handsomely dressed figure near her, with the placid rosy face and hair dressed in a somewhat extensive chignon, is Annie; but Annie is a wife and mother of ten years' standing, so no wonder she is changed beyond recognition. Jane, upon the other side of the hearth, presents a marked contrast to this bonnie, blooming matron. She is an unhappy-looking creature, with a perpetual frown knit between her brows that gives an austere expression to her grey, colourless face. She is painfully attenuated in figure, and her high cheek bones give an angularity to her sharp-featured face, which might have been pretty years ago if it ever had life, and light, and colour, all of which are wanting now. Unlike the rest of her family Jane has dark hair and a sallow complexion, but her eyes themselves are blue. Annie has a smooth, even temper that nothing ever ruffles or puts out, but Jane is continually at feud with herself and with all the world, and the traits of their respective characters are inalienably stamped upon their features.

"How can you let Charlie fidget so?" Jane querulously exclaims, alluding to the child that stands at her sister's knee.

"Poor darling!" Annie says in reply, bending over to kiss and caress her boy. "The dustman has been and thrown some dust in his eyes; it is late for him, but I did so want to keep him up to see his Uncle Charlie. Frank is late; it is quite time we went home."

"You won't go yet?" Mrs. Goldering exclaims, in appealing tones. "It wants a little more than a quarter to nine; the train may only be delayed by the snow-storm. He will be so disappointed if he does not find you here."

Just then there is a rap upon the outer door.

Annie springs up before Jane has secured the thread of her crotchet so that she may lay it down.

"I will go, mother; that must certainly be Charlie."

Mrs. Talbot rushes hastily out into the passage into which the parlour door opens, leaving it unclosed behind her while she unfastens the front door. The next instant Hester Goldering's hopes are again dashed to the ground by her exclamation, "Oh, Frank! is it only you? Why, how you have disappointed us."

Frank laughs a jovial, good-humoured laugh, stamps his feet, and throws off his outer snow-covered coat.

"What! Charlie not come yet? It must be the snow-storm that has delayed him. A pretty welcome she gives to a fellow, doesn't she?" he asks, as he comes into the little warmed and lighted parlour, and holds out his hand to his mother-in-law.

"We have been sitting in anxious expectation for so long that we naturally imagine every rap must be his," returned Mrs. Goldering.

"Well, it is provoking, but I suppose the trains will be delayed all over the country to-night. The snow is more than a foot deep already, and no prospect of its ceasing to fall. Ho! Charlie, boy, why, you're more than half asleep. Haven't John and Willie been up yet?"

"No; Willie thought it would be late before he could get away. I wonder John has not come."

"There he is then; that is his knock; don't imagine it is Charlie and be disappointed again."

John Goldering is in partnership with Frank Talbot now; theirs is the principal draper's shop in the town of Hartford; they are doing a very successful and thriving trade together. John also is married; he and his wife live in the same terrace a few doors below the house occupied by Hester Goldering. Mrs. John is not well, and feels indisposed to come out upon this stormy Christmas-eve. John mingles apologies for her with his inquiries about Charlie.

Willie, too, is in business for himself—he keeps a chemist's and druggist's shop in the town, and is talking of being married in the spring.

Hardly has the door been closed behind John than Will rushes in in eager haste, bringing definite intelligence about the delayed train, which, however, only adds to his mother's uneasiness.

"The train has not reached Mugby Junction yet. A telegram has been sent to the station here stating that the line on the other side of it is blocked by snow-drifts, and that there is no possibility of the passengers travelling upon it reaching the junction for some hours to come."

"Then, mother," said John, "you may make your mind perfectly easy—he cannot get here to-night. No doubt he will find accommodation of some kind until the morning."

"Put on your traps, Annie," said her husband, "and let us be off before the snow gets any deeper; you'll find it tiresome enough to tramp through as it is."

"Let Charlie stay all night," said his grandmother; "he'll be far better here, and Jane can bring him up in the morning."

But Charlie is the only boy in a nursery full of girls, and his father looks at him doubtfully, and finally concludes that he cannot be spared, and that he can travel home quite comfortably in his arms.

Then there is the bustle of preparation for departure. Charlie is rolled up until he looks for all the world like a bundle of shawls with nothing human inside it, and consigned to his father's keeping. There are good-night kisses exchanged and good wishes for the morrow, with reminders of how it is to be spent, and particular injunctions that word shall be sent into the town as soon as Charlie arrives, and then Frank Talbot and his wife and child tramp forth into the white night. The doors are closed once more, and the narrowed circle gathers round the fire. There are only three of them now—Willie, Jane, and their mother. Jane's fingers are still indefatigably industrious with the crochet. Willie and his mother fall into conversation, and, naturally enough, the subject is his future home and future wife.

Jane listens in silence, with a curious pain at her heart all the while, for Willie and she have been much together, and she looks upon this young wife that is to be as a usurper of her just rights and privileges. She will never look upon her new sister kindly, but will hold her even more in the light of a personal enemy than she does John's wife. Still Charlie will be left—she will have Charlie—and when the conversation turned upon him she joined in it.

What was he doing? How was he chafing against the delay that kept him from their fireside on this Christmas-eve, after a three months' absence from home?

At that very instant when they sat and talked about him Charlie was entering the ball-room at Crowland Abbey, and gazing with delighted eyes upon the radiant scene.

He reached Hartford quite safely upon the following morning.

Jane was gone to church, but Hester Goldering remained at home; hoping Charlie would come, she could not be tempted forth, although the sunshine lay brightly upon the untrodden snow.

"What, mother, all alone?"

"Yes, Charlie, they were all here to meet you last night, and were very much disappointed that you did not arrive. Your namesake and god-child is grown such a fine little fellow; Annie had him here in spite of the weather, and they did not leave until ter

o'clock. We have promised all to meet at their house at dinner to-day, as our rooms are too small to accommodate so large a party."

"Yes," returned Charlie, "our family is increasing rapidly. Willie, I suppose, will be taking unto himself a wife shortly."

"In the spring."

"Is Jane still on the old maid's list?"

"Yes; Jane will never be anything else. How about yourself, my boy? Is my wish any nearer fulfilment that you should retire from your profession, take a wife, and settle down?"

Charlie laughed.

"Not one bit nearer, mother mine. I am bound to be the old bachelor of the family, to delight all my nephews and nieces with strange tales and trophies from other lands. The sea fever is as strong as ever; I never can turn into a land lubber now."

"Then we will let the question remain for the present. Tell me by what chapter of accidents you were prevented reaching home last night."

"We were stopped six miles from Mugby, and told that it was utterly impossible for us to proceed; that the line between that and Mugby could not be cleared that night; it was blocked with snow-drifts, and; moreover, a luggage train had come to grief, so that there was not the smallest chance of the line being fit for traffic on that side midnight. Most of the passengers could get on by other routes, but I soon saw that my only chance was to post to Mugby, and I hurried to the village to try and procure horses. There were only one pair of horses and one post-chaise to be had; I was successful in engaging them. Just as I had struck the bargain and they were being made in readiness a second figure came into the place making a similar demand to my own. The tones of his voice struck familiarly upon my ear; he turned partly away in vexation when they told him, and not over-civilly, that the only horses they had were engaged, and the light fell full upon his face. I knew him instantly, and waived my prior claim at once. 'The horses and chaise are at your lordship's service,' I said."

"You have not told me who he was, Charlie."

"It was Lord Haig. I have spoken of him to you before. He has several times been passenger on board the *Tracailleux*."

"I remember, dear. He was with you when you encountered that severe storm. Well, did he accept your generous offer? I suppose so, or you would have been home."

"At first he demurred, but I urged it on him, for I was anxious when the opportunity offered to make some small return for the many little kindnesses he had shown me. The landlord of the little inn, when he discovered the rank of his second customer from my address, was eager to give him the preference over me. He agreed

at last upon condition that I accompanied him to his destination for the night, and set forth thence for Mugby in the morning. I accepted his offer willingly, for I did not think I could do better for myself; but had I known whither he was bound, I hardly think I should have done so as readily. I supposed him to be going to remain at some hotel in Eversley for the night; and if you knew Lord Haig, mother, you would anticipate an evening spent in his society as much as I did. He is so hearty, frank, and unaffected; and he speaks to me as freely as though he were my messmate."

"Was he going home?"

"Home? don't you remember that I told you he was a Scotch baron, and had immense estates somewhere in the north of Scotland? His family is old as the hills. When we reached Eversley, at the posting-house where we put up, we found a coachman in livery waiting in the tap-room, who recognised his lordship, and respectfully touching his hat, came up to him. 'What, Gilbert, you here!' cried Lord Haig, 'why, this is better than bargain.' The coachman explained that he had been waiting some time for his lordship, expecting that he would post when he heard how the line was blocked. I hardly liked the looks of the thing then, and wanted to remain behind in Eversley, but Lord Haig would not hear of it for an instant; and in a very short time Gilbert had his horses harnessed, and Lord Haig and I were comfortably seated in the interior of a handsome private carriage, and bowling along over the snow to—where think you, mother?"

Hester Goldering was very much interested in her son's narrative; her eyes were fixed upon his handsome face, her whole attention was absorbed. She shook her head in reply to his question.

"Nay, how should I tell?"

"To Crowland Abbey—did you ever hear of such a place? Lord Haig was going to be the guest of Sir William and Lady Trevor."

Charlie, looking down into his mother's face as he gave her this intelligence, saw a sudden whiteness come there, the lips grew pallid, then gasped for breath.

"Mother, you are ill! What is the matter?"

"It is nothing, only a sudden spasm that I have at times."

"What will relieve it? Let me get you something."

"Mrs. Goldering would take nothing but a glass of water, and having drunk that, she turned to her son with a sudden eagerness conquering her trepidation.

"Did you go to Crowland, Charlie?—did you see any of the family there?"

"Why, yes, I did, mother," returned Charlie, laughing; "I saw the Miss Trevor Lord Haig and his friend considered I so strikingly resembled."

Hester Goldering strove with all the self-control she could call to her aid to still the wild throbbing in her breast, and to command her feelings sufficiently to prevent interruption of Charlie's story; but her heart was full to bursting, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, she could not, if she had trusted herself to do so, ask Charlie one question concerning this strange and unexpected meeting with his unknown sister.

"It's strange enough when I come to think of it," continued Charlie, "that I should ever be a guest at such a magnificent place as the Abbey, and spend my Christmas-eve there in almost royal state. I have asked myself a dozen times already this morning whether it can have been true, or only a wild dream of the night."

"But tell me," she gasped at length, "whom did you see of the family? were you treated as a welcome guest?"

"Why, yes, mother. In the first instance, Sir William Trevor (what a polished gentleman he is; so different in every respect from us rough sailors) bade me welcome for Lord Haig's sake. I was shown to a room that might have been got ready in expectation of my coming. It was so large that you might have put this house entire conveniently into it; a fire burned in the grate; my portmanteau was brought me by Lord Haig's valet, and he offered me his assistance at my toilet. Fancy your rough sailor boy, mother, with a valet to curl his whiskers for him! I sent the fellow about his business, politely of course, for ship manners would hardly do in so princely a place as Crowland. I did not know what was going to happen to me next, but I thought, for that night at least, I would be a gentleman, so reached out my black suit, thanking my lucky stars that I had my dress-coat with me. Hardly had I finished my toilet when Lord Haig's valet returned to tell me that his lordship waited dinner for me. It was then after nine o'clock. I followed him to a little snuggerly of a room, octagonal in shape, with a domed ceiling and walls lined with books, and there I found Lord Haig, and dinner set for two. I never dined with a lord before in my life, and perhaps never shall again. Lord Haig left me when we had finished, and presently a courteous request was brought me from Lady Trevor to join the company in the ball-room."

"Did you see and speak to Lady Trevor?"

"I saw her, but did not speak to her. I am afraid I was neglectful in a point of etiquette, and that I ought to have reported myself at head-quarters first of all, but if you'll believe me, mother, I stood like a great, bashful boy in the doorway, and would rather have faced the fiercest storm of wind and waves that is to be encountered at sea than have presented myself to Lady Trevor. I saw her reclining upon a couch at the farther end of the room, as fair

and fragile as a human snow-drop. I looked all over the room, but could not see Lord Haig anywhere, so there I stood, seeing none but strange faces wherever I cast my eyes. A gigantic-looking fellow took pity upon me, and introduced me to a jolly little partner."

"But did you see none other of the Trevors? There are, or at least I have heard that there are, daughters."

"I danced a quadrille with Miss Trevor."

"Did—did—you see her—sister?"

"Yes, mother, I did; a charming little thing she is too; but Miss Trevor is one of the most splendid-looking girls I have ever seen. My gigantic friend seemed to admire her exceedingly, but they say she is engaged to Lord Haig. What a lucky dog he is; he seems to secure all fortune's first prizes. She danced with me and talked with me as graciously and as pleasantly as though there was not a vast ocean of difference between her position and mine. After the dance, as we stood talking with the good-natured giant, Lord Haig came up with the other Miss Trevor, I do not know which is the younger of the two, and which is really *Miss* Trevor."

"What was she like?" two pallid lips with difficulty ejaculated.

"Like! I can hardly tell you; she is very beautiful. But, mother, what do you think? As we all stood together, other people remarked the extraordinary resemblance that Lord Haig and his friend had before noted between me and that lovely, high-born young lady."

Hester Goldering clutched his arm in sudden terror.

"They remarked that of—of—Miss Trevor?"

"Yes, mother; we stood talking for some little time, for Lord Haig drew me on to speak of the storm we encountered together on board the *Travailleur*, and both the Miss Trevors seemed deeply interested with the account I gave, until Mr. Deverel, the gigantic stranger, exclaimed involuntarily, 'Good heavens, Captain Goldering, you and Miss Trevor might pass for brother and sister!'"

Hester Goldering's fingers tightly clenched and interlaced each other.

"Did they? Did Sir William and Lady Trevor remark this?"

"Not that I know of; for shortly after Mr. Deverel's exclamation the attention of every one was diverted; Lady Trevor fainted, overcome, as it was supposed, by the heat of the room. What is the matter with you, mother? How strange you look! What is there in my story to affect you so?"

Hester Goldering passed her hand over her eyes.

"It is the mysterious working of Providence, my son. I cannot help tracing the finger of God in this."

"How, mother? you mystify me more than my adventures of last night did."

Mrs. Goldering bowed her head upon her tightly clasped hands.

"Can you recall the past, Charlie? things that happened nearly eighteen years ago, when you were nine years of age? Do you remember your little sister Martha—little Trottie, as we used to call her?"

Charlie started violently.

"I do remember her pretty, baby face distinctly. You parted with her, mother, in our distress, did you not? Was she not adopted by some great lady whose name you would never tell us?"

"She was; but that name shall be a secret no longer. I will make you the sharer of my confidence, my son. You must promise me never to reveal it without my permission."

"I promise. But what has recalled this painful subject to your mind, mother? Little Trottie is dead to you and all of us, is she not?"

"Dead, and yet living, for you have seen her."

Charlie's faced flushed suddenly and deeply.

"You do not, you cannot mean, that it was into *that* family she was adopted?"

"I do."

"And that *Miss Trevor*——"

"Is none other than your sister Martha."

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY SELWYN, CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY HIS FRIEND, RICHARD MORTON.

CHAPTER V.—BY THE EDITOR.

I INTRODUCE here some further extracts from the diary of my friend, who, in the absence of any other to whom he could confide his anxieties and troubles, seems to have found some consolation in thus preserving the records of this period of trial; for trial it certainly was. With the inexperience of youth he had to deal with an opposition which might have taxed the wisdom and strength of one to whom years gave at once maturity of judgment and extensive influence. I was myself afterwards brought into contact with Crabtree—a man whom I should be less willing to encounter as an antagonist I have seldom met. It was not, indeed, that he had much of intellectual resource, but he had an abundance of that effusive pietism which, unhappily, is so powerful in many

religious circles. So unctuous were his professions, and so subdued his tone, that it was hard for those who did not know him thoroughly to believe that under so smooth and sanctified an exterior there could lurk so proud and bitter a spirit, or that mingling with his apparent zeal for the interests of religion there was combined the more worldly desire to maintain his own power. He was honest enough in his belief that the prosperity of the Church depended upon the maintenance of the traditions in which he had been nursed, but, believing this, he was not very scrupulous in the means he employed to secure the triumph of his views. Change was to him but another word for heresy, and he considered himself justified in employing all possible means to prevent it, and among them, as Selwyn found, was the indulgence in disparaging remarks upon himself. At first he had been a strong supporter, but his zeal began to cool as soon as he found that the young minister was a man of independent mind, who would not accept all his dicta, and who had, in fact, ideas of his own which he did not hesitate to assert, that were in direct opposition to the established practices of the Millport Church. Those who knew him soon discovered unmistakable symptoms of the change. He did not, indeed, venture on actual depreciation, except here and there in quarters where it might be perfectly safe, but the warm expressions of admiration in which he had at first indulged altogether ceased, and when others gave utterance to them in his hearing he was ready with some qualifying suggestion. "Ah!" he would say, "no doubt Mr. Selwyn is an able preacher, but his sermons come from the intellect rather than the heart. There is not the fervour to which we were accustomed in dear Mr. Sainsbury, and, for my part, I feel as if sometimes I could be content with a simpler and less elaborate discourse that had more unction." Some of those who heard such remarks secretly wondered when it was that this perception of their late pastor's excellence had dawned upon him, and felt that, had it come earlier, it might have spared them the pain which the disparaging remarks upon his preaching had often caused them. In another circle he would take up a different strain, and, admitting the value of Selwyn's ministrations in the pulpit, express his regret that he was not equally efficient as a pastor. "We want," he would say, "a better visitor, and the people must be looked after, and if that duty be neglected power in the pulpit will be of little avail." Or at another time he would express a pious hope that Mr. Selwyn might not be spoiled by his popularity. "It is a dangerous thing for young men to be petted and praised, and there are some, I fear, who are doing our minister great harm. I heard Mr. Lassell last Sunday thank him for his sermon in the presence of the deacons, and in very warm terms express his sense

of its power. I never do it" (an assertion which was perfectly needless, for it was the last thing any one would have suspected him of doing), "and, in refraining, I act from a conscientious conviction. Young men are ready enough to indulge exalted notions of themselves, and I will not be one to foster them in the case of my minister."

How much injury may be done to a minister, and especially to one at the commencement of his course, by such a style of talk it is not easy to conceive. There are always some who are more ready to believe the evil than the good, others who pay deference to a man with a position and reputation, such as Crabtree enjoyed, and others, again, whose special prejudices are hit by some of these hints, and who begin to think that they have been valuing their minister too highly. Mischief is thus done which it is all but impossible to repair. The one thing which a pastor has a right to ask from his people is their confidence. Implicit deference to his authority he is not entitled to expect, perfect agreement in his opinions he will not find, nor ought he to complain of its absence, but without their confidence he cannot work at all. But the result of such suggestions is to undermine all confidence, and to create a feeling of jealous suspicion which will eagerly watch every word and action with the expectation of finding something to which objection must be taken. A deacon who desires nothing but the prosperity of the Church will carefully abstain from criticism of this kind, and will feel that it is his duty to maintain the influence of his pastor, and instead of lending himself to these captious comments to check the manifestation of all tendency to it in others. It is not a very difficult task to weaken the hold of a minister upon his people, but it is not a very noble achievement after all, or one to which a man with a high Christian purpose will lend himself. Unhappily there are too many men in Congregational churches of the spirit of Mr. Crabtree. They mean well, and could the consequences of their own conduct appear to them as they do to others they would probably shrink from the course they pursue. But they look at them from a different standpoint. They fancy that they are contending for soundness of faith or purity of discipline. What men with less prejudiced minds regard as mere crotchets of their own they elevate into great principles which must be upheld at any cost, and they set themselves to oppose without much care as to the way in which it is done, or any effort to realise the ultimate results of their proceedings, the minister who happens to cross their path. Others there are actuated by less worthy motives, but from what I myself have seen I am disposed to say that of the difficulties which too frequently arise out of the antagonism of deacons to ministers the great majority arise out of prejudice and mistaken conceptions of duty. No doubt as these unfortunate contests progress other feelings begin to develop themselves; personal animosity is engendered, and once awakened grows rapidly and gives a new character to the whole struggle; lust of power and pre-eminence asserts itself sometimes when it is least suspected, and thus elements of bitterness and discord are introduced which often tend to discord and even separation. But where this is the ultimate issue the be-

ginnings are often very different, and may be traced to an unhappy want of accord between the views of the two parties, both being alike conscientious, and the root of the evil being in the unfortunate relation they occupy to each other. A comparatively small change in the arrangements of churches, one which has, in fact, already been made in many well organised churches, might, I believe, prevent many of those dissensions that are at present the reproach of Congregationalism. A fatal mistake is the appointment of deacons for life. The idea that, whatever changes may take place in the pastorate, in the constitution of the Church, in the individual himself, or in the judgment of his brethren in relation to him, a man once a deacon is to be a deacon for ever, is so preposterous that had it not been sanctioned by general practice it certainly would have had no chance of being adopted by any sensible man now. Looked at on *à priori* grounds it would seem clear that a Church ought to have an opportunity of confirming or reversing a decision made at first with imperfect knowledge. The only perfect test of a man's qualifications for the exercise of power is his manner of using it, and until a Church has seen how one of its members uses the office of a deacon it has not the knowledge which would fit it to pronounce a satisfactory judgment. Office may develop qualities which had never appeared in the private member, or an awkwardness of temper which was unnoticed in the one sphere may prove most inconvenient and mischievous in the other. But when this is discovered the judgment is irreversible, and the Church must contend against the difficulties created by its unhappy choice, and, as a consequence, probably see its peace broken and its progress hindered for years.

Nor is this the only case in which it is desirable that the Church should review its decision. Twenty or thirty years (and I know of deacons who have held office even for more than the longer period) materially alter the character of every community, and a man who was in perfect accord with its ideas and tendencies at the commencement of the time may be in a very different position—nay, except in a few cases, is sure to be in a different position—at the close. Possibly a Church would desire, even in this altered state of feeling, to preserve the tempering influence of men whose views identify them with the past rather than the present, and it would often act wisely in thus retaining some of its older men in office. But this ought to be its own deliberate act by the renewal of its confidence in them, based upon an experience of their worth and their adaptation to the work. As it is, a man may show himself to be of an impracticable spirit, one of those who are unable to work in association with others; he may by his ungenial temper deprive the Church of the services of a pastor whom it values, or of the labours of men who would gladly serve it, but object to come into close contact with one with whom they have so sympathy; he may become thus the source of weakness or even of discord, and yet he continues to hold his position. The worst example of this kind with which I am acquainted is that of a Church at Westhampton, where a deacon, elected by the Church in its infancy, retains his position in defiance of the known wishes of the great body of its

members. He has withdrawn from it the support which once he gave, he is seldom seen at its services, he avows his want of sympathy with its movements, and yet he refuses to resign his office, and goes so far as to say that he will hold it despite even a vote of the Church to the contrary. This is indeed the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole practice, and yet it is only in degree that it is worse than some other cases which I have known. My friend Singleton, a pious and useful, though not very strong-minded man, had to encounter in the first year of his ministry a deacon who had differed with three of his predecessors successively. Of course, it was not long before he differed with Singleton, who had as little power as he had inclination for such a struggle, and, therefore, speedily ended it by his own resignation. He was so disgusted indeed with the whole procedure, that he sought refuge and peace in the bosom of the Established Church. I do not know that the Church gained or that Dissent lost very much by his change of position, for men who allow their principles to be so easily affected by circumstances do not contribute much to the strength of any party. But men of this stamp, and they are the only seceders to the Establishment who are of any value at all, do us much more harm than is to be measured by the loss of their own services. They give in the new circles to which they are introduced an idea of Dissenting Churches, of the tyranny they exercise over their ministers, the vulgarity of many who hold office in them, and the annoyances to which a minister of independent mind is exposed, that strengthen prejudices already sufficiently strong. Were Dissent presented in a truer and better aspect to many outside its own ranks who are chafing against the bonds by which they are at present confined, and who at heart have a good deal of sympathy with its principles, we might hope to see more numerous accessions, or, if not that, at least greater willingness to aid in the struggle for perfect religious equality. But this can never be so long as a certain class of men, who hold liberal principles in an illiberal spirit, and while crying out for liberty are themselves ever seeking to exercise a paltry despotism in their own sphere, are allowed to shape the action of so many Churches. Of all institutions a Congregational Church ought to be the most free and progressive, and so ought to secure the sympathy of the freest and most cultivated minds of the generation. That it is frequently far from this, and is on the contrary strongly Conservative, is due among other causes to the excessive preponderance given to the influence of the generation that is passing away by the present system of diaconal appointments.

Whether another election would have reinstated Mr. Crabtree in his place in the Millport Church was doubtful, for of the younger men there was a large number by whom his ideas on Church questions were regarded as narrow and unintelligent, and who welcomed the ministry of Mr. Selwyn as exactly meeting their needs. Still he had been so long in office and had been so active in several departments, notably in the discharge of any duty by means of which he could extend the sphere of his personal influence, that he had a following. Such power as he had he used unsparingly for the defeat

of Mr. Selwyn's proposal to receive Farrar into membership. He did not like the young man, for he had not shown him the deference he expected, and on one or two committees at which they had met had ventured to oppose some of his propositions. This did not incline him to view Mr. Selwyn's innovation with any more favour, but its character was in itself sufficient to insure his most strenuous opposition. Purity of communion was in his eyes the grand distinction of Congregationalism, and he had been accustomed to talk of it and of the securities for maintaining it in very grandiloquent terms. The visitation of each candidate by deacons was to him the very palladium of the spirituality of the Church, and to threaten that was to touch the apple of his eye. He was resolved, at all events, that there should be no interference with a practice he deemed so important if any effort of his could save it. There was much that he said and did which came to my knowledge from other quarters of which Selwyn happily knew nothing. But the following entries will show that he knew quite enough to distress him and greatly to add to the burden of his pastoral anxieties. * * *

CHAPTER VI.—DIARY (*continued*).

March 19.—I little anticipated the trouble which this affair of Farrar's has caused me, and yet had I foreseen it all I could not and dare not have acted differently from what I have done. In the course I am taking I am simply following out my sense of duty, and even if the issue be that I am compelled to leave a people to whom I am becoming strongly attached, and among whom I gratefully recognise many proofs that my work has not been in vain, I shall still feel that I go with a clear conscience, and that had I acted otherwise I should have been unfaithful to my own deepest convictions. That this will be the result if Crabtree can have his way I can easily see, and though Richardson is more bland I cannot doubt that he is as decided an antagonist. At first I hoped that a question which really involved no opposition in principle, but only a difference as to the best way of carrying out the principle we in common hold, might be settled without creating any personal feeling. But I am disappointed. From the night of the deacons' meeting Mr. Crabtree's bearing towards me has shown how deeply he resents the position I have taken. On the following Sunday he was absent, for the first time since I have been here, from the monthly communion, and though I was told that he had gone from home to see a friend, I quite understood the reason of his absence. I afterwards found, however, that there was more in it than I thought. His visit was to my neighbour Mr. Carmichael, one of the old school of ministers, from whom I am sorry to say I have received anything but kind and generous treatment. He is the senior minister of the district, and whether he was afraid that I should expect to succeed to the position held by my predecessor I cannot tell. Certain it is he gave me very early intimation that could not be mistaken of the consideration which he thought was due to his age and standing in the ministry. If I know myself at all I should have been the very last to ignore this or to fail in any deference which was due to one so universally respected ; but I must confess that I did

not much relish the way in which it was asserted. All this, however, would soon have been forgotten but for his general deportment to me, and my knowledge, on evidence which could not be questioned, that he had more than once spoken of me in terms anything but generous. He is one of Dr. Cameron's followers, swears by the *Watchword*, and believes that the majority of young ministers are tainted with German rationalism. I do not know whether he could very well define what German rationalism is, but he knows it to be a very dreadful thing, for the great Dr. Cameron says so; and on the same unquestionable authority he has it that the theology of the students coming out from our colleges is poisoned with it. I wish we could understand each other better, for, though there are many points on which we should not agree, I have a great respect for him, and I think I could convince him that my love for the faith, for the honour of which he is so jealous, is as great as his. But this is not very likely at present, especially as Mr. Crabtree has been to him with the tale of my sad heresy. That the latter was confirmed in his feelings is clear from what I have since heard, for I understand that he does not fail to say everywhere that I am assailing the distinctive principles of Congregationalism, and have no right to remain one of its ministers. Be it so. I have entered on the struggle, and hope I shall have grace to bear myself manfully, never to shrink from a plain utterance of the truth, and yet to utter no words of unkindness in relation to any from whom I may differ. May I be able, under whatever provocation, to maintain dispassionate calmness, to keep my mind open to conviction, never to indulge a childish and carnal desire for the triumph of my own opinions, and to seek only the adoption of such a policy as shall further the highest spiritual interests of the Church.

* * * * *

March 25.—To-day I have been calling at old Mrs. Sangster's, and a short conversation with her has given me considerable insight into the state of things here. Mrs. Sangster is the widow of a self-made manufacturer, who left her in the enjoyment of a large property, amassed entirely by his own exertions. In the midst of her opulence she retains a good deal of her original simplicity, has a great contempt for what she calls "fine folk," and has little idea of refinement or delicacy, and still less of keeping back anything that she thinks. Nothing pleases her more, indeed, than an opportunity of speaking her mind, and she is not at all careful as to whether she offends or pleases any one in the process. For me she appears to have conceived a high regard, and has always treated me with great kindness. Calling upon her to-day I was struck with a more than usual gentleness and consideration in her manner. She insisted that I should have a glass of sherry, and after it was done was equally anxious that I should have a second. "Tak it," she said in her own vernacular, of which she is always fond; "you want it and it wants supping. It has been a long time in the decanter, and if you will drink it the bottle will be ready for some fresh." The reason was equivocal, but the motive was beyond question. I soon found what was the reason of the old woman's solicitude. "So you've been offending old Crabtree, have you? Well, never mind; Crab he is by name and crab by nature, Many a time he bothered

Mr. Sainsbury. But he knew how to manage it, and I am mistaken in you if you cannot manage him too." "But, my good Mrs. Sangster," said I, "I have no desire to manage him. I have proposed what I believe to be right, and I am sorry that he does not agree with me about it; but that is all." "Nay, it is not all. With you it may be, but not with him. He is a queer one, and does not like to be crossed. I hear what he is doing—going about among the old women and pensioners of the Church and trying to poison them against you. But never fear; there are enough to stand by you if you will stand by yourself." "That," I replied, laughing, "I certainly shall do," and bade my good friend farewell. There is more, I fear, in her words than I thought at first, for I knew she would not disturb me unnecessarily. But forewarned is forearmed.

* * * * *

MABEL AND JEANIE.

MABEL is beautiful, rich, and gay;

She lives in the stately, silent square,
Where terrible lions guard the way
With fierce, remorseless, menaceful stare,
Where dusky shrubs and sorrowful trees
Sigh for the rush of a mountain breeze,
And pale flowers dream of the golden air,
And the songs of birds, and the hum of bees.

Sometimes at night when Alain can leave

He takes me down to the gloomy square,
For he knows how bitterly still I grieve
For my beautiful blossom imprisoned there.
I gaze till my heart is ready to break,
For, oh! my darling, you vowed to make
Our fireside joyous, and pure, and fair,
And one life noble for love's dear sake.

But the glitter of wealth was strong to lure;

It dazzled and blinded her young eyes
Till poverty never had seemed so poor
And riches never so great a prize.
And he was handsome and laid at her feet
A proud old name. The vision was sweet;

I wonder if now she weeps and sighs
That a wasted life was the price of it.

They say she is happy; I do not know.

I like not the wistful look on her face,
And her voice is too young for tones so low,
And her years too few for such stately grace.
Her smile is sadder to me than tears;
I wish she could weep, for the merciful years
Might fill her hands at last for a space
With olive branches and gold wheat-ears.

You never would think that we had lain,
 Mabel and I, on the self-same breast,
 That the same life-current thrilled each vein,
 The same lips kissed us, the same voice bless'd.
 But she was a beauty with hair of gold,
 And features cast in patrician mould,
 And wherever we went she was loved the best,
 For she won the hearts of both young and old.
 But I was silent, and dark, and plain,
 Like twilight, they said, by the merry morn;
 But I cared not for that till I saw Alain,
 And felt the anguish of possible scorn;
 For I had treasured his eloquent strains
 Till the passionate blood stirred all my veins,
 And my whole heart thrilled with hopes newborn
 Of a purer wisdom than earth contains.
 But Alain, he came like an old, old friend,
 And seemed to forget I was poor and plain.
 I wondered oft when his visits would end,
 But he came again, and again, and again.
 The fame of his genius spread far and wide,
 And my face grew bright in its honest pride,
 For he was my teacher, and friend, and then
 Had he not asked me to be his bride?
 Ah, Mabel, the world seems fair and young
 In our little cottage upon the moor,
 And Alain's lyrics are loved and sung
 Alike in the homes of the rich and poor.
 He says, and I must believe it true,
 Brown eyes are dearer to him than blue;
 But, however that be, of this I am sure,
 There are none like Alain the wide world through.

LUCINDA B.

The Children's Hour.

NELLIE'S HANDS;

OR, WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER V.—A FEW MISTAKES.

PEOPLE do not always succeed the first time they try. If they did there would be no need of perseverance, but as it is children especially have to try, try again before they accomplish what they wish. They have a copy set them, and the first line is perhaps not a very good imitation, but after a few efforts they are able to do something that is really worth looking at. They learn a new rule in arithmetic, and at first they cannot work out the sum correctly,

out after a little practice it is easy to do it without making the least mistake.

And yet, although children know this, they are apt to be discouraged when they do not at once succeed. They expect no failures but all successes. And unless they are brave and persevering they are likely to feel inclined to give up trying after a time when they find that they are not as clever as they thought.

Nellie Seymour, though she was trying with all her might to make her hands really useful, had some failures and made some mistakes. She thought, and very properly, that if she gave her hands plenty to do they would become all the more apt. "Practice makes perfect," and Nellie wished to be perfect. So she was a very busy little girl, almost always doing something.

"I will learn how to do *every* thing," said she, "and then surely I shall be of some use in the world."

So one morning when the servant, whose duty it was to light the fires, came down she was astonished to find that Nellie had borrowed her apron and carefully cleaned the ashes from the grate, and was proceeding to arrange the wood and coals for the fire.

"Oh, Miss Nellie! what are you doing? You ought not to try to do such things," said she.

"But I wanted to learn the way. Let me finish this one now."

"Very well, but you are making your hands very black."

"Never mind; of course I can wash them."

It seemed rather a grand thing to Nellie to strike the match, and set light to the paper, and see the wood begin to blaze. But it was not quite so pleasant when, trying to change the position of some of the coals, the flame came around her hand and burnt her.

"I thought you would do some mischief."

"But I have not hurt myself much, and I have learnt the way to light a fire," said Nellie.

The next morning she again rose early, and on that occasion she did not burn her fingers.

Indeed, she allowed all her failures to teach her, for she never made the same mistake twice.

"I can clean windows," she said one day.

"I do not think you can; you have never tried."

"But I have watched you, and I am quite sure I can do it. Let me try. If you will clean the outside I will do the inside."

So Nellie tried. And very earnestly she went to work, sparing no strength in the use of the leather.

One pane of glass, however, was not bright enough to please her.

"The dulness must be on your side, Ann," she said.

"No," said Ann, rubbing at the pane, "there is nothing here, it is on your side."

Then Nellie, surely forgetting what she had learnt at school—that "Glass is brittle," rubbed away with all her might, striking the glass with so much force that her hand went quite through to the other side, and there was a great crash.

"Oh, Nellie! what are you doing?" cried Frank, who happened to pass at the moment. "I thought your hands were improved, and that they were no longer all thumbs."

"Nor are they, Frank," said Nellie.

"It was not the fault of my hands again, but of my head, as mamma says. I was so stupid as to forget that glass must not be rubbed too roughly. I fear mamma will be afraid to trust me to clean windows again."

"No, indeed," said Nellie's kind mother, who had been drawn to the spot by the noise of the falling glass, "I am not afraid to trust you, Nellie, because I feel sure that you will not make such a mistake again."

And she never did. Very soon, when anything valuable and fragile had to be cleaned, her mother would say, "Let Nellie do it, she will be most careful."

You may be sure that Nellie felt always very grateful and happy when she heard that."

She was still quite young, when she thought she would like to learn how to cook. Every girl should study the art of cooking, so Nellie was right in wishing to do so.

"I am sure that I can make a batter-pudding," she said one day. "It is quite easy, I know, for I have already beaten up eggs, and, of course, adding milk to flour and stirring it cannot be at all difficult."

Nellie borrowed the cook's apron, and greatly amused her brothers by wearing it.

"It is rather too long, Nellie."

"It makes you look much too clever."

"Shall you always be a cook, Nellie?"

"*That* will be a wonderful pudding!"

But Nellie did not mind. She set to work with a will, and beat up the eggs and stirred them and the milk in the flour in a most adroit manner. But when that was done Nellie, finding herself alone, wondered what ought to be done next.

"Let me see!" she said thoughtfully to herself, "what have I seen cook do? Oh, I know; when the pudding is made, of course she rolls it out upon the board. I must find the rolling-pin."

There was no difficulty in that, and the next instant the pudding was poured out upon the board. But Nellie forgot that it was only stiff paste which should be rolled, and this, of course, was quite thin and liquid.

Fortunately cook came in time to save the pudding. If she had not, it would have spread over the table, and most of it must have fallen to the floor. As it was, some of it was wasted; but the cook caught up the board, and poured the pudding back into the basin without a moment's hesitation. And then she laughed at Nellie, who felt that she had made a mistake of some kind.

"Do you not know where you were wrong, Miss Nellie?"

"Oh, yes!" said Nellie, after a few seconds' consideration; "but I shall know better next time. I should not have done it if I had thought properly about it."

Of course Nellie's brothers, hearing of this mistake, laughed and teased her often about it. But Nellie tried again, and the next time she made a batter-pudding it was all that could be desired. But there was another mistake which Nellie never forgot making.

"We will have a preserve-pudding made to-day," said her mother, "because it is Charlie's birthday, and that is his favourite pudding."

"And, oh, mamma, may I make it?" cried Nellie, eagerly.

"If you are sure that you know how to do it."

"Yes, I am sure I do, mamma, and of course I shall make it as nicely as I possibly can for Charlie's sake."

So she did, only she put too much of one ingredient. When the pudding was cut at dinner-time everybody was pleased with the look of it.

"Really our Nellie will make a first-rate cook," said her father. "That pudding looks exceedingly nice."

Nellie looked up with pride as each one tasted it. Charlie was first, and he made a most comical face.

"What pudding is it, Nellie?"

"Preserve, as you can see."

"I do not know what kind of fruit it must be to give it this taste."

Then Frank, who had just taken a mouthful, looked dreadful.

"Do you want to poison us, Nellie?" he said. "It is not a preserve-pudding; it is a *salt-pudding*."

"Salt? How much salt did you put in, Nellie?"

"Only about a quarter of a pound, mamma."

What laughing there was at Nellie after that confession.

"A small teaspoonful would have been ample."

"Well, she must live and learn. We will have another preserve-pudding for supper, and Nellie shall make it."

So she did, and everybody pronounced it delicious.

CHAPTER VI.—A GREAT SUCCESS.

It was a year after Ellen Seymour made such mistakes about window-cleaning and cooking that something happened which caused several persons to be really grateful that there was such a girl in the world as she who had such ready, useful hands.

You know that Nellie was very anxious to be useful; she was not a girl to care so much about herself and her own pleasure as of the joy of doing good to others. And no one ever had this desire without having opportunities of gratifying it. There is no lack of work in the world for willing hands, although sometimes it seems as if there is a lack of willing hands to do the work. And, therefore, when an earnest, unselfish girl looks about for useful things to do, and seriously sets herself to do them, it is well in every way, but best for herself. If girls only knew what a mistake they make in thinking of nothing but their own pleasure and how best they may secure it, there would be much less grief in the world and far more brightness.

Nellie, not waiting for some great thing to do, but gladly doing all the little tasks that came in her way, was surprised by having been able to do a really great thing one day.

She was out, walking alone in the country. It was very seldom, indeed, that she went without her brothers or her mother, but the

boys were busily playing at cricket, and Mrs. Seymour was not sufficiently well to take a long walk.

"Nellie," she said, "I want a custard made and taken to a boy who is ill at Blackford."

"Let me do it, mamma."

"I do not like you to go so far alone, but perhaps I should be able to meet you on your return."

"If you can, mamma, I shall be glad to see you, but I am not afraid to go alone."

"You will not stay longer than you can help?"

"Oh, no, mamma. I shall walk quickly there, because he will be glad of it for dinner. Is it Jones you mean, mamma?"

"Yes."

"Then I will make the custard at once, and leave as soon as it is ready."

Nellie enjoyed her walk very much indeed. If the truth must be told, she liked going alone. It was pleasant to walk through the fields and notice the different kinds of wild flowers, and birds, and insects which were there. And the trees always looked beautiful to Nellie, for she loved them, and knew all their names, and many interesting things about them. Of course she could have admired them and thought about them if she had had companions with her, but she knew that generally girl-and-boy talk left little time for thinking; and as she walked along on this day, meeting no person, and softly singing to herself, she felt very happy.

But the sight of the village church and the straggling cottages brought her mind back to her errand.

"Poor Jones, I wonder how he is to-day. The doctor says he will get better after all, and I am so glad, for he has suffered so long that it seemed impossible."

This was Nellie's last thought as she came in sight of the little house where the invalid lived. But when she looked toward it she saw a sight which made her hesitate for one moment in fear, and the next run toward it as fast as possible, for the flames were coming out of the door.

It was no use to scream Nellie knew. All the Blackford people (there were not many of them) were away in the harvest field. Nellie had noticed that all the doors were shut, and the blinds drawn down, and the village quite silent.

"Jones, are you there?" She thought she heard a faint groan, but could see nothing but smoke. "I must put the fire out," thought Nellie, thinking as usual she could do it, and fully intending to use her strength to the utmost.

She knew that in the garden at the back of the cottage was a large water-butt which held a great quantity of rain-water, which Mrs. Jones, who was a laundry woman, needed. She ran round the garden, and, catching up a bucket which stood near, hastily filled it, and in a few moments had thrown it into the burning room. But it did not put the fire out, for in her haste she had not looked to see where the flames were, but only tossed the water in at the door. She was more careful with the next one, for, though it was very hot, and the smoke almost choked her, she went bravely

as near as she dared, and threw the water over some wood that was blazing.

When four buckets had been poured on Nellie could not help wishing some one would come and help her. But none came, and though her back and arms ached, and Nellie felt so tired that she could have cried, she kept on until at last she had the joy of seeing that the fire was quite extinguished.

"But where is poor Jones all this time?"

When Nellie saw him she felt more alarmed than ever, for he lay on the floor looking quite dead.

"Choked by the smoke," thought she.

But no; it was worse than she thought, for Jones was bleeding dreadfully from a wound in his arm.

Nellie was always frightened at the sight of blood.

"But I must find out all about it, and bind it up," said she; and if any one could have looked at her then he would have seen a very white and determined little face.

She managed to move him, and found that he had fallen upon a sharp knife which he had probably been using. By great effort she moved him into the garden that the air might blow upon him, and unfastened his collar, and was thankful to see that he began to gasp for breath. Then, praying all the time that some person might come along, she took up the knife that had done the mischief and cut open his coat and shirt sleeves. It was a dreadful wound, and Nellie felt faint and sick as she bound it up. But her fingers were deft and clever; Frank could not have said they were "all thumbs" now, for they soon stopped the bleeding and saved Jones from any further danger.

When the air revived him and he became conscious, he said, "Oh, Miss Nellie, you have saved my life. I tried to walk, and stepped upon some matches which had been dropped, and they caught fire, and the house was burnt."

And the poor boy began to cry.

Then Nellie remembered what she had quite forgotten—the custard. She managed to find a spoon, and though her hands trembled almost as much as Jones's she fed him with a little until he felt better. Then after a time she was rejoiced and thankful beyond measure to see her mamma come in. She could not explain—she could only lean her head on her shoulder and cry.

Soon Mrs. Seymour summoned some neighbours and the doctor. Nellie was really too ill to speak, or even to listen, but she did hear the doctor say, "That young lady is a perfect heroine. She must have used almost superhuman strength to move the boy, though he is so thin as not to be very heavy. And she has wonderful hands too, for the skilful way in which she attended to that wound, without further loss of time, has certainly saved his life."

In after-years many people were thankful for what Nellie's hands did that day; for Jones, though he was a poor boy, lived to be a very clever and useful man.

(To be continued.)

A MESSAGE.

I do not think that my heart can tell it—

The message that came to me yesterday,
As I walked home through the orchard meadows,
Where the blossoms like drifted snow-flakes lay.

Perhaps 'twas born of the sunset glory,
And I only saw what I thought I heard;
Perhaps it came through the chestnut-branches,
Where every leaf like a whisper stirred.

Perhaps 'twas only a voice remembered,
Arching the void which no hope could fill;
Whatever it was, as I caught the meaning,
The passion within me grew strangely still.

All the storm and the shadows vanished,
I breathed again in the pure, bright air;
And every tear that escaped my keeping
Changed silently into a word of prayer.

The sun went down, and I crossed the meadow,
The summer twilight fell on my soul;
My step was light, for the mystic message
With unseen healing had made me whole.

There came no voice to the eager question,
“Whence was the message so strangely given?”
So my heart grew bold, and itself made answer,
“Perhaps God sent it to me from heaven.”

MEERNE MANTON.

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1870.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

BY HENRY T. ROBJOHN, B.A.

THE new Church in India is called Brahmo Somaj, which means the Church of the one God. Its history is altogether recent, and is divided into three separate but related periods, each one of which is connected with the name of a different eminent leader—the first with that of the Rajah Rammohun Roy, the second with that of Debendro Nath Tagore, the third with that of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen. We shall pass in review these three periods in the history of this very remarkable Church.

1. The period represented by *Rammohun Roy*, viz., down to 1830. He was born about 1780, and his education included the acquisition of Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit. At fifteen he is said to have travelled into Thibet, and been much horrified at the worship of the Grand Lama, i.e., of the sovereign pontiff of the national religion. On property coming to him, at the death of his father and two brothers, he devoted himself to the religious reformation of his country. His first book was, "Against the Idolatry of all Religions." This is the fundamental fact in the history of this Church, it is one great revulsion from idolatry in the direction of the worship of the one spiritual holy God. The idea of Rammohun Roy was to go back and try to find in the distant past the simple, pure elements of that religion of India, which, as he thought, had been corrupted through three millenniums. As his successors came to the Christian Scriptures, so he went to the

Vedas. He published an "Essay on the Veds"—a collection of passages from the ancient Hindoo Scriptures, inculcating a faith at once simple in its character and moral in its tendency. He now studied Greek for the sake of acquainting himself at first hand with the life of Jesus and the other writings of the New Testament. In 1820 he published in Sanscrit and Bengalee a collection of passages from the Gospels, entitled, "The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness." In 1830 he established "The Church of the One God." In 1831 he came to England as ambassador of the princes of Delhi, was by them made a rajah, and was present at the coronation of William IV., with the other ambassadors. On September 27th, 1833, he died at Bristol, and was attended in his last illness by Dr. Lant Carpenter, the well-known Unitarian minister.

This is a brief outline of the biography of the founder of the new Church. It cannot be said that he ever broke fairly with Hindooism. He never laid aside the sacred thread which distinguishes a member of the Brahminical caste. He always appealed to what he believed to have been the primitive religion of India. On the other side, he wrote books, conducted discussions, spent money, to disseminate such ideas as he had acquired touching the unity and spirituality of God. He was warmly interested in native schools, and opposed the burning of widows, and other barbarisms of his country.

2. The second period is represented by the name of *Debendra Nath Tagore*. In an article in *Fraser*, June, 1866, he was described as "a man of high character and vast landed property, whose house in Calcutta resembled the Hotel du Louvre, all filled with the owner's children and grandchildren to the third generation." After Rammohun Roy's death the new Church languished for many years. The society he had founded was supported partly from his endowments. One place of worship continued to be frequented. A monthly magazine was maintained with considerable ability. But little spirit animated the body generally. At length, in 1842, the new leader put himself in the front. Tagore turned a mere body of worshippers into an association of believers, bound them to a few articles of belief, and to a covenant enjoining purity of life. He also started a religious journal, appointed teachers, and published several doctrinal and devotional treatises. "Four Sanscrit scholars were sent to Benares to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Vedas, which had hitherto been regarded by the successors of Rammohun Roy, though not by the rajah himself, as the sole foundation of their belief. But when these scholars returned to report the result of their studies, and it became evident that the Vedas inculcated Pantheism, transmigration, and annihilation of the soul,

Debendro Nath Tagore, to his eternal honour, threw aside the Vedas as a standard of faith, and the Church of the One God bade farewell to Vedantism." Nature and the intuitional faculty in man now became the basis of faith. In 1850 a work was issued "which is still regarded as the authoritative exposition of Brahmoism. Its main points are:—The existence of one supreme and perfect God; the One without a second; a distinct personality, but never incarnated; the conscious immortality of the human soul; the efficacy of prayers for spiritual blessings, and of repentance as the only way to atonement and salvation. No Scriptures are held to be infallible, but the religious truths taught in all are equally accepted." In the succeeding years the new Church made considerable progress. Hundreds of members were enrolled, and branch churches were established in different parts of Bengal.

3. The Third Period is identified with the name of *Chunder Sen*; and under his inspiration as leader the most astonishing progress has been made. He is now only thirty-three years of age. He joined the Church of the One God about the beginning of 1860. He is the grandson of a man of some distinction, Ram Kamal Sen, and belongs to the Vaidya, or physician caste, ranking next to the Brahmin. He seems to have given his whole soul to this movement with the devotion of a saint of the middle ages. In June, 1860, he issued a tract, entitled "Young Bengal," which proved the first of a series of addresses to his countrymen, which were continued for a year. Besides this series of tracts, a few others have been published, being lectures delivered at various churches. The most important publication of the Church is the *Indian Mirror*, a fortnightly newspaper. In August, 1861, its first number appeared. After a time it was bought by the Somaj, and made the direct organ of the body. It is a paper, printed in English, somewhat of the *Examiner* or *Spectator* type, dealing with politics and social matters, but especially with the affairs of the new Church.

In this organisation there soon appeared a Conservative tendency, represented by Tagore; and a Progressive, represented by Chunder Sen. This led to a schism in 1865, which has had important consequences. This schism has been thus described (*Fraser*, vol. lxxiv., p. 208):—"Very naturally a difference of opinion arose between the old man and the young as to the extent to which reforms should be carried. Tagore held for tender dealing with Hindooism, with reverence for the Vedas, albeit denying their Divine authority, and for the maintenance in public worship of some Sanscrit prayers. Keshub desired to break utterly with the old idolatry, and to institute a service wholly in the vernacular. To the honour of both be it said, that Tagore's Conservatism did not prevent him from relinquishing for himself the use of the thread, nor from marrying

his daughter by Brahmo rites, devoid of all idolatrous ceremonies, and *therefore* (by strange confusion of law) not legally binding in an English city. Keshub's zeal has never led him to adopt any attitude towards Tagore, but one of thorough respect. The schism finally took place in January, 1865, when Tagore asserted his rights as trustee to the property of the Somaj in Calcutta, bequeathed by Rammohun Roy; and the two churches having now separate congregations, the Progressive party is more at liberty to follow its own views." Hitherto the new Church had been called "The Brahmo Somaj of Calcutta." The secession under Sen at once occupied the whole of India as its sphere, and became "The Brahmo Somaj of India."

The total number of the adherents of the new Church was recently estimated at about 5,000 or 6,000 men. All Hindoos, who are liberally educated at the English colleges, give up idolatry. Some become sceptics, some Christians, but the greater number become Theists; though not all Theists join the Brahmo Somaj, for that would be to expose themselves to persecution. Some idea of the relation of educated India to Christianity and to the new Church may be formed from this summary of the successful candidates at the Calcutta University in 1867-8:—

	Entrance Exam.		Little-go.		B A.
Hindoos.....	538		111		67
Mahometans	16		2		2
Christians	35		8		2
Brahmos	69		43		21

In 1866 there were fifty-four congregations in India. Eight of these had established religious schools for instruction in the tenets of the new Church. "For secular education there is the Calcutta College, established and instituted by the leading members of the Calcutta Somaj. There are also boys' and girls' schools in connection with ten provincial Somajes. All these are under the direct management of the members of the local Somajes, and are mostly assisted by Government grants." The Church conducts seven periodicals, two English newspapers, and two native. One of its principles is that all who have time and talent ought to do all they can to advance the doctrine of the Church. Hence, they have few regular missionaries; but in 1866 they had eight constantly at work.

The public worship consists of prayer, preaching of a non-controversial, earnestly practical kind, and hymns sung to Indian airs, accompanied by an harmonium. The services are sometimes very long and intensely enthusiastic. They have now a formal reception of members into the Church. The older body had gradually glided into a sort of open communion; Chunder Sen has rectified that.

At the opening of a new church in Calcutta on 22nd August, 1869, among the services was one for the initiation of fresh members. Twenty-one youths, including three university graduates, stood in a semicircle, with bent heads and humble posture, to make their profession of faith; after which Chunder Sen delivered a practical and enthusiastic charge on the duties of a true religious life—its trials, and sorrows, and glories. "The young men were touched in the heart, and one offered up a prayer, at the meekness and sincerity of which the whole audience was moved to tears, and expressed other strong marks of emotion." In the older congregation the hymns were sung by one or two professional singers, who discharged the same office in the heathen temples. In Chunder Sen's church the choir is composed of members only, and the congregation joins with great enthusiasm. The church is crowded every Sunday. Religious instruction is given to inquirers by Chunder Sen every Saturday, and an initiation service is held on the last Sunday of every Bengali month.

In the attempt to indicate the theological position of the new Church we shall point out, first, the brighter side of the position, even in which blend some shadows; and then that side which is less favourable and hopeful.

1. As to the *Divine Being*, the fundamental fact in the history and position of the Church is, that its members have utterly broken with idolatry. That alone is a mercy for which English Christians may be devoutly thankful, for idolatry never means anything else than abandonment to the senses, and a moral degradation of the most loathsome kind. They believe in one God—spiritual, ineffably holy. He is a personal God, distinct from the universe, and in this belief the member of the new Church dissents from the whole Hindoo Pantheism. 2. Chunder Sen's view of the nature, place, and authority of *Jesus Christ* may be gathered best from comparing together his discourse on "Great Men" and his discourse on "Jesus Christ: Europe and Asia." God manifests Himself in all men, more especially in "great men," who are the prophets of the race. Of these the greatest of all is Jesus Christ. Some of his descriptions of the pre-eminence and power of Jesus might appear to an unguarded reader to burn with true Evangelical fire and glow with clear Gospel light. But it is not really so; if he uses words like "supernatural," "miraculous," "divine," it is always in the lower sense, almost mere rhetorical sense, in which they are so often used in this country by Unitarians. Two extracts will give, not a view of Sen's whole doctrine of Jesus Christ, but a fair specimen of his way of speaking of the Saviour:—

"He was the son of a humble carpenter, and He laboured in connection with His ministry only for three short years. Do not these

simple facts conclusively prove, when viewed in reference to the vast amount of influence He has exercised on the world, that greatness dwelt in Jesus? Poor and illiterate, brought up in Nazareth, a village notorious for corruption, under demoralising influences, His associates the lowest mechanics and fishermen, from whom He could receive not a single ray of enlightenment, He rose superior to all outward circumstances by the force of His innate greatness, and grew in wisdom, faith, and piety by meditation and prayer, and with the inspiration of the Divine Spirit working within Him. Though all the external circumstances of life were against Him, He rose above them with the strength of the Lord, and with almost superhuman wisdom and energy taught those sublime truths and performed those moral wonders for which succeeding generations have paid Him the tribute of admiration and gratitude. Verily He was above ordinary humanity. Sent by Providence to reform and regenerate mankind, He received from Providence wisdom and power for that great work; and throughout His career and ministration, and in the subsequent effects of His grand movement, we find positive evidence of that miraculous power with which inspired greatness vanquishes mighty potentates, hurls down dynasties, and uproots kingdoms, and builds up from chaos and corruption the kingdom of truth and God, of freedom and harmony." Again: "Such has been the gradual progress of Christianity, such the wondrous growth of the seed planted by Jesus. Tell me, brethren, whether you regard Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter's son, as an ordinary man? Is there a single soul in this large assembly who would scruple to ascribe extraordinary greatness and supernatural moral heroism to Jesus Christ and Him crucified? Was not He—who by His wisdom illuminated, and by His power saved, a dark and wicked world—was not He—who has left us such a priceless legacy of Divine truth, and whose blood has wrought such wonders for eighteen hundred years—was not He above ordinary humanity? Blessed Jesus, immortal child of God! For the world He lived and died! May the world appreciate Him and follow His precepts!" These sentences fell in English from the lips of a Hindoo, as part of a lecture in the theatre of the Calcutta Medical College, before a mixed audience of Hindoos and Europeans; and were received at every other sentence with cheering and immense applause. 3. There are also such references to a *Holy Spirit* as might be found in the writings of any Theist—e.g.: "Divine life can only be secured by Divine grace—it comes pouring into the soul from Him who is its source. This is inspiration; it is the direct action of the Holy Spirit. It is God's free gift, not man's acquisition. It comes not through our calculation or reasoning, not through our industry or

struggle, but through powerful reliance upon God's mercy. It cannot be purchased by our wisdom or our good works. The merciful God vouchsafes inspiration unto the heart which panteth after it." 4. As to *man*, the new Church believes in the common brotherhood of the human race; in a providence paternal over him, which is at once general and special; in his immortality; in the conflict between the higher and lower nature; in the dreadful fact of human sinfulness; and in the possibility of redemption. The doctrine of redemption has been thus epitomised:—"Man stands in imperative need of salvation from sin, but not of salvation from punishment when he has sinned. However entirely God may, and even does, accept our repentance, He must yet punish us for our sins in order to deliver us from them; and instead of weakly praying to escape His purifying discipline, we should dutifully accept it as the truest sign of His fatherly love. Thus the only atonement is repentance and amendment; the true salvation is deliverance from sin." 5. The *Revelation* of God is not through any book, but only through nature, history, and the soul; pre-eminently through the last. The Vedas, then, are mere human writings; so are the Scriptures of the Koran; so also the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. But whilst such is theoretically the doctrine, none can read the writings of the teachers of the new Church without perceiving that, practically, extraordinary deference is paid to the Bible, and especially to the New Testament.

In our sketch of the brighter side of the creed of the Brahmo Somaj, darkness has blended with our light. It is now necessary to say that its doctrine is that of a pure and absolute Theism—I would say Deism, if there were not the shadow of a slur in that word. The truths *distinctive* of Christianity have not yet been seen, or, if seen, have not been accepted. The Trinity, the Incarnation, Miracles, the Atonement, an External Revelation other than that of nature and history are all denied; and of course all the dependent truths and practical consequences of them. The one redeeming feature and hope is, that whilst English Theism is a retreat from the Gospel in the direction of naked infidelity, Hindoo Theism is a revulsion from idolatry in the direction of the Gospel. May its twilight go on speedily to the full dawn of a perfect day!

Though able only imperfectly to sympathise with the doctrine of the new Church, with its practical aspirations and work we can be in full accord. Within the Brahmo Somaj the sense of sin has been awakened, and the aspirations after God and holiness recall the aspirations of the mystics within the Christian Church. "Nothing less is inculcated than what French divines well speak of as the *ambition saints*." The influence of the society is already

powerful, and will be increasingly mighty in annihilating the distinctions of caste, in untwining those idolatrous customs which have become part and parcel of the whole social life in India, in educating the people, in elevating women from the mere animal life, hitherto the rule in India, and in staying the plague of mere children's marriages. A mere Theist, as compared with an idolator, has in his hands mighty instruments of social and moral renewal; and the more when, after all, he has derived his very Theism from the Gospel.

It was not to be expected that such a movement could arise and gather strength without raising antagonism on the right hand and on the left. The first and natural enemy, so to speak, was idolatry, against which the Brahmo Somaj made open war. The bitterness of that conflict may be imagined by those who have realised to themselves what a religion can do which is hoar with the whiteness of thirty centuries, and which has subtly entwined itself with every part of a nation's life. If the history of this Church is not yet written in blood it has been a history of agony and tears. Another antagonist is without doubt a higher and distinctive Christianity. Opposed, however, as a more perfect faith must be in some respects to one lower, and to one which ignores and is prepared to combat the higher truth, it does not therefore follow that antagonism will be the best attitude for the disciple of the higher faith to assume. Christianity may be the antagonist of the negative side of Theism, but Christians should well consider ere they set themselves in hostile array against Theists coming out of the Egyptian darkness of Hindoo idolatry. Once more, some of Chunder Sen's fiercest foes have been they of his own household. He has been so devoted, so prayerful, so earnest, so influential, honoured, and loved, that he has excited misapprehension and jealousy. The teaching that the Holy Spirit of God may dwell with any and every contrite heart has been perverted into an attempt on the part of this noble teacher to make himself an incarnation of the Deity. Such incarnations are not uncommon in the East. This calumny has been to Chunder Sen the occasion of anguish, and prayers, and tears. Such a horrid blasphemy is repugnant to his whole nature. He is no egotist. He "never puts his name to his published writings; in narrating the history of his Church he absolutely suppresses all record of his own individuality, while giving full honour to others. Moreover, his sense of personal frailty has always been peculiarly strong, and frequently expressed." To such a man such an idea would be revolting to the very last degree.

In conclusion, what is our duty and privilege in relation to the Brahmo Somaj? This question may be suggestively answered in few words. 1. To form a just estimate of the character and magni-

tude of the movement. Perhaps some of the things now advanced may correct our notions of its scope and importance. The essential characteristic of it is that it is a great exodus from the darkness and miseries of idolatry. I believe a hand as of old is leading in the direction of rest—rest such as only the Gospel gives. 2. Not to confound it with any school of religious thought elsewhere. It may be Theism, but it is not Unitarianism. The origin, history, and tendency of Unitarianism are all different. There may be momentary coincidence, but that is all; it is but the momentary crossing of two paths. 3. Not to be nervous about swift approach to all that we understand by the Gospel. These men are standing in twilight on their watch; they have set them on the tower to see what the Lord will say unto them, what they shall answer when they are reproved; and the vision is yet for an appointed time. At the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry. They may have a thousand difficulties of which we know nothing. *E.g.*, coming out of an idolatry whose mythology is filled with incarnations, not seeing that these are really shadows of the true, they may have peculiar difficulty in believing in the true Incarnation. We may be very confident the Lord for them hath more light and truth yet to break forth out of His holy Word. 4. To remember for our encouragement that all the truth and goodness of this movement have come from Christ and the mission work of His Church. In reading various lectures and addresses we have been amazed at the mastery of the English language, at the acquaintance with the science and art, literature and thought of the Western world. All the great writers of Europe and America are familiar to these men as household words. But more wonderful still their knowledge of the Bible, of the history of Christ and Christianity, of the controversies of the Church, of Knox's mission in Scotland, of Luther's to the world. The Gospel has told, but in unexpected forms, as well as in ways anticipated. Direct and indirect has been its power. The Brahmo Somaj would have been impossible in India but for Christian missions. 5. To look most hopefully at the future. Christianity in India will put on its own form and have its own history. As there has been a Greek Christianity, a Latin Christianity, an English Christianity, so will the Gospel strike deep root in India, and so shall there be an Indian Christianity. The truths of the Gospel are independent of time and place; but the garment in which the Lord allows them to be arrayed has changed with clime and age. And who shall say that this movement in India, directed by the Holy Spirit of God, is not an essential element in preparing for India's splendid Christian

future, a kind of Mosaic economy of later days, a sort of John the Baptist call to repentance, to prepare the way of the Lord, to make straight in the desert a highway for our God, because in India "the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ASSUMED RELATIONSHIPS.

I WROTE to Martin to say that I might be expected at Dovercourt on a certain day, very near at hand; meanwhile I remained under Mr. Merriton's roof; that is to say, I dined, slept, and breakfasted in Bedford-square; the greater part of my time being spent in exploring the metropolis. Miss Merriton did not improve on acquaintance; her mamma could not be interested on any other subject than finery and entertainments, and of Mr. Merriton himself I saw very little, as he was deeply absorbed in a difficult law-case, in which he was concerned. I almost fancied he avoided private conversation with me; certainly we had very little to say to each other on any subject.

I was to go down into the country on the Thursday morning, and I was not sorry for it, for I found London dull enough after Paris; the streets were muddy, the days short and gloomy; I knew no one save the Merritons, and their society was not precisely that which a lively young man would care to cultivate. All things considered, I was not displeased to say, as I dressed on Tuesday morning by gas-light—there was a fog outside the colour of pea-soup—"The day after to-morrow I shall get away from this dreary place." I was to "get away" a little earlier than I anticipated. I came down to breakfast shivering, and wondering whether there would be any daylight at all, to find lying by my plate a letter addressed to me, and bearing the Dovercourt post-mark. I did not open it immediately, for I was trying to warm my benumbed fingers, and Mrs. Merriton was hospitably bent on helping me from a dish of smoking-hot grilled kidneys, which the maid had just brought up from the kitchen; and she was afraid I should have preferred a well-buttered haddock, only the fishmonger was so stupid, &c., and all the while she talked in her curious discursive fashion, I did not attempt to read my letter. Miss Merriton, with

a very red nose, sat watching me, as if she were afraid I might appropriate to unlawful uses the spoons and forks, while with awful deliberation she drank her tea, and ate strips of cold buttered toast. There are some women who eat so slowly that they appear to ruminate, and Miss Merriton was of such; I always thought she ought to have been a cow, when I saw her slowly and stolidly feeding, never ceasing the calm action of her jaws, and yet making little progress with the viands she discussed. At last Mrs. Merriton said: "Pray read your letter, Mr. Travis; do not stand on ceremony with us;" and then I glanced carelessly down the pages, and saw "Phoebe Milner" at the end. Then there was a postscript, horribly scrawled, and evidently added at the last moment; it said, "Come directly you get this, if you please; don't lose a minute; he asks for you twenty times in an hour."

Who was asking for me so constantly? I began to read now with attention, for Phoebe's fine pointed characters were not very easy to decipher. As I read and understood, a pain settled at my heart, and there was a strange choking sensation in my throat; if I had been alone I should have laid down my letter and cried like a child. As it was, it was quite a strain to keep up the deportment of manhood which I believed to belong to my more than seventeen years; and I could scarcely reply steadily when Mrs. Merriton said, kindly, "I am afraid you have some bad news there, Mr. Travis."

"Yes," I said, as quietly as I could, "my dear old friend and guardian, Martin Wray, is dying; I must go to him at once!"

In an hour from that time I had taken leave of the Merritons, and was on my way to Dovercourt. There was rail now all the way, and fortunately I caught a fast train. Just as the short, dull, winter's day was fading into premature twilight, with a low, grey sky, grey mists upon the downs, and still heavier grey mists rising coldly from the sea, I stood knocking at the familiar Gate-house portal. It was eighteen months since I had turned from it last, on a glorious summer morning, and Rebecca had thrown an old shoe after me for luck. She answered my knock so quickly that I had not time to wonder why the door was not as usual on the latch, and for one moment she did not know me; for I was much grown, and carried a knapsack, and I stood in the deep shade of the porch. She was beginning to inquire my business, when I spoke, and then she seized my hand, and seemed intent on dragging me into the house. "Oh, it's you, Master Hugh, you that we've been wearying for ever since this time yesterday! Thank the Lord, you've come; we did not look for you till well-nigh the last train. Come you into the parlour."

The old room looked much as usual, but the two arm-chairs by

the hearth were vacant, and Margery's knitting was neatly rolled up, and put away on a side table.

"How is he?" I asked impatiently.

"He's that bad that he can't be much worse," said Rebecca, dolefully shaking her head; "he's going fast, Master Hugh, and he knows it. But ever since he was taken he has been crying out for you."

"When was he taken? how was it?"

"Well, he has been failing for months, and so has the mistress too. I am sure, up to the end of the summer, I thought she would go first, she was so feeble like, and didn't even care to scold a body. And all of a sudden, about three weeks ago, master was taken very badly; but he would not send for the doctor, for he said it was only old age, and he must expect infirmities at his time of life; and he couldn't tell what ailed him, perhaps it was the change of season; weak folks and old folks always felt the turn of spring and fall. I didn't feel easy in my mind though, and I told the missis I didn't like the master's looks; but she only what she called threeped me, and bade me hold my silly tongue. And so it went on till Sunday night, when I up and spoke to Mr. Duckett, who came to pay his regular visit. And Mr. Duckett listened; and then says he, 'Rebecca, my girl, it is right you are; the old man is as bad as he looks, ay, and badder. Take my word, he'll never get over it; he's got *his call*!—that's what he's got, Rebecca! And I'll see Mr. Dumbleton to-morrow morning—no, on second thoughts, I'll go round to-night, and ask him just to step in first thing to-morrow as he goes his rounds, and see Mr. Wray. If it's only influenzy, as he will have it, influenzy kills old folks more often than not; but it's no influenzy, I say—it's death!' Well, Master Hugh, Mr. Duckett hadn't been gone out of the house a quarter of an hour, and I'd only just settled down to my 'Pilgrim's Progress' in the kitchen, when I heard the missis give a screek that might have waked the dead, and then another and another, before I could get to her; and when I came in, there was the master all of a heap, as it seemed, in his chair; his face was like ashes, and drawn all on one side, and his eyes were shut like a person in a faint. 'Oh he's deid! he's deid!' screeked the missis. But I saw he wasn't really gone; so I says, 'No, he's not dead, but he's got a stroke. I'll fetch Mr. Dumbleton right away.' So I tore on my bonnet and an old shawl that was handy, and I flew down the road. It was pitch-dark and pouring with rain, but I didn't care; and I was in the village in no time, and I found the doctor in, and brought him straight away; and we met Mr. Duckett coming out of the Dovercourt Arms, and he went back with us; and that was how he was taken, Master Hugh."

"Where is Phœbe?"

"Miss Phœbe is just gone up to say a word to Mrs. Miller; I thought it was she when you knocked. Hark! there's the mistress herself coming down."

"Who's theer? who's theer, lassie?" cried Margery in subdued but yet shrill tones from the staircase. "Ony news o' Maister Hugh?"

"It is I, myself, granny," I said, running to meet her.

"Bless t' gude Lord, an' bless you, too, laddie!" and then I was in the old woman's arms, and she was crying over me as only women can cry on certain occasions. I tried to soothe her, for her crying was none of the quietest, and at last she remembered that she must not make a noise, and then she addressed me as if I had been the offender: "Whisht, my bairn, whisht! ye maunna' mek yer clavers here; come ben, come ben! Oh, laddie! it's a sair hantle o' grief that's come till me; my ain mon that wed me i' t' kirk, feefy years agane—feefy years for better an' for worser; an' noo t' Lord ca's him hame. Oh! it's sair partin'; I thoct I'd gang furst, Hugh laddie, for I'm fowerscore an' past, and he's na' but eight an' siventy."

"You wouldn't like him to be left alone, granny, and fourscore is a great age. Think how he would miss you if you went first."

"And will na' I miss him, that hev been at my side day an' neet for feefy year? He was a braw laddie when he cam' woin' me lang syne; an' hev'n't we sat at t' same hearthstane; an' didna I bear him gradely bairns, that are a' gane into t' kingdom afore us; and didna we toil and moil together yander amang our ain mountains; and didna we gang to t' kirk arm-in-arm togither Sabbath by Sabbath; and didna we kneel side by side at t' Holy Sacrament; an' hev'n't we had the same joys and griefs, and tholed t' same thrubbles? And noo we maun pairt. Eh, laddie, but it's a sair dispensation!"

All this while Rebecca was putting food before me. "You must just eat and drink before you see him," said the damsel, authoritatively; "it's not good to face trouble on an empty stomach, and you are come off a journey. Now, just eat this egg and toast, and the rasher, and drink this cup of good strong coffee, and then you shall go to your room with a can of hot water, and after that you shall do your share of nursing, if you like."

There was so much good sense in what she said, that I at once agreed to all her propositions. And at seventeen it takes a great deal to take away one's appetite, especially if one has made an insufficient breakfast, and travelled sixty miles on no better luncheon than a very dry captain's biscuit. The aroma of Rebecca's excellent coffee was delightful, and the very smell of the rasher dispose

me to fall to. I could not help feeling furiously hungry, and at the same time desperately ashamed of myself. I had not yet learned to discern between true and false sentiment, and I thought it would only have been in the fitness of things, if I had been unable to touch bit or drop. I sat down, however, and did ample justice to Rebecca's good cookery, for it occurred to me that since I could eat at all I might as well make a hearty meal of it.

While I was disposing of the second egg and the second rasher, there was a genteel little tap at the door, and Margery said, "That's our Phoebe," and went to let her in. Phoebe had been at a boarding-school for the last twelve months, and she had only returned home for the holidays a few days before. I was greatly startled when Phoebe entered. I had left a pretty, blue-eyed hoyden, half afraid of her grandmother, and half defiant of the rigid rule exercised over her, and I found a fashionably-dressed, well-assured young lady. She was still little—*petite*, she said her figure was; she hated to be called *small*. But if she had not increased much in stature, she had somehow grown up in marvellously quick time. I saw at a glance that she was no longer a child, albeit one could scarcely call her a woman in her fifteenth year. She was very pretty—what Charlie Craven called "doll-pretty." She had a fair, satiny skin, pink cheeks, blue eyes, regular but diminutive features, and an abundance of curling hair that was neither flaxen nor golden, but something between the two. She looked genteel and ladylike, but I saw at a glance that she was not, and never would be, a lady. Instinctively I missed the high bred air and tone to which I had so long been accustomed. I sprang forward to greet her, and was proceeding to kiss her,—I had kissed her morning and night, and at all our meetings and partings ever since I could remember,—but she drew back coquettishly, bridled, and extended her gloved hand.

I felt quite taken aback and excessively annoyed. She had the style of a maidservant, while she looked like a young lady.

"Weel, I niver!" said Margery; "there's nae end o' her whims an' perverseness. Oh, ye bad hizzy, to flout our ain laddie i' that gate."

"I did not think my little sister would be so unkind," I said, reproachfully.

"I am no sister of Mr. Travis, not even his cousin; of course I know that now," replied Phoebe, speaking to Margery. "And really, grandmamma, you must be aware that it is not at all correct for young ladies and gentlemen who are not related to kiss each other. What would Miss Primrose say—oh, fie!"

"Miss Primrose be hanged!" muttered Rebecca, with an unfriendly glance at Phoebe.

"But I always counted you as my sister, Phœbe," I said to her, "and I always shall. Think how long we played together, and how we got into scrapes together. Don't you remember the disgrace we got into the very last time we went to the Fairy-spring Chine together? That was only a year and a half ago."

"A year and a half makes a great difference. I was a child then. And I do not like assumed relationships; I do not want a make-believe brother!" And she tossed her pretty flossy curls and bridled again. I wondered if the Misses Primrose, at whose select seminary Phœbe was being "finished," taught bridling as an accomplishment, and whether it was included, or charged as an "extra." I am inclined now to believe that it came naturally, as it often does to little women when they want to assert themselves.

"Very well, Phœbe," I answered, turning away. "I will not trouble you again. I will be sure to remember that you are Miss Milner, and no kith or kin of mine. Though if ever you want a brother for the sake of old times, and for the sake of those whom we both love and honour, come to me, and you shall be my sister again."

"An' she'll sune be biding her lane," said Margery, dolefully. "I'll nae bide lang mysel' when my gudeman ha' ganged awa'. Auld folk as hev bin wed sae lang canna be lang pairtet. Na, na! I'll sune be after ye, Martin, my ain mon!"

I had finished my repast now, and Rebecca, with a steaming can in hand, hustled me off to my own room. "Never you mind her, Master Hugh," she said, impressively. "She's just a silly boarding-school miss, full of stuck-up nonsense and sham gentility. Don't she mince her words, and walk like a pussy-cat crossing a wet floor? and don't she flounce herself about scornful like? An' she won't do a hand's turn in the house, for all she's come home to a house of affliction; she's afraid of spoiling her soft white hands. 'Niver mind muckying yer hands, lass; they'll wash if they're nae made o' some cheap trashy stuff, like the muslins as are na' war-rantit,' says the missis; but Miss Phœbe, she just dips her fingertips into things, and touches everything as if it was poison. She's got a piano now, but she can't play it because of master, and what else to do she does not know. She goes into master's room, rustling her flounces, and says she, 'I hope you are better, grandpapa. Shall I read the paper to you?' Read the paper to a man that is taken for death! But master only stares vacant, what missus calls 'glowers' at her, and says no word, and all his cry is for you."

"And I am anxious to go to him; so run away, Rebecca. You can tell me more about Phœbe another time. I want to dress now."

I made a hasty toilet, thinking all the while how strange it

seemed to be once more at the Gate House, and in my own Gate chamber, where I had dreamt so many boyish dreams, both waking and sleeping. There was the grand old four-poster, with its heavy faded hangings, the large oriel window, and Lady Dorothy's Venetian coffer, just as I had left them on that bright summer morning eighteen months before. Just the same they were; the very curtains lay in their accustomed folds; some fir-cones, relics of Eaglesmere, still remained on the high carved mantelpiece, the same eerie shadows filled the room, which my one poor flickering tallow candle lighted most inadequately, and I could hear the tossing of the bare branches without and the low sigh of the night wind in the turrets and under the gables of the old house, and in the pine wood close at hand; and I paused a moment to listen to that deep voice afar off, that grand, hushed monotone that always awoke the echoes of my heart, and made me think of my dead father—the distant sound of the waves rising and falling in measured chime on the dark deserted shore.

Heidelberg and Paris seemed like fragments of a dream. Was the Schloss Wanterfels real? Had I ever really talked to Mrs. Craven of Cravenshaugh? Had I actually listened to that strange story of Professor Rigg's on the summit of Ruprecht's Tower? Had I been in London that morning? Had I breakfasted by gas-light in Bedford Square? If Phoebe were changed, I was changed too; I was not the same Hugh Vassall who had spent so many peaceful hours in that chamber. A new life had sprung up within me; that which I had been I could never be again, and I gave a sort of sob as I thought of the old, happy, innocent times that would come again no more—no more. And the wind in the tree-tops, and the low, sad thunder of the sea, seemed to echo, No more—no, never, never more.

CHAPTER XXIV.—“FAITHFUL AND SURE.”

I went straight to Martin's room when I left my own chamber. The old man lay on his bed, propped up with pillows, and his wife kept watch in an arm-chair at his side. Inexperienced as I was I saw at a glance that the hand of death was upon him. He did not seem to notice my entrance, and yet I was sure he was not asleep. His eyes were only half closed, and his hands were loosely joined upon the counterpane; neither did he breathe as one who slumbers.

“Is he sensible?” I whispered to Margery, after I had looked at him for several minutes.

“Weel, my laddie,” she replied, “I dinna reightly ken. Whiles he brightens oop wonderful, and whiles he sinks awa' intil a stupor belike; he's that way noo ye see. A' t' mornin' lang he was as

peart as peart, and kep' ca'ing for you—for Hugh, for his ain dear laddie, for the captain's son. But sin' it grew mirk he ha' bin varra quiet; I thocht the glint o' t' candle wad rouse him, but he didna seem to notice it. I'll spake till him, Hugh. Here's our ain laddie Hugh cam to see us, Martin, my mon. Hevn't ye a word for the bairn who ha' cam ower seas to us? Ye speered for him eneuch yestreen; ye speered till I was that wearifu' I could ha' grat, and noo he's here."

The pale eyelids quivered and the ashy lips moved, but there was no sound; yet I felt certain he recognised my presence. I bent over him and touched his hand, and the cold, passive fingers trembled slightly. Then I kissed his forehead, and he heaved a deep sigh like one awaking from troubled sleep.

"Grandfather," I said, using the old familiar appellation, "I am here; I came directly I knew you were ill. Do you not know me?"

Then he slowly opened his eyes, and I was surprised to see how bright and clear they still were, though the eyelids seemed almost too heavy to upraise.

"Eh! my laddie," he said, in low but distinct tones, "I kenned ye wad cam as fast as yan steam-horses could bring ye, my laddie, that was aye gude to me, an' that I teachit when he were a bairnie. Weel, Hugh, my dear, how are ye? Ye've growed taller and grander to luke at i' that freemd country ower seas. Ye see, laddie, I've gotten my ca'; it's me that maun gang first, forbye I am twa years yanger than my auld woman, but she'll cam quick after me, wunner ye, Margery?"

"Indeed I will, my mon," she replied. "I'll not stay lang after ye. Whatten suld I tarry for? When twa leaves ha' growed togither out o' ane stem sae many years, ye canna pluck out ane and lave t' ither, for theer's only ane heart for the twa. Ye wunna be lang i' t' kingdom, Martin, afore I cam t' ye."

Her promise seemed to comfort Martin, and he told me to sit down by him and have a talk.

"Mebbe it's t' last crack we'll ha', laddie," he said, calmly, "for I'm ganging fast. I'm jest waitin' for His ca', blessed be His holy name. He has kept me safe these threescore and eight years, an' I ha' served Him in luve these saxty years and mair. Noo, He says, I maun see His face and dwell wi' Him. Margery, my woman, gang down a bit and talk t' puir lass Phoebe; she bides her lane too much, an' leave me to Hugh."

Margery gave him his medicine, and his sup of broth with brandy in it. He had all his life been a singularly temperate man, seldom touching alcoholic drinks, though not a professed abstainer, and now a little stimulant acted as a powerful restorative.

"Hugh, laddie," he began, the minute we were alone, "there's a muckle I want to say till ye, but I doubt I ha'na t' time nor t' breath nayther. But I maun say some things afore I dee; I was sair feared ye wad cam too late. Hugh, my bairn, I think I ow'to tell ye who ye really are and *who's your mither!*"

"I know, I know," I interrupted, eagerly. "Oh! grandfather, I know all about it; the Marchioness of Dovercourt is my own mother, and she was Captain Vassall's wife."

"She was that, Hugh. And she was the mother that bore ye and nursed ye at her breast. But how could ye ken certainly? Ye might guess, but guessing is na' kenning, an' ye spake as if ye kenned a' about it."

"I do. Grandfather, did you ever hear of a man at Rosthwaite named Rigg?"

"Rigg?—*Rigg?* Let me see. Ay, to be sure—yes, Rigg—a wee, weany, wizzened-faced man, but a gude man too an' a gret scholard. He was born and bred at Rosthwaite, and he cam' back from foreign pairts soon after news reached of your father's death. He tuk gude tent for yer mither, for a' Hughy, as the heaven is aboon us a'. I fear me that black-a-vised Marquis wad ha' deceived her, an' he could. He wad ha' putten her off with a fause marriage,—God forgie me if I wrang him!—but Rigg, he thoct the same, and he tuk tent that t' marriage suld be streectly legal accordin' to Act o' Parlymint an' usage o' t' English kirk. He was a gude freend to yer mither, Hugh; he wad ha' been mair na' a freend, but she wadna listen to him; an' ye ha' seen him, ye tell me?"

I told him how I had heard the story on the Rent Tower at Heidelberg,—a story in which no names were mentioned,—and how I had at once comprehended who were the unnamed personages of the Professor's tale.

"An' ye did na' say that ye were t' babe he spake of, t' babe grewed unto a youth?"

"No, I kept my own counsel, and the Marchioness does not know that I ever heard the story. I treat her as a mother, but I have never called myself her son, never *claimed* her maternal solicitude. She must think I guess the truth; she has all but said right out that my father was once her husband. It was all very well so long as I was a child, but I know now that a woman does not so worship the memory of a man who was *only* her friend. Why, she will talk of him by the hour, and she talks as if there never was his like under heaven."

"He was a rare gude one, I do believe. I only saw him ance, an' I mind me he was a grand man, handsome as a pictur, and folk said as brave as a lion an' as trew as goold. His sailor-men well-nigh

worshipped him; they do say that when he de'ed ane o' his crew de'ed also for pure grief. She couldna' tell ye he were better na' he were, an' a' tales be trew."

Then I showed Martin my precious portrait, and though his sight was fast failing he could recognise the likeness. I told him, too, all that I knew of the strange bargain relating to myself, according to Professor Rigg's statement, and asked him if it were correct.

"It's as trew as t' holy Beuk; it's ivery bit trew. I'll tell ye, if I can, the way o' it. The Marquis wanted yer mither, an' whatever he might ha' meant i' his heart, he asked her to wed wi' him according to God's holy ordinance. She, puir lassie, said, 'Nae,' neething but nae; she couldna' abide t' thowt o' onysecond marriage; her heart was i' t' deep, deep sea. All t' men on t' face o' t' earth were naething to her. She was varra-puir, for t' Captain hadn't left much o' this world's gear. For hersel' she didna care; she wad have gane oot an' warked hersel' to t' bone to get a honest livelihood, or she wad have laid down to dee, and bin reight glad too. But she hed you, her bairn—and, what was mair, *his* bairn—in her arms, and for you she dreeded t' cauld, cruel grip o' poverty, for it's a waefu' warld to puir folk, an' she weel kenned that, puir Nellie. Weel, t' Marquis wadna' let her be; the mair she flouted him, the mair keen he was on having her. It's the way o' men; their mouths aye water for t' apple on top o' tree, an' they care nowt about the braw pippin that's reddy to drop intil their hands. At last says he, 'Helena'—he aye ca'ed her that, niver Nellie—'Helena, gin you'll wed me I'll mek yer boy a rich man. He sall be a gentleman and hev a gentleman's estate; sure and ye canna staun i' yer ain bairn's licht.' There was much talk abune it, for the Marquis *made conditions*. I had heard naething, and I felt doited like when I heard a' what was to be."

"And what was to be?"

"Ye were to have a hantle o' siller—in*alienably*, that was the word, I mind, for I lookit it oot in t' dictionary. It meant as it could niver be took fra' ye when ance it were yours. T' lawyers set to wark, and they med ower to ye, a bit bairnie, a fine fortune, fit for ony gentleman's son. But yer mither swore—he wadna be contentit wi' her bare word—that she would niver claim you, niver own you, and naebody was iver to know that she wasna' Miss Helena Grahame when she married t' Marquis. Pairtly he was proud, and couldna thole that his wife suld ha' been a puir sea-captain's widow, and pairtly he was jealous o' the deid man and o' t' luve she bore his memory. How he quite persuaded her I dinna ken, I canna think; mebbe his grand name and bein' a leddy o' title helped win her. I wadna say; she was but a woman, and women aye luve grandeur and braw attire. It was like t' auld sang, 'An'

ye sall walk in silk attire; ' only, instead of niver thinking o' Donald mair, she was niver to name him na mair. Sae they were married, an' she were ca'ed 'my leddy; ' but oh! she looked waeful and nae like a bride when I met her at Carlisle and took you fra' her arms accordin' to paction made atween us. She grat sore, and ye grat, as if ye kenned what was to betide, an' I grat, it seemed so hard to pairt mither an' babe. But he lookit glum as t' thunder-clud, an' glowered at us baith, and bade me begone and do my dooty, an' I suld niver want. An' that's how I came to be reckoned your grandad, Hugh."

"And you took me to Eaglesmere?"

"Yes, we had lived there mony a year then, though we came out o' Wensleydale, where we kenned and served your ain true grandfather and grandmither, the parents o' Miss Nellie, afore she were born; for she was t' only bairn they iver had, and t' Lord sent her to them after many childless years, an' when they were nane sae young as ance they were."

"And why did we come south?"

"Canna ye guess, laddie? T' mither's heart yearned sair for her bairn; she had ither bairns, but nane like that firstborn, the captain's boy. She said she wad dee an' she na' saw you face to face, and then she framed a scheme. The Marquis didn't care much for her by that time, an' she was scarcely iver at hame at Dovercourt; so she thocht to get us here, as auld servants o' her father's, to live i' this varra Gate House. An' I hearkened till I likit the projeect, an' it seemed gude for us to be weel cared for i' our auld age, and gude for t' wean Phoebe; an', as ye ken, we cam' here, and ye may guess why the name of Vassall was droppit."

"I guessed that as soon as I knew the truth; but, oh, Martin, was it well? Will it all be for good?"

"For gude? Yes, for t' Lord orders a', an' He'll mak' it for gude some way or t' other; but it mebbe not for good, as ye count weal. I think thrubble, aiblins sair thrubble, wull came oot o' it, t' Lord kens! I' first place, Miss Nellie—Mrs. Vassall, I mean—suld niver have consentit to seech an unnatural paction; but an' she had consentit, and dune that which could niver be undune, she owt to have been patient, and tholed the heavy burden. She hasna' braked her aith—her solemn aith—in words, but she has in varra deed, and some day t' Marquis 'll ken how t' land lies, an' there 'll be sair thrubble an' upset. Ye maun be varra carefu' Hugh; for yer mither's sake ye maunna' be rash nor het-headed. Only I'm feared things hev ganged sae far a'ready that some mischief 'll come oot o' it. It's nae wise nor prudent, yer being in Paris wi' my leddy. Ye are a yang man noo, and naebody kenning ye to be her ain bairn, folk will talk."

"People believe me to be some relation; my being with the Marchioness seems to be regarded as quite a matter of course. I need not tell you, grandfather, that I shall be very careful. I am what people call 'well off,' and my prospects I suppose are good; but, oh! I do wish I were depending on my own exertions. I envy the young fellows who have to make their way in the world. There is no shame in this strange inheritance of mine, but there is something about it which I do not and can never like. Oh, I wish, I wish——"

"Nae, nae, dinna wish owt, laddie; lave it to t' Lord. If there's wrang ony way, 'twas nane o' yer makin'. It's an uncanny path ye hev to traid, there's no deneeing *that*; but trust i' t' Lord; trust Him for t' meikles as weel as for t' muckles! In a' thy ways acknowledge Him, laddie, an' He'll direct thy ways. An' noo I've said my say, an' I'll think na' mair abune t' things o' earth, but abune t' joys o' t' kingdom where I'm gangin'—ganging fast! T' rector cam to see me this mornin'; and says he, 'Martin, my freend, yer gangin' t' way o' a' flesh.' Says I, 'I'm gangin' till my rest.' Says he, 'Hev ye med yer peace wi' God, my freend?' And says I, 'Do ye think, sir, that I'd put *that* off a' these years? I've bin at peace wi' Him t' maist o' my life.' 'But hev ye repented o' yer sins?' says he; 'remember your sins.' And I answered, '*Nae!* I'll na' remember them, for *He* has forgotten them. T' bluid o' Jesus Christ His Son ha' blotted them oot—blotted them a' clean oot, sae there's nane to see, and nane to mind. But I ca' to mind t' luv'ing kindness o' t' Lord, and a' His gudeness till me in t' hoose o' my pilgrimage.' Says Measter Canning, 'Ha ye nae doots, Wray?' And blessed be t' Lord, I could reply, 'Doots? why for suld I doot t' Lord—doot my ain Father, doot *His* luv? I ha'na dooted Him these mony years, and sall I doot Him noo, when I'm stanin' on t' verra lintel o' heaven? He's bin wi' me these threescore years an' eight! He ha' guidit my feet and strengthened my hauns, an' He'll be wi' me i' t' deid—throws that are nigh at haun. Yes, He is faithfu' an' sure—faithfu' an' sure!'"

I looked at the old man, and his face was beautiful; the light which is not of this world shone over his fading eyes and his ashen, withered features. Full well I knew it was the reflection of the light streaming over the river from the other side. "It is not terrible to die?" I asked, almost involuntarily.

"Teerible! Nae, bairnie, i'ts reight pleasant! It's sae guid to lee here an' think my wark is dune; it's like Saturday neet, an' t' blessid Sabbath-day at haun, an' t' morn sae near its glint!"

"You are not afraid?"

"Afeard? Why for suld I be afeard to gang till my Father?"

Afeard o' my God? Nae! nae, laddie! I'm not afeard o' Him, for I ha' walked by faith wi' Him these mony years. Oh, t' luv'ing-kindness o' t' Lord! Hear till me noo, my son, when I say—an' if iver I leed, I couldna' lee here, wi' t' death-damps on my broo; when I say, that not ane o' His promises ha' iver failed me! He hev bin iver tender, *varra* tender. He ha' laid on me mony a cross for my guid, but he ha' aye comforted me i' t' day o' triboolation; an' I'll praise Him wi' my latest breath, an' 'when my voice is lost in death!'—ah! I mind how often I've given oot that grand auld Psalm i' t' kirk, an' noo t' time's come—I'll praise Him better than iver! I ha' dune wi' this world, noo I ha' spaken to ye my laddie on yer ain consarns; I ha' dune wi' Time, but there's a hantle o' things to know in eternity. Ay! t' mornin's gliatin—t' Sabbath morn—t' morn that niver wears to even. There's nae setting sun yander, for a' t' licht cams fra' t' brichtness o' Christ's ain face. Peace! Peace! Grant us *Thy* peace! Thou hast granted it, O Lord, t' peace that passeth a' unnerstannin', t' peace that cams till us, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Faithfu' an' sure! faithfu' an' sure! Aye faithfu', aye sure!"

All the rest of the evening he said little, but every now and then he murmured, "Faithfu' and sure—all His promises are *sure*!" And so on through the long winter night, while Margery and Mrs. Miller, and one of the maids from the Castle, kept watch beside him. The wind rose soon after midnight, but ever and anon through the howl of the blast and the moan of the sea came the low sweet whisper, "Faithfu' an' sure! faithfu' and sure!" and once, "He shall gie His people peace—*peace*!"

In the morning he was much weaker, and evidently near death. It had been arranged that he should receive once more the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and while it was yet quite early the rector came. Margery thought he was too far gone, and Mrs. Miller said it was a pity to disturb him, for he was going off like a baby. But he heard the slight dispute, and knew what it was all about. His faculties were as clear as ever; and he said faintly but steadily, "I mganging whar's there nae Sacraments, whar' I sall see His face; but I wad like to eat o' t' bread an' drink o' t' cup ance mair, in communion wi' them I luvae sae weel—ance mair, in token that a' my hope an' a' my trust is i' Him, t' Freend o' sinners!" And he signed to the rector to proceed.

The simple altar was soon spread, and we all knelt down around the bed—Margery, Mrs. Miller, Rebecca, and I. It was my first communion. I had deferred it from time to time, and my Paris life had put it still further from me. But now I came, fearing nothing, and filled with the peace that seemed as the atmosphere we breathed. Surely it was the very gate of Heaven; it was to him who made

his last communion, while I for the first time drew near with faith, and took that holy sacrament to my comfort. Ah! the light that came upon the dying face, while we all repeated after the minister, "Therefore, with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name." "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life," said Mr. Canning, solemnly; and the dying communicant said faintly, "Ay! ay! in remembrance." The cold lips touched the cup, and then a look of weariness, but of exceeding peace, stole over the quiet face. The end was very near. We were all repeating the *Gloria in Excelsis*, when I saw the change come. We were just closing that grand hymn of praise, "For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, are most high in the glory of God the Father!" A sudden life streamed over the ashen gray face, the dark eyes opened wide, as if they saw, as doubtless they did, beyond the veil; there was something radiant, triumphant, suffusing every feature, as slowly, and even strongly, with the old clerkly intonation, Martin said, "Amen!" Then followed the blessing of peace; but as the benediction ended, the glow faded, the eyes calmly closed, only a serene smile lingered on the old man's countenance, and we said the last "Amen" alone. For Martin was with his bairns in the kingdom.

CHAPTER XXV.—"GUDE NEET."

From the moment we closed old Martin's eyes, Margery had changed. I thought she would have lifted up her voice and wept, as had always been her fashion within my experience whenever she was sorely discomfited. She stood by the bedside, her eyes dry and tearless, and her hands tightly clasped, gazing fixedly but serenely on the face of the newly dead. Then, looking upwards, she said very quietly, as if she were speaking to some one present, "Lord, ca' me hame; if it be Thy holy wull noo, ca' me hame. Thy wull be dune." And then she walked slowly away, saying, "I'm weary, sair weary; I'll lee doon, I think."

She went to Phoebe's room, and Rebecca undressed her. She had not had her clothes off since Saturday night, so no wonder the dear old woman was "weary." When I went to her an hour afterwards, she was sound asleep, her breathing was soft and regular, and she seemed to be enjoying her repose. Phoebe, too, cried herself to sleep, and lay with her pretty baby-face, all swollen and tear-stained, among the sofa-cushions in the parlour below. Mrs. Miller went back to the castle, leaving the maid Sarah, and promising to return if all were well at home and spend the night with Margery. "For

I am sure my dear lady would wish it," she said to me, as she was putting on her large, old-fashioned purple satin bonnet; "my lady has told me many a time that she liked all kindness and respect to be paid to Mr. and Mrs. Wray. There have been some people jealous at strangers being brought in and treated so well; but there, Mr. Travis, there are some people jealous of their own flesh and blood. My lady never injured nor neglected anybody to serve the Wrays, and surely she has a right to do what she likes with her own; and it is only proper that faithful service should be rewarded. Of course you'll give all directions about the funeral, Mr. Travis. I'm glad you came down for many reasons."

"So am I, Mrs. Miller, for I have seen how a Christian can die. Never before did I feel the full force of the words, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'"

"Indeed, you may say so, Mr. Travis. May we all go as peacefully and joyfully when we are called home. You will look after little Phoebe. I did think of taking her back with me; but it seemed scarcely right that she should leave her grandmother. She's a poor thing when trouble comes is Phoebe Milner. I doubt her fine boarding-school has done her no great good."

"It has not improved her, Mrs. Miller; but you see, she is quite a child, and she will soon be all alone in the world."

"She has not a relation in the world but yourself, I suppose?"

"I am not her relation, not in the remotest degree; but we were brought up together, as you know, Mrs. Miller, and I shall always look upon her as a sister if she will let me."

"There's not a bit of harm in the girl, only she gives herself airs, and plays at being a lady. I don't like them ladies' schools—a lot of girls herded together, doing each other a deal of harm, and getting very little good. Phoebe never talked about this and that being '*gentle*' till she went to boarding-school, and now she must be called Miss Milner, forsooth!" And the good woman walked away as if out of all patience. I was not so much inclined to blame the boarding-school, for I knew there had always been the germs of vanity and affectation in the girl's character, and the whole course of her training, even Margery's rigid policy included, had tended to foster and develop them. She had vexed me very much, and the more I saw of her the less I liked the style she had adopted, but I was very sorry for her now, and I wondered to whose care she would be consigned when both her grandparents were gone. For that Margery would soon follow her husband I was nearly positive.

Prepared, however, as I was for this last great change, it came startlingly soon. It was getting dark, and when I came in from my favourite walk in the park—the walk I had taken betimes on

that first Sunday morning at Dovercourt—Rebecca met me at the garden-gate. She seemed to have been watching for me. “Is anything the matter?” I asked, for in the dim light I could read signs of agitation in her expressive face.

“Well, no!” she answered, hesitatingly; “there’s nothing the matter. Nothing has happened while you have been out, only Miss Phoebe’s been in hysterics again, and Sarah has had a handful with her. But the missis wants you; she has asked for you I don’t know how many times.”

“I’ll go to her at once, Rebecca—how is she?”

“Very, *very* middling, Master Hugh! Her sleep seems to have tired rather than refreshed her. I have given her some wine, but I couldn’t get her to eat a morsel. She regularly scared me awhile since; she said, ‘No, no, lassie! I’ll eat na mair till I sit doun t’ marriage-sooper o’ t’ Lamb.’ I thought she was wandering—maybe she was—but she wouldn’t eat for all my coaxing and scolding. I’m afraid, Mr. Hugh, *she couldn’t!* She looks almost like master!”

I hastened to the room where Margery lay, passing the closed door of that other room, where lay all that was mortal of Martin Wray. The moment I saw Margery I knew that her days, if not her hours on earth were numbered.

“I’m ganging to Martin,” she said, feebly, as I sat down by her and took her withered hand in mine. It was very cold—cold, as if all natural warmth had departed out of it—yet the evening was mild. There was a good fire burning in the grate, and Rebecca had wrapped a thick shawl round her, and multiplied the bedclothes to an almost absurd extent. I began to chafe the cold, nerveless fingers, but she said, “Dinna, dinna! It fashes me, an’ it’s nae gude, laddie. I was speering for ye that I might spake till ye abune t’ lassie Phoebe. You’ll fend for her, and tak’ tent for her, wull ye not, Hugh?”

“Surely I will, grandmother. Do you think I can ever forget the days of Eaglesmere?”

“Eaglesmere!—my ain auld hame! Wad to God I could see t’ mountains ance mair! Niver moind, niver moind! Afore to-morrow morn’ I’ll see t’ gowden hills o’ heaven; they’ll be bonnier far na bonnie Eaglesmere, I ken weel. An’ Hugh, *he* ance promised me that I suld gae back there, an’ lie wi’ my ain kin, an’ my auncient freends i’ t’ auld kirkyard on t’ hillside; but noo I dinna care to gang awa’ fra’ Dovercourt. It wud be a sair lang travail to carry my auld banes sae far, an’ sure t’ Lord ’ll keep my doost all safe onywhar’. A’ t’ earth is His, an’ I maun be i’ His keepin’, whariver they lay t’ clods upon me. An’ I maun rest wi’ my mon, an’ naewhere else, moind that, Hugh! Didna I say till him when we

cam' south, 'Wheether thou gangest I wull gang, an' whar' thou deest I wull dee, an' thar' wull I be buried'? An' noo I'll be trew to my word, as trew as I've bin to t' troth plight I gied him five an' feefty years agone."

"Do not be anxious for a moment, dear grandmother; I'll take care of all that when it pleases God to call you home; you shall lie with grandfather. You are sorely shaken now; perhaps you will feel better in a day or two."

"Nae, nae, my laddie, niver o' this warld. I'm ganging to Martin, I tell you; I maun gang. Oh, chiel, ye dinna ken how when ane has been wed fu' feefty years the twa lives grow inta ane. It's joost that a pairt o' mysel' ha' gaun awa, gaun on before. Gin ye pluck t' heart oot o' ane flower or t' feebres oot o' ane leaf it *maun* dee. I'm ganging to my ain auld mon; God is sae guid He'll na' let me bide my lane wi'oot him; I've gotten my ca'. An' ye'll tak' tent for Phoebe, our Ailie's ane bairn?"

"I will, indeed I will; she shall be to me as a sister."

"There was a toime once ye ca'ed her your ain li'le *wifie*."

And she looked wistfully.

"That was but childish play; I will be as a brother to Phoebe, neither more nor less I promise."

"T' Lord be thanked. She'll ha' some gear, I ken na' how much; she maun wark an' get siller o' her ain; she's nae a ledy. Puir li'le Phoebe! I wonder wull Ailie cam speering to me abune her bairn when I meet her presently i' t' kingdom. A' my bairns are i' t' kingdom, an' my mon too. This warld has growed sae empty, sae empty, and heaven is sae fu'. An' t' Lord Himsel' is there, an' I'll see His face, and I'll sin na mair. Eh! I've sinned aft wi' my fulish tongue, but t' Lord kenned my heart; *that* luv'd a'ways, indeed it did, laddie. Noo, I'll sing evermore t' praises o' t' Lord; it will be grander na' t' anthems i' t' kirk, I trow, t' hallelujahs o' t' saints."

I sat by her for some time while she dozed, and Rebecca came in with a candle, which, however, she extinguished at Margery's desire. She liked the firelight best, she said, and she wanted to sleep again. Rebecca gave her a little wine; she swallowed a drop or two, not more. Then she said drowsily, "Ye've bin a gude lassie to me an' to t' measter. 'Becca, t' Lord wull reward ye. I've aft vexed an' frebbed ye in my cross-grained ways, I ken; but ye'll forgie me when I'm gane; ye'll forgie an' forget. And noo, gude neet, gude neet; I'm sair weary. Kiss me, Hugh; ye've bin a gude laddie, an' t' Lord bless an' keep ye, an' gie ye a gude inheritance. Gude neet, laddie."

I sat still a long time by the fire, thinking of the old days in Cumberland, and listening dreamily to the low thunder on the dis-

tant shore; and into my mind came unbidden the words of the sainted singer—

“ ’Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.”

The poet whose memory we all reverence, and the uneducated old Border woman had both grasped the same truth—as earth grew empty, heaven became fuller, till the one was felt to be a mere inn, a place of sojourning for awhile; and the other, *home*! Very quietly I replenished the fire once or twice, and every now and then I stole to the bedside and listened to the faint, quiet breathing. Surely that long, calm sleep would refresh her; surely she was mistaken; she would “go home” soon, but not so very soon, not, as she had said, before to-morrow morn! Ah! surely not. And all was still as death; there was no sound in the house; the wind had fallen, and only at intervals came a low sough around the ancient walls; the great sea-chime went on, and in the silent room Martin’s great watch ticked loudly.

I think I dozed myself for a few minutes; the church clock striking nine awoke me, and I started and shivered. The fire was still at its best, but the room had become suddenly chilly; perhaps the night had grown colder. I stood up and listened. How very still it was! The watch ticked louder than ever, that was all. Again I shivered, and again I went softly towards the bed, and—*all was still there*. The faint, weary breathing had ceased; the flickering fire-light shone upon no living face; the cold hand dropped when I lifted it gently from the counterpane. Margery was gone to Martin.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF BUNHILL FIELDS.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

THAT a man should have an opinion of his own on religious matters, that he should not be what his neighbours are, has in all ages and by all people been held to be most monstrous and absurd. No doubt such conduct is very annoying. The fashion of the world has been very simple. The State rules you, and erects for your special edification the parochial church, in which in Turkey is preached Mohammedanism, in Roman Catholic countries Popery,

and in ours the Athanasian Creed. The State gains much by this arrangement. In the first place it helps to keep the people quiet, and in the second place it provides the State with a clerical bulwark, against which for ages the tide of innovation and progress dashed, and dashed in vain. Not to conform to the Established Church was flying in the face of the civil power. Nonconformists have ever been regarded with aversion. We have an amusing illustration of this in the case of a daily paper, which has devoted several articles to sketches of Dissenting congregations. The articles are entitled "Unorthodox London." To be unorthodox is to be an object of suspicion, at least to those who go to church because their fathers did. Take another illustration. A book has been lately published called "Ecclesia," containing essays by several leading Dissenting ministers. It is curious to read the criticisms of the literary journals. Here, they say, with surprise, is a book written by Dissenters, catholic in tone, scholarly in argument and arrangement, polished and refined in language; and this wonder is expressed in the teeth of the fact that the greatest names in our literature are those of Dissenters, and that at this very moment the great organ of the ecclesiastical party in this country is edited by an ex-Dissenter, a gentleman whose dictionaries are in every study—nay, in every school-room in the land.

In times not so very remote Nonconformists had to submit to cruel penalties. Mr. Jeremy White is said to have collected a list of seventy thousand persons who had suffered for Dissent between the Restoration and the Revolution, of whom no less than five thousand died in prison. It is stated also that within three years property was wrung from them to the amount of three millions sterling. Dr. Burnet tells us: "When a Session of Parliament came, and the King wanted money, then a severe law against the Dissenters was offered to the angry men of the Church party as the price of it, and this seldom failed to have its effect; so that they were like the jewels of the crown—pawned when the King needed money, and redeemed at the next prorogation." What were their crimes? That they would not admit the King's supremacy in matters of religion; that they could not declare their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer; that, deeming it their duty to preach the Gospel, they did so. What manner of men were they? If we are to judge them by what they have left behind—the salt of the earth. "I used to think it very strange," wrote Edmund Calamy, who as a boy was often sent with presents of money to poor ministers in prison, "that such men as prayed very heartily for the King and Government, and gave their neighbours no disturbance, could not be suffered to live in quiet. Often was I at their most private

meetings for worship, and never did I hear them inveigh against those in power, though they were commonly run down as enemies of royalty." Unwittingly these men made England the free land she has since become. Their task was an arduous one. On the one side were the King, who was the pensioned tool of France, the High Church bishops, the gay and graceless courtiers, under whom the nation was rapidly descending to the lowest depths of degradation; and on the other side Whig philosophers and Nonconformist divines. When the Conventicle Act was passed, laymen as well as pastors suffered, and out of this suffering grew first religious toleration, and then the great truth that man is alone responsible to his Maker for his religious belief. In Bunhill Fields you tread the dust and ashes of these men. In all London there is not a spot richer in sublime associations or precious memories.

The history of Bunhill Fields is soon told. Till Thomas Falconer, Mayor of London in the third year of Henry V.'s reign, broke a hole in the City wall, where now we have Moorgate, it was a morass, then an exercise ground for archers, then a burying-place. In Strype's *Stow* we read that in 1539 more than a thousand cart-loads of human remains were removed there from the charnels of St. Paul's. When the plague broke out it was consecrated as a common cemetery for the relief of the overpopulated parochial burying grounds. In 1852, when it was closed by order of the Common Council, more than 120,000 corpses had been interred in it during the preceding 190 years, enlargements having been made from time to time by direction of the Court of Common Council. In 1865 there was a danger that the property would pass into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England and Wales. Happily leading men in the City of London and in its Corporation averted so dire a calamity. The place is now set apart for ever for the use of the public. Shrubs have been planted, old tombs have been repaired, seats have been erected, new pavement has been put down. The Corporation of London will henceforth guard this "Campo Santo," as Southey wrote, "of Dissent."

In writing of those buried there let us honour the victims of Black Bartholomew first. One of the most celebrated of them was Thomas Doolittle, till 1662 rector of St. Alphage, London Wall. His body was buried in Bunhill Fields, but the precise spot is not known. A Latin inscription marks the grave of William Jenkyn, minister of the Gospel, who, during the heavy storms of the Church, was imprisoned in Newgate, and died there a martyr in the seventy-second year of his age, and the thirty-second of his ministry, in 1684. He was found guilty of the atrocious crime of spending a day in prayer with several friends at a house in Moorfields. Ladies in those days wore ridiculously long trains, and it was one of these

that led to poor Jenkyn's capture. Politely stopping to allow a lady thus apparelled to pass, he was caught by the soldiers, and carried off to Newgate, where, in accordance with James II.'s declaration, "Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives," he was kept till death set him free. On a stone we read the name of Thomas Rosewell. As a man, the Latin inscription on his grave tells us, he was eminent for learning, piety, and modesty; a preacher distinguished for judgment, eloquence, and study, a most diligent and skilful interpreter of the sacred volume; yet he was on the point of being hung by the infamous Jefferies, had not Sir John Talbot, who was present at the trial, told King James that he had seen the life of a gentleman and scholar dependent on such evidence as he would not hang a dog on, and added, "Sire, if your Majesty suffers this man to die, we are none of us safe in our houses." Another worthy of the same class was Mr. Edward Bagshawe, "minister of the Gospel, who received from God faith to embrace it, courage to defend it, and patience to suffer for it."

No section of the Christian Church has held more tenaciously to its light than the Baptists. They are numerous in Bunhill Fields. Among the most famous, excluding John Bunyan, of whom I speak further on, was Daniel Dyke, M.A., one of Oliver's chaplains and "tryers" for the approval and admission of ministers. Dyke was joint elder with the celebrated William Kiffin in the chapel in Devonshire Square. Of Kiffin it is needless to mention more than the name. How he was a leading London merchant; how he founded the church in Devonshire Square, and became its pastor; how he was fined and imprisoned times without number; how he saw his grandsons perish for their share in that foolish attempt at revolution of which Monmouth was the head; how he lived on to a ripe old age, till better times came, are facts known to all who know anything of the Stuart age. A great Baptist also was Dr. John Gill, of whom Mr. Ryland wrote that he leads us into an ocean of divinity by a system of doctrinal and practical religion, and by a judicious and learned exposition of the Old and New Testaments. Another was Mr. Gosnold, silenced by the Act of Uniformity, and subsequently pastor of the church in Paul's Alley, Barbican, where he had nearly three thousand people every Sunday to hear him, and amongst them six or seven clergymen, who sat in their gowns under the gallery, where they were seen but by few. Here also are buried the Rev. Joseph Hughes, of Battersea, the friend and correspondent of Robert Hall and John Foster, to whom more than any other individual the British and Foreign Bible Society owes its origin; the Rev. Joseph Ivimey, author of the "History of English Baptists;" the Rev. William Jones, who wrote a good account of the Waldenses; Dr. Rippon, famed for songs

and hymns ; and the Rev. John MacGowan, whose "Dialogues of Devils" you may occasionally see lying on a second-hand bookstall. Two names especially must be mentioned—those of Hansard Knollys and Vavasour Powell. Unfortunately, the precise spot where Knollys was buried is unknown, but that matters little. It is known that here he is buried, and that is enough. Originally an Episcopalian clergyman, he was one of the earliest of English Baptists, and they keep up his memory to this day. The inscription on the tomb of Vavassor Powell, the great Welsh Revivalist, who died in the Fleet prison after eleven years of imprisonment, ought never to be forgotten. I quote a part :—

" In vain oppressors do themselves perplex
To find out arts how they the saints may vex ;
Death spoils their plots, and sets the oppressed free,
Thus Vavassor obtained true liberty.
Christ him released, and now he's joyned among
The martyred souls, with whom he cries, ' *How long ?* '"

Till the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed it went hard with Nonconformists. It was difficult in those good old times for an honest man to say what he did believe, or to act according to his conscience. If you look sharp you may see the grave of the Rev. Thomas Emlyn. For believing that "the God and Father of Jesus Christ is alone the Supreme Being, and superior in excellence and authority to the Son, who derives all from Him," and publishing a book advocating this view : he was tried and found guilty in 1709 of blasphemy, sentenced to a year's imprisonment, to pay a fine of one thousand pounds to the Queen, to lie in prison till it should be paid, and to find security for his good behaviour during life. The punishment of the pillory, he was told, was what was due to his crime ; but on account of his being a man of letters it was not inflicted. After sentence was pronounced he was led round the court with a paper on his breast. It appears also that his imprisonment was unusually vindictive and severe. The worst of it is that this wise and Christian treatment left poor Emlyn as heterodox as ever. In Bunhill Fields, as every school-boy knows, is erected a memorial to John Bunyan. The old grave having become a ruin, a new tomb and monument were erected for the immortal dreamer, when the Earl of Shaftesbury took a principal part in their public inauguration. The Act under which Bunyan was imprisoned enacted, that "if any person above the age of sixteen should refuse attending the reading of common prayer in some church, or should be present at any conventicle under pretence of religion, he should be committed to prison without bail, and in case he refused to sign a declaration of conformity within three months he should abjure the realm and go into perpetual banishment, in failure of which he

was to suffer death without benefit of clergy." Surely, if that graceful writer and accomplished scholar, Mr. Matthew Arnold, had any knowledge of our Church history, it is not Dissent that he would blame for its lack of sweetness and light. A sufferer like Bunyan was Francis Smith, bookseller. It is recorded on his tomb that he sustained between the years 1659 and 1688 "great persecution by imprisonment, exile, and large fines laid on ministers and meeting-houses, and for printing and promoting petitions for calling of a Parliament, with several things against Popery, and after near forty imprisonments he was fined 500*l.* for printing and selling the speech of a noble peer, and three times corporal punishment. For the said fine he was five years prisoner in the King's Bench. His hard duress there utterly impaired his health."

Mighty theologians lie buried here. Foremost among them is Dr. John Owen, Independent, often termed the prince of divines. After all, with all his voluminous writing, his fame is as nothing compared with that of Dr. Watts, who sleeps in the same cemetery. Of the Owen class an illustrious example is afforded in the person of the Rev. Theophilus Gale, Presbyterian, ejected from Winchester Cathedral at the time of the Restoration, and whose "Court of the Gentiles" is yet a living book. Under the same category may be placed the name of Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Independent, a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. Five heavy folios still attest to the present age his piety, his industry, and his learning. Dr. Guyse is equally noteworthy. In his old age the Doctor lost his eyesight as he was engaged in public prayer before preaching. As he was led away he was heard lamenting his blindness, upon which one of his hearers, an old lady, remarked, "God be praised that your sight is gone! I never heard you preach so powerful a sermon in my life. Now we shall have no more notes. I wish for my part that the Lord had taken away your eyesight twenty years ago, for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees."

Of popular preachers the fame soon vanishes. Many lie in Bunhill Fields. I name a few. The Rev. John Hyatt, of the Tabernacle; the Rev. John Kello, father of the Independent Board of London Ministers; Matthew Wilks, the hero of a hundred tales, all illustrating his sagacity, his humour, and living worth; Dr. Richard Winter, Dr. Simpson, the Rev. George Burder, the Rev. William Orme, the Rev. John Clayton, the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, were all popular ministers. Of this latter divine it must be remembered that he gloried in being the first man who proclaimed King George the First. I must give one other anecdote relative to this excellent man. When the whole body of ministers of the three denomina-

tions went up with an address to his Majesty on his accession, Mr. Bradbury was one of them. As they were dressed in cloaks, a nobleman said to him, "Pray, sir, is this a funeral?" "Yes, my lord," was the reply, "it is the funeral of the Schism Bill and the resurrection of liberty." Another noticeable man of this class was the Rev. David Williams, Presbyterian, the founder of Williams's valuable library, now temporarily in Queen Square. Dr. Williams was a wealthy man, and left 50,000*l.*, the benefit of which Dissenters still enjoy. One pillar deserves notice. It records the decease of the Rev. Dr. Henry Hunter. "When the nettle shall skirt the base of this monument, and the moss obliterate this feeble testimonial of affection; when, finally sinking under the pressure of years, THIS PILLAR shall tremble and fall over the dust it covers, his name shall be perpetuated to generations yet unborn." Is not such language shocking? Yet it was that of a popular preacher—Dr. W. B. Collyer.

Literati, artists, politicians, men of fame in their day, are buried here. Amongst them let me record the names of the Rev. Dr. Kippis, editor of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*;" of the Rev. Dr. Lardner, author of "*The Credibility of the Gospel History*;" of the Rev. Daniel Neal, who wrote "*The History of the Puritans*;" of the Rev. Thomas Belsham; of the Rev. Dr. Richard Price, the antagonist of Burke, and Unitarian pastor at Stoke Newington and elsewhere; and of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Abraham Rees, of *Encyclopædic* fame. William Blake, artist, visionary, and poet, is fitly buried here. Another artist better known is Stothard. Here also are the graves of the crabbed antiquary Ritson, of Hardy, one of the political martyrs of the Georgian era, and of that active politician, popular parson, and powerful writer, Horne Tooke. Daniel De Foe has just been provided with a monument more worthy of his name than the paltry gravestone which alone marked the spot where slept the most useful politician and the most delightful writer of his time. An appeal was made by the editor of the *Christian World* Newspaper to the boys and girls who had read "*Robinson Crusoe*" to subscribe for a monument to De Foe. The effort was successful, and the monument was unveiled to the public on the 16th of last month.

Other laymen whose ashes are here also deserve remembrance. Few men did more good in their day than David Nasmyth, the founder of the London City Mission, or than Mr. Joseph Hardcastle, the first treasurer of the London Missionary Society, and under whose roof the Religious Tract Society sprang into existence. Near the Bunyan monument is the grave of Lieutenant-General Charles Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law. You will observe the grave has

sunk much below the level. It is supposed this was done to prevent the remains being insulted after the fashion of the mad days of the Restoration. A donkey may kick a dead lion with safety. It is easy to trample upon a prostrate foe. So thought the men who dug up from his grave and hung in chains what was left of England's highest, though uncrowned and unanointed, man. Here also have been buried honourable women not a few. England had strong-minded women ere the phrase had been born, and amongst them was the mother of the Wesleys. Here, in this grand gathering of the illustrious, she is by no means one of the least. Another also interred here is Lady Anne Agnes Erskine, eldest daughter of the Earl of Buchan, sister of the famed Lord Chancellor, and the friend of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. On the decease of the latter, Lady Anne took the Countess's place in the management of her denominational affairs.

One may well love to linger in Bunhill Fields. As you walk there, the spirit is carried away. You forget the roar of London streets, the fever and fret of London life, and hold converse with heroes. In their day most of them were deemed despicable. Respectability shunned them as the plague. They were the laughing-stock of time-servers, whose easy swallow gulped down Articles, and oaths, and solemn declarations as a matter of course. "He might have had a bishopric, my lord," said one to Jefferies, when Richard Baxter stood a prisoner at his bar. "What ailed the old blockhead, then, that he did not take it?" was the reply. That is the view which the professional class took of Baxter then, and which they still take of those who imitate Baxter's example now. As regards the Church of England, the old Puritan spirit seems extinct. Men swear to that which they candidly avow they do not believe. Were the old divines wrong? I cannot think they were. The plea of the moderns is that thus they make the Church truly national; but the dream of a national Church may be realised at too high a price. It was felt that this was the case by the celebrated John Locke when the Act of Uniformity was passed, in the vain hope to make the Church of England the Church of the nation. "That Bartholomew day," he writes, "was fatal to our Church and religion, in throwing out a very great number of worthy, learned, pious, and orthodox divines who could not come up to this and other things in the Act." At any rate, men who sign the Act of Uniformity for peace and quietness have no right to look down on those who prefer to sacrifice worldly prospects rather than do so. Churchmen are too ready to imitate the smart Cambridge wit who thus insultingly addressed Mr. Oddy, who gave up his fellowship and his living in 1662—

" Good day, Mr. Oddy,
Pray how fares your body ?
Methinks you look wondrously thin "—

forgetting, as Mr. Oddy reminded him, that, if he looked thin,
" 'twas for righteousness' sake."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT LIGHTHOUSES.

I SAW a statement in print the other day to the effect that every man and woman, English born, must of necessity take an interest in lighthouses. I am pretty sure that such is not the case ; there are many persons living at a distance from the sea who care nothing at all about lighthouses, and not a few coast-residents who take the lighthouse, equally with the cliffs and with the tides, as a mere matter of course, and never concern themselves with its history, or seek to know anything about its mechanical appliances.

Touching the latter I have little or nothing to say myself. I am not an engineer, nor have I the smallest inclination to mechanical science, and I hold that it is dishonest, as well as ridiculous, to write, or pretend to write, about what one does not understand. Also, I am free to confess, that till last autumn, when I owed a great deliverance, and perhaps my life, to the South Foreland Lighthouse, near Dover, I never troubled myself much about these solitary outposts of our sea-girt land. The story is too long to tell ; besides, I sat down to talk about lighthouses, and not to record personal experiences. Suffice it to say that I, with a lady companion, found myself, on a dark night, on what seemed to be an immeasurable and trackless waste of uninhabited land. We had just escaped the perils of the wildest shore I ever trod. We were dead-beat with fatigue and anxiety, and we were standing, for the first time in our lives, on the heights above those awful cliffs. We lost our way ; we wandered blindly hither and thither. Silence and desolation reigned around whithersoever we turned, and had it not been for the friendly lighthouse, its great lantern shining luridly through the thick sea-mist, we must have strayed further and further till utterly worn out ; or we might, with the utmost facility, have fallen over the cliffs, in many places six hundred feet in height, and perpendicular in descent. We should never have found the only path leading to Dover Castle but for the kindness of the lighthouse people, who guided us by a mere cart-track, which we

had passed in the darkness, into the narrow white road we had to pursue in order to regain our temporary home.

So much regarding my affection for lighthouses—an affection born of profoundest gratitude; and since that memorable night I have been interested in learning everything I could on the subject of these hospitable beacons, these guardians of our country's naval power, these "watchers by the sea," keeping their kindly vigil through all the silent hours from dusk to day! And perhaps there may be others who may be glad to know some of the facts it has pleased me to collect.

The earliest lighthouses would be, of course, simply beacon-towers on which fires were kindled. The first regular *pharos* of which there is authentic mention seems to have been that of Lesbos, at the entrance of the Hellespont. But it was the lofty tower raised on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria, which served as a model for later erections, and had the honour of bequeathing its name to its successors. The Emperor Claudius built a *pharos* at Ostia, the ruins of which were to be seen as late as the fifteenth century. Augustus Cæsar erected one at the entrance of the harbour of Ravenna, and Scylla and Charybdis had also their warning lights blazing from the mole of Messina.

There are Greek scholars who affirm that the word *pharos* came from roots signifying "light," and "to see." But the island of Alexandria was called Pharos at least seven hundred years before the beacon-tower existed. Whether the light came simply from an open fire, or from some rude kind of apparatus, it is impossible now to decide. From what Pliny remarks it is to be inferred that the latter hypothesis is the true one. The *Tour d'Ordre* of Bologne was built, as most people know, merely to gratify the vanity of the brainless Emperor Claudius, who decreed for himself a triumph for victories won only in imagination. At what date it became a *pharos* or lighthouse is uncertain, but certainly before the close of the second century. As late as the seventeenth century it seems to have been in use as a lighthouse, and, according to a popular but unreliable etymology, it derived its name of *Tour d'Ordre* from *Turris ardens*, or burning tower.

The ruins of the famous Dover *pharos* still remain. When it was first disused as a lighthouse it is impossible to say, but probably soon after the Conquest. That it is of Roman origin we are tolerably certain; for the foundations and basement are clearly Roman work. The foundations are laid in a bed of clay, a usual practice with Roman masons, and held to be one criterion of their labours. The exterior is octagonal, the interior a square. The lapse of time has so impaired the building that no estimate can be formed of its original height. About forty feet now remain. Only

the basement is Roman work, the octagon chamber above having been added in the reign of Henry VIII. The materials of which this ancient pharos is composed consist of *tufa*—a substance freely used by the Romans wherever obtainable, and, says Mr. Puckle, “always considered to mark their work as certainly as if dated and recorded in some historical document.” Secondly, of a peculiar pink or salmon-coloured concrete, or mortar, and of a paler, more tawny-hued mortar—the former kind being always identified with Roman work. And, thirdly, the red tile-brick—a very distinctive element in Roman building. In 1259 it was cased with flint, but some of this casing has worn away, and thus revealed, once more, the original structure. It was at one time employed as a belfry. Formerly there were two beacon towers, but of one only rudimentary and uninteresting fragments remain.

The lighthouses of England and of the Channel Islands are under the immediate control of the Board of the Trinity House, which, in its turn, is subject to the Board of Trade. The *Commission* of Northern Lights takes charge of the lighthouses of Scotland and the Isle of Man, and the *Board of Ballast of Dublin*, administers the lightage of the Irish coast. Before the Trinity House erects new lighthouses it must obtain the sanction of the Board of Trade, and before Irish or Scotch lighthouses are erected the Trinity House must be consulted, the Board of Trade giving final judgment in cases of appeal.

The Trinity House is an ancient guild or brotherhood, founded by a charter of Henry VIII. Originally the duty of its members was simply to pray for the souls of sailors drowned at sea, and for the lives of those who were in peril from sea-tempests; but after awhile their functions multiplied and increased in importance. Davenport Adams* says: “The charters which they received from Elizabeth, James I., Charles II., and James II., placed in their hands the general control of the mercantile marine, and even, under certain conditions, of the royal fleet. The illumination of dangerous parts of the English coast necessarily became a portion of their mission of patriotic beneficence.” As English commerce progressed, lighthouses became naturally more numerous, and a more perfect system of organisation as to their management was developed. But the construction of private lights and beacons was not always animated by the purest motives, and they levied excessive toll on the vessels benefited by their guidance. Much jealousy and discontent arose, and in the reign of James I. it was decided that the Trinity House and the Crown should equally be authorised to erect lighthouses. And so it came to pass that the

* Lighthouses and Lightships. By D. Adams. Published by T. Nelson and Sons.

sovereigns were tempted to grant or sell monopolies of coast beacon-fires to certain individuals. The evils of such a system are readily conjectured. Some lights were never even kindled, and others were too feeble to be of much service, yet in every case heavy tolls were exacted from the passing vessels. In the reign of William IV. the scandal reached its climax, and Parliament interposed. All the interests of the Crown were made over to the Trinity House, which was, moreover, empowered to buy up the lighthouses belonging to private individuals. A certain uniformity of administration was established, and the dues were considerably lowered. It is, nevertheless, to be regretted that a number of lighthouses still exist which are under the control of local authorities; and it is devoutly to be hoped that England will ere long abolish the tolls now levied upon shipping for the maintenance of lighthouses. Reduced as they are, they impose on commerce a burden from which it fain would be released.

The lighthouses of Great Britain, Ireland, and France chiefly employ colza oil, which has of late years superseded spermaceti oil, producing an equal quantity of light, at little more than half the cost; in some the electric light is used. First-class lighthouses are illuminated by lamps having four concentric wicks; the second-class have lamps with three; and the third-class lamps with only two concentric wicks. There are also different kinds of light: the *fixed light*, which exhibits a regular and steady appearance, and is not subject to any change; the *revolving light*, produced by the revolution of reflectors or lenses; the *revolving red and white*, obtained by the revolution of a frame, whose alternate faces present clear and ruby-coloured lights; the *flashing light*, which is produced in the same way as the revolving light; but owing to a somewhat different arrangement of apparatus, and a more rapid motion of the revolving frame, a different and very striking effect is presented—this light is characterised by a rapid succession of bright flashes—hence its name; and lastly, the *intermittent light*, which is distinguished by bursting suddenly into view, and continuing steady for a short time, after which it is as suddenly eclipsed for half a minute by means of circular shades in front of the reflectors, worked by machinery. *Double lights* are sometimes exhibited from the same tower, one above the other, and sometimes from different towers.

Apropos of coloured lights, it may be remarked that though various colours have been tried, as green and blue, they are visible only at distances too short to render them available as sea-lights, the red alone being distinguishable at great distances.

There are besides varying *systems* of lights, as the *catoptric* and the *dioptric*, the science of which I am unable to comprehend; I

only understand that the latter, originated by the late eminent Augustine Fresnel, is supposed to be superior to the former. First, then, we had open coal fires, liable of course to be extinguished by tempest; then simple lights variable in strength, and destitute of proper characteristic appearance; having besides this disadvantage, that they sent up as much light to the sky, and cast down as much upon the ground, as they shed upon the sea. Next came the *catoptric*, or reflecting system of illumination; and lastly, the *dioptric*, or refracting, which will probably in due course succumb to "some ingenious apparatus capable of utilising either the lime or the electric light." The electric light as yet is applied only to *fixed lights*; it has been tried at the South Foreland lighthouse, and still later at Dungeness.

Two primary conditions, it is apparent, must govern the construction of a lighthouse: it must have a sufficient elevation, or it may be rendered useless by dense mists and heavy fogs; and it must be built with a strength and solidity which will defy the assaults of wind or wave. In 1785 the Trinity House commenced to build a lighthouse on St. Catharine's Down, in the Isle of Wight, but unfortunately the eminence is frequently throughout the year enveloped in cloud and mist, from which no single ray of light can escape, and consequently the design had to be abandoned. The shell of the building on the summit of the down still remains.

The Needles Lighthouse also has been abandoned on account of its being often obscured, and a new lighthouse is now perched on the outermost of the celebrated Needle Rocks, where it is far more serviceable as a guide to the western entrance of the Solent. Each ordinary lighthouse is under the charge of two or three keepers. Their duties are to clean and prepare the illuminating apparatus, and to mount guard alternately after the light is exhibited. The rule is, that under no circumstances, and no pretence whatever, shall the man on duty quit the light-room until relieved by his comrade. On the Eddystone and Bell Rock lighthouses four keepers are provided. Three are on guard in the lighthouse, so that in case of illness or accident there may be always two efficient keepers, and the fourth is always ashore, on leave, with his family. It is the duty of the one who has his turn ashore to watch a daily signal made by hoisting a ball, as a token that all is well. If the ball be not raised, it is a sign that he must proceed to the lighthouse with all convenient speed.

The regulations imposed on light-keepers are very stringent, but not more so than the responsible nature of their duties demands: a discipline somewhat akin to that of military and naval service is maintained, and periodical inspections are made by members of the Board and their officers to see that all regulations are faithfully

observed. A careful statement has to be made of oil and other stores expended; and a record must be kept of the barometer, thermometer, rain-gauge, and quarter of the wind, as well as a journal giving the number of vessels seen to pass the lighthouse, and recording anything that may happen at the station worthy of notice. The utmost care has to be exercised in the matter of cleanliness, the whole optical apparatus being peculiarly sensitive to the effect of dust. For this reason, all the dwelling-houses are provided with covered ash-pits, and in the light-rooms iron floors are used in preference to stone, which is often liable to slight abrasion. Every part of the apparatus requires the most delicate attention. The lenses and glass mirrors are cleansed with linen cloths steeped in spirits of wine, and heedfully dried with a soft and dry rubber, and, lastly, rubbed with a fine chamois skin free from any grease or dust, which would injure the polish of the glass. For burnishing the reflectors, the finest prepared *rouge* is applied by means of soft chamois skins as occasion may require; but the great art of keeping reflectors clean consists in the daily, patient, and skilful application of a perfectly soft, dry, and clean skin, without the *rouge*.

The glass of the lantern is sometimes broken, not by wind and wave, but by large sea-birds dashing violently against it. In a single night, it is said, nine panes of a French lighthouse were shattered from this cause. In February, 1832, a large herring-gull, measuring five feet from tip to tip of its expanded wings, flew with so much force against the south-east mullions of the Bell Rock lighthouse, that two of the polished plates of glass, measuring each about two feet square, and a quarter of an inch thick, were dashed to atoms. It is necessary to defend with trellis-work the lights most exposed to these singular visitations. "Storm-panes" are also kept in readiness to be applied in case of accident.

The first regular lighthouse erected on English shores seems to have been that of Lowestoft, in the year 1609. That at Hunstanton Point dates from 1665, and that of the Scilly Isles from 1680. The lighthouses of Dungeness, Orfordness, and the Eddystone are of the same epoch. The *Eddystone* is the name of the highest summit of a reef of rocks, lying in deep water, about fourteen miles to the south-west of Plymouth, and in the track of vessels coasting up and down the English Channel. No ship involved in their vortex could hope to escape destruction. The erection of a lighthouse upon the perilous Eddystone was long a matter of national concern; but for some time no one could be found to undertake a task which seemed impossible.

At length an eccentric genius, Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, declared himself ready to make the attempt, and the

necessary legal powers being obtained, he proceeded to make the experiment. The erection was commenced in 1696; it was only in summer that the work could be carried on, and the task progressed slowly; yet in November, 1698, the light was put up. It was chiefly a timber structure, and so convinced was Winstanley of its solidity, that he expressed a wish to be in it "during the greatest storm which ever blew under the face of the heavens." His wish was too amply gratified; for he was there with his workmen and light-keepers on the night of the 26th of November, 1703, when a terrible gale blew up, and attained to an unparalleled excess of fury. All through the night the tremendous tempest raged, and when, in the morning, the people of Plymouth hastened to the beach, and anxiously turned their gaze towards the Eddystone, there was no longer any erection upon the rock. All was swept away, save some large irons by which the work had been fixed to the rock, and nothing was ever heard of its luckless occupants.

Rudyerd's timber tower, which succeeded Winstanley's, was completed in 1709; it fell before an unexpected enemy; it was burned down in 1755; and the present lighthouse, erected by the celebrated Smeaton, was lighted in 1759. He declared, at the outset, that he would raise a structure of such solidity, that the sea should give way to the lighthouse, and not the lighthouse to the sea. The whole was, therefore, of stone, the foundations being of Portland stone and granite united and dovetailed into the solid rock, by a strong cement, which was applied in a liquid state, and which afterwards became solid as the stone itself, of which it formed a part.

When the Eddystone was built there was scarcely any other light to guide the mariner in his navigation of the Channel; but it is now illuminated from end to end. There is the revolving light on the island of St. Agnes, one of the Scilly group; next come the two Lizard lights, then the revolving light on St. Anthony's Point, and the two lights on Plymouth Breakwater. Passing the Eddystone, out at sea, the sailor sees the two Start Point lights; one revolving for the Channel, the other fixed, to guide ships in shore, clear of the dangerous Skerries. On the south, off the coast of Jersey, burn the three Casquet lights, and on the north the two fixed lights of Portland Hill. Further on, the Needle Rock lighthouse, St. Catherine's, and the lights on the Nab; Beachy Head's revolving flame, the powerful red glow of Dungeness, and the harbour lights of Folkestone and Dover; whilst "from the French coast beam the flashing light of the Varne Bank, and the splendid revolving light of Cape Grianez," both of which I have often watched on clear nights from the Espla-

nade and Castle Hill at Dover. The South and North Foreland lights lead the mariner till he reaches the grand estuary of the Thames, where he finds the lightship of the Nore ready to guide him on his watery way.

These are only the Channel lighthouses; altogether there are in England, including pier and harbour lights, 237 lighthouses; in Scotland, 134; and in Ireland, 85. The Bell Rock and Skerryvore lighthouses are the rivals of the Eddystone in point of strength, and as regards the triumph of science over unwonted natural obstacles. They are the boast of the sister kingdom; the one she owes to Robert Stevenson, the other to Alan Stevenson. The Bell Rock light was kindled in 1811; that of Skerryvore first shed its welcome light on the troubled waters in 1844. I had intended to say something about "light ships," but time will not permit; I must, therefore, defer all mention of these interesting floating beacons till another opportunity.

E. J. E. G.

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.—HOW THE GOLDERINGS KEPT CHRISTMAS.

"BUT, mother, you astound me!" Charlie cried. "Why, Miss Trevor has the mien of an empress, and bears, in my estimation, the unmistakable traces of high birth and breeding in her beautiful features."

"It must be she nevertheless," said his mother; "even in her baby-days she was considered strongly to resemble you. I never could see the likeness myself, but others could."

"My sister!" exclaimed Charlie, still unable to admit the fact into his own mind, "and recognised as the daughter of Sir William and Lady Trevor, and moreover betrothed to Lord Haig. Mother, you will never dare to claim her."

"Our agreement will not permit me to do so during the life-time of Sir William and Lady Trevor. If anything happened to them I cannot tell what I might be tempted to do, for sometimes even now the yearning to hold her once more in my arms, to trace every well-remembered lineament in her dear face, is almost resistless."

"Mother!" exclaimed Charlie in grave and impressive tones, "you could not in any event do this. Once married to Lord Haig, and for her sake your tongue must be silenced for ever. Fancy the

mortification, the humiliation, we should bring upon him and her. Lord Haig will be my brother-in-law, as nearly related to me as Frank Talbot is, and yet I will rather thrust my right hand into the fire than extend it to him in such relationship. I could not return his gracious kindness to me in such fashion."

Hester Goldering did not endorse her son's opinion. In all human probability, as far as she knew, the lives of Sir William and Lady Trevor were as good as her own. She would not bind herself to any course of action in event of their death, and so was silent.

"Well, mother," said Charlie, presently, "we can do no good by raking up the deeds of the past; therefore, let us let them rest. The remembrance of little Trottie remains to us still; the veritable little Trottie no longer exists, for it was no little Trottie I saw, but a fastidious fine lady, who would no doubt be dreadfully ashamed of her real relations. I have no sister Martha; you have no daughter owning that name. What time is it? Half-past twelve, I declare. They will be out of church directly now. Mr. Paston will not keep them late this morning; he is always considerate of festal times and seasons; he knows that the flesh yearneth after roast beef and plum-pudding. I will walk down the road and meet Jane most likely. I shall see John also, and some of the Talbots. In the meantime do you don your best black silk and prettiest cap, and be ready for me to convoy you to Annie's in due state."

Instead of strictly observing her son's directions, Mrs. Goldering, when she went upstairs to her own room, took her keys, and unlocked a large drawer in her bureau, only opened now upon special occasion. Folded away there lay some little black frocks, and the underclothing that had once belonged to little Trottie—all she had possessed save the attire she had worn upon the morning of that memorable journey to London. A pair of little shoes, all trodden and sacred with the imprint of the little foot that had once toddled so happily about in them. A few broken toys, speaking with mournful eloquence, reminding the mother's heart of those splendid playthings in that town nursery that had been the first means of estranging little Trottie's unstable affections. As the mother gazed upon all these tender reminiscences of the past, the long intervening years seemed like a dream. She could almost imagine that if she journeyed direct from this to Crowland, she would find and clasp in her arms the very same Trottie that she had relinquished eighteen years ago.

She lifted the garments one by one, and memory filled them with the round rosy form of little Trottie, with laughing face, and wild, fair curling hair, lisping her baby sentences. Then she thought of

the woman Charlie described as having the "mien of an empress;" had this delicately reared girl any one thing in common with the little Trottie of old?

Her tears fell fast into the well-filled drawer, consecrating the relics enshrined therein with a thrice-distilled water of holiness.

Is there a subtle, human link binding hearts together united by the ties of blood? Or is that chain forged link by link from daily association and loving intercourse? If she and that "stately lady" met now, would a delicate instinct in the heart of each, failing all outer evidence, reveal to them the secret withes of the blood relationship that bound them together, strangers though they were in all else?

The wild throbs of her own heart answered for itself, but how would it be with that of her child,—with her who had grown up from her youngest years calling a stranger mother, knitting herself to her exalted position, stretching forth the delicate tendrils of her heart's tenderest affections, and twining them around the aliens that were about her? If those ties were rudely snapped, if she were brought down to the sphere that was hers at birth, would her affections claim kinship with those who were her kindred in blood?

For an instant the longing to solve that problem was almost greater than she could bear. If some kind fate would place her by the side of her child she would hold out her arms; she would infuse so much yearning tenderness into her own glance that, by the magic of its great attraction, should draw her child to her arms, to her bosom. Oh! to know that little Trottie was not irrecoverably gone from her, to feel that her right in the affections of her child might and should be some day restored to her. This, indeed, would be happiness. Over and over again do frail human hearts act the parable, and, leaving the sheep in the fold, go forth after the one that is gone, the ninety and nine that go not astray having no value in comparison with the one missing. Through all the eighteen years Hester Goldering had thought of, and sorrowed for the loss of, little Trottie more than her heart had been moved by the actual presence of any of her other children.

She heard several of them now enter below, and Charlie's stentorian voice called up the staircase, "Mother, are you ready?"

She closed the drawer and locked it hastily, and then hurried to dress for the Christmas gathering.

Presently Jane came up, looking faded, careworn, and old even in her bright winter ribbons and on this festal day. Even Charlie's return imparted no light to her joyless face.

"You must be quick, mother; Charlie has sent me to hurry you."

We saw Frank and the children at church, and he says Annie wishes to have dinner punctually at half-past one."

Jane and her mother never used any of the endearments in their intercourse with each other that are usual between mother and daughter. Spending their lives together as they were, with mutual interests and mutual labours in the little school that was still carried on for Jane's sake, that she might have the proceeds of that to depend upon when her mother's income and life ceased together, nothing in either kindled any warmth between them.

Jane was self-reliant and reserved; she never sought sympathy; it was impossible for her to give it. She felt no need for it herself; she recognised no need for it in others. She exacted consideration and attention for herself, but she never gave back in kind, for it never struck her that in this it was necessary to give that she might take.

The Christmas dinner at Annie's was a great success. To all but two of the party it was a complete family reunion, for they had all looked upon Martha so long as upon one dead that they had ceased to regard her as one of themselves. A curious smile flitted once across Charlie's face when he thought of the one wanting to make their number complete, and pictured to himself the elegant and beautiful Miss Trevor in her silks, laces, and jewels seated at the table spread so bountifully in the homely but comfortable room over the shop.

For his own part, he very much preferred the unrefined but hearty faces around him; the talk about shop that they all indulged in,—for their avocations and the experience gained in each were naturally enough the principal subjects of conversation,—and the plainly and substantially furnished room, to the polished converse and the splendour of Crowland Abbey. It was all very well for once, and he had to a certain extent enjoyed the novelty of last night's entertainment; but were he suddenly elevated to that sphere for a continuance, he might, like the lady in the poem he had somewhere heard about, die beneath the "burden of an honour unto which he was not born." Charlie had not the remotest idea who was the author of the lines; he was not a poetry reader, but they just occurred to his memory now, and seemed very *apropos* to his ideas upon the subject.

Reasoning thus, he filled his little nephew's glass to the brim with cowslip wine, and bade him drink to the honour of the merchant service and the glory of the seas.

"Now don't you make a sailor of him, Charlie," Annie exclaims in a warning voice, "for he never will have mine and Frank's permission to go to sea."

And Charlie, to tease her, says, casting a sly wink at Frank the

while he speaks, "Not let him follow the most glorious profession in the world! Why, of course, I judged that to be your intention when you gave him my name, and me the sponsorship of him."

Then Master Charlie Talbot, considering it incumbent upon him to say something upon the subject, seeing that he himself is the object of discussion, gives it as his opinion that "some day, when me bid man, me be sailor like Uncle Tarlie."

A roar of laughter follows the declaration, and Uncle Charlie lays his hands upon the small shoulders, and says that he is made of the right stuff for a sailor. The baby is laughed at now for his assertion by father and mother as much as by the others, but by-and-by, when in ten years' time he repeats those words, it will be another matter.

After dinner and dessert, Mrs. Goldering retires to the deserted nursery for the rest and sleep she is accustomed to indulge in after dinner. If she omits this little indulgence, she gets a headache, which Annie says is a thing to be avoided above all others on Christmas Day. She goes upstairs with her mother, this happy, comfortable, matronly Annie, whom every one loves for her unselfish and genial disposition, to see that her mother has an easy chair, a warm fire, and that a season of perfect quiet is secured to her without interruption from the servants.

Having given her orders, and seen her mother comfortably established, Annie descends to the drawing-room, where all are assembled now round the big Christmas fire, a place being reserved for her upon the couch by her husband's side.

Captain Charlie has his namesake between his knees, and in the interval of cracking nuts for him and for himself, is telling his adventures of last night, taking advantage of his mother's absence to tell them what she already knows, and what it would give her pain to hear repeated; only to his listeners he speaks of Miss Trevor merely as of a grand young lady of very imposing presence, who did him great honour in walking through the dance with him; he makes no allusion even to the strange resemblance that created such a sensation at Crowland.

And only one person in the room guesses that wonderful thread of romance underlying the calmly told story. Jane, weaving her two hands tightly together, and gazing straight before her into the fire, is striving with all her might to still the tumult raging in her bosom; her face is a shade greyer than usual, her eyes are staring wide with a vacant expression, and the effort to control her wildly bounding pulses brings a strange sensation of fullness in her throat, a buzzing noise in her ears. At last, at last, and when least expected, this knowledge comes into her possession that she has sought so long and so unsuccessfully. To think no subtle instinct

had given her the clue to this great mystery, patiently, painfully as she had sought it. She remembered now to have seen a notice of the Trevors of Crowland in Westernshire, but her thoughts had been turned from dwelling upon this particular family by the discovery of other Trevors.

The children thought Aunt Jane, particularly cross and disagreeable that afternoon and evening, but the truth is Jane was longing for those festive hours to be ended as she had never longed for anything for many a long day. She wanted to be alone, she wanted an opportunity for turning over this information in her own mind, for determining whether, now that she had gained possession of what she had sought for so long, she should execute her original intention.

The evening seemed interminable. Would the children never be sent to bed? When at length Annie dismissed them, would she, and John, and Willie, and the rest, never be tired of talking, and of questioning Charlie upon all and every subject but the one she was yearning so impatiently to interrogate him upon?

At length, however, it was the general opinion that the hour was quite late enough, that it was time to separate for their respective homes. Shawls and greatcoats were donned, merry good mornings were exchanged, and wishes expressed for as merry a meeting next year, and the visitors trooped out into the cold, bright night. The moonlight was glimmering over the white snow, and an agreeable and exhilarating sharpness was in the air. John was conducting his wife, Willie had taken possession of his mother, and Jane laid her hand, trembling with a hardly suppressed nervous excitement, upon Charlie's arm. Charlie paused to light a cigar, and this little delay threw them into the rear of the rest, a fact Jane noted eagerly. When they move forwards together again, Charlie commences to speak upon a subject very foreign to the thoughts of Jane; she impatiently awaits her opportunity, and then asks:—"Tell me more about your last night's adventure; it does seem strange that you should be entertained at so grand a place as Crowland."

Charlie good humouredly tells her every trivial incident he can recollect, unsuspecting that Jane has the smallest idea of the all-important secret he thinks he is guarding so cleverly, while from his willing lips she adroitly extracts all the minor particulars she desires to possess. Jane, believing him in ignorance, knows as well who the "stately lady" of his narrative is as she knows by whose side she is walking homewards over the snow.

Although the first hour of the morning is spent when she is alone in her room, Jane does not seem to have any desire to seek her couch. For another hour she sits in the chill night air, thinking, thinking; at last, chilled to the bone, she removes her clothes

with benumbed fingers, and creeps into bed, to dream of the exciting thoughts that have kept her awake for so long, resolved of one thing, that she can do nothing until Charlie's leave of absence is expired, and he has taken his departure from Hartford.

Three weeks later Captain Goldering returned to Edinburgh, his presence there being necessary some few days before the sailing of his vessel, and the old monotonous life was resumed in the terrace.

Hester Goldering missed her son sadly. School did not reopen for yet another week, and Jane was so absent-minded as to be most unpleasantly unsociable.

Mrs. Goldering went often to see Annie and her grandchildren. One morning, as she sat in the nursery while Annie superintended the washing and dressing of the children for their customary morning's walk, Annie suddenly exclaimed, "By-the-by, mother, I quite forgot to tell you that in the reading-room this morning Frank saw a paragraph about the *Travailleur*. I was to be sure and tell him if you came in. He said he would try and borrow a paper for you to read it. I'll go down to him at once while I think about it. There, nurse, take Charlie and wash him and brush his hair, and I'll put his coat and gaiters on when I come back."

Hester Goldering's face lost its weary look and became eager directly; she was justly proud of her brave sailor-son.

"About the *Travailleur*? Did Frank say whether she had sailed? I thought I should have heard from Charlie again before then."

"I don't remember correctly what it was, but I know it was nothing about her sailing. I think it must be some kind of advertisement of the owners, for it mentioned the capabilities of the vessel and the skill of its gallant commander."

Hester sat so lost in pleasurable anticipation while her daughter was absent, that even her pet grandson's incipient mannishness had not power to rouse her.

When Annie returned with the *Times*, doubled by Frank in such a way that the paragraph was conspicuous upon the upper sheet, she took it from her hands and read it first hastily through, devouring the few lines that expressed so much to her loving heart, then again more slowly, weighing each sentence; then she fell into a tender day-dream of pride and joy, for Annie had turned away to her children, who now claimed all her attention.

Presently Hester awoke from her reverie, and seeing Annie still engaged, she turned over the paper, carelessly looking at the general news. She read several items, hardly taking in their full meaning, however; then an announcement in one of the columns caught and arrested her attention. She read it more eagerly, with a more complete absorption of her senses than she had read the account of the *Travailleur*. It so filled her mind to the exclusion of all else

that she was deaf and blind to all proceedings in the nursery, and Charlie Talbot stood before her ready equipped for his walk and said, "Good-bye, ganma," several times over, and still she sat as though she saw him not.

"Grandma's busy; don't tease her, Charlie, dear," said his mother. "There, go with Ellen at once, there's a good boy."

"Me must tiss ganma."

At last "ganma" heard him, lifted the little fellow up in her arms, and kissed him, for grandma and Charlie were the best of friends; but the embrace was given absently, as though she were still in a dream. Charlie felt the difference between this and her usual caresses, and looked wistfully behind him as Ellen led him after his sisters.

A great silence seemed to reign in the nursery when the children were gone, and Annie, settling her hair where baby fingers had disarranged it, came to her mother's side.

"It's nice to have such things said of Charlie; is it not, mother? His employers seem to have every confidence in him."

"Very good indeed," answered Hester, and Annie was a little disappointed that there was no more enthusiasm in her tones.

"Shall we go downstairs to the dining-room?"

"I must go back home. I cannot stay longer now. I will come in again to-night or to-morrow morning."

Annie thought there was something strange in her mother's manner, but she knew she had not so happy nor so comfortable a life at home with Jane as she ought to have, and this good news of Charlie was sure to excite her; so she did not urge her to stay.

Hester still held the paper tightly within her hand, and a flush came into her cheek when she asked, "May I keep this paper? Will it make any difference to Frank?"

"Oh, never mind that, mother; I think Frank expected you would hardly like to part with it; he will have no difficulty in replacing it."

So Hester Goldering carried it home with her, and alone in her room she spread it out upon the bed and read every word over again; but in the paragraph she so lingeringly perused there was no word of the *Travailleur* and its commander; it was a report of a "marriage in high life," told in very few words, for it had been conducted in the quietest possible manner on account of the precarious state of health in which the mother of the bride was. It was a note appended to the report that Hester Goldering read over and over again until her eyes were blinded by a mist of tears; it conveyed a volume of information to her mind, although its words were few:—

"We understand that a marriage has been arranged between

Miss Pansie Trevor, sister of the bride, and Robert Baron Haig, of Craigdallie Castle, N.B. The noble lord is now the guest of Sir William and Lady Trevor."

The report brought by Charlie was correct then! Little Trottie, who had once climbed her knee, and twined her loving arms about her neck, whose baby lips had lisped her first prayers kneeling before her, was now the affianced bride of a peer of the Scottish realm. And they called her *Pansie*! She knew that Lady Trevor had bestowed a fanciful name upon her adopted daughter, that the rightful Christian one of *Martha* was discarded altogether; but Lady Trevor had never mentioned the name she had chosen in any of her letters, nor had she told her what was the name of her own child.

She heard Jane's foot upon the stairs, and she hastily thrust the paper into one of her bureau drawers and turned the key upon it. Jane might see the traces of tears and unwonted excitement, but she must not know whence they came.

Jane rapped at the door, but entered without waiting to be bidden, and all she saw was her mother seated upon a chair by the window, her elbow on the dressing-table, her chin on her palm.

Jane did not look directly into her mother's face, for she did not wish her to think there was other than the purpose apparent in the decision she had come to communicate.

"Mother, I think I should like a change for a few days before school commences, and have almost decided to accept Kate Ward's invitation to Castleton. I will not go if you would rather not be left alone."

"I shall not mind it in the least, Jane. Go by all means; I hope it will do you good. You have not looked well during the last fortnight. Charlie remarked your altered appearance before he left."

"I have not felt as well as usual," returned Jane; and her tones were softer than ordinary; for the knowledge that she was deceiving her mother went against her conscience.

Hester Goldering was glad Jane had so decided; her spiritless, absent manner of late had sometimes made her very uneasy. There was greater cordiality between mother and daughter during the progress of the few preparations that were necessary for Jane's departure.

CHAPTER XXIV.—SANGUELAC!

The heavy fall of snow on Christmas-eve softened the atmosphere. After Christmas-day a thaw set in, sunny skies broke over the country, the green hills reappeared, and the temporarily suspended hunting was resumed. February promised to be a mild and open

month. Sir William Trevor was an accomplished Nimrod, and delighted in his favourite pastime, the enjoyment of which everything now conduced to promote. Lady Trevor was much better, was able to appear in the mornings and evenings, though spared every unnecessary exertion. The weather was all that could be desired, and a few sympathetic guests lingering on at Crowland, gave zest to the sport. Seldom a day passed but Sir William and Lord Haig, well mounted, and accompanied by the guests of the former, rode forth to the meet. Sometimes Violet and Pansie rode with them, and at others, when the weather was particularly bright and balmy, Lady Trevor drove with them in the open carriage.

Such a calm golden beauty enveloped those mild winter days that Pansie began to persuade herself that the terror of Christmas-time had entirely vanished, and adopted Violet's theory that their mamma had been unusually depressed and nervous just then, and had imagined things that did not exist. Since they could remember, Lady Trevor had always been delicate, had always been the object of their papa's tender care and solicitude. It was hard for young and hopeful minds to admit the fact that this delicacy could presage a fatal disease; the very familiar acquaintance with it lulled their fears.

Happy weeks though they were, they were weeks of business too, for Violet's marriage was arranged to take place upon the first of February. It was to be very quiet upon account of the state of Lady Trevor's health. Save the guests who were staying at the Abbey, none were to be invited for it excepting Hugh's parents and sister. Julia Deverel and Pansie were to be Violet's sole attendant bridesmaids.

Such silence was observed respecting the event, that at length the auspicious day came and went, and many people in the immediate neighbourhood knew nothing of the wedding until it was all over, and Mr. and Mrs. Deverel had set forth upon their six months' tour. Mr. Deverel, senior, was building a residence for his son upon the site of an ancient abbey, whose estate he had purchased. Money is a power in these days, and the residence, when completed, was to be almost princely. Until their home in Sussex was ready for their reception, Violet and Hugh had arranged to take an extended tour, half over the world—Violet laughingly told Pansie—through Algeria, Tripoli, and up the Nile, “and, before we return, I shall make Hugh take me to Lake Leman, that we may stand once together on the spot whence we saw the river-god come rushing down upon us with his hair flying on the wind,” and on for summer in some northern countries until winter shall drive us homewards, unless,” whispered Violet mischievously, “you and Robin desire our presence before.”

Pansie missed Violet sadly when she was gone from Crowland; hardly ever in the memory of both had they been separated for a day; they had been the closest of friends, and most affectionate companions. Lord Haig devoted himself exclusively to Pansie in those first days of her bereavement, but there were times when, in spite of him, she felt Violet's loss deeply, and the only consolation she had was in talking of her to her mamma and to him.

There was a grand meet of the stag-hounds of the Duc d'A——, one of the unfortunate princes of France, whose residence was in the neighbourhood; it was to be one of the most brilliant gatherings of the season; Pansie rode to the meet with her papa and his guests, but she and Lord Haig returned to Crowland to lunch with Lady Trevor, after which she had promised to gratify the great desire of Nurse Styleman, and accompany Lord Haig in a visit to her little cottage home. The old woman was leaving Crowland on the morrow to visit a married daughter who lived in the North of England, and Pansie, ever considerate of the poorest dependant, would not for the world have disappointed her.

It was a proud day for the old woman. Having received a promise from Pansie that she would come, they found her sitting in state to receive them, her best gown and cap on, her cottage trimmed up to the perfection of neatness, and the small round table provided with the cakes and milk Pansie had delighted in in her infancy, and had not disdained to partake of since.

Nurse Styleman had seen Lord Haig by "her child's" side in church, and riding with her along the lanes, but her heart had yearned for the good long look into his face she might well take when he stood under her roof; she wanted to make sure that he was worthy of the child she loved so devotedly. It was not the first time by many that Lord Haig had entered a cottage door, and he knew very well how to please the proud, but tender heart of the poor; besides which the old dame had especial attractions in his eyes. When she bobbed a respectful curtsy before him, he stretched out his hand and took her wrinkled palm between his soft white fingers, and his eyes laughed mischievously when he spoke.

"Your past duties entitle you to my most grateful acknowledgment; some day you must allow me the privilege of repaying them in part."

Nurse Styleman bobbed again, until her knees nearly touched the red bricks that composed the floor, while smiles wrinkled her cheery old face.

"Your lordship is too gracious."

And she felt that he was, felt that she had done nothing to merit

so much condescension and consideration. He took her heart by storm, and when he sat down by Pansie's side and helped her to dispose of the cakes and milk, the conquest was completed. Nurse Styleman had no idea how that frugal fare was as nectar and ambrosia to the palate of his lordship; Pansie's shy, happy face effecting the seeming transformation.

"When do you leave, nurse?"

"Soon after daybreak to-morrow I'll be on my road to the station, Miss Pansie. It's an awesome journey for the likes of me, and I'll hardly get through with it in a day."

"And your pretty cottage will be shut up for months?"

"Yes; I shall leave the key with Susan Murrell, who is a decent body, forbye her graceless lout of a husband, and will take every care."

"I shall never have the heart to come into Crowland then, nurse; how desolate this place will be. Shall you stay long?"

"Months, likely; it's a toilsome journey for an old woman to take. It's yourself, Miss Pansie, will bring me back."

Pansie opened her eyes in astonishment.

"I, nurse? Much as I shall miss you, I shall not be inconsiderate enough to send for you home."

The old woman smiled as her glance wandered from her beloved nurse-child to his lordship, who she thought would more quickly comprehend.

"I am only thinking of myself, Miss Pansie. When the time comes for you to leave Crowland, I shall not bear to be away. I must see my bairn, and help to dress her on that day, please God to spare my life."

Lord Haig laughed, and Pansie's face became suddenly crimson.

"You must not forget to send me word, Miss Pansie, when I am wanted back again."

Pansie's reply was inaudible; not so Lord Haig's.

"I promise you that you shall have liberal notice. Indeed, as soon as I am favoured with that information myself, I shall make it my duty to send you a dress and cap to wear on the occasion."

"I thank your lordship most humbly."

Pansie lingered a little behind Lord Haig to say farewell to her nurse.

"God bless you, my child," she whispered when she drew Pansie within her motherly arms; "it's not difficult to see that you'll be happy with him, and that he worships the very ground you tread upon."

Pansie wondered, did Robin hear that very audible whisper? The colour was bright upon her cheek when she joined him in

the doorway whither he had proceeded. As the garden gate closed behind them, she glanced shyly up into his face.

"How do you like my dear old nurse?"

His face told her; but its expression changed wickedly the next instant.

"When shall I be able to purchase that dress? Don't you think I ought to have the first choice of the spring fashions?"

Pansie answered demurely, "If you wish to do so, the dress will do just as well for Nurse Styleman if it lie by for years afterwards."

"You deserve punishment for that insinuation. If I have to wait so long as that, I shall have become a fixture at Crowland by that time, for I am determined not to remain at Craigdallie without you."

The heavens were blue and golden above them, raindrops sparkled upon the leafless twigs of the hedges, where sundry little redbreasts were perched in contemplation of them as they passed by. Other, but more furtive glances rested upon them also as in their youth and happiness they walked together side by side; the lordly young lover, who had come wooing to Crowland, was an object of interest to every man and woman in the parish. There were other eyes too—hungry, burning ones—that seemed to feast themselves upon Pansie's lovely blushing face, and hardly glanced beyond it to the noble one at her side.

Out of the mid-day train from Priorston a woman had stepped on to the platform at Eversley, who, in reply to the porter's question as to whether she had any luggage, said, "No; can you tell me how far it is to Crowland?"

"Nearly four miles; but if you are going to walk there, you may shorten the distance by crossing at the ferry and going over the Vineyard Hill."

She thanked him, and passed onwards out of the station into the quaint old town; she asked her way to the ferry, intending to take the porter's advice. A few minutes' walking brought her to the banks of the river, that, swollen with the melted snow and plentiful rains, rolled rapidly on its way. The ferry-house was on the other side of the river, and she had to shout to the boy who attended to it to bring the boat across, which he did, guiding and propelling it by means of a chain stretched from shore to shore. While the boy was crossing in the boat, Jane Goldering—for it was none other than she—cast her grey eyes over the green landscape that shone so golden in the February sunshine. It was very fair to appreciative eyes, this lovely green vale, watered by the Nova, bordered by sloping hills and fertile meads, with the noble proportions of the corner-spired bell-tower, and the taper-

ing peaks of St. Lawrence's and All Saints churches in the distance. But the ferry-boat was at her feet, and a rather glum-looking, ill-favoured boy accosted her.

"You can't go over without paying a penny, mum."

She paid him his demand and stepped into the boat.

Slowly, hand-over-hand, he pulled her across, and landed her at the foot of the wooden steps on the further side.

"Will you tell me in which direction Crowland lies?"

"Its uvver there, leastways it used to be."

"Is the hill before me called the Vineyard Hill?"

"It be."

"Then if I cross it and turn to the right"——

"And follers yer nose, you'll get somewheres;" and the ill-mannered boy stuck his hands into his pockets and strolled away whistling.

Jane crossed the hill and came out through meadows on to the high road. A glorious panorama lay behind her ere she left the summit of the hill, but she stayed not to admire it; and, asking her road of sundry people whom she met, at last found her way into the village of Crowland.

She entered the first cottage she came to, and sat down on a chair in the doorway; the woman of the house, taking compassion on her weary, haggard face, invited her to do so, and served her with the glass of water she asked for with willing kindness. Jane was unused to be gracious, but she tried to be so now, for she must win the favour of some one to gain the information she desired, and why not of this woman? If there had been any difficulty in getting her to talk about the family at the Abbey, Jane would never have conquered it, for she had no tact; but the woman's tongue was loosened by the first inquiry, and, once set going, she told the stranger all that she knew, about their return from abroad, the loveliness and gracious kindness of the young ladies, the fine doings there were at Christmas, Miss Violet's wedding, &c.

"Now, what a pity it is you did not come in just five minutes ago, for Miss Pansie she went by with the young lord as is to be her husband; she's gone to say good-bye to Nurse Styleman, I'll be bound; she as wur with my lady through all her troubles, and is looked on with great respec' by all the family, and as wur with them abroad as long as the young ladies wanted a nurse, when she come home to live here. Miss Pansie, she do show her respec' and attention in a dootiful way as it's beautiful to see. If you'd like to see our young lady now, and have a mind to sit there for a few minutes, she'll be coming along certain."

Jane was glad to have so easily achieved her object, and thanked the woman really as though she felt grateful to her.

"I'll just step into the road now and see if I can see anything of them."

When she left her, Jane leaned forward upon her arms, looking eagerly out over the little garden gate. It never entered into her mind to doubt that she was near the fulfilment of her long-cherished desire, or to question that she whose coming she awaited was her long-lost sister Martha. When she heard of the marriage of Violet Trevor, she felt perfectly convinced that she was the daughter of Sir William and Lady Trevor, for had she not understood from Charlie that the one whom he was considered to resemble was engaged to Lord Haig?

The woman returned excitedly.

"I see them a coming out of Mrs. Styleman's gateway; now look long, and tell me if you ever saw a bonnier face than that of our young lady."

Jane walked down the garden path and leaned her arms upon the little gate; she needed the support, for she was trembling with excitement. She did not know as yet what her own plans were, only the longing to look into her more fortunate sister's face had drawn her hither; if the sight of this sister's happiness were more than she could bear in contrast to her own hard, dull life, she might be tempted to dash down the full cup of joy from her lips, even though she knew she could never lift the same to her own.

The two young figures came forwards all unconscious of the envious eyes eagerly watching for their coming; the sunshine played warmly about them, tinting Pansie's hair with gold, and glowing brightly upon each happy face; Pansie's dark eyelashes rested upon her brilliant cheeks, and Lord Haig's eyes rested lovingly and lingeringly upon the sweet, flushed, mignonne face. An army of Jane Golderings could hardly have awakened them from their blissful trance.

"Ain't it a pretty pictur now?" exclaimed the woman when they had passed. Jane Goldering made no reply; instead of that she opened the gate, and passed out as thanklessly as though she were indebted to her humble entertainer for nothing, and keeping the two figures in sight she followed them at some little distance along the road.

Before the inn in the centre of the village street a crowd was gathered that swayed to and fro as under some intense excitement.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Lord Haig of a man who passed them just before they reached the throng.

The man respectfully beckoned him aside: "My lord, there is

a path to the Abbey across the fields; take *her* home that way; don't, for God's sake, go near the Crowland Arms."

"Why not? What in Heaven's name is the matter?"

"An accident in the hunting-field; Sir William Trevor ——"

Pansie sprang to Lord Haig's side, as though she had been shot; her face blanched, her eyes distended with horror; through a sudden opening in the crowd, ere it closed again as rapidly, she had caught a glimpse of something that froze the blood in her veins.

"Oh, Robin—papa, papa; I saw him; he is killed. Take me to him. Oh, let me go! let me go!"

"Darling, I cannot; you must not go amongst that crowd of men." He hardly knew what to say to her, or how to answer the agony imprinted upon her so lately smiling face. But Pansie settled the matter; she released herself from his restraining hold; she cast one wistful reproaching glance into his affrighted countenance, then fled from his side. Jane Goldering caught sight of the young frenzied face so lately aglow with a tender happiness, as it flashed past her, and for awhile her own fierce jealousy gave place to a better emotion. The crowd made way for the frantic girl, closing behind Lord Haig as he followed her to its centre, where the lifeless form of Sir William Trevor lay stretched upon a mattress.

"Papa, oh, papa!"

But for the first time in all her life the ears were deaf to which she appealed, and she turned shivering to the arms extended to receive her, hiding her horror-stricken face on her lover's breast.

The surgeon looked up from his task of examination, impatient of the interruption, assuming an authority that at a time of less extremity would hardly have been excusable.

"Take her away; why was she allowed to come near?"

"Tell me whether he be dead or living," said Lord Haig, in tones no less authoritative than the doctor's.

"Living I trust; his hurt is not mortal, and I hope we shall be able to convey him to Crowland very shortly. Your lordship must excuse me, but a sudden recal to consciousness might be fatal. Take Miss Trevor away instantly, both for her sake and his own. Lady Trevor must be prepared for our coming."

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY;
OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHEREIN IS RELATED THE HISTORY OF
DR. SHARPE.

OUR new organist soon won the hearts of all the good people of Salem. His playing was choice, and the old chapel was celebrated for its music, at least, so far as the organ was concerned. Some of the symphonies played between the verses of the hymns and the voluntaries with which the services were opened and closed were perfect treats to all lovers of music. I have known the congregation sometimes even stop as it rose to go out from the chapel, and nearly all the people sit down again to listen until the organ had ceased. The instrument proved to be a very good one, and Dr. Sharpe became personally attached to it. He liked it and enjoyed playing it, so that he often spent a morning at the organ, pouring out his soul in strains of music which often were improvisations, many of them, alas! lost for ever. As a lady once said to him, "Dr. Sharpe, your playing has always seemed to me to be the very romance of music." It was so. It had about it the wildness, the fancy, and imagination which surround the creations of the middle ages, and as you heard him play, visions of woods with long alleys of tree-shaded verdure, deep mysterious caves, waterfalls, all inhabited by fairies, knights, giants, and gnomes, seemed to rise before you.

The words of the great poet, himself a lover of the organ, often came into my mind as I listened :—

"And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lovely portraiture displayed
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals' good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood."

Dr. Sharpe's playing was thus thoroughly satisfactory to the congregation, and as he had great wisdom in the choice of the part allotted to the organ, never overwhelming the singing of the people by the notes of his instrument, supplying what was deficient rather than ousting and altogether drowning our part in worship, as the manner of too many organists is, he even won the suffrages of those who had no faith in an organ at all and when the matter was in

discussion made several very cutting remarks of the order of the old Scotch minister's who declared that he had no faith in "praising the Almighty wi' a bag of wheestles." But it was not only as the organist that he was liked. He proved himself a very agreeable man. He was not a member of the church, and this occasioned some little trouble to a few of our older people, for they could not quite reconcile themselves to the important part of leading the singing, as certainly the organist did, being taken by one who was not a "professing Christian." They had never seen in so prominent a post any one but a member. The preacher, of course, was *ex-officio* a member. The leaders and precentors, of whatever voice, appearance, or peculiarity they may have been, were all members. It was a kind of principle of Salem's action that her officials should be members. Even the pew-openers and chapel-keepers were connected thus with the community. But in time this was got over, for Dr. Sharpe showed himself so estimable, of such high moral worth, and to those who knew him intimately of so deeply a religious nature, that the objection at last wore down to a kind of general regret that such a man "had not come forward." This was heightened when it was found out that he was often engaged in visiting the houses of the poor people of Brampton, often helping them in trouble or sickness, so that the organist of Salem had quite a popular reputation in our little town.

He had brought with him to Brampton his wife and family, and they had taken a pretty little cottage just outside the town, on the road which I have before described as the favourite promenade for the Sunday-outers. Mrs. Sharpe was a ladylike woman, a good deal younger than the Doctor, although the difference—some twelve or fifteen years—was not very marked, owing to the youthful appearance which he always presented. She was, perhaps, seven or eight and twenty years of age; not exactly beautiful or pretty, but with a face which seeing once you could not help looking at again, and the more you looked the more interested you became. There was a constant change of expression. She had the vivacity of a Frenchwoman, without that lack of character which Frenchwomen so often exhibit. She was small, with delicately made hands and feet. Her movements were very graceful, and she had the education and manners of a lady. The family consisted of three children—a lad about seven years of age, his sister some two years younger, and a little baby boy, who was just beginning to put forth his powers in the way of walking and speech, and other such accomplishments of small people of that time of life. Sharpe's household was a very happy one, and our circle congratulated itself upon the pleasant addition which was thus made to it. Mrs. Sharpe was herself an accomplished musician, and had received from her husband a very

careful training. She had been one of his pupils before their marriage, and I am not surprised that they fell in love with each other, and, after some demur on her part of the friends, were married. The Doctor's labours were not limited to the presidency of our organ. He soon established a large connection in the town and neighbourhood, and it shortly became a difficult matter to receive his musical teaching, so many were the calls upon him. It was very natural that a close intimacy sprang up between the family and myself. At first, I had much of the arrangements to make with him, and when he brought his wife and children to Market Brampton I was about the first introduced to them, and at once, as was my wont, struck up a very constant friendship with the children.

Arthur and Rosa generally were present at the little gatherings of the poor children, to which I have referred in a previous chapter, in my study; and after these left the two little Sharpes stayed behind to be shown my microscope, or any other object which was likely to interest children. My study rapidly filled with things very foreign to a bachelor and cripple's room. Arthur would often leave behind his toys, and now and then the limbs of a doll might be found scattered here and there in my apartment. My chair was attended by the children in the afternoon outings in which I indulged. It was to me very pleasant and refreshing to have the two little things scampering and playing around me as William carefully drew me along the side-walk. When we started they would quietly and sedately walk one on either side of me, as seriously as if they had been guards of honour and I were a foreign potentate. But steady and continued walking does not long suit children. The constant use of the same set of muscles wearies them, and a passing butterfly, or a flower on the hedgerow, or a pebble in the road, would tempt one or the other, or both, and the walk soon slipped into a series of chases, with all manner of tricks and funny capers played as they scampered about. It was a great treat to my man, for I often stopped him either to wait for the children to come up to me, or else to watch them in one of their games. It seemed to recall to my memory the days of my youth, when I had been as strong of limb and lithe of body as Arthur yonder. How strangely far-off those days appeared! To be sure it was then some thirty years that I was forgetting—thirty years which separated me from the period of childhood and physical strength; and thirty years are a good deal out of man's short life of threescore years and ten or so. They had been years of uneventful character. I had just been a poor invalid, imprisoned often to my room and couch, whose days went on with nothing around them but the song of birds and the murmur of the wind, and the few passers-by that I caught sight of as I looked across the little chapel-yard to the

street beyond. Now these children, Arthur and Rosa, brought back to me more than ever before the times of my own youth. We passed the large mill-pond, where in winter I skated and in summer bathed. The children would come and listen with open eyes, Rosa often seated upon the foot of my Bath-chair, as I related to them some of the adventures which we boys had in those days. They could not quite understand that Mr. Jarvis, the great lawyer of the town, one of our magistrates, and who was looked up to as a kind of mean divinity in Brampton, had ever been caught by the miller, and from him received a box on the ears that nearly knocked him down, because he was caught throwing stones at the miller's ducks one half-holiday when we were boys. There is Mrs. Gordon, that grand lady who lives at the Rookery on the other side of the town. Rosa can scarcely believe that she was once steered by me on a large piece of timber that was floating in the pond, from one side of it to the other, or rather to within some ten yards of the other side, and while there the piece of timber turned over, and had it not been for the self-same miller, who happened to be passing at the time, it is probable that Nellie Watson would never have been Mrs. Gordon, and Miss Rosa and Master Arthur would never have heard the story from their old friend Dr. Vane. Just beyond the pond were the fields where we used to play at "Hare and hounds," which fields were traversed by us boys with little compunction, except in cases where "they had been cried," as it was called. "Crying a field" was a certain preventive of trespass by boys. Of course there were a few hardened young villains who formed the examples from which the ancient spelling-books drew their terrible histories of Tom Don't Care or Harry Won't, and to whom "crying a field" was as little dread as the painted bulwarks and guns of Chinese garrisons were to English sailors. "Crying a field" was the public proclamation by the town crier that such and such a meadow was declared closed against all trespassers, and any such found thereupon would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. I can well remember that such a precaution on the part of field owners was quite enough to deter us lads from even entering it, much less setting up our wickets and commencing a game of cricket.

Connected with this there occurs to me a rather amusing conversation I once had with another lad of about the same age as myself anent crossing a field to which we had come in our rambles. "I say, Vane," said the boy, "I don't like to cross that field. See, there is a post up, and it says 'Trespassers will be prosecuted!' Do you think we shall be trespassing? This morning I said in my prayers, 'forgive us our trespasses,' and I am sure I should not like to commit trespass after that." "Oh," said I, "I do not think

that is exactly the trespasses meant." Before I had time to finish the sentence Brougham was over the style, and leading the way across the field most gallantly.

All these scenes of boyhood came back to memory as I went along the road with these children, who were rapidly becoming one of the necessities of my life. If a day passed without a visit from them I found myself, towards the close, strangely fidgety, conscious of something that I had missed and wanted through the day. It is all nonsense to say that solitary men and women dislike children. It is one of the grievous mistakes into which parents, especially mothers, fall. They think that old bachelors have an instinctive dread of anything in the shape of a child, whether a baby in long clothes or a boy in breeches. To be sure there is a time and place for all things, and if a man has gone into a friend's house for half-an-hour's quiet gossip, a pipe with the husband, or a chat with the wife, to introduce a child then, an infant who cries, or a boy who is incessantly making a noise, or producing otherwise confusion, is certainly a nuisance which ought either to be abated or for ever avoided. But as a rule children become great favourites with lonely men. There is a pleasure in living over one's life again. We recall hours that were careless and sorrowless; the world had not made us wicked or hard; or even if we, by heaven's mercy, have got over either of these things, and possess tender and pure hearts, still there is the effect of the process by which we had come to that, and it is pleasant to get out of ourselves and back to the sunny days when recollection had no shadows.

Men and women, let us thank God for children! Suppose there were none, that everybody in the world had grown up, and we were all getting old together—how grave, how serious, how sad this life would be! Children come as with fresh breezes from the sea, and their tumbles, and their pranks, their laughter, and their merriment, are to our life what the laughing waves that break upon the shingles glistening in the sunlight are to the wearied, air-wanting inhabitant of close, stifling cities, or hot, arid inland. Earth without its flowers were dreary and sterile of beauty. We need the solid rock, dark, grim, frowning, lifting itself up as if to show us how strong a backbone hath this world of ours. With gratitude we walk amid the cornfields, and look forth across the verdure of the fertile plain. Deep and mysterious are the influences of the forest trees—these ancient inhabitants of earth, that with gnarled and knotted branches raise themselves and battle with the Storm King and his forces as they pour forth from the frosty North. But we have yet need of flowers. In the crevices and crannies of these rocks, where the wearings of air and water for centuries have been caught by the rocks themselves, and

kept as soft earth—rich mould—there will the flowers peep and bloom in many an Alpine pass, or on some peak of Snowdon, or some Grampian ridge. Amid the corn the blazing poppies must show themselves, while round the farmer's house there gather in his garden—little island of beauty—amid vast oceans of use and wealth, the rose and lily, with all manner of pretty buds that ope their eyes and wink him welcome as he trudges home wearily enough from toiling among the fields. Yes; and amid the woods in spring thou shalt find at foot of oak and beech primrose and anemone, which make a carpet of beauty round the grand old boles. Shall not the lordly chestnut be grateful to the cone of flowers which, like robes for some grand coronation of Nature's queen, he dons in his summer glory—that aristocrat of trees? And everywhere else this earth over the flowers shall be seen blessing and making glad all things; whether in the open field or park they sparkle like stars fallen from heaven and changed by the God of stars and flowers into these; or in pleasant valley they hide like modest violet, or blaze in glory upon some noble's terraced lawn. And of what, my patient reader, have I been writing all through this paragraph? Only the children, nothing but them. Flowers were but my other name for the little lads and lasses amongst whom once you and I were. Yes, madam, and you don't forget it, though you now have ceased to hide the hair that is getting grey; and you, sir, are called grandpa by some of those very children of whom we speak. They are the flowers of life, and life would be very hard, and cruel, and loveless without them in it. It would be naught but rocks and verdure, and trees without a single brightness,—strength, use, glory, but no gentleness and tenderness, no sweet beauty amid them all.

Now, my readers, you must please not lose your patience and think that I shall never get on with the story of Dr. Sharpe, for I have before warned you that if I am tempted away into any wanderings I shall go. It is enough for some poor slaves to follow the one purpose of their writing and be governed by that. Hence they are open to the critic's investigation as to whether they have preserved the unities and have not departed from the plan. I know of nothing of this kind. I laugh at critics and defy them, for as long as you, my reader, are content to follow with me—now looking out, *glimpsing* into Salem, and then, as we are now doing, turning away from the window and listening to the chat and gossip of the poor old cripple, resting for awhile before we go back to our post at the window and peer through the clerestory again—why, I am content, and if you are wearied just shut up the book and read no more. I will not blame thee, for that is a liberty I take to myself very often, and certain am I that the recollection of my

two sweet little friends makes me too good tempered to be angered even at my readers' neglect.

They were thus my almost constant friends. You would seldom have called in upon me in the afternoon without finding them in the study, and at last I went so far even as to get a piano, for Arthur showed a remarkable promise of musical ability. Dr. Sharpe was a constant companion too. His days were so occupied that he had little time for the interchange of friendship except on one or two evenings of the week, and generally he dropped in upon me, often with his wife, but sometimes alone, and spent some hours at times in conversation, after I had the piano in the most delightful musical performances. One evening, two years or more after their coming to Salem, somewhere in the early autumn, Sharpe was sitting in my study, I reclining upon the couch watching the stars as they came out in the heavens, one by one showing themselves as the shadows fell. He had come in somewhat earlier than usual, and taken tea with me, for I have always clung to the old and early habits of our fathers, and hate the modern outrages of "society" upon times and seasons as taught us by Nature herself. Mrs. Sharpe had come with him, but was now gone to see after the children's retiring for the night. He had sat down at the piano, and, after a few minutes spent in some improvisations of his own, he suddenly stopped and then struck up one of the merriest bits of dance-music, which I recognised as having been popular some fifteen or seventeen years before that time. In the middle of it he stopped, rose from the piano, came across the room, and sat down upon the easy-chair, which was wheeled to the foot of the couch for my convenience in seeing my guest as I lay down. "Do you know that bit of music, Mr. Vane?" said he.

"Yes, I remember it as played about the streets on hand organs and French pianos," I replied.

"Strange!" replied he, "but music contains my life. There's hardly a piece which does not associate itself with some event in my history, and as I play I just live over again all that is past. That, for example, I remember very well to have last heard at a grand party given by friends of my father's to celebrate the majority of their son, an occasion signal in my life."

Sharpe had often made references to his past life, but they were always incidental and evidently accompanied by a wish not to reveal much of the history of it. I felt that there was, if not exactly a mystery which he would not reveal, at least there were painful circumstances upon which he did not care to dwell. It was not, I knew, any business of mine. Upon the principle of speaking of every man as we find him, I had found the organist worthy of my respect and friendship, and I felt that if some day he cared to tell

me the story of his life, I would gladly hear it. But until he did it spontaneously it was not for me to press it.

Hence, when he spoke thus, I made no reply. A few minutes passed in silence, which he broke by saying, "I don't think you know much of my past life, Mr. Vane." I had not been honoured with my title at that time; now, of course, I am always Dr. among my friends.

"No," I replied, "except from a few incidental references which you have now and then made."

"I think," he continued, "you have shown me so much confidence and friendship that I ought to tell you something of my history. You have no doubt thought it strange that I should never have said anything which threw light upon my past, but the fact is there is so much that is painful in it that I do not care much to talk it over, and even am trying to forget it. If it does not weary you I will give you some sketch of all through which I have passed."

I signified assent, not caring to interrupt the narrative which he had really introduced, and settling myself into a comfortable position upon my couch, heard the following story. I try to reproduce it in the words of Dr. Sharpe, but I fail to give it that brightness and sharpness of colouring which so much marked his talking, while of course I fail altogether to represent the exquisite music of the voice with which he spoke. I had often noticed the quality of Sharpe's voice, and a peculiarity in the utterance of the vowel sounds that I never could quite understand. There was a tremor and a drawing out of the open vowels which was quite unlike the somewhat indistinct, slipshod pronunciation which we English people affect.

(To be continued.)

PRAYER AND PROVIDENCE:

THE EXERCISE OF DIVINE CONTROL OVER MATTER AND OVER MIND.

On several occasions lately a religious sect, called by the name of the "Peculiar People," has come into unenviable notoriety. They have done so in consequence of their refusal to employ medical aid in sickness. They say that no accident ever happens to a good man in the course of duty, and that when sickness comes, the child

of God ought to commit himself to God in prayer, and leave the issue with Him. The sick man may take nourishment, and must attend to ordinary rules of health or convalescence. He may not call in a physician nor take any medicine. Friends are quite at liberty to administer port wine, and the elders of the church may anoint with oil and pray over the sick; no more may be done.

Ask their reason for such tenets, and these people point you to these words: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day" (Psa. xci. 5, 6). "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken" (Psa. xxxiv. 7, 20).

Ordinary people wonder why there may not be as lawful a use of medicine as there is of food, and why there is any more harm in quinine than in brandy. Nay, to most of us it appears that there is something quite as wonderful and as worthy of the power and skill of the Creator in the operation of medicine in disease, as there is in the nutritive power of food in health. Perhaps the former is even more surprising than the latter, because it is more subtle and more incomprehensible. It speaks, in special manner, of the forethought and the beneficence of the Creator. Almost every disease may be said to have its appropriate remedy. What does this argue but the all-wise benevolence of God?

Then as to the dictum that no accident ever happens to a good man in the course of duty:—How does it apply to such an incident as this? When Mr. Gilpin, one of the early Puritan ministers, was on his way to London to be tried before Queen Mary's bishops, he broke his leg by a fall. The person in whose custody he was, was pleased to retort upon him a saying that he used frequently to quote, "That nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good"; and he asked him whether he thought that this accident was a blessing. Gilpin quietly answered, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved, for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died, and his life was spared. Thus preserved from a violent death, he returned home, to the great joy of his people.

Such extreme views defeat themselves and bring discredit upon religion, whose distinguishing gift is "power and a sound mind." The only thing you can say in their favour is that they encourage a spirit of prayer. Only God never meant prayer to be the fetich of a superstitious man, but the help and encouragement of an earnest, thoughtful man.

A widely different class of persons springs up to view on the

mention of *prayer*;—men who, placing their whole reliance on the use of natural resources, repudiate prayer altogether. They either scorn it as childish or condemn it as useless. It is childish, for can we suppose that God will be guided by our entreaties or fulfil our foolish desires? It is useless, for “He is of one mind, and who can turn Him?” Some hold prayer to be puerile, superstitious, and degrading. Others pretend that it is irreverent, and derogatory to the character and greatness of God. So both classes of objectors agree in this—*never to pray*.

Between these extremes it must be allowed that there is a middle course, though that intermediate position—*easy to faith*—is not so obvious to *reason*.

It is not easy to see clearly how the efficacy of prayer is to harmonise with the course of Divine Providence. Put the question in its most pointed form, and it stands thus: *How far may we believe that God will overrule the appointed course of nature, or interfere with physical laws that govern the whole universe, in answer to our prayer?* If He will so intervene, we may pray against famine and pestilence; if He will not, whatever we do in the event of such visitations, we need not pray.

Such questions force themselves upon thoughtful men every day. True, some persons fall back upon the sublime yet simple faith of a little child—a faith that is the strength of many pious hearts, inspiring them with an unshaken trust in God; and which, in the midst of every storm and from out of every trouble, clings to the precious words, “It is I; be not afraid.” Such a faith simply *trusts*; nor does it come to question its own confidence. But on the other hand, there is the cavil of the sceptic, the sneer of the unbeliever; and men who are exposed to these adverse influences are sometimes obliged to say of their own faith, “How can these things be?”

Thus, perhaps, a pestilence threatens the country. Will God hear prayer and turn aside the scourge? Famine seems not far off. Will prayer lead to such an interference on the part of the Creator as that He shall command the sunshine to ripen the grain, or the fruitful showers to fill up the thin and shrivelled ears? A man takes a railway journey, and before he sets out he commends himself to Divine protection. Will God, therefore, so interfere to preserve that man as that no wheel shall snap, no tire shall break, as the train pursues its way?

If prayer be efficacious to avert accident, or can serve any purpose of deliverance or help, how come we to hear of such cases as the loss of the *Pegasus* some thirty years ago, in which vessel the Rev. Mr. McKenzie and other godly men were engaged in prayer

at the very moment when the ship went down? Or what is to be made of those instances in which a good man who has commended himself to God as he set out on his day's business, is, nevertheless, brought home a cripple or a corpse?

Nothing is more certain than that trouble will come. The Scripture nowhere teaches—and it must be our guide—that the providence of God will interfere to prevent all accident, misfortune, or care. On the contrary, it expressly forewarns us of “the day of trouble;” and “Providence” is often taken to mean the help of God in our time of need. So it is written, “Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me” (Ps. l. 15). “He shall call upon Me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him” (Ps. xci. 15). “Providence” feeds a *hungry* man; it does not throw away bread upon the full; it strengthens a *feeble* person; it does not waste power upon the vainglorious; it delivers us *in distress*; it does not render distress impossible. Here is its promise: “When thou passest *through the waters* I will be with thee, and *through the rivers* they shall not overflow thee” (Isa. xliii. 2). In all this it is plainly declared that trouble is to come. So we say that Providence provides the harvest, for example; but for whom? For those who, when they have sown the seed and driven away the birds of the air, “have no more that they can do.” Its hand is open to supply the wants of every living thing; when? When “these all wait upon God.” In like manner, if a man tell you that he sees the hand of Providence in his having been prospered in business, or restored to health, or delivered from trouble, what does he mean? That he was “ready to perish,” but God helped him; and that everything seemed to be against him, but God made all things work together for his good. So that which gives occasion for what we call the “Providence” of God is our helplessness, our dependence, our peril.

In what the Bible says about Divine Providence it declares all this, and then it tells us what God will do when trouble comes. Can we, then, ascertain of what kind that care is, and within what limits it is exercised?

We are quite clear what is *not* the sphere of Divine Providence. It would be absurd to suppose that the care of our Heavenly Father over His creatures must needs exclude—or was ever meant to exclude—the possibility of danger, or of suffering, as things to which we are liable. We are not to expect an unbroken series of miracles to obviate casualties that are inseparable from the very constitution of nature, and the course of human life. For what we call “accidents” are the simple result of the play of natural forces.

If to "nature" the growth of the oak is due, so also to "nature" we attribute the slow deterioration of the particles of matter in an axle or a wheel. There is a "flaw" in the piston-rod; what is a "flaw?" The obvious effect of the silent, secret operation of natural laws. Nature grows, and nature decays. The snapping of a wheel in frosty weather falls as truly within the course of nature as does the power of an iron rod or an oaken beam to bear a heavy weight, or endure an immense strain. Of natural powers, some tend to build up, and some to destroy. In general, God leaves each to its own course.

And yet, why may He not, in measure, control both the one and the other? Are we to suppose that having created the world, God has flung it off, as it were, into space, to fare as best it may beneath the inflexible dominion of natural laws? Not so! He has created nothing that He does not control. Some men say that the Creator having once for all made the watch, and set it going, then left it to its own way; having endued it with all necessary powers for the purpose it is to serve. Or, to put the thing into other words; the Divine Creator having once for all implanted in the first and simplest germs of created matter all that is necessary for the slow development from those simpler forms of others higher and more complex, then left them to their own growth, under the influence of those primary attributes of matter with which these germs of life had been endued. Then, whilst He sat, passive, on the throne of the universe, this material world, and all worlds, with all that has life and breath, silently grew up around Him; the first protoplasm or germ-cell expanding into something higher and more advanced than itself; from which, again, grew up forms of matter and of life higher still; God, all the while, silently looking on, and doing nothing! Nay, it is not at all certain that, whilst the Creator was thus helplessly sitting still in the centre of this self-developing universe, there did not at last arise out of these first germs of matter, and without any interference on God's part, or special gift of mind or thought or life from Him, MAN—not "made in the image of Him that created him," but a fortuitous *growth* under the influence of some "principle of natural selection," from the ultimate and simplest forms of cell-life, or the primary elements of matter!

Is this the highest conception of infinite power and unlimited intelligence, so to picture the Creator of all passive, saying nothing, doing nothing, willing nothing, all those ages during which there grew up *the universe*;—God, the while, waiting to see what it should be like? No wonder that persons who so conceive of God should say that it is vain to pray to Him. What can He do?

"Natural laws" govern the development, and the subsequent course of the material world, and of human life. God has fixed those laws. He cannot change them. He is bound by them. He cannot act independently of them. To interfere with them would be to confess their imperfection or their inadequacy. They are sufficient, and God will let them alone!

Truly, on such an hypothesis, it is as if the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar had not only burnt up the men that the tyrant sent to execute his commands, but had lapped its fiery tongue around the despot himself. He is powerless against the fire that he himself has kindled. And so the universe has the upper hand of God. It develops what it pleases, and He has no option but to accept the result!

We turn away from such a conception of the Divine Being to another and far worthier view of His power and glory. Take, again, the watch illustration. The time-piece is wound up and set going, obeying the motive power of its own spring; each of its wheels moving in its own place, and serving its own purpose. We grant that the Creator made that piece of mechanism, designed it, constructed it, and set it going. But as He to whom its most secret mechanism is known observes its constant motion, does He not see when some little particle of dust has settled between the teeth of one of the minutest wheels; and does He not know that that little atom of grit settling upon so fine a piece of workmanship will throw the whole out of order, and interfere with all its motions? Why, then, may not some secret touch of His hand quietly remove that particle of dust ere it has had time to do mischief? What is that atom in comparison with Him, or even in comparison with the watch itself? A mere speck of dust, only able to do mischief by reason of the exquisite perfection of the mechanism upon which it has settled! Its presence is a weakness; its removal is the preservation of that complicated machine in due order.

And the very interference on God's part to obviate "accident" may bear no other relation to the whole mechanism of the universe, than does the removal of the particle of dust from the balance-wheel of a chronometer bear to the magnitude and the excellence of the whole apparatus. Yet the sweeping away of that speck of dust may be the saving of my life! Great—unspeakably great—to *me* is such a result; but what is it for God to do? Nor does it imply needless interference with the constituted order of nature. Those "natural laws" about which some say so much are perfectly free and unimpeded in their operation, even though the Master-hand every now and then controls the movements of the stu-

pendous machine that Infinite Wisdom planned, and that Omnipotence brought into play.

But, taking other ground, whatever influence God may exert upon *nature* in answer to prayer, we are sure that He exerts an unlimited control over *mind*; and through our thoughts and purposes He may so direct our course as to keep us out of harm's way. And that God is doing this every day the testimony of all good people declares.

Thus, how often people have *strong impressions*, that come they know not how, warning them not to do this thing or that thing; and with almost irresistible force restraining them from pursuing some course, which, had they taken it, would have been fatal. For example, a person determines to go by a certain train, or by a particular steamboat. He gets all ready for the journey; but as he is about to set off, an unaccountable impression comes over him that he had better wait for the next conveyance, or hurry to get away by an earlier one; or some little thing occurs to hinder his setting out, or to vary his course, "quite accidentally," as it seems, and perhaps even vexatiously. The result is that he escapes a stranded vessel, or a burning train.

A man on a railway journey "quite accidentally" moves his seat, and goes to the further end of the carriage. The train runs off the line. He is safe, others are hurt. Is there no possible control of Divine Providence there? And might not that very impulse to move his seat in the carriage, just at that moment, be the answer to prayer for direction, guidance, and safety that day?

But this proves too much, you say; for why should not a man, who had never a thought of *prayer*, be the subject of just such an impression, and be saved in like manner? So he may be; for God has thoughts of benevolence to the evil as well as to the good; to them that do not pray, as well as to those who do. That He may graciously preserve a prayerless man, is no argument against the efficacy of prayer.

Another objector says, What if your man of prayer happen to move from a place where he would have been safe into one where he is just in the path of a flying bolt, or in the way of a splintered beam? What of his prayer, then? Was that impulse "Providence?" No; for in the very nature of the case, Providence designs to save, not to destroy. Here God allowed the blow to fall, because the man's appointed course was run. Men must die. Prayer will not turn aside that fatal hour; but it may keep us unhurt till the hour shall come. The sword of Damocles hangs suspended by a hair. It must fall some day. Till it does, I may seek to be kept from running up against it unawares, and so go safely on my way.

Is not something of this kind happening every day? A man purposes to go a certain journey; he is hindered at the last moment, and is so saved from accident. If this occur to the prayerless man (and it no doubt often does), how much more may the man of prayer hope to be similarly guided in his way? Such an one asks that he may not be left alone, may be directed in every step, may be brought under clear impressions of duty, and so be kept in the path of safety. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." (Ps. xxxvii. 23.)

There are other and kindred ways in which God's control over mind contributes to our safety in the time of danger. How much—to take again the instance of a railway journey—depends upon the carefulness, the judgment, the sound discretion of engine-drivers, pointsmen, signalmen, and the like. Many accidents occur through failure of judgment or want of presence of mind on the part of such persons. May we not ask and believe that God will give to men on whom the lives of hundreds depend that strong common sense and instant discernment of the right thing to do, that can alone secure our safety? Is it said that perhaps the guard or pointsman may be even *intoxicated* at the post of duty? All the more need, then, that others shall be guided by an unerring hand!

Therefore, whatever interference there may be, or may not be, with the regular operation of the laws of nature in answer to prayer, within the range of men's thoughts, intentions, purposes, there is abundant opportunity for the exercise of Divine power and the influence of Divine control. Where physical laws may not be arrested, we may be directed to keep out of their reach. Nor are the occasions or occurrences rare under which such a direction may be enjoyed. A pestilence threatens; perhaps cholera is near. Are we to say, as a late eminent statesman is reported to have said, that we have "more faith in whitewash than in prayer"? Why should we not, in measure, rely on both? Are there not needed in the thousand unforeseen emergencies of such a time a clear judgment, sound discretion, a ready discernment of the best course to pursue in any particular event? Are these not quite as necessary as material remedies? Remedies, medicines, are death if there be no discretion in their use. We maintain, then, that all other things apart, the answer to prayer comes at such a time in this influence of Divine wisdom and care over man's thoughts and purposes.

Such an influence we recognise elsewhere. On that night when John Bunyan returned so unexpectedly to his jail and woke the angry jailer to let him in, was it only "accident" that when at

home with his family he was so restless that he could not sleep, and that he therefore set out for the prison in time to arrive there before the messengers came to see if he was safe? It is related of Howard the philanthropist that on the Sunday he usually walked to Bedford to the chapel he attended, a distance of nearly three miles. A dissolute and worthless fellow whom he had often rebuked for misconduct, knowing Howard's invariable practice, determined on a certain Sabbath to waylay him and murder him. That Sabbath morning Howard thought he would go on horseback to church, and, taking a different road, he escaped injury. What inclined him to change his route on that particular day? So, to take one more instance out of a great number that might easily be got together, when Mr. Henry Erskine, an ejected minister of Northumberland, was in Edinburgh in such need that he had but three-halfpence in his pocket, and was walking about not knowing which way to turn, a stranger accosted him and inquired whether he were Mr. Erskine. He replied that he was. The man said, "I have a letter for you." He delivered it and hurried away. The letter contained seven Scotch ducatoons, with these words written, "Sir, receive this from a sympathising friend. Farewell." There was no name. Who inclined the donor of that gift to think of the need of that godly man, and who guided the stranger in the streets so that he found the person he sought? With all earnestness we answer, God!

What, then, confessedly happens within the range of our ordinary life—viz., that God often inclines other people to think of us and care for us without any seeking on our part—happens none the less surely in our preservation from peril and from harm. God inclines us so to think and act for ourselves as that we are delivered "from the terror by night and from the arrow that flieth by day." Matter and mind are alike under His care; and though He may not, in answer to our prayer, stay the falling chimney or the loosened tile, He may incline us to pass by on the other side.

Verily God is helpless, and we are helpless, if no such power as this be His. Is it really so that there is none that can control these laws of nature, whose operation is oftentimes so dreadful? Are we their helpless sport, and is there none that can deliver us? Must the Creator see his feeble creatures exposed to perils innumerable, and can He never interpose to ward off danger, or to give deliverance in time of trouble? If one man sees something grand in the conception of God's never interfering with His own laws, but leaving them to work their will, carrying death and destruction amidst His creatures, with none to control their terrible power, another person sees something far more worthy of Him in that constant superin-

tending care of which the Bible so often speaks, whereby He so controls all nature that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without Him. One man says that were there a God an Abergele accident would never occur, and we should hear of no such calamities as the swallowing up of Lisbon by an earthquake, or the burying alive of more than two hundred miners in the Hartley Colliery. Another answers that but for a Divine hand controlling all these things, such misfortunes might happen with tenfold greater frequency. We are sure they *would*. "The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."

Does, then, every change of purpose, every unaccountable impression as to what is best for us to do in the various steps of life, come from a Divine source? If so, what is this but a kind of universal inspiration? a man may say. Men have ever believed in such an inspiration.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

In these few words of the great dramatist and moralist the world's faith in the controlling hand of Providence lies. The material universe is not, as it were, another deity beyond and independent of the Almighty Creator. Vast as that universe is, it is but His creature after all. Its ceaseless motions centre round His throne; His eye surveys, His hand controls the whole. He that retains power over the human heart and over the vast realm of thought, has equal control over the material universe too; and an exercise of His power, that may seem to us almost miraculous and utterly incomprehensible, may bear no greater proportion to the mighty works God is ever carrying on, than does the brushing of a mote from the wing of a fly bear to the work that our hand can achieve.

The error of all these doubters is that they judge of God as if He were man, and of man as if he were God. So they magnify trifles as if they were miracles, and they throw contempt upon miracles as if they were veriest trifles. They do not remember that their first view of time from eternity may change all their conceptions of these things, reverse all their judgments, and throw into deepest shade things that now stand out with startling clearness. God has strange lights and shadows yet to cast upon that which has troubled or pleased us here.

Meantime, the simple faith of a little child is our best resting-place. Not doubting the love and pity of our Heavenly Father, we believe that He wields almighty power, which He can temper to the frail strength of the tiniest creature that sports in the sunbeam, or extend to the greater need of any of His creatures that cries to Him in distress. After all, there is true religion, there is heaven-

born faith, there is strong common sense in those instinctive words of the Psalmist: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the LORD, and His wonders in the great deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. OH THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOODNESS, AND FOR HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO THE CHILDREN OF MEN!"

The Children's Hour.

NELLIE'S HANDS;

OR, WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER VII.—A LITTLE NEEDLEWORK.

NELLIE was not exactly proud of the assistance she had rendered to the poor boy Jones, but she was certainly thankful for what she had been able to do.

And she herself reaped considerable benefit too, for her brothers no longer spoke slightly of her hands, but began to feel the very greatest respect for both fingers and thumbs.

"I believe our Nellie can do everything," said Frank once to Charlie.

"I am sure she can, and she does everything well too, better than anybody else," said Charlie.

"Then she will make me some new shirts and darn my stockings," said papa.

Frank told Nellie what their father had said.

Now Nellie did not *like* needlework. She did like, as you already know, cooking and dusting, and she was fond of reading; but she thought it rather irksome to sit still and sew. But she knew quite well that needlework is girl's work, and that every girl should know how to do it well. And Nellie wished to do her duty whether it was pleasant or not. So when she heard what papa had said, she

thought, "I will make some shirts for papa. What is the use of his having a daughter if she does nothing for him? So, although it will take me a long time, and I must set a great many hundred stitches, I should like to do them for papa. And I will ask mamma to buy the linen and say nothing to him about it until the work is all finished."

So she did, and Mrs. Seymour agreed to get the linen, and not tell Mr. Seymour until the shirts were ready for him to wear.

You may be sure that the next few weeks was a very busy time to Nellie. She knew that she must not neglect any of her usual work and lessons, but must keep everything in its proper place, and only give to the shirt-making what leisure she could spare. So she had no time to lose, but made the most of every minute, and when a little girl does that, it is wonderful how much may be accomplished.

Nellie did a great deal by getting up early in the mornings, and it was pleasant to stitch, and hem, and fell, and sew, and button-hole before breakfast. She quite enjoyed it, especially as all the time she was doing it she thought of the dear papa whom they were for. Of course the shirts were not made in a day, nor a week, nor a month; it took a long time to complete them, but Nellie knew that "a stitch at a time, and keep on," would help her through the longest and most tedious tasks.

At length one afternoon the last stitch was set, and the shirts were all folded up so that the fronts could be seen, and the fine stitching was quite visible. As she looked over them Nellie could not help feeling a little proud of her work. She had taken great pains with it, and of course she was repaid by seeing that it was very successful.

"Papa," said Nellie, when he came home that day, "guess what I have for you."

"Oh, it is not easy to guess, Nellie; you are clever at surprises. Perhaps it is a new fashioned pudding?"

"No."

"Something new in the way of tarts or custards then?"

"No."

"Some kind of jelly?"

"No; nothing to eat."

"Then perhaps you have been manufacturing bank-notes?"

"I am not clever enough for that, papa; I wish I were."

"Then I think I will give it up. You must show me what it is before I can know."

"Then look here!"

And Nellie spread the half-dozen shirts out before her father.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie, where did all these come from?"

"Mamma bought the linen, papa," said Nellie, feeling so glad and excited that she could scarcely keep her countenance.

"But who made them?"

"Ah! now can you guess?"

"I think I can," said papa, with a smile. "I think it must have been my little daughter."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, my child, I shall wear these shirts with more pleasure than I have ever yet felt in wearing any, because of the busy little fingers that have put so many stitches into them for her father."

Mr. Seymour was even more proud than Nellie. He could not help telling his friends about her cleverness and industry.

"Is not my Nellie getting on? She has actually made me half a dozen shirts. Only look at the stitches; they are as small and neat as can be. She is quite a clever little needlewoman."

Perhaps it was because of this that Nellie was asked to help in some work which might be the means of doing good in many ways.

"We will have a sewing meeting for the missionary society," said some ladies one day.

"And let us invite Nellie Seymour, for she is such a beautiful little worker."

So Nellie was invited.

But was she glad to go? She used not to like sewing.

But do you know that if we take up any work because it is our duty, and not because we like it, and do it thoroughly and well, we are almost certain to become fond of it. There is a verse in the Bible which every girl should work in a sampler or paint in illuminated letters, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*" The work that is done "heartily as to the Lord" is the work that is well done.

Well, Nellie went to the missionary working party and spent a very happy afternoon, enjoying both the work and the company. And what was better still, she accomplished something. For the little garment that she made was afterwards sold for half a crown, which was given to the society, and no doubt some little black boy or girl was the better for it.

After that Nellie's hands were often needed.

"We are going to have a bazaar for our orphanage. We will get Nellie Seymour to make some articles. They will be sure to fetch a good price, for she works so beautifully."

"We are preparing a parcel for the 'Home for Destitute Children.' Will Nellie Seymour help us?"

"We shall send a large box of useful things for the wounded in the war. Let us secure the services of Nellie Seymour. She is

always willing to do good for anybody, or for any good purpose, and I am sure she will help us."

So you see Nellie's work grew, as it always does grow under willing hands, and Nellie was very willing; indeed, she was never so happy as when she was busily engaged.

How was it that Nellie, who had been so awkward, became so useful? I think it was because she never omitted to pray that God would teach her fingers to be useful, and bless her work.

CHAPTER VIII.—NELLIE'S PET.

At Mr. Seymour's wish, Nellie, who was now learning to draw and paint, copied a picture. It was done so nicely that he felt as if she should have some special reward for this work. "What will you have, Nellie?" he asked her one day.

"I think I should like a pet of some kind, if you please, papa," said she.

"Yes; but what would you like best—a doll?"

"A doll has no life, and could not know or love me," said she.

"Very well; you have plenty of live things to choose from—you can have a kitten, or a dog, or a rabbit, or a lamb, or even a pony."

"Thank you, papa; you are kind. I will think about them all, and make up my mind."

But it was not easy to decide after all.

"I should like a kitten," she said; "for it would be very playful and amuse me by its games."

"Would you like a tabby, or a tortoiseshell, or a French white?"

"I don't know. Tortoiseshells are very pretty, but tabbies are very affectionate, and French cats have beautiful long fur."

While she was hesitating, somebody proposed to give her a little dog. It was a small black one, with short shiny hair.

"A dog would follow me about, and be good company for me," said Nellie; "but I don't like little black dogs."

Then her father proposed that she should have a large black one—a retriever.

"But I should be afraid of that," said she.

"Well, you would not be afraid of a little white rabbit."

"No; but a rabbit would not know me."

You see Nellie was rather hard to please. But at last she was satisfied, and this is how it happened.

Not far from the house where Nellie lived were some smaller houses, and a sad thing occurred in one of them. There was a little baby about a year old, and her father and mother were of course very fond of her. But a fever broke out in the place, and first the

father and then the mother died, and the little baby was left an orphan. Poor little thing! it was too young to understand what that meant; but it is a very sad case for any child to be in."

"What shall we do with the baby?"

That was the question which had to be asked and answered by those whose duty it was to arrange for her.

"She must go to the workhouse," said one.

"Perhaps we could get her into an orphan asylum," said another.

"*I should like to have her for my pet,*" said Nellie. Her father would not let her hastily decide upon that, though.

"You will have a great deal of trouble with her, Nellie, and you are very young yourself yet," said he. "If you dress her yourself it will take all your pocket-money, and you will have none left for, yourself. Besides, there will be a great deal of work to do for her. You must think the matter over many times before you finally decide."

"Very well, papa, I will do so. But if I continue to wish to have the baby for myself, are you willing?"

"Yes, quite; only I want you clearly to understand what you are doing. If it were a dog or a cat you were choosing, you might change your mind afterwards and give it away. But you cannot do so if you take the child. You must take it for life if you take it at all, and as it is not a little thing to do, you must give more than a little thought to it."

"I will, papa."

And she did. But the more she thought about it, the more she wished to have the baby. When a week had passed she said:—

"Please, papa, I do not want any pet, but the little orphan child. Please let me have her."

Everybody seemed pleased and satisfied that Nellie Seymour should have it.

"If the child is given into Miss Seymour's hands, she will be well off and happy," said those who knew.

"It is a great responsibility, Nellie," said her father.

"Yes, papa, I know it is," said Nellie; "but dear mamma will help me, and always tell me what to do, and I shall treat the little one like my baby sister."

Yes, and though Nellie did not say so, she had asked God to help her, too. She had not chosen her pet without earnestly asking Him to guide her in her choice. And when she selected the baby, she felt sure that He approved her choice.

It was rather an exciting time for Nellie when the baby first came to her. She was a pretty little creature, with blue eyes and fair hair, which hung around her head in little curls. She was

full of life and fun, and almost as merry as a kitten. She crept into Nellie's lap, and laid her head upon her shoulder, and looked into her face as if she were certain that she had found a good friend who would be kind to her, and love her, and take care of her.

"There will be plenty of work now for Nellie's hands," said Frank.

"I wonder if Nellie will do anything for us now, she will be so busy looking after her pet," said Charlie.

"I scarcely think she will," said Frank. "We shall have to sew on our own buttons, and mend our own gloves."

"But we will not condemn Nellie until we have seen what she will do," said Charlie.

As for Nellie herself, she was so busy undressing the little child, and making her comfortable for the night, that she did not know what her brothers were saying about her. If she had, I think she would have been glad that they would not think worse of her than they were obliged.

Much curiosity was felt as to the way in which Nellie would do all that was needed for the child, and yet not neglect any of her other duties.

"Nell will want very nimble fingers."

Yes, but then she had them.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE SEPTUAGINT VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM KIRKUS, LL.B.

THE appointment of companies of learned men for the revision of our Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures has naturally directed special attention not to that version only, but to those earlier translations by which it was preceded, and by which both directly and indirectly it has been most powerfully affected. Indeed, the great work of the Bible has been accomplished, not by the original books, but by translations more or less imperfect. The Old Testament canon had not long been determined when the Hebrew Scriptures began to be superseded by the Alexandrine version; and the canon of the New Testament was scarcely settled before the Greek itself gave place to those numerous translations which the spread of Christianity had rendered necessary, and especially to those which are now represented by the Latin Vulgate. Since the Reformation, again, and as one of its noblest fruits, the Latin Vulgate and the Septuagint, and then the original Scriptures, have been rendered into the modern languages of Europe; and multitudes of English Christians, reading in their own tongue "the wonderful works of God," have scarcely needed to remember, and assuredly have never realised, that the words with which they are so familiar are not the very words that were spoken in thunders from the mount that burned with fire or whispered in accents of tenderest affection in the happy home at Bethany. Many a sermon has been preached from verses that misrepresent the original text; and that one out of all possible meanings of an English word has not seldom been selected for the edification of a congregation which

bears the least resemblance to the meaning of the Greek or Hebrew original. Nor is this fact without its very useful lessons, both for scholars and for us all. Not only is the love of God independent of any one or any set of the revelations by which it has been *manifested* to men; not only has that infinite love been made known to us "in many parts and in many ways;" but even within what we may call the region of the Bible itself the gift of God is not only for "the wise and prudent," but also for the humble and meek. As we may go into a foreign country and, with a very imperfect knowledge of the language, nevertheless make ourselves understood, and understand the *necessary* part of what others say to us; so we may read the Bible in a very imperfect version, and even with a very inadequate appreciation of what that imperfect version means, and yet get at the essential truth, find the answer to our inquiry for the living bread and the water of life. If our salvation depended upon an accurate knowledge of Greek particles, if the atonement of Christ could never reach us till we had solved every difficulty in the use of Greek prepositions,—nay, if everybody who would reach heaven must first *parse* even the Authorised Version of the Epistle to the Romans, it may well be doubted whether a dozen human beings could "enter into life." But though our Authorised Version is imperfect, and though its interpreters have often wandered far on the wrong roads that it has opened up to them, yet still it cannot be doubted that the English Bible has led all those who have honestly availed themselves of its guidance nearer to God, further from sin, into lives of "the beauty of holiness." Christian veracity, no less than the instincts of scholarship, requires a *perfect* version of God's Word, if such a version can be obtained; but when we have it, it will be rather a spiritual luxury than the very bread of life.

And, again, coming nearer to that ancient version of the Old Testament which is the subject of this paper, the mere existence of many versions, and especially of the Septuagint, should set at rest *some*, at least, of our disputes about the nature and effect of Inspiration. For Inspiration must be something useful and available, or it is not worth discussing at all. And *therefore* it cannot be a *Divine guarantee of the accuracy both of form and meaning of every separate word the Bible contains*. For, if it were, then assuredly, whatever may have been the fact as to the original Hebrew and Greek, not a single word of our English Scriptures could be "given by inspiration of God;" nor could we determine which of the almost innumerable texts and various readings of the original Greek and Hebrew had the Divine sanction. Especially would this last difficulty be increased, not to say rendered insuperable, by the use that was made by the Apostles of the Septuagint version. The Old

Testament inspiration—the Old Testament canon—is guaranteed for Christians by the authority of the New Testament, by that sanction which is supposed to be derived from the use of the Jewish Scriptures by Christ and His Apostles. But this sanction belongs to the *Septuagint version*, rather than to the Hebrew original. The New Testament quotations are almost always from that ancient translation; and even when they differ from the Septuagint they do not always agree with the Hebrew. The Hebrew seems to have been scarcely more familiar to the Apostles than an Anglo-Saxon version of the Bible would be to us. In the least disputed Epistles of St. Paul, for instance, there are eighty-seven direct quotations from the Old Testament, in which reference is made to the original (the indirect quotations are innumerable; in fact, St. Paul's letters are saturated with the thoughts and phrases of the older Scriptures). Of these eighty-seven direct quotations nearly half show a precise verbal agreement with the Septuagint, while of the rest two-thirds at least exhibit a closeness of verbal similarity which can only be accounted for by an acquaintance with the Septuagint. On the other hand, none of these passages offer any certain proof that the Apostle was acquainted with the Hebrew text. "His acquaintance with the Hebrew," says Professor Jowett, "was probably of such a kind as we might acquire of a version of the Scriptures not in the vernacular. No Englishman, incidentally quoting the English version from memory, would adapt it to the Greek, though he might very probably adapt the Greek to the English. The inference is that the Greek, and not the Hebrew text, must have been to the Apostle what the English version is to ourselves." ("St. Paul's Epistles," 2nd edition, i. 414.) And again (*ibid.* i. 415, 416), "The study of the quotations from the Old Testament draws attention to the knowledge which the Apostle must have had of the Greek Scriptures. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the minuteness of this acquaintance. In the greater number of quotations he is verbally accurate. . . . The Greek Old Testament Scriptures are not only sacred books to him, they are also his language and literature. What are often termed the Hebraisms of the Apostles are, for the most part, if not always, Hellenisms; that is to say, Hebraisms contracted through the influence of the Septuagint."

What is true of the undisputed Epistles of St. Paul is even more strikingly and completely true of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The writer knows the Jewish Scriptures *only* in the Septuagint version, quoting from it even when it departs from the original. Moreover, his few deviations from the Alexandrine version are in no case the result of consulting the Hebrew. (See Dr. Davidson's Introduction to the New Testament, i. 236, ed. 1868.) Even in the first Gospel, which is supposed to be a translation

from an Aramæan original, there are, out of sixty-one direct quotations from the Old Testament, only nine which seem certainly to be taken from the Hebrew independently of the Septuagint; and these are for the most part predictions that the Evangelist believed to have been fulfilled in the life of Jesus. Of the rest, thirty-two are taken unmistakably from the Greek version. The third Gospel (St. Luke's) has twenty-two quotations, of which all but one are from the Septuagint. A large number of these also occur in the sayings of our Lord. The quotations in St. Mark are also from the Greek, with possibly one exception; and of the Acts of the Apostles Dr. Davidson says: "The Septuagint is the sole source of all citations, some of which are verbal, others a little altered, but unlike the Hebrew. . . . A few differ so much from the Hebrew as to contradict it, though they are from the Greek." (Introduction, ii. 267.) But it is not necessary to adduce further evidence. For all practical purposes the Septuagint version was *the* Old Testament of the Apostles and Evangelists. And this circumstance is of more importance than may at first sight appear. Not only does it demolish a narrow theory of verbal inspiration, leaving us to seek the Divine Word in the general drift and inner spirit of the sacred writings; but it connects the Christian doctrine with the Alexandrian culture, of which we have independent evidence in the very substance and method of the fourth Gospel and the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Alexandria was the natural home of that secondary learning which rises into prominence when creative genius is at an end. It was the abode of critics, grammarians, imitators, the city of libraries and museums. The circuit of its walls, the direction of its streets, the sites of its temples both of Greek and Egyptian gods, were marked out by Alexander himself, when he entered Egypt in triumph after the siege of Gaza; that Gaza which had been so long and gallantly defended that "the palm of honour belonged rather to the minority vanquished than to the multitude of victors." To this new city on the sea-board, convenient for communication with Greece and Macedonia, the seat of government was transferred from Memphis; and thither was removed in mass, as soon as the houses were ready, the whole population of Kanopus and of other towns besides. It became afterwards the capital of the Ptolemaic princes, who spent a vast portion of their enormous revenues on its improvement and decoration; and it has its place in the history of human civilisation with those three other greatest of cities, Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome.

The population of Alexandria was mixed from the first, which was in itself a groundwork of the Alexandrine character. It contained a large number of Jews, who had assigned to them a special quarter of the city, and were regarded with peculiar favour. These

Jews were ever susceptible to the influences to which they were here especially exposed ; and, in fact, notwithstanding the general belief as to their bigotry and exclusiveness, their history is full of evidences of the facility with which they adopted foreign customs and modes of thought, even to the extent of frequent and total apostasy. But Alexandria was the meeting-place of all known religions, philosophies, sciences, arts. It was full of scholars and professors, whose great work it was to criticise and to reconcile. The men of creative genius had passed away ; it remained for their successors only to construct an eclectic system out of the fragments of their wisdom. In the universal comparison, the Jewish Scriptures could no way be omitted. The history of Moses, of the patriarchs, and of the kings, was adapted to classical models ; and it began to be affirmed—a proposition thoroughly congenial to the Alexandrine character—that the Pentateuch was the real source even of Greek philosophy. In proof of this, a very liberal use was necessary, on both sides, of allegory and non-natural interpretation ; and this was also in accordance with the peculiar principles of Alexandrine criticism.

For the object of Alexandrine criticism, as applied, for instance, to Homer or Hesiod, was not to ascertain the very words which Hesiod or Homer had written, to produce a true text corresponding perfectly with the original. But the critics set out with the assumption that the writer with whose works they were concerned was perfect ; and they determined the genuineness of any phrase or passage according to its conformity with this assumed standard of perfection. Not content to reproduce the works of poets or philosophers, they must needs amend them in accordance with certain principles of æsthetics and grammar. It is easy to perceive the effect which these standards of criticism would be certain to have upon any translation of the Old Testament by Alexandrian Jews ; and that Alexandria was the birthplace of the Septuagint is beyond dispute.

The origin of this celebrated version is almost lost in fable—fables, however, which by their very exaggerations and extravagancies testify to the honour in which the Septuagint was held. It appears at the present day in four principal editions, differing somewhat widely from each other, and clearly derived from very divergent original texts. The Codex Vaticanus perhaps represents the Septuagint before the labours and emendations of Origen ; while we have codices derived from Origen's Hexapla, and others of an intermediate character, such as the Codex Alexandrinus. What Origen did for the Septuagint he has himself described. "Now there is plainly," he says, "a great difference in the copies, either from the carelessness of scribes, or the rash and mischievous correction of the text by others, or from the additions or omissions

made by others at their own discretion. This discrepancy in the copies of the Old Covenant we have found means to remedy, by the help of God, using as our criterion the other versions. In all passages of the Septuagint rendered doubtful by the discordance of the copies, forming a judgment from the other versions, we have preserved what agreed with them, and some words we have marked with an *obelos* as not found in the Hebrew, not venturing to omit them entirely, and some we have added with *asterisks* affixed to show that they are not found in the Septuagint, but added by us from the other versions, in accordance with the Hebrew." The versions to which Origen here refers were those of Aquila, Theodotion, and Symmachus, and his own labours produced not so much a new and accurate edition of the translation of the LXX. as a new version altogether. The great work, the Hexapla, which was the fruit of his unremitting toil for many years—an unconquerable energy and perseverance which earned for him the name Adamantius—perished in the flames by which the library at Cæsarea was consumed, A.D. 653. A copy, however, had been made of the one column of the Hexapla which contained the amended Septuagint, with the marks which indicated the omissions and additions which, as we have seen, were the result of a comparison with other versions. These marks, in course of time, were lost or changed, and in the Hexaplar texts it is now impossible to determine how much we owe to the LXX. and how much to Aquila, Theodotion, and Symmachus. Of these last it would be needless here to speak but for their incorporation by Origen into the Septuagint itself. Aquila was a Jew of Pontus, and his translation of the Old Testament was undertaken to meet the exigencies of controversy between the Jews and Christians. The latter accepted the Alexandrine version as authoritative, while the Jews complained that it was not an accurate rendering of the Hebrew, and when pressed in argument retired into the original Scriptures whither the Christians were unable to follow them. The very principle of Alexandrine criticism, which was faithfully reflected in the translation of the LXX., would, as we have seen, afford the utmost room for development and allegory, and therefore lend itself easily to Messianic interpretations favourable to the Christian theory. The Hebrew, on the other hand, while admitting of expansion, and capable of being enlarged according to the growing necessities and widening experiences of the Jewish people, yet did itself belong to a time far anterior to these spiritual needs, and would not of itself suggest them. Hence a perfectly literal rendering would leave open every question at issue between Jews and Christians, and compel the latter to prove their positions rather by a careful comparison of facts than by the quotation of predictions of doubtful significance. Aquila undertook to supply this want. His version

of the Old Testament was so rigidly literal that it was in some places even unintelligible. The Jews called it *the Hebrew Veracity*. It is not at all surprising that the Christians accused it of perverting and distorting several passages relating to the Messiah, for similar complaints are still to be heard, and it is always easier to "beg the question" than to prove it. The versions of Symmachus and Theodotion are of less importance, though Theodotion's rendering of Daniel was early substituted, and is still generally used, in place of that of the Seventy. In our present copies of the Septuagint, however, excepting (perhaps) those which are derived from the Codex Vaticanus, we have whatever Origen thought worthy of addition from the other versions which he had, with so much labour, collected. We have every reason to congratulate ourselves that, if the original Septuagint text was to be altered at all, its revision had fallen into such competent hands.

As to this ancient version it may be taken as agreed that its birthplace was Alexandria, and that it was made, or at least was commenced, in the time of the first Ptolemies, in the first half of the third century B.C. As to the translators themselves we *know* nothing, and the myths that have come down to us instead of history are both contradictory and incredible. The story that comes to us through Irenæus is to the following effect:—Ptolemy I. (Lagi), desiring to adorn his library with the literature of all nations, requested from the Jews a copy of their sacred Scriptures for translation into Greek. The Jews thereupon sent seventy elders well skilled in their own Scriptures and in other tongues, and the king, having first put them apart from one another in separate cells, set them to translate the several books. "When they came together before Ptolemy and showed their versions, God was glorified, for they all agreed exactly from beginning to end, in every phrase and word, so that all men may know that the Scriptures are translated by the inspiration of God." Justin Martyr gives the same account, and was even taken to see the very cells in which the interpreters had worked, just as Herodotus was taken to see the statues of the Egyptian kings. It seemed to some of the Fathers—*e.g.*, to Augustine, who looked also with suspicion and alarm on Jerome's Biblical labours—an enormous advantage to have some outward and almost material guarantee of the Divine authority of whatever was regarded by ordinary readers as the Word of God. This is a feeling with which at least we can sympathise, and which is still to be found among ourselves in great strength. It must, however, be admitted that if the seventy translators were inspired at all, they were not inspired to *translate accurately*; indeed, it was half believed that their very errors were divinely suggested for the purpose of getting a better meaning or adaptation of the original words.

We owe to Aristeas, or Aristæus, followed by Josephus, a more gorgeous but less miraculous account of the origin of this famous version. Aristæus was a Cyprian, and a high officer at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, by whom, we are told, he was sent, with Andreas, the commander of his bodyguard, to Jerusalem, to obtain a copy of the Jewish law for the Alexandrine library. They carried presents to the Temple, and obtained from the high priest Eleazar a genuine copy of the Pentateuch, and a body of seventy elders, six from each tribe, who could translate it into Greek. "On their arrival in Egypt the elders were received with great distinction by Ptolemy, and were lodged in a house in the island of Pharos, where, in the space of seventy-two days, they completed a Greek version of the Pentateuch, which was called, from the number of the translators, *κατὰ τοὺς ἑβδομήκοντα* (the Septuagint); and the same name was extended to the Greek version of the whole of the Old Testament when it had been completed under the auspices of the Ptolemies" (Smith's "Dictionary of Biography," s. v. *Aristeas*).

These stories may account for the name by which the Alexandrine version has been universally known, though neither of them can be accepted as historical. Moreover, the translators were certainly not Palestinian Jews. For the version itself bears the marks of imperfect knowledge of Hebrew, exhibits the forms and phrases of the Macedonic Greek prevalent in Alexandria, with a plentiful sprinkling of Egyptian words (see Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," s. v. *Septuagint*). It must remain doubtful whether it was produced by command of the king, or to meet the exigencies of the Alexandrine Jews themselves.

The version is generally faithful but not minutely accurate, many of the variations from the original being probably designed. It can claim, indeed, no special inspiration, but it has had already a very wide influence, and will still abundantly repay the most diligent study. It is of considerable importance even in the criticism of the Hebrew text. For the use of English readers a very available translation (English and Greek in parallel columns) has recently been published by Messrs. Bagster.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXVI.—AMONG THE BREAKERS.

WE laid Martin and Margery together in Dovercourt churchyard, on Christmas-eve, and Rebecca and I prepared to spend a sad, solitary Christmas-day at the Gate-house. Phoebe went home with

Mrs. Miller the night that Margery died. It was the dreariest Christmas-day I ever remember. The morning was wild and wet, for the weather was stormy, and a strong wind was blowing from the North-west; dark clouds swept rapidly across the heavens; every now and then the rain fell in torrents, and the sea, with a foamy crest on every inky wave, broke like thunder upon the deserted shore.

I went to church in the morning, but it was dreary there as elsewhere, and as I passed up the avenue which led to the porch, I could see, not very far off, the bare, newly-raised mound of yesterday.

For a moment it hurt me that they should be out there in the fierce, wintry tempest. Only for a moment, though; the next, I knew that it mattered nothing to them, that pitiless rain and that o'ersweeping blast!—*they* were safe where "tempests never beat, nor billows roar!" Safe "in the Kingdom," as they both loved to call the heavenly country beyond the grave; safe with those who had gone before them to their rest; safe with God, their Father and their Friend; safe with Him through whom they won the victory, and in whose blessed blood they had washed their sin-polluted garments of the flesh, and entered into rest! What mattered now the wildest storm of earth to those who had passed into the regions of everlasting peace? Yes, their warfare was accomplished; their long pilgrimage was over at last. God had given them length of days, and they had lived to His honour and glory. They had *trusted* Him, and He had never failed them; and when heart and flesh failed, He was their sure Portion for ever! He had guided them with His counsel, now he received them into glory.

And as the wild wind bowed the leafless trees in the churchyard, and swept over that lowly mound, I thought of our great bard's homely verse:—

" Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

Oh! was it not well to be at home, safe from all the toils, and troubles, and temptations of this sublunary sphere which we call life? For I felt sad and dispirited that day, my future seemed dark before me, and a strange sense of coming evil weighed heavily on my spirit.

When I got into the church, it looked dismal enough, for all the holly-branches that adorned it. There was a very small and scattered congregation, the weather had prevented so many people from coming out; most of the choristers and nearly all the school-

children were away, and the hymns and chants went but very poorly. The chancel-pews were vacant of course, and only a few of the Castle servants attended. I was alone in the pew which I had so often shared with Martin, Margery, and Phœbe. The vicar's voice sounded hollow through the large, almost empty church; he read the prayers as if he were himself ill at ease, the responses were so feeble that one scarcely heard them at all, and I missed Martin's emphatic, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," and his hearty "Amen," which he always gave with the true clerical intonation. His amens were not ended, though; he would say or sing them again and again in the heavenly kingdom.

The service for Christmas-day is not a long one, and the vicar made good speed with it. His sermon was short; but short as it was, we did not hear it nearly all, for during the prayers the tempest had increased mightily, and now the thunder of wind and waves drowned all other sounds. The driving rain dashed like hail against the great windows, the blast roared with ever-increasing fury, and the surging of the sea beating on the rocks below grew, or so it seemed to me, louder every minute. When we came out of church we all instinctively ran towards the cliff. I buttoned up my coat, tied on my hat as firmly as I could, and followed the rest. Oh, what a sea! I do not think I have ever since seen one like it. As a pall of sable blackness hung the low clouds above; here and there they broke a little, and showed rifts of pale, dismal, yellow light, which only contrasted the more lividly with the unnatural darkness brooding over sea and land. As for the waves, they ran mountain high, and the wind setting dead in shore, they broke against the cliffs with a force and fury that seemed to shake the foundations of the solid earth. Mr. Drew, the house steward, came up to me as I struggled towards the coast-guard station near at hand. "Well, this is a storm, and no mistake," was his salutation; "there will be awful mischief out there," pointing down Channel in the direction of the wind.

"It is a blessing it is Christmas-day," I answered. "Of course all the fishing-boats are at home?"

"I should say so, though I did see some two or three putting off yesterday afternoon with the ebb-tide. The Channel seems pretty empty too. Ah! coast-guard, what do you think of this sea?"

"What do I think, Muster Drew? Why, I think I never in all my born days—and I've had a good many of 'em—I think I never saw such a sea as this here. There will be many a wreck before the wind goes down. We shall hear some sad stories before this time to-morrow, I reckon. There's nothing as yet in our bay, that's a comfort. Ah! what's that? A vessel rounding the Point? It can't be; they would never be so mad."

"They must want to be wrecked," said Mr. Drew, "coming so close ashore in such a gale as this. Why don't they keep out to sea, I wonder?"

"Because they *can't*, Muster Drew," replied the coast-guard, who had been looking through his glass. "That ship's a doomed 'un, sir. She don't answer to her helm—how should she in such a storm? And she's a-drifting with the wind. She's coming right ashore, and in five minutes she'll be on the rocks below the lighthouse."

"Are they firing?" I asked, for I thought I could distinguish a low sullen boom, apart from the hoarse plunge of the tide, and the awful thunder of the wind.

"Likely they are," said the coast-guard; "but who's to know? It's all we can do to make each other hear shouting, and we side by side. But that *was* a gun, I do believe."

"The lifeboat, is it out?" I asked, quickly.

"Out, Master Travis! Out, d'y'e say? There's no lifeboat that ever swum that would live in such a sea. Men's lives are not to be perilled for naught, lad."

"Come down to the beach," I said to Mr. Drew; "let us see what is doing below in the Chine."

"We may as well," he replied. "I could not go home now, for all my Christmas dinner is cooking for me. We must go by the road though; the cliff-path is not to be thought of."

No, indeed, unless we wished to be swept out bodily into the storm! We turned and fought our way, inch by inch, yard by yard, down the steep road leading to the shore. About half-way down it turned seawards, and then we were almost blinded by the spray, and the tangle, and the *débris* of broken shells, pebbles, and rubbish which the wind, dead in our teeth, swept up from below, and blew into our faces. Every few minutes we had to stand still, to recover breath, and gather strength. In a sudden lull of the storm we could hear the guns distinctly. "They are firing from the lighthouse as well," said Mr. Drew: "I caught the flash, and see! that pale thin wreath of smoke!—that's old Jennings or his mate; they see the danger clearer than we do. But there! who would put to sea with waves like that; it would be just flinging life away!"

By this time we had reached the shore; and there, round the lifeboat-house, we found all the inhabitants of the little fishing-community of the Chine assembled. The lifeboat had been brought out, ready to be launched, and her crew were gathered together under shelter of the cliff. They had only just received intelligence of the vessel off the Tarbutt,—as the huge rock was called, which lay beyond the grand high promontory on which eyrie-like the

lighthouse stood; and they were debating among themselves as to the possibility of putting off. The captain of the boat stood forward: "I am ready, mates; I am here at my post to take the command, but I cannot go alone. Who speaks first to go with me?"

There was a dead silence. They were no cowards, the crew of the lifeboat; they were brave men all; but most of them had wives and families, and they felt their lives were not their own to fling recklessly away.

"If I thowt there wur a chance, cap'en, I'd go, and say thank yer," called out old Wilkins, who was a trusty seaman, an old, experienced hand; "but no boat that was ever built could weather such a gale."

"She wouldn't live five minutes in *those* waters," said another man, as a mighty sea swept in, breaking over the boat, and driving us all pell-mell into the boat-house.

And now the noble ship came full in view, driving before the wind and tide, driving full upon the cruel Tarbutt and its outlying reefs, which had been the destruction of many a gallant vessel. She was doomed clearly; nothing could save her, and the moment she struck she would go to pieces.

"There! she strikes! she strikes!" cried the excited crowd, pale with awe. "See how she plunges and rocks! Why, one of her masts is clean gone, and another is shattered, and her main yards are torn away. The Lord have mercy on the poor souls aboard her."

"They are all bound for eternity this Christmas-day," said a woman near me, with a great sob. "The Lord have mercy on their souls!"

The ship was now past all control; she was come so close that we could discern the people on board. Already heavy seas were rolling over her, fore and aft. I turned to Mr. Drew. "It is of no use; I cannot bear this; the lifeboat *must* be launched."

"It's easy to say 'must,' Travis; but musts have to give way to cant's sometimes. Not one of them will go with the captain, and he's right not to try to force them; he's responsible for his crew, you know; he has no right to take them into the very jaws of death."

"I will go with him, for one."

"You, Travis? You are mad!"

"No, I am not. I can steer or I can take an oar; but no one knows the way out to the Tarbutt better than I do, and I have a right to do what I like with my own life."

"Have you indeed such a right?"

"Have I not? If I am drowned, what will it matter?"

"It will matter much to my lady. You best know how greatly

it will matter." And he looked me keenly and significantly in the face. Was it possible that he had divined the secret of my life? Did he know or guess what were my relations with the Marchioness? There was something in his tone and look which at the moment surprised me, and afterwards gave me great uneasiness. But, startled though I was, my nerves were too highly strung just then to heed his caution. Instead of answering him I sprang towards the captain, who was looking anxiously seaward, as if calculating possibilities. "Captain Scotton," I cried, "cannot we get a crew together? It is awful that people should perish just off the shore. At least *some* lives might be saved."

He turned to me eagerly. "I'd give you my hat full of gold, lad, if I had it, if between us both we could save yonder poor creatures, that are else bound for Davy's locker."

"I will go, captain; but I am only one."

"You are worth any two, though, for I see the daring in your eyes, and you know the Tarbutt."

"Ay, better than most. Let us sing out that we are going, and see who else will volunteer."

We went back to the boat, and began to draw her towards the edge of the surge. "Now, then, mates," shouted Scotton, "who will bear a hand? There are women and children in yonder sinking ship, and if ye've got the hearts of men ye will not let them perish before your very eyes, and not try at least to save them."

"Will the boat live three minutes in that sea?" asked the old sailor who had before spoken. "Can *any* boat live in such a storm?"

"Please God, she *shall* live!" I cried, excited to the utmost. "Any way, I am going—I and Captain Scotton, and if none of you will help us we must go alone; but go we will."

"Go to the bottom—yes," said some one close at hand.

"You two take the boat?" said old Brown, "only you two? Why, you couldn't! It's a biggish boat, and the wind and tide both dead against you, and oh, Lord! what a tide! what a wind! But I'd risk it if I were ten years younger—ay, captain, I'll risk it now, if you'll take such a crazy old craft alongside; but I'm afraid I'll only fill the place of a better man. It shall never be said that a youngster like Master Travis had more pluck in him than Peter Brown, that's more at home on salt water than on dry land. Now, lads, who goes with the cap'en, and Master Travis, and *me*?"

"Three more—only three more, and we can manage," I exclaimed. "Matt Lewis, you're young, and strong, and unmarried; won't you risk it?"

"I will," said the young man, gravely.

"And I!" "And I!" cried several voices out of the darkness, for though it was little past one o'clock in the day, a gloom, almost

a blackness, like the rapid falling of a heavy night, had gathered over us. The captain chose only young, able-bodied, and unmarried men. He himself was the only one to whom belonged wife and child. Some one reminded him of his family, and of the risk he ran. "Ay, ay!" he answered, quietly, "it's a risk, I know; but there are other men's wives and children in yonder ship. If my old woman were here she'd say, 'Go, Tom, and God go with you,' and she'd stop ashore and pray for me with every breath she had. Any way, it's no further to heaven by water than by land—maybe it's not quite so far. Never mind; God knows. Now, Mr. Travis—now, my men, are you ready?" and he called over the names of those whom he had chosen from among the volunteers.

They all answered promptly, and as they spoke they stepped into the boat. Those on shore got ready the ropes, and they gave us a hearty cheer as we put off. "God go with you!" cried one old fisherman, reverently taking off his hat. "Amen!" sang out Scotton. "Now, mates, pull away! We are doing God's work and He'll help us."

The fishermen had not exaggerated the perils of our enterprise. I had been out in one or two storms before, but anything like this strife of mad winds and raging waves I had not even imagined. I did not know till we were some yards from shore how terrible it was. It was one thing to stand on the beach and watch the fury of the sea, and another to be tossed about on those strong, angry billows, every one of them a yawning grave. With the inky waters rolling round and over us, with the storm-wind, Euroclydon, beating us back upon the rocks, with the scudding rain blinding us, as, with our faces turned towards the great blackness out at sea, we looked towards the ship we sought to succour, we pressed on our way. We did not speak—every man worked silently at his oar; indeed, it seemed mere folly to uplift our weak human voices while that tumultuous thunder pealed and surged around us. Now we rose high on the top of some huge wave, now we sank into a deep, sable valley, with what looked like solid walls of water far above our heads; and the wind blew harder and harder, and the tide ran stronger, for it was almost flood. I thought of the Psalmist's words,—surely I had never before perfectly comprehended them,—“They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.” Also I thought of Him—my Master—who, long centuries ago, wearing His robes of mortality, had trodden the deep sea's stormy wave, and said unto

His troubled disciples, "Be of good cheer; *it is I*, be not afraid." And through the darkness and the storm I seemed to hear the clear tones of that gentle voice saying once more after the lapse of ages, "It is I, be not afraid." And if He, indeed, were there, and had He not said to His followers, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world,"—and why should He not be there in our hour of need, on the angry waters of the English Channel as on the surging sea of Galilee, though our eyes being holden we might not discern the form and face of Him in whom we trusted?—if He, indeed, were there, why need we fear? It was a great comfort to think that Christ in heaven knew our need, that He had shared our frail humanity, and that He would surely guide our little boat in safety, and take us back again to shore, or else—take us quickly into port, into the haven of joy unspeakable and everlasting peace. And ringing in my ears were the words of a favourite old song of Charlie Craven's—

"Come to Thy God in time,
Thus saith the ocean chime;
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
Come to Thy God at last."

Ah! should I ever see Charlie again? That was as God willed it. And I should surely see him in the world beyond the grave. And as a great wave broke over us and drenched me with bitter brine, I thought how surprised Martin and Margery would be that I followed them so quickly into the kingdom.

And still we struggled on, fighting that cruel sea with dauntless spirit; and at last we came near the ship, so near that we could see the eager pale faces on board, straining out into the livid darkness and watching our approach. Now we seemed almost alongside the vessel; she was going to pieces rapidly, rolling and pitching wildly, and the savage rocks grinding her at every turn; and now a mighty wave rose up between us and the wreck, and shut it from our sight. To get to the ill-fated ship seemed at first impossible, for she was whirled about as if she had been a toy-ship instead of a stately East Indiaman of some hundreds of tons burden; and we could hear her timbers creaking and splitting as she lurched heavily upon the Cupples, the name of the reef upon which she had grounded.

Suddenly, so suddenly, that at the moment it appeared little less than a miracle, the wind dropped, the blinding rain ceased, and the clouds, parting overhead, dispelled the unnatural darkness, which had awed us even more than the great tempest. We could see our position as well as that of those we came, if possible, to succour. Right on the breast of a great broad wave we were borne to the ship's side. We flung out our ropes, and in another minute the captain and I were on board the wreck. She had got out her own

lifeboat, and it was already full of women and children; but no one knew the shore, and they had scarce a hope that the boat would live to reach the land. One of our crew went with them to steer; the rest of us took the crew and the few remaining passengers aboard as fast as we could; it was a work of difficulty and of danger. Happily there were not so many passengers as usual; a large number of French people, homeward bound, had been landed at Bordeaux, and the crew had not its usual complement. We saw every man, woman, and child safe off the wreck, which, just as we were leaving her, parted amidships. Then we rowed for dear life, for our freight was heavy enough, and sank us perilously deep; also we feared to be struck or capsized by some flying spar or floating timber of the shattered vessel, which was going to pieces and drifting with the tide rapidly.

But the wind and the tide did us good service as soon as we were clear of the Tarbutt and the treacherous Cupples. We were soon in deep water, and then it scarcely needed our oars to speed us to the shore. We returned in a quarter of the time it had taken us to get out to the ship. The other lifeboat followed closely in our wake, and so we got to land. But before we could set a man ashore fragments of the wreck were washed up at the feet of those who awaited our arrival.

Not a life lost, not a person injured, so far as we knew, *thank God!*

CHAPTER XXVII.—MY VISITOR.

There was no lack of hospitality that day, and the shipwrecked mariners were easily disposed of. By the time we got to land the beach was lined with people, for news of what was happening had reached Dovercourt, and all the village had turned out to cross the heights and come down to the scene of action. The crew for the most part were sheltered among the fishermen in the Chine. Mr. Drew and the landlord of the Dovercourt Arms, Mr. Dumbleton and others, carried off the passengers. The captain fell to my share; I invited him to come and take his Christmas dinner with me at the Gate-house.

I had half-scolded Rebecca for making a plum-pudding and getting in a fine piece of sirloin of beef; anything like feasting seemed so incongruous in the house of mourning. But Rebecca had replied, "Sure, Master Hugh, we must go on eating; the blessed dears that are gone would never wish us to starve ourselves, I'm sure, and on Christmas-day of all days in the year. And it's not more inconsistent with real grief and a proper respect to eat beef than to eat mutton, and a pudding is really no worse than bread and butter. Besides, we can give away what we do not want ourselves."

I was very glad now that I had yielded to Rebecca, though I am afraid she would have done exactly as she chose even had I not succumbed. She gave me all honour as "the master," but then I knew that she held that "the best of the men-creatures were a little daft at times."

Rebecca had stopped at home to roast the beef and boil the pudding, and my solitary dinner was to be served at two o'clock precisely. It was now almost half-past three, but news of the wreck had reached the Gate-house, and she concluded that I had gone down to the shore after morning service; so at once she "backened the dinner," whatever that may mean, and waited patiently till I made my appearance. Mr. Dumbleton had called too, and told her that I was coming presently and bringing a gentleman with me, so she was fully prepared, and had made up roaring fires, and laid another knife and fork forthwith.

"And to think you've been out with the lifeboat, Master Hugh," she said, after we had conferred about lodging our stranger guest. "I knew you'd be down on the beach, for you and mischief must go together, I know; indeed, I would have gone myself if it hadn't been for the dinner. Oh! dear me, if I had only known where you were I should never have had the heart to baste the meat or to get the vegetables ready."

"I am glad you did not know then, and I am glad I let you have your own way in the matter of the dinner. I thought of your beef and pudding when I invited Captain Hyde; I should scarcely have ventured to ask him to dine on cold mutton and bread and cheese."

"To be sure. I knew you would see the sense of it, though you were so hard upon me yesterday after the funeral. It seemed to me the queerest thing in the world that we should eat cold boiled scrag of mutton or pick bare beef-bones, for there was nothing left *but* bones and fat. Those men, the bearers, ate so hearty, and there was a double set of them; and as for that undertaker, I should think he hadn't had his belly full since the summer. What was I saying? Oh! it seemed queer that we should pick bones because master and mistress had gone to heaven. And now you'll just enjoy a nice hot dinner. It's as fine a piece of beef as ever I cooked, and none the worse for being *backened*. I put on the potatoes the moment I saw you coming. As for the pudding, why you know you can't boil a handsome plum-pudding too long."

I didn't know, but I supposed Rebecca did, for she had quite established her fame as a genius in cookery. It did seem odd though that one might go on boiling a plum-pudding the whole year round and it be none the worse.

Rebecca continued, "So that's all right; and the cheese is good, and I've got up a splendid head of celery, and a stick of horse-

radish, and I've made some mustard that will bite your tongue; and Mrs. Miller has sent down a big raised pie of some sort, and mince-pies, and sweets, and a lot of hothouse grapes. She might have known we were going to have company. Oh, we shall do!"

"Do! I should think so. And now, Rebecca, dish up as fast as you can, for I am furiously hungry, and of course the captain is half-starved. I'm downright glad it's not the residue of the mutton."

Thus adjured, Rebecca bustled about in the kitchen. We had bestowed our guest in my own room, as it was the best in the house, and a fire had been lighted in it since morning. When I had changed my clothes, and made myself generally presentable, I went to the Gate-chamber to see if the captain was ready to descend. I had given him some of Martin's clothes, for mine would have been useless, I being a slim youth, and he a stout, middle-aged gentleman; and when I entered the room, I was for a moment startled at the sight of the familiar garments, especially the dressing-gown—the marchioness's last present to the dear old man—which Captain Hyde had folded over his knees, very much as Martin habitually did when he could persuade himself to take the liberty of wearing "her leddyship's gradely gown."

But I was not the only person who was startled. My visitor rose from his arm-chair by the fire, and faced me as I came into the room. I think he was advancing to meet me, but after about two steps he stopped as if suddenly rooted to the ground, and seemed as if he were determined to stare me out of countenance. Of course I stared again; I began to be afraid the man's anxiety and misfortune had turned his brain, for there was nothing in my appearance to cause so much astonishment, not to say consternation. His face was paler than when I first spoke with him on board his sinking ship, and I perceived that he drew his breath quickly and painfully. And then this was not our first interview: he had spoken with me before unmoved except, by the danger and distress which pressed so sorely on him. I had only washed my face and brushed up my hair, and changed my drenched clothes; that was all!

"Captain Hyde, is anything the matter?" I asked as quietly as I could.

The sound of my voice did not seem to reassure him; he turned, if possible, paler than before, and said, "For God's sake, what is your name? Can the sea give up its dead?"

"My name is Hugh Travis, at your service."

And I gave a great gulp, because I could not add—*Vassall*! This continual repression, as it were, of my true identity was becoming insupportable; I felt, I knew that it was not to be borne much longer.

"Travis! Ah! I thought it must be—*Vassall*! And yet——"

It was my turn to start now, and turn pale and red by turns. "Why did you think so?" I asked, scarce knowing what I said.

"Because you are the living image of a man whom I loved better than my own life—a man whom I buried in deep-sea tropical waters almost seventeen years ago! When I heard your voice from the lifeboat, it sounded familiar, and I thought I must have met you somewhere before—I meet so many people, you see, in my travels by land and by water; your face too seemed not at all strange, but you looked so differently in that shaggy pilot jacket, and your hat tied over your head with that thing of a plaid. Now I see you as you are, and you might be my own old captain of the *Wild Duck* risen from the dead! Only—fool that I am—I forgot how time flies; *he* would have been a man of my own age by this time, not a stripling such as you are,—though you are a right gallant stripling, sir. Still, Hugh Vassall had a son—dear me! how he used to talk about his baby-boy at home; and you might well have been he! Of course you are not, or your name would be his, not Travis."

To describe my feelings would be impossible; what could I say? To deny my parentage was not to be thought of; and yet I dared not speak the truth—the truth in which I only gloried. I was so proud of being Hugh Vassall's son, and yet I could not proclaim myself as such. Oh, mother! mother! why did you do it; or, having done it, why did you not leave me in far-away Cumberland to claim kindred only with the humble Wrays? I knew that my face was crimson, that my lips trembled, that large hot tears which I could scarcely repress were starting to my eyes. I had wondered whether Captain Hyde had become suddenly insane; what must he not imagine concerning me?

"I beg your pardon," he said presently; "I am afraid I have said something painful, something that I had better have left unsaid?" And he looked much concerned.

"No, no," I replied hurriedly, for the life of me not knowing how to answer him.

"And yet what you said did suggest some painful thoughts. I know I am like Captain Vassall; I have been told so more than once. Also I have seen his portrait, and I think I really do resemble him, only I am not nearly so handsome. I am very proud to be like him, for he was a truly good man!"

"More! far more than that!" cried Captain Hyde, impulsively grasping my hand; "he was noble as he was good; he was clever, kind,—always kind to the poorest and the most erring. He did not preach religion much, but he simply lived it. Perhaps I should best honour his memory if I said that his life was truly *Christ-like*.

My face was all aglow now with something that was not con-

fusion. It was so sweet to me, so inexpressibly sweet to hear these praises of my dear dead father; this unexpected testimony to his excellence was infinitely gratifying; I could not suppress the fervid "thank you" which rose to my lips.

"Thanks for what?" inquired my guest.

"I really think you must, after all, be my dear captain's son. People do take another name sometimes for family reasons. I have myself a cousin, *né* Hyde, who, to please a rich godfather, has taken the less euphonious name of Jackson. Such a likeness could scarcely be accidental.

"Captain Hyde," I said, "will you forgive me if I ask you to pursue this conversation no further—at present? I confess that I am in a difficulty, which I am not sure that I have a right to explain to you, an utter stranger. And yet you were my—Captain Vassall's friend, so I may not call you stranger, though certainly you and I never met before to-day; also, young as I am, I know that I am speaking with a gentleman. I come, captain, to summon you to dinner; the snack you had in old Peter's cottage will scarcely have impaired your appetite."

"By all means," he replied; "I own that I shall be glad to dine. I think you said you were quite alone; otherwise, I am scarcely in dinner-table trim."

"Had I not, fortunately for myself, though unfortunately for you, captain, had you for my guest, my Christmas dinner must have been eaten in solitary state."

We did ample justice to Rebecca's good cheer, but when the repast was over, we were both so tired and dead beat that we fell asleep without any regard to conventionalities. I begged the captain, as soon as I saw him nodding, in spite of himself, to take the sofa, while I reposed myself in dear Margery's chair, and was speedily dreaming over again, though in sundry fantastic disguise, all the exciting adventures of the morning. Once more the lifeboat was being manned; once more I was tossing on the surging billows with the salt spray in my face: then the scene changed, and I was sailing on the Lake of Como, with Lady Olive, in a little cockleshell of a boat made of mother-of-pearl, with silken sails, and silver oars set with diamonds. Suddenly a storm broke! the wind raved; it blew; it rained; it thundered; and a horrible darkness came down from the mountains and gathered round us, only a pale phosphorescent glimmer lay in our wake, and just about our bark. And then we struck on a rock, and the black water poured over the sides of the fairy boat, and the silken sails were rent to pieces, and we were both struggling in just such giant-waves as I had battled with a few hours back off the Tarbutt Rock. And as I snatched at Lady Olive's long black hair, she shrieked and turned

into a dreadful scaly sea-monster. And awful peals of thunder echoed from the mountains round.

I awoke with a start to find I had been asleep nearly two hours, and that the thunder was the noise of an avalanche of coals and wood, with which Rebecca had just replenished the slowly dying fire. My guest was still in a sound slumber, and, as I still felt drowsy, I dozed off again, and slept tranquilly, without any particular dreams or nightmares, till Rebecca awoke me once more,—purposely, I believe, by clattering the fire-irons.

“Dear me, Rebecca, what time is it?” I asked, feeling suddenly wide awake.

“Why, it’s getting on for ten o’clock, Master Hugh; at least it’s full half-past nine. Will you have tea or supper when the strange gentleman wakes? He has had more than four hours of it, and he has been as fast as a church, though I don’t think it is particularly complimentary to any church to make such a comparison.”

“We’ll have tea-supper, Rebecca—a sort of ‘high-tea,’ you know. We’ll try the mince-pies that we did not touch at dinner-time, chiefly because we got stalled on your pudding, which Captain Hyde declares is the best he ever tasted. But I am afraid you have been very lonely all this while, ‘biding your lane,’ as dear granny would have said.”

“Well, Master Hugh,” said Rebecca, turning very pink, “I was not to say alone. A friend came to see me—Jem Flower, you know, one of the under-gardeners. It was he that Mrs. Miller sent with the fruit and the sweet things this morning; *she* knows we are friends-like, and Jem promised to come down this evening and cheer me up a bit, for I do feel dull, thinking of them who are gone, and a house must feel eerie-like the day after two corpses have been borne out of it. So he has been sitting with me ever since I carried your dinner out; I thought you would not mind.”

The last sentence was added abruptly, as if the maiden had just recollected that I was now the person in authority at the Gate-house.

“Mind! No. I am right glad you had such good company. Jem Flower is a nice fellow; I’ve had many a talk with him about standard roses and bulbs, and I was surprised to find how much he knew.”

“Jem’s knowledgeable, that’s what he is,” said Rebecca with emphasis. “See! the captain is waking up, Mr. Hugh; I’ll make some coffee at once.”

The captain, indeed, was awaking with many yawns, at the first not being able to make out where he was. Of course he offered no end of apologies for what he called his ill-manners in falling asleep in such unsocial fashion. I hastened to assure him that I had slept

as long and as soundly as himself, and to beg that while he honoured me with his company he would do exactly as he liked, and make himself comfortable without hesitation or ceremony.

He promised me that he would, and soon afterwards Rebecca came in with her fragrant coffee and the rest of the "high-tea," in which I had proposed that we should indulge; and we settled ourselves once more at the table, neither of us feeling at all like going early to bed. I told Rebecca to fasten up the house as soon as Jem went away, and to leave us the kettle and a scuttle full of coals, and go to bed as soon as she liked, for we could wait on ourselves very well for the rest of the evening. Nothing loth, Rebecca bade us good-night, and my guest and I were left to ourselves.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CAPTAIN HYDE'S REVELATIONS.

"Should you mind telling me all you know about Captain Vassall?" I asked, when my new friend and I had finished our repast, and I had furnished him with the requisites for "a smoke," which I felt sure must be essential to his comfort.

"All I know? Well, I could hardly do that to-night, unless we sat up till morning, and then something would be left untold. But I can answer any questions you wish to ask."

"When did you first know Captain Vassall?"

"It is five-and-twenty years ago and more since I first knew him. I ran away from home and went to sea when I was a lad; that was how I made his acquaintance. I will tell you how it was if you like."

"There is nothing I should like better if you are not too tired."

"No, I am not particularly tired; I should not go to sleep again if I went to bed yet awhile, and I had rather not lie awake, tossing from side to side and brooding over my misfortunes, which I shall do the minute I am left alone. For a man who was actually shipwrecked this morning I think I am wonderfully jolly; but losing my ship is a serious matter, though, since no lives are lost, I will not complain. The great loss falls upon myself, for which I am devoutly thankful; I was chief proprietor, you see, as well as captain. I meant this to be my last voyage; now I shall have to turn to with a will again. I am not ruined, but I am all the worse, considerably the worse, through the loss of the *Coromandel*."

"Was she insured?"

"Yes; I am glad to say she was, though not to the full amount. And some of the cargo we landed at Bordeaux, and some things may possibly be recovered from the wreck. Things are not so bad but that they might be worse, thank God! Indeed, I have so much to thank Him for that I don't know where to begin."

"Is there any one who will be anxious about you?"

"My little girl would be anxious enough did she guess what has happened. But she scarcely expected me home so soon, and I shall telegraph to her the first thing to-morrow morning. She will get the message long before there is a chance of her hearing of the wreck."

"You are a married man, then?"

"I am a widower, with one child. Shall I tell you my story now?"

"I am longing to hear it."

"It is a very simple one, and will scarcely interest you, I fear. Well! I was the eldest son of a man of good family and of good position. My father was also a wealthy man, and his estate was one of the finest in Berkshire—my county. But the entail had been broken in his grandfather's time, and only one small portion of the estate remained unentailed. My mother died when I was quite a child; I can only dimly remember her. After her death my father doated on me. He petted me and indulged me in every whim. I am afraid I was that disagreeable, obnoxious animal—a spoiled child! But the remedy was at hand. My father, who was about forty-five years of age at the time, fell in love with an extremely handsome young lady, whom he met at the house of one of his friends. She fell in love with him too, or with his estate, and she determined to become his wife. She had no fortune of her own. She was the daughter of a very needy and unprincipled ex-governor of some obscure place on the other side the globe; but she was undeniably beautiful, and her manner was singularly attractive. All this is nothing to you, though; enough to say she compassed her ends, and married my father, who brought home his lovely bride—twenty years his junior—in triumph, and presented her to me as my '*mother!*' Now there are stepmothers of all sorts—good, very good; bad, very bad; and indifferent! Mine was *very bad*, unless I do her foul injustice. It was partly my own fault, I know, but she hated me from the first, and I—I repaid the sentiment with compound interest. I had had my father all to myself; my home all to myself; I had played first fiddle on every occasion. Now, my father was devoted to *her*. She was naturally mistress of the house and I became a person of less than secondary importance. Perhaps I do her wrong. I know I must have been a most aggravating youth; but we were always daggers-drawn, and at fierce issue on some point or other. I have heard that my father to my mother was a kind but not over-indulgent husband, while on his new wife he lavished such a wealth of affection as astonished those who knew him best. He had been remarkable for his undemonstrative carriage not only towards his first wife, but towards all his relatives, save myself; now he was singularly tender, and almost foolishly

caressing. Indeed, people sneered at him and his wife—as well they might—for the perpetual love-making and *spooning* carried on between them in the presence of others!

“Her influence over him was unbounded; she could make him think exactly what she chose; and whatever she willed to be done was always done, sooner or later. She was Queen Regnant; he was only Prince Consort, with such powers as it suited her to leave in his hands. When she had children of her own, things grew worse. She hated me for being the elder son, and she was jealous of my position as future head of the family. I confess I did nothing to mend matters, and I intensely disliked the new babies, as they arrived—the usurpers, as I deemed them, of all my rights and prerogatives. I do not believe these children were worse than others of their age; but they grew to be to me insufferable torments, and I got into trouble continually through them. Some charge was always being preferred against me, and I was everlastingly in disgrace and under punishment; and her punishments were somehow of the most humiliating order. When I was nearly twelve, I went to school, where I got on very well, and kept on good terms with both masters and fellow-pupils; but the holidays were seasons of penance, to which I looked forward with a shrinking dread.

“I was about fourteen, and I was at home for the Easter vacation. It was nearly over, and in two more days I should return to school, and to happiness; when, unfortunately, little Frank came out to me as I lay on ‘the Mound’ one morning, reading. The Mound had always been my chosen play-place; and as I grew older, I brought there my favourite books, and read and studied, whenever the weather permitted. It was in a remote part of the grounds; people seldom passed that way, and I had it chiefly to myself. It was, I should say, from fifteen to eighteen feet in height from the ground; on three sides it sloped gradually, on the fourth it formed a little precipice, and went sheer down to a mossy gravel walk beneath, much overgrown by evergreens and other shrubby trees. There was a little grotto at the bottom, which had been made to please me, when my wishes were paramount, years before; but it had fallen to decay, and was now nothing more than a heap of stones, and shells, and rubbish.

“Well, I lay there reading in the pleasant April sunshine, when up came my little brother Frank, and began to plague me in his tiresome childish fashion. I told him to go away; he persisted in annoying me, calling me ‘Miss Molly,’ and daring me to hit him, as I threatened. At last he came close to me, and kicked my book away to the bottom of the Mound. In my anger I struck him a violent blow: I did not mean to hurt him, only to frighten him and drive him away; but, to my horror, he reeled—I had struck

more heavily than I intended; he staggered, and fell plump over the steep side of the Mound. I rushed down after him; he was senseless, and looked quite dead. I believed I had murdered him, and my only thought was how to get away. I stole back to the house, and hurriedly equipped myself for a journey. I took what little money I possessed, and a few things which I valued, and managed to gain the high road by a side gate. I set off for Southam with all possible speed, resolving to put into execution my long-cherished scheme of going to sea!"

"Did you really kill the child?"

"Thank God, no! He was only stunned and bruised, and in a few days or weeks was none the worse; but I did not know that till long afterwards. My home henceforth was closed to me, and I became a wanderer upon the face of the earth, or rather upon the face of the sea; for after I once took to salt-water I was never for long together upon dry land."

"And so you met Captain Vassall?"

"So I met him. Of course no respectable ship would take in a runaway, as I palpably was; I was afraid too of being detained and sent home as a prisoner. I managed at last to get on board a schooner just going to sail, and obtained service as cabin-boy. Ah! I little knew what cabin-boy life, in such a wretched vessel, and under such a captain, or skipper rather, meant. No story of boys ill-used at sea was ever worse than my experience; I was starved, beaten, tortured, robbed! the only wonder is I did not die. I should have died doubtless but for the kindness of a young man who himself suffered severely from the tyranny and insolence of the skipper. He often stood between me and the heartless cruelty of my tormentors; he fed me by stealth, when else I should have sunk from sheer exhaustion; he nursed me when I was sick, and lay untended in my miserable hammock, slung in a filthy hole of a cabin, the air of which was nothing short of poison! I need not say my friend was Hugh Vassall. He had suffered himself, and his was always a noble, generous nature, and to succour the afflicted was to him a matter of course."

"How long did you sail with this wicked man, the master of the schooner?"

"Only for one voyage, but it was a long one. Not being under articles, I got away as soon as we got into port, and Hugh, who had served his time, went with me. We found berths together in another and a better vessel, and under a kind though strict captain; and, as we both tried to do our duty, we prospered and rose in the ranks. Hugh and I became fast friends; as David's soul was knit unto Jonathan's, so was my soul knit unto Hugh Vassall's. At last he rose to be captain, and I proudly sailed under him.

After a while he married ; I went to the wedding, for of course I must be best man ! Oh, what a lovely creature she was ! I have never beheld so perfectly beautiful a woman since, though I have seen many fair ladies of high degree, and though my own sweet wife was as bonnie a lassie as ever stepped, but not to compare in point of actual beauty with Nellie Vassall ! The last time we sailed together, he told me that he had a little son, who was named Hugh, after him. Our next voyage was to be made in a far finer vessel, and I was to be first-mate ; my future and his promised brightly. While we were lying becalmed in the South Seas, hundreds of miles from land, he fell sick with cholera and dysentery, and in spite of all our care,—for every sailor, man and boy, on board worshipped him, and hoped to go with him to the new ship,—in spite of prayers, and tears, and watching, he died on the third day ; and the next morning at sunrise we committed his body to the deep. I read the service of the Church of England over him. I helped lower him into the sea. I have known many happy days since then, and I have loved and been loved in return, and to some extent fortune has smiled upon me ; but I have never forgotten the memory of the man whom I loved and revered above all created beings.”

“Did you ever try to find out his widow and child ?”

“Of course I did ! I meant to work for them, to be to her as a brother, to the boy as a father, if it might be. But I could not return to England at once ; it was months before I again set foot on my native shores ; and then when I went to seek Mrs. Vassall, she was gone, no one knew whither ; and there was a strange tale about her in the lonely and remote sea-side village where she had lived.”

“What was it ?”

“They said she had gone away with a rich and titled gentleman, taking her child with her. She had *married* this man, they said—at least they ‘only hoped it was all right ;’ and a rumour had reached the place that she had deserted the boy. I made further inquiries, for at least I thought I might befriend the child ; but I could get no clue, and in a short time I had to sail again for South America. From that day to this I have heard no tidings of Nellie, nor of her child ; but when I saw you this afternoon, after you were dressed, I thought I saw Hugh Vassall once more. My next thought was, that you must be the child of whom he spoke with so much pride and tenderness in our last voyage together. None but father and son could so resemble each other.”

And then I told him all the truth. How could I withhold it ? I felt that my father would have wished me to confide in this

man, who had been his own most trusted friend. I related every circumstance that I could think of, and we did not end our talk till the church clock chimed three-quarters after three; and in common prudence we went to bed, deferring all further conferences until next day—or rather till we had slept and risen again; for Christmas-day was over, and the 26th of December had well commenced.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN NATURE.

“Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.”

BRYANT.

Music is sometimes called the daughter of heavenly spheres; but if that is her true home, then men must have come from very different spheres, for in none of the arts do we meet with a greater variety of tastes. Chinese singing sounds to our ear like heart-rending squealing; and a Persian ambassador not so very long ago listened with delight to the tuning of instruments in the orchestra of the great opera at Paris, but lost his enthusiasm as soon as the overture began, and left the house disgusted with the discordant noises.

Nature does not guide us, for the sounds she produces differ mainly in the greater or lesser regularity with which they are repeated. The pattering of rain-drops on the roof is a spasmodic explosion of short dissonant notes; in the purling of a brook, and the rustling of leaves, the transitions are softer and less sudden, while the howling of the wind presents sounds which change continually, rising and sinking gradually, but without regularity or rhythm. Hence the difference between mere noise and a sound. If we let a piece of wood fall on the ground we hear a noise; but if we drop seven small pieces of equal size, but different thickness, in the same manner, we hear distinctly a regular scale, although each sound by itself does not produce a musical impression. The so-called straw-fiddle, consisting of wooden staves which are struck with cork hammers, does not sound unpleasantly. The Chinese even string small pebbles on wires, and strike them in a prescribed order with a small mallet; the music is sweet enough to please even fastidious ears. In our orchestras also there are instruments the sole use of which is the marking of time by rhythmical noises; such are the cymbals, castanets, and kettle-drums.

Inorganic nature produces only noises—no musical sounds. The rolling thunder, the fury of the tempest, the rustling of leaves in a

forest, the pleasant prattle of a mountain brook, and the mighty roar of the ocean—all these are nothing more than a mass of confused noises. It is only occasionally that mere accident lends to these sounds a musical character. Such were the utterances of the Memnon statue at the rising of the sun, and such are the sounds heard in the famous Fingal Cave on the island of Staffa. The rear of this cave is dark, and perfectly cut off from the outer world, while prismatic pillars of basalt form something which resembles an organ. Upon penetrating to the farthest end of the cave, a wide opening is seen almost on a level with the surface of the water, from which harmonious sounds are heard whenever the waves wash over the edge, and water falls into the abyss beyond. It is this circumstance which has given the grotto in Welsh the name of *Llaimhbinn*, or Cave of Music.

In like manner the winds of heaven may be forced to utter harmonious sounds by offering them a so-called *Æolian harp*, invented by Athenasius Kircher. The instrument consists simply of a wooden frame, with a thin sounding-board, and an arbitrary number of catgut strings stretched over two bridges near the small end. If this wind-harp, as it is often called, is placed in such a manner before a half-open window, or in an opening of a turret, that the current of air strikes it sideways; it sends forth a great variety of harmonious notes in several octaves. The telegraph-wires of our day produce, for like reasons, a humming noise, which is not always unmusical; but here electricity is said to lend its powerful aid.

The animal world abounds, on the contrary, in countless noises, from the coarse and repulsive grunt to the exquisite music of accomplished songsters. Many animals, it is well known, learn to imitate human speech, but there remains always this difference between the speech of man and that of animals, that the voice of the former is free and at his command, while the latter cry, and howl, and sing as a matter of necessity. No animal utters a sound without being forced to do so by some affection, be it love, or wrath, or suffering. Even when birds hear a harp or a flute, and then begin to vie with their sounds, it is only because their imagination has been so violently excited that they cannot remain silent any longer.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that most animals speak very intelligibly for each other. The warning cluck of the hen, the absurd gobbling of the wild turkey, the bell of the deer—all these voices are well understood by those for whom they are intended. It is true they only convey sentiments, and not ideas, but in this they resemble the utterances of very young children. The storks assemble on convenient meadows, range themselves in large

half-circles, and listen to speeches delivered by their elders, or hold solemn council with each other. A woodpecker laughs almost like a man; the mocking bird literally mocks other animals by parodying their voices; and the cock of the barn-yard converses with his hens, like a sultan in his harem.

Jules Richard tells us of a humble official in a public hospital, who claimed to be able to converse with cats, dogs, and especially monkeys. The narrator received an invitation from him to accompany him to the Jardin des Plantes, and followed him to the barrier around the famous monkey-house. The old man uttered a most extraordinary sound, deep down in his throat, and immediately four monkeys sat down in front of him. He spoke again, and three more came. He repeated the same sounds, and at last the whole population of the colossal cage sat in long rows before the strange man. Then he addressed them soberly and solemnly; the brutes crossed their hands on their knees, laughed, gesticulated, and—answered. When the old man at last made a motion to go away, the monkeys became evidently alarmed, and, upon his leaving the open space before the house, real cries of anguish were heard. The animals climbed up on the wires and poles, and looked after their friend from their vantage-ground as long as he could be seen.

Among animals, birds are most liberally endowed by nature in point of voice. Parrots, it is well known, imitate the human voice to perfection, but they repeat everything they hear, and the stories about their superior intelligence are all more or less fabulous. A French sea-captain, who loved music without being able to distinguish correct or false notes, had a parrot, who sang after him the refrain of an old drinking song—

"Quand je bois du vin clair,
Tout tourne au cabaret,"

and copied the false notes of its master so faithfully, that he excited invariably the inexhaustible laughter of all who knew the bird and its owner. No man could ever have been able to sing so admirably false.

Birds which have a thick, rounded tongue, like the jay, the pie, and the raven, learn to speak more or less distinctly, while birds with cloven tongues learn more easily to whistle. The American mocking-bird surpasses them all; he sings and speaks not only with equal facility, but imitates all noises, from the flute-like song of the nightingale to the rumbling of a heavily-laden cart on the pavement of a street, and even gesticulates at the time, as if he knew what he was doing. The nightingale is the queen of European birds; her song is unsurpassed in real beauty and sweetness of sound, and, withal, so loud that it reaches as far as the human voice. Pliny tells us that the sons of the Emperor Claudius owned

several nightingales who spoke Greek and Latin, but they cannot have been the birds which bear that name now, for they are not known to learn to speak in our day. Next to the nightingale, the skylark is most highly praised in Europe, and deserves the popular esteem in which it is held, not only for the beauty and exuberant cheerfulness of its song, but also for the rare perseverance with which it sings almost uninterruptedly from early spring to late in autumn. The skylark sings only in the clear, blue ether; the higher it mounts the greater efforts the brave little fellow makes to be heard, and finally it seems determined to verify the poet's words,

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,"

for its song is still audible when the tiny bird has long since vanished from sight.

Very different from the lark's merry song, and yet characteristic of the surroundings, is the strange voice of the bell-bird of Brazil, whose voice sounds exactly like the ringing of a bell, and may be heard at times for miles. Every morning its loud call resounds over the vast plains, and even at midday, when all other animals sink, overcome by the day's heat, into silent stupor, its cry still continues its fanciful rhythm—a piercing note, then a minute's pause; another note and another cry, and then a third; after this follows an interval of six or eight minutes' silence, and then the three spasmodic cries are repeated.

The ancients added to the number of singing-birds the swan, although they ascribed to him the power of song only at the moment of death. There seems to be no foundation whatever to this statement, and yet, in popular language, the last effort of expiring genius continues to be called his swan's song. Buffon, it is true, said that, amid the trumpet-like blasts which wild swans utter when marshalling their hosts in the air, there may be discovered certain harmonious modulations. To the common ear, however, they are imperceptible.

The ancients seem to have had altogether different views from ours as to the sweetness of sounds. To them there was music in the song of the tree-cricket, and Anacreon dedicated to the insect, of which Tennyson says—

"At eve a dry cicada sung,"

one of his sweetest odes. "Oh, blessed tree-locust," he says, "thou who singest like a queen upon the high tops of trees, feeding on dew. The Muses love thee, and Phoebus Apollo, who gave thee thy melodious song." Homer also compares the insinuating eloquence of the old men of Troy to the rival songs of the cicadas. To our ear the noise of the tree-locust is anything but sweet. In

the south of Europe, as well as with us, the dry, harsh noise is associated with great heat and parching drought, and its monotonous repetition becomes easily irksome, if not intolerable. This genuine ventriloquist is often confounded by the ignorant with the true locust, which produces a similar noise, but for another purpose and by different means. All the springers—namely, when they wish to mate, call their females by a chirp produced by the friction of their hard, thickly-veined wing-covers. It is the green field-locusts which natives of Africa often carefully raise in miniature cages, because their monotonous love-song helps to lull these cannibals to sleep. The nomadic locust, on the contrary—the terror of all farmers and gardeners in Eastern lands—produces a much louder noise, by rubbing its hard leg against the horny wing-covers, very much as a violinist's bow passes over the strings of his instrument. A kind of tiny drum, with a thin skin stretched over it, serves to increase the odd sounds, which vary greatly as the owner tries to allure a youthful beauty or defies a dangerous rival. The Persian Yersin has reduced their chirping to notes, as Charles Butler, in his "*Female Monarchy*," writes down the humming of swarming bees, and states exactly how the young queen begs her mother to let her take a swarm from the old stock, and what the old lady replies.

Amphibia are by no means silent; even the hideous crocodile has its register of notes, from the cat-like cry of the young monster just slipping out of its egg, to the roar of the old man-eater. Even in Egypt passers-by are occasionally taken in by their cries, which at times sound exactly like the whine of young children. Most lizards utter notes either when taken up roughly, or, as Anquetil reports, in anticipation of earthquakes. Serpents generally can only hiss, although the rattlesnake has a musical instrument of its own, on which it gives fair warning before it strikes, and hence has earned the respect of the Indians, who call it a gentleman, because it never attacks by stealth. Frogs, it is well known, have not only their love-songs, unattractive as they appear to our ear, but perform regular concerts during the warm summer nights. They evidently derive great pleasure from their efforts, and try to outsing their rivals—a tendency which literally silences man and beast in tropical countries.

Thus there are a thousand voices continually swelling the great anthems which Nature sings to its Creator by day and by night. For even when we fancy that all is still and silent around us, in deepest solitude, in the darkest night, on the highest mountain-top, there are still sounds uttered which may not lie within the compass of all ears, but which become distinctly audible when our hearing is properly attuned. For as there are sounds so low or so

high that the human ear cannot perceive them, so we are apt to listen only to those sounds which we expect; and others, heard perhaps by a person standing near us, escape our attention.

Every region, moreover, has its own acoustic nature—large cities have an incessant roar, now low and deep, now loud and overwhelming, the “*confusæ sonus urbis*”—the result of the unceasing activity of hundred thousands of men, as the beehive resounds with the hum of busy labourers. The roar of London may be heard for miles and miles; and yet Paris noises are louder, because the city is largely built upon an elastic soil, which overhangs the catacombs, and serves like a sounding-board to increase the sound. The country, on the other hand, is filled with Nature’s own voices, the singing of birds, the cries of animals, the purling of the brook, and the music of the wind in the branches of trees. In wilder regions, and especially in South America, more powerful voices claim the precedence, as Humboldt describes so graphically in his “*Cosmos*.” He was encamping for the night under the open sky, in a sandy plain on the banks of the Apure, and in close neighbourhood to a magnificent forest. The moon was shining brightly, and deep silence reigned all around, broken only now and then by the snorting of sweet-water dolphins. Towards midnight, however, the forest awoke of a sudden with such a medley of fierce cries and terrible noises, that sleep was out of question. It was a fearful concert of all the utterances with which animals may be endowed, from the hoarse gargling noise of the aheates to the flute-like mourning and wailing of little sapajou-monkeys; from the roar of the American tiger, the peccary, and the sloth, to the piercing cries of countless parrots and other birds. At times the caguar’s roar was heard high up in the top branches of trees, and then it was always accompanied by the screaming of monkeys as they tried to escape from the murderer’s stealthy paw. The Indians ascribe this fearful noise to the effect which moonlight has on the beasts of the forest; but it rises to the highest pitch during a pouring rain. or when, amid heavy claps of thunder, lightning suddenly strikes and illumines the deep forest.

Noon, on the contrary, presents in the tropics a striking contrast, for then the intolerable heat of the sun drives all animals to seek the shade of the jungle and the forest, and even the birds creep under the leaves and into small crevices to escape from the death-bearing rays. Their place is swiftly filled with lizards and salamanders of every hue and shape, who lie with panting, open mouth, motionless on the sand or on hot rocks, and seem to inhale the burning air with speechless delight. Yet even then the silence that seems to reign on earth is not absolute. Pan slumbers, but countless numbers of insects are still busy away down near the roots

of grass and herbs. The attentive listener hears the incessant hum that still continues close to the ground; in every bush, under the bark of trees, in the sand and the moss, and even close below the surface of the ground, life is still busy and sounds are still uttered. Such is the voice in which Nature converses with man.

Man himself has at least two kinds of sounds by which he can make his thoughts and feelings known to others—one he calls language, the other music. In fact, however, music is a language, like all others, which makes up in softness and beauty what it may lack in precision and accuracy. It has been called, not inaptly, dreamy speech.

The ancients comprehended under the term of music the harmonious order of all things, and hence included, besides the music of our day, dancing, poetry, and even the sciences. The great philosophers of Greece, hence, saw music in the whole system of the universe, and bequeathed thus to posterity the mystic views of a harmony of the spheres, and the music of the Cosmos, which was long the favourite theme of mediæval writers, revived through the agency of Swedenborg, and will probably long survive in spite of our better knowledge of the true nature of celestial bodies. Although music is exclusively man's prerogative—the songs of angels cannot be of the same nature, though miracles may make them audible to human ears—Nature was here also his first teacher. The singing of birds and the thousand sounds of lifeless nature led, no doubt, at an early period to efforts at imitation. Diodorus repeats the popular legend which ascribes the invention of flutes to the ingenuity of a shepherd, who had listened with delight to the whispering of the wind in the reeds of a lake. String-instruments followed probably soon, and may, plausibly enough, have begun with the hollow shell of a tortoise, over which accidentally a string was stretched tightly. The Bible tells us in like manner of Jubal, the jubilant, the musician, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," who was descended from Cain through his parents Lamech and Adah—a fact which has led many a stern Puritan and dreamy fanatic to attribute all manner of evil effects to the cultivation of arts, and especially of music.

The fundamental idea of the ancients in regard to the power of music was this: that the human soul had been created in perfect harmony; that this harmony was more or less destroyed by its contact with earthly life, and that music alone had the Divine power to restore its pristine purity and perfection. Modern theories, on the contrary, look upon music as the language of angels and sinless beings, with whom man dwelt before he was sent into this wicked world, and teach that a few strains and faint echoes still linger in

his mind, which he tries to utter by means of the beautiful art. All nations, however, agree upon the almost magic power indwelling in music. Now it enables Orpheus to tame the wild beasts of the forest and to induce rocks and mighty trees to join in merry dance, and now it enables Amphion to build the walls of Thebes, the stones following willingly the impulse given by the sounds of his lyre. In one age music thus builds cities; in another it casts down the walls of Jericho. In distant Finland the god Wainamonen strikes his cithern, and the waves of the sea grow calm, the trees wave their branches in time with his strains, the bears remain motionless in the forests, and at last the god himself is so deeply moved, that he sheds a torrent of tears, which instantly change into pearls. India is full of extravagant myths connected with the power of music, not over men only, but over the gods themselves, and speaks of a famous singer, whose charms were so potent, that once, when he recited a song dedicated to Night, the sun hid itself, and deep darkness spread around him as far as his voice reached.

At other times music inflames or soothes the passions of men. David's harp calmed the storm in Saul's fierce heart, and the great tenor, Farinelli, conquered the tempests in the bosom of King Philip V. of Spain. A famous musician could rouse Alexander the Great to madness by the mere style of his performance, and calm him again by returning to the manner of the Lydians.

The ancient poem of the Gudrun, one of the noblest songs ever sung by men of our race, praises the power of an old sea-king, Haraud, whose voice had such magic power that, when he sang, the wild beasts in the woods came forth, and the birds in the trees ceased their carols, in order to listen. One of the Provençal troubadours made good use of the mysterious power inherent in music. He was travelling through a dark forest, when suddenly a band of robbers rushed forth, dragged him from his horse, took his money, stripped him of his clothing, and at last proposed to murder him in cold blood. Then Peter of Chateaufort begged them at least to let him sing one more favourite song before he must die. The robbers consented, and he sang, accompanying himself with the cithern, a song which he improvised on the spot; it touched them so deeply that they gave him his life, returned him his property, and dismissed him with great admiration and reverence.

But we need not go back to the days of antiquity, or ancient legends, to find examples of the magic power of music. Everybody has heard of the *Ranz des Vaches*, which makes the children of Switzerland homesick unto death when they hear it in foreign lands, and led so many of the old Swiss Guard of the Bourbons in France to commit suicide, that at last the playing of the air by military bands had to be strictly prohibited. Nor must we forget

the importance which all great generals attach to the effect of good music on their men, so that even the lately dethroned Emperor of France was compelled to reinstate the regimental bands which, in a moment of economical zeal, had been partly abolished. Few men are insensible to the influence of quick, lively music; it drives the blood faster through the veins, and rouses the most sluggish heart. Shakespeare called even the drum the great maker of courage, and history has more than is flattering to our race to tell of the blood shed by men acting under the impulse given by the Marseillaise. Nevertheless, not all men are equally susceptible to the charms of music; but, where it is not, as often must be the case, purely the fault of the ear, it draws upon the unlucky man in popular estimation, at least, the well-known stigma, that

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

St. Augustine, from whom more Christian charity might have been expected, accounts such insensible persons accursed; but the example of great and otherwise richly-endowed men has taught us to seek the explanation rather in some organic defect. It is even a question, whether too great susceptibility is not, perhaps, the more serious misfortune. Some persons cannot hear certain notes, or, at least, certain melodies, without being moved to tears; and even the health of others has been affected by one or the other instrument. The physicians of insane asylums are fully familiar with the effects of music on their unfortunate patients, and employ it largely in their efforts to calm the more excitable sufferers. In the middle ages a number of diseases were considered curable by music, including stupidity. Occasionally this opinion rested upon mere superstition, as when Batisto Porta seriously states that a flute of hellebore cured dropsy, and one of poplar-wood was good for rheumatism; but when we are told that St. Vitus's dance can be cured, perhaps homœopathically, by dance-music, there is at least a grain of truth in the popular fancy. The air prescribed in such cases is generally the Tarantella—a name derived from the poisonous spider, whose bite was in olden times believed to be the cause of the terrible disease. When the latter was endemic in Italy, bands of musicians would wander up and down the peninsula, offering their services to the afflicted; now both the disease and the method of curing it have fallen into oblivion.

The influence which music has on us is mainly exercised through the nervous system; hence children, with their delicate, excitable nerves, are most easily impressed by it, lulled to sleep by a simple lullaby, or frightened to death by a sudden cry. Montaigne's father appreciated this so fully, that he ordered his son to be awaked in

the morning by pleasing music, hoping thus to prepare his mind for the day's work with cheerfulness and clearness. But grown men are not less open to the happy influences of music; a hearty song, a rhythmic beating of the drum, or a clear clanging of trumpets, are great helps on a long, weary march, as even keeping step relieves the fatigue considerably. Workmen hoisting heavy weights, and sailors raising the anchor, sing to ease their task; and the negro in the corn-field or the sugar-mill is never happy unless he can shout his favourite melodies.

Dogs have a strange but varied susceptibility for music, as Buffon already observed. Some are passionately fond of certain instruments, and come running up in all haste when they see the preparations for a concert. Others, again, cannot bear them, and suffer miserably when they are played; they raise a terrible howl, and try to hide in the remotest corner. Still others have a strong antipathy against certain sounds only, and poodles and King Charles' spaniels are said to be especially opposed to the higher notes of a violin.

The elephant is, in spite of his unwieldy size and apparently inactive ear, a great lover of music; he not only learns to move in time, but even to accompany the drum and the flute with certain inarticulate sounds. Buffon once caused a series of experiments to be made in order to ascertain at least the individual taste of an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes. Simple melodies, played on the violin, seemed to give him great pleasure, while the variations made apparently no impression; but when a horn-player gave him a favourite air of those days, "*Charmante Gabrielle*," he became very much excited, danced on his huge legs, and made even an effort to accompany the music with a few grunts. At last he put his trunk into the open end of the instrument, as if to draw out the music itself, and then caressed the player most tenderly to show him his gratitude.

Plutarch and Pliny abound with anecdotes concerning this love of music found among animals. The story of Arion and his dolphin is universally known, and the middle ages have added largely to the number of similar fables. More reliable are modern accounts of occasional effects produced by music. Such is the well-authenticated story of a village musician, who returned late at night somewhat tipsy from a wedding, and fell on his way through a dark forest into a pit dug for wolves. The unfortunate man, becoming instantly sober, found that he was not alone in the pit, and instinctively seized his violin. The wolf did not like the music, crept into the farthest corner, and howled piteously. The poor fiddler, seeing that his life depended on his music, played indefatigably till day broke, but, alas! with it broke also one of his strings after the other.

When at last help came he was playing, like Paganini, on a single string, and was so exhausted that the people who drew him up thought he had died in the process.

Of the lower animals serpents are most famous for their love of music, which has led to their being regularly trained by such means to dance and to obey the orders of their masters. Lizards share this fondness with them, and in the South, and especially in the West Indies, negroes can at all times lure them from their hiding-places by gently whistling. Even hideous spiders have an ear for music. Michelet tells of one of them the following touching story. The famous violinist, Berthome, owed his early successes mainly to the strict seclusion in which he was kept as a child. He had but one companion in his solitude, whose existence no one suspected—a small spider. At first it kept close to a corner of the wall; then it advanced gradually upon the desk where the music lay; from thence to the boy himself, and finally upon the deft arm that wielded the bow. There it listened, all attention, a deeply-moved, sympathising amateur representing a whole assembly. This is all an artist needs in order to feel that his soul has a companion. Unfortunately one day the boy's stepmother brought a stranger into the room; she saw the sentimental spider at his post; a blow with the slipper annihilated the assembly. The boy fainted, was laid up for three months, and his life was saved with difficulty.

Such are some of the sounds which we hear, and such the remarkable effects which they produce upon men and animals. The manner in which these impressions are made is still a mystery; we do not know how sounds—mere waves of the air—can actually produce passions, soothe the excited and heal the diseased mind. The main agent is in all probability not the sound itself, but the rhythm, which may be separated from the former as the outline of a drawing may be seen without the colouring. Familiar airs, it is well known, may be divined by merely drumming, as it were, the rhythm on a window-pane. Certain motions of inanimate nature produce hence the same effect as music. The cascade that falls from a steep, rocky height, the brook running merrily between sandy banks, or the waves which restlessly beat against the sea-shore, affect the soul like visible music. We can sit for hours watching the waves as they come one by one, and ever try to catch each other without success. Their rhythmical change produces a happy, soothing effect upon the mind, and teaches us the power of regular, well-ordered motions upon the eye as well as upon the ear.

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE CITY OF PROVERB AND THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

WALK VIII.—REFLECTIONS CONCERNING CATSPAWS AND THEIR COGNATE IDEAS.

THE story is a very old one which has made this word, "catspaw," proverbial and parabolic. In some old time a monkey took a liking, and fancy for certain roasting chestnuts, but the difficulty was to get at them, or hold of them, without some injury done to his own paws; but a cat, herself comfortably enjoying the warmth of the fire, suggested to the monkey the possibility of employing her paws for his purposes. Possibly the story may be true, probably false; true or false, through all ages and in all countries, in ancient and in modern times, the story has found its fulfilment in the history of mankind. The proverb is matched by an older one, "*To draw the snake out of the hole with another's hand.*" The story itself seems an amusing one, and men have been disposed to derive amusement from the mishaps of their fellows, and some of the most entertaining stories in the world have for their burden a sort of rejoicing at the clever, and shrewd wit of those who thereby have taken in their neighbours. One of the oldest and most famous books of Germany "The Marvellous Adventures, and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass," is devoted to this merry view of human nature, as a thing to be played tricks with, cozened, cheated, and imposed upon, and there seem to be multitudes of men in the world who have not attained to any higher conception, and a world of proverbs and parables seem to have this reflection for their moral. Hamlet perceived this, and in one of the most expressive parts of the drama, the poet has represented him as resisting the purpose of Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern to use him as a catspaw:—

"Ham.—Will you play upon this pipe ?

"Guild.—My lord, I cannot.

"Ham.—I pray you.

"Guild.—Believe me, I cannot.

"Ham.—I do beseech you.

"Guild.—I know no touch of it, my lord.

"Ham.—'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

"Guild.—But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

"Ham.—Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little

organ, yet you cannot make it. Why, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? *Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.*"

There are natures which live in cunning. The proverb says, "*The scorpion sleeps under the flat stone.*" They are perpetually on the watch for catspaws, and there are others who, in their simplicity and careless inability either to read or to cope with mankind, seem to furnish themselves a ready, and not unwilling, prey to the adroit sharpers. It has been said, "What the seal is to the Greenlander, the reindeer to the Laplander, or the camel to the Arab, cunning is to the base; they cannot live without it." Artfully they seem to walk through society as along the shores of a great river, fishing with double hooks and gilded flies. The description of these gentry in the prophet Habakkuk is admirable, and proverbial as admirable, "They take up men as fishes of the sea, as creeping things that have no ruler over them; they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag; then they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag, because by them they are made fat and their meat is plenteous;" or, not to be profane, to turn back to our first image, it is as if the monkey kissed his own paw, and sacrificed to it, and worshipped it because it had been so serviceable to him in providing him with chestnuts. So many a clever fellow reverences his own craft, chuckles over it, and thinks there is nothing like it in the world.

Goldsmith, all our readers will remember, has a very pleasant, and often-quoted, fable of the giant and the dwarf who were great friends, and went forth together to seek adventures. In their first encounter with some Saracens the dwarf, who was very courageous, struck an angry blow, which was answered to him by the loss of an arm. The giant, however, came to his assistance, and the Saracens got the worst of it. The giant cheered on his little friend, and they went forth again in search of more adventures, and presently met with some lewd and rapacious fellows bearing away a damsel. The indignation of the dwarf was fired. Again he struck the first blow, and this time he lost an eye. The giant came to the rescue, and the wicked ravishers fled. The young lady, in the fulness of her gratitude, fell in love with the giant and married him. But still on their way in search of adventures, they all fell in with a band of robbers. The giant enjoyed this immensely. "Come along, my little hero," he said, and the dwarf, plunging in the thick of the conflict, was so fortunate in the glorious encounter as to lose a leg. "Jump up, my little friend," said the giant; "one victory more, and we shall be glorious for ever." "No," said the dwarf, "I declare off; I've had enough of it. I have lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, and I notice that in

these encounters you get all the honour, and I get all the blows." It seems a pity that the conversion of the poor dwarf came to him so late, but there is a great deal of the catspaw in the philosophy of glory. Douglas Jerrold was a sharper satirist by far than the kindly Oliver Goldsmith. "Punch's Letters to His Son" may be not inaptly described as a series of dissertations upon the catspaw considered as a social element. Here we have the giant and the dwarf reproduced under another apologue, that of Captain Kite and Master Pigeon. But however acrid, as Nathaniel Hawthorne said, Jerrold's views of life in general, his designation of glory as a dull mountebank, a thing of strut, frippery, and emptiness, is perhaps not far from the truth. He says, "When St. Austin was a little boy, he and his mother went on a day's pleasure with a certain Roman prætor, to pay their respects to the tomb of Cæsar. St. Austin has handed down to us the following lively portrait of the Imperial corpse: 'It looked of a blue mould, the bone of the nose laid bare, the flesh of the nether lip quite fallen off, his mouth full of worms, and in his eye-pit a hungry toad feasting upon the remnant portion of flesh and moisture; and so,' moralises the saint, 'he dwelt in his house of darkness.'" This is indeed no exaggerated description of much that passes for glory. It is summed up well in Southey's "Battle of Blenheim:"—

" ' But what good came of it at last ? '
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 ' Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
 ' But 'twas a famous victory.' "

And the whole history of military glory is, from first to last, little more than a satire upon catspaws.

The use of catspaws varies very much; sometimes it is in a very simple and almost innocent kind of way, and a stronger and better nature uses the inferior, but with no intention of doing it any mischief; like an innocent lady of whom we heard yesterday, who said, "I go to my husband for everything I want, excepting common-sense, and for that he always comes to me." One thinks there must have been a frequent use of the catspaw in that family, although not, perhaps, greatly to the detriment of the household, unless the children, of whom there were several, became aware of the mutual relations of the family chiefs. But this is the more insignificant exercise of the science; I suppose we must rise to great place to see it in its full adroitness and perfection. It is curious also, sometimes to see how pleasantly deceivers are themselves deceived, how the catspaw was no catspaw after all, but turned into an awkward fist to strike the monkey; how sometimes men have only been duped in appearance. There is a famous instance of this in the history of Frederick the Great, when, at the

partition of Poland, he created some surprise by settling down with so much smaller a portion of land than either Austria or Russia. It was supposed that even this sharp-sighted piece of majesty had been duped, until it was discovered that his portion would command the Vistula, and by this he could at any time shut up the commerce of either of his rivals; and while he could himself convey all kinds of merchandise and produce to the remotest parts of his own country, he could at any time paralyse the entire commerce of his enemies in the interior.

Such are those instances of which we speak as "*Diamond cut diamond*," and when the catspaw turns out to be something quite different to what it was supposed to be, as in the following singular instance we remember to have met with. It is not long since a jeweller was applied to by a nice-looking man to make a gold ring for him, having in it a blade, very delicate and keen, concealed except on a narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring. A bargain was made to furnish it for about seven or eight pounds. On the appointed day the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was fobbed very complacently, and with an air of high satisfaction the nice-looking man put it on his finger. The jeweller, of course very innocently, asked what he wanted to do with such an article; to which the reply was, "To cut open pockets with." "Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, "how can you do such things with such an instrument and not be detected?" The performer replied that his art consisted in diverting the attention of people from everything that looked like design upon them; that he rubbed his forehead, adjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came too late. He bade him good morning, and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he walked round the counter, was accosted by the clerk: "Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to tear them so?" "Nothing that I know of," was the answer. "Where?" "Why, just look." When, lo! his pocket was found to have been cut out by the "artist," with his new instrument, and his pocket-book gone, with not only the money just paid, but with some hundred pounds in notes beside.

There are natures which love mischief for its own sake. Show them that an equal profit is to be made, and they prefer the round-about policy; they like a torturing, puzzling, perplexing path. We have perhaps already quoted a saying of Coleridge, "A rogue is a roundabout fool—a fool in circumbendibus;" hence that other proverb, "*Stolen waters are sweet*." Things are enjoyed from the mere fact of their having been knavishly come at. There is a story told of a Russian prince who, as he was travelling in his carriage with his servant, for whom he had considerable regard,

said to him confidentially, "Why do you rob me so?" "My prince," replied the servant, quite taken aback for the moment, "I must have my pleasures; the fatigues of your service require recreation. I have imbibed from your presence rather expensive tastes. I should have no genius for composing a dish, unless I refreshed my faculties with a little music, and I always arrange my ideas as they are put in order by the motion of a comfortable carriage. What else can I do?" "Let us understand one another," said the Prince; "you are necessary to me, and I am necessary to you; neither can do without the other. Is there no means of arranging matters? I will give you any amount of wages you require." The cook hesitated, stammered, and at length bursting into tears, exclaimed, "My prince, I would rather rob you." There is an amazing attraction, pleasure, and interest in things forbidden; not because they are better things, for they probably are worse, but simply because they are forbidden. An old divine says, "That Grandmother Eve caught such a cold in Paradise, that her whole posterity since have had a cough on the lungs which nothing allays but forbidden fruit." With what avidity a book is bought up if only it be prohibited and interdicted by authority; and how delicious to repeat a thing to another if only it be a secret. Venison is not in itself, surely, so particularly a desirable meat; but inasmuch as its use was once interdicted, and deer were preserved, it became most desirable. The poacher's business would be at an end but for game laws; and by so much the stronger as is the interdiction of anything, so much the more are men inflamed by earnest desires to possess it. Man seems to have an element in his nature passionately in love with secrecy; he seems to be a born gambler, and is always calculating chances; the games of mathematics and of chess chain and enchant higher and more philosophic natures; but what an excitement when the springs and snares are set round a man, when your detective watches the turnings and doublings of some no very innocent victim whom he feels to be completely within his coil. A little while ago we were in some of the inner, and, as they seemed to us, awful, offices in Scotland-yard. We went along the passages and corridors into the room where, at their desks and before their immense folios, policemen in uniform were seated working out their grim accounts, putting together their probabilities. We met there the Nadgetts and Bucketts, engaged in their sly, secretive tasks. While we were at one desk engaged with our police-clerk and his mysterious documents, on the other side, at some distance from us, was another, listening evidently intently to some just reported information. Another officer was spoken to. The folios of another huge volume were turned over, and these again compared with

another, and then I heard the expression, as a finger moved to some particular page, "That is the man." And it seemed as if a fiat had gone forth, folios were closed and put back in their places, Buckett hurried out of the office, and it was quite clear that a paw was issuing forth with some pretty fixed purpose against some one who had long been well watched. It all seemed horribly illustrative of the pleasure man is said to feel when engaged in hunting down his fellow man. A fox hunt is exciting, still more exciting the hunting some wild beast—some boar or tiger—through the wood or jungle. But all this is trifling compared with hunting a man through the bye-lanes and dark ways of our huge social forest. Those who engage in this are no longer the innocent puss of the fire-place, themselves subject to the whim of a mischief-making monkey, but the cruel and sharp-fanged creature, cat-like following up to its lair the victim.

Some time since a paper appeared in the *Spectator* entitled, "The Swindler considered as an Artist." It is a very suggestive topic; it is a topic full of interest, and in our day innumerable instances have occurred of men who have taxed their genius to the utmost, and in an artistic point of view that genius has sometimes in courts of law or in other places excited the highest admiration. The poor genius, it is true, got the worst of it, but it was impossible not to remark the adroit cleverness, equal by a subtle tact to the most marvellous emergencies. The *Spectator* recommended the swindlers to form themselves into an academy, in which, with the least possible danger to, and possibility of, detection of the movements of their own paws, they might exercise themselves in society. Some of the achievements of murder suggested to De Quincy whether it should not be regarded as a branch of the fine arts. It seems with much more propriety might swindling be regarded as a branch of the fine arts. What an illustration in the instance we have just given from the history of the jeweller! One instance occurred some years since in which swindling was by the amiable professor carried to so finely artistic and safe a point of procedure, that it has been suggested he deserved, in the event of the formation of such an academy, to be elected as its president. He opened an account with a bank in the City, and commenced a practice of paying in his office balance every evening and drawing it out every morning. He did not like, he said, to leave so much money, usually some thousands, in the office. The practice, though unusual, was tolerated for some weeks, and on the last day the cheque presented as usual. It was not till it had been paid and the money lost that the clerk discovered the cash had not as usual been paid in. The drawer had relied with a curious knowledge of human nature on the influence of habit, and the dislike of men to display unneces-

sary suspicion, and the dislike of all banks to do anything so violent as refuse an unsuspected customer's cheque. On the other hand, the swindler knew perfectly that if the cheque was refused it would be in the ordinary way—by a mere memorandum of insufficient effects, and when it was paid he was only in the position of a customer who had overdrawn, and was liable to a civil process. This was a great artist. There was no bungling, blundering, or clumsiness, and the circumstance has this further to commend it to our attention—that it is marvellously like a great deal of that over-reaching which passes in the casuistry of society beneath the complimentary epithet of tact. Mr. Layard gives us a curious illustration of an attempt to revive and regenerate an old custom by Mahomed Pasha on his road to his pashalic. This was the revival of a tax called "*tooth-money*!" and the amiable method and pretext for its enforcement was the collection of it from all the places through which he passed, especially where he had to stay a night and partook of food, and it was paid in compensation for the wear and tear of the pasha's teeth in the mastication of his food. It sounds to our apprehension strange enough; but cunning and tyranny have never been wanting in pretexts, apologies, and casuistical arguments for the enforcement of their demands. There are perhaps many practices of law even in our own country which might strike a stranger as not less iniquitously absurd than the tax of the "*tooth-money*" in the East. There is a marvellous casuistry in the art of cheating, and we should be almost afraid to trace the catspaw principle through society. We have heard it gravely argued that the morality of Christianity is one thing, and business morality is another. It is perhaps not quite so easy as some people suppose to draw a sharp line of distinction between honesty and dishonesty. Through a private telegram a merchant hears that a particular article has dropped in the market, so he sells off his stock; or perhaps it may be some large company, so he gets rid of his shares. This is all considered fair in business. On the other hand, if by the same medium of a private telegram he hears of the loss of ships, and insures them after the intelligence has reached him, this is considered theft. The one is a legal, the other an illegal use of the catspaw, but before the golden rule and a moral code it would be very difficult to draw a distinction between the two. These are of those views of society which are not pleasant, but they seem also so prevalent as practices that it would be a folly indeed to close the eyes upon them, and avow ourselves insensible to their existence.

It is a mournful thought, but a true one, that men in society seem to emerge perpetually, whose business it is to attempt to underrate others, and overreach for themselves. It was so from of

old. The very law of trade is given by Solomon, "*It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer ; but when he is gone his way then he boasteth.*" Or as the Spanish proverb says, "*He who underrates a thing buys it ;*" and the Tuscan proverb, "*Fraud squats under a good bargain ;*" and a Latin proverb says, "*But where is the yolk ?*" It was said of persons who reserved to themselves the best part of any things of which they had the distribution ; and the parable is that a man dreamt that he had found an egg. He went to some soothsayer to consult him as to the interpretation of his dream, and the soothsayer told him that it portended he should find a treasure, the white of the egg representing silver, the yolk gold. The event corresponded with the interpretation, and the man took to the seer some of the pieces of silver. "Ah, but," said he, "what has become of the yolk?" And so the saying became proverbial. Molière must have had something of this character before him in his "*Physician in spite of Himself,*" when he exclaims, "I can't do better than stick to doctoring all my life. I find it's the best trade going ; for whether we succeed, or whether we fail, we are paid just the same. A shoemaker when he makes a shoe must not spoil a piece of leather without paying for his boggling ; but we may spoil a man without its costing us anything. Mistakes count for nothing with us, it is always the fault of him who dies, and no one ever heard people complain of the doctor who killed them." And so the old proverb is true, "*The grave covers many a doctor's mistake.*" "*A bargain is a bargain,*" covers many a transaction at which no tradesman could blush, and over which no lawyer could quibble, but which never could find a sanction in equity. Walking through the streets of Norwich the other day with a dear friend well known there, we passed one of those quaint old haunts, half book, half curiosity shops, concerning which our friend told us a story. There, only a short time before, one of those cunning hunters, who know the value of so many things, had detected in his explorings among the dusty old shelves a bundle of black letter in an old worn leather cover. He inquired into the price of it. "Well," the tradesman scarcely knew ; he had been told it was valuable—perhaps the purchaser knew the value of it better than he did. How much might he think it would be worth? Well, purchaser hardly knew ; he had a taste for that kind of thing. The seller must be able to know what he had given for it, and be able to set a price upon it. No, he was not ; he hardly knew how he came by it. It was in a quantity of old rubbish. He had been told it was valuable by some people who seemed to know. Would he give a pound for it? It seemed a great deal, he admitted. The purchaser would gladly have given one, or many pounds for it ; but the price was ultimately fixed at fifteen shillings. The purchaser

took his prize away with him to London. He was well known in the old city, and often boasted after of the lucky transaction that morning. He sold that worthless looking bundle of black letter for one hundred and fifty pounds. It was a complete and original copy of one of Caxton's first impressions. Now, would he not have been a foolish man had he returned to the seller any portion, say a third, of the spoil. It would have been a most untradesmanlike proceeding. Nor would it have been well had he manifested any great anxiety to gain the treasure, by giving instantly the sum suggested; in fact, the dealer of the old curiosity shop became an admirable catspaw. I often wonder whether equity will ever come back either to the Church or to the world. I do not know where she lives now, or I would cheerfully go some distance out of my way to call upon her and solicit her return. I very much doubt whether she is anywhere on this earth at all. Twelve inches make one foot, and sixteen ounces make our ordinary pound; twelve pence make one shilling, and twenty shillings make a sovereign, and these weights and measures seem all right enough; but how hypothetical they all look when we come to weigh them against real value. So that while we are all engaged in crying "Oh, fie!" "Oh, dear, what a naughty person!" "Oh, how very wicked!" as we discover our neighbour's delinquencies, we have to watch ourselves very narrowly, or with a most engaging ease we enact the part of the monkey, contriving to keep half an ounce out of the sixteen, or a penny out of the shilling. This is the social and political economy of the catspaw.

We talk of catspaws as though puss were simply the stupid tool in the hands of the monkey, but another class of proverbs shifts the character of the monkey to the claws of the cat. The Spanish says, "*The cat is friendly, but scratches;*" also another Spanish proverb, "*The words of a saint and the claws of a cat,*" which, says a friend, is not complimentary to the saint. That somewhat severe judge of human nature, Mr. Samuel Slick, in a quotation made by Mr. Kelly in his "*Proverbs of all Nations,*" says: "Always judge your fellow-passengers to be the opposite of what they strive to appear to be. For instance, a military man is not quarrelsome, for no man doubts his courage, but a snob is. A clergyman is not over strait-laced, for his piety is not questioned, but a cheat is. A lawyer is not apt to be argumentative, but an actor is. A woman that is all smiles and graces is a vixen at heart. Snakes fascinate. A stranger that is obsequious and over-civil, without apparent cause, is treacherous. Cats that purr are apt to bite and scratch. Pride is one thing, assumption is another. The latter must always get the cold shoulder, for whoever shows it is no gentleman. Men never affect to be what they are, but what they are not. The only man who

really is what he appears to be is a gentleman." Nay, the cat has often passed both in proverb and in parable for a sly and dangerous enemy; hence that proverb, "*Who will bell the cat?*" The mice held a convocation to deliberate upon the best means of avoiding their great enemy the cat. One of the sapient little creatures carried a resolution amidst universal acclamation that the cat should wear a bell round her neck to give notice of her approach. Good; but an old mouse raised the difficult question, Who will put the bell round the cat's neck? To announce a danger is to dispel it. Mr. Defoe, in his interesting "*History of the Devil*," devotes some chapters to the dissipation of that old popular superstition which represented that personage as appearing always with a cloven foot, which he naturally thinks would really be a very great advantage to mankind, the mischief of it being that Satan more usually walks about without the cloven foot. Says Defoe: "People might as well oblige him to set a bill upon his cap, as folks do upon a house to let, and have it written in capital letters, 'I am the Devil!'" He conceals his agency, as the cat, beneath the velvet, conceals the cruelty of the claw. The Spanish describe legal transactions beneath the proverb, "*The quill of a goose and the claw of a lion.*" Beneath a proverb like this may be summed up the whole scheme of that arch system of political chicanery which goes by the name of Machiavellianism. This is the doctrine of "*The Prince*," that work by which Machiavelli is best known, and which has transmuted his name into a verb active, and made it synonymous with the cunning which conquers by overreaching, and deceives in order that it may effectually subdue; and such, indeed, seems to be the basis of the Italian character. Thus, he says, "To rise from a middling station to a splendid fortune, cunning is more availing than force." Again he says: "It is asked, is it better to be loved than feared? One should wish both, but it is necessary to make a selection; it is safer to be feared than to be loved." In the next chapter he tells us that a prince, "as he must act the part of a beast sometimes, should make the fox and the lion his patterns." And he goes on to show how the lion's strength should be eked out by the fox's cunning. To enforce such principles as these this great writer exercised his genius, in fact, his whole scheme, as we have said, in the enunciation of the philosophy of the catspaw, but not the catspaw in the hands of the monkey.

Political history is very much the story of catspaws; statesmen have devised a thousand pretexts for the taxing their subjects. As the traveller goes up and down the Rhine, and as at Bingen he recollects the old story of the "*Mouse-tower*," a tower which, if not sufficiently attractive in itself, is made quite famous by the grim verses of Southey; and as lower down he passes the

ruins of Katzelbolgen, few realise the true meaning of the cat and mouse story there : the truth is, the Mouse-tower was the "tower of taxes," from the old German word for tax. Those old Barons of the Rhine permitted no boat or vessel to pass along without levying a *muss* or tax ; until a little lower down was reared another fortress, the "cat's-elbow" (Katzelenbogen), a punning phrase, implying the determination to destroy the power and rapacity of the mouse. But the history of the middle ages is full of instances in which, by clever manipulation of words, the people were strangely defrauded ; and it has always been a great thing in the clever use of the catspaw to contrive to rebaptise and to sanctify words—thus, for instance, robbery, which seems a plain word enough ; call it chivalry, what a very different idea it conveys. Certainly, we have ideas of what we call chivalry, a high-spirited scorn of low, base, mean actions ; but the story of chivalry was the story of plunder, and beneath the shelter of this sonorous and high-sounding term the castles on the high roads of the middle ages became the seat and centre for every fraud and crime. An Archbishop of Metz having built a castle, and being asked how he could garrison it, and support the men necessary for the garrison, simply pointed to the four roads which unites the neighbourhood. Thus in that day highway robbery was hallowed by giving it knightly furniture, and calling it by another name. There were certain phrases used, such as "passage-money," and "transit duty." The same thing has continued, and often it has been the case that over some evil custom, some atrocious injustice and wrong, has been spread the white vest of some holy-looking word, and beneath that, it has not merely been the case that the wrong has been permitted, it has even seemed a beautiful and very loveable thing. Look round ; it is in this way we make catspaws of words ; "*When the Devil prays, he wishes to deceive you.*" Men who attempt thus to conceal their purposes, do they really deceive themselves ? Do they think there is no Infinite Eye which perceives ? This we cannot say ; but certain it is that by a clever sleight-of-hand of words the multitudes have ever been deceived, and patriotism, religion, freedom, and a thousand other such words, have been made vehicles for the most stupendous crimes ; while some have a more melodramatic character ; and "We must have a proper regard for our respectability ;" and "We can't be expected to fly in the face of society ;" become subterfuges, the first for plunging into debt, disgrace, and difficulty, and the last for every kind of personal servility and cowardice.

The most famous illustration of the catspaw principle in life is in the great German fable of "Reynard the Fox ;" and there are many who suppose that this apologue presents a fair view of life and human nature in general, as Mr. Froude seems to think in his

exposition of the parable, and the triumph of Reynard. "The world," says Mr. Froude, "said to him, 'Prey upon us, let your wit open us; if you will only do it cleverly, if you will take care that we shall not close upon your fingers in the process, you may devour us at your pleasure, and we shall feel ourselves highly honoured.' Can we wonder at a fox of Reineke's abilities taking such a world at its word?" So runs the old saw:—

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat."

So runs the philosophy of catpaws. We must again refer to Mr. Froude, for his paper is quite a discussion of this subject, and at many points it seems to be dreadfully true. "There is no one," he tells us, "who would not in his heart prefer being a knave to being a fool." He seems also, on the whole, to think that goodness in this world is a foolish kind of thing. "We value, we are vain of, proud of, not what we have done for ourselves, but what has been done for us. Whom do we choose for the county member, the magistrate, the officer, the minister? The good man we leave to the humble enjoyment of his goodness, and we look out for the able, that is the clever man, or the wealthy, and of the wealthy the man who with no labour of his own has inherited a fortune, ranks higher in the world's esteem than the father who made it; we take rank by descent. Those who have the longest pedigree, and are farthest from the fountain, are the noblest—'*The nearer the fountain the fouler the stream.*' The first ancestor who soiled his fingers by labour was no better than a parvenu." This is all dreadfully written, but it is not satire, it is fearfully true; let those who take exception to it inquire of their own hearts what is their estimate of and treatment of men in society? It is the perception of this hard truth which gives such fearful potency and pungency to the satirist's view of life. In his heart, and in certain of his pages—that fine chapter, for instance, in "*Vanity Fair*," entitled, "In which Two Lights are put out"—Mr. Thackeray felt a better and deeper truth; but all his works abound in estimates of life, and descriptions of it, especially from that point of view just indicated. In his introduction to the "*Newcomes*" he indulges in an apologue, in which, *Æsop*-like, he makes all his *dramatis personæ* beasts, and then vindicates the lesson derived from each character against the Solomon who remarks, "There is scarce one of these characters he represents but is a villain; the Fox is a flatterer; the Frog is an emblem of impotence and envy; the Wolf in Sheep's clothing a blood-thirsty hypocrite wearing the garb of innocence; the Ass in the lion's skin a quack trying to terrify by assuming the appearance of the forest monarch; the Ox a stupid common-place; the only innocent being in the writer's apologue is a Fool, the

idiotic Lamb." The philosophy of catspaws, and of Mr. Thackeray's views of life are not badly summed in the old rhyming proverb:—

*" 'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
But to beg, or to borrow, to get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."*

Some people have represented, and not altogether without reason, the entire literature of proverbs as representing the philosophy of the use of catspaws; that is, as illustrating the hard, average, every-day morality of society; a literature in which there is no sentiment and no sweetness; a narrow, cold, and selfish view of the relations of men to each other. "*Giving is fishing*," says the Italian proverb. "*To one who has a pie in the oven*," says the French, "*you may give a bit of cake*;" and the Spaniards say, "*People don't give a black-pudding to him who kills no pigs*;" and again, in the same spirit, "*If you go to feast with the wolf, bring your dog*;" and "*Whom the cat flatters she also scratches*." An Arabic proverb says, "*Be neither honey lest men lick thee up, nor poison lest they spit thee out*." The Persian is almost the transcript of it, "*Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up; be not all wormwood, or the world will spit thee out*." The Egyptian says, "*Kiss the hand thou canst not bite*;" and another, "*Kiss the hand thou canst not cut off*." In all these proverbs the recommendation is simply, as it has been truly said, to look after number one. Even the negroes have, as Captain Burton shows, a good many proverbs of this order, and some which exhibit a knowledge of the same laws of trade to which we have referred in this paper—as, "*The trader never says he has sold all his goods, he only says trade is a little better*;" and again, quite in the spirit of our paper, "*When the mouse laughs at the cat there is a hole*;" and again, "*Though a mouse were as large as a bullock, it would be the slave of the cat*." And this seems exactly to describe the relations between weakness and strength, and to show that some are almost, in the nature of things, predestinated to be the foils and tools of others.

We are walking amidst the treasures of proverb and parable, and, therefore, may select one from Lord Lytton, which, not ignoring the more dreadful, seems to present a truer estimate:—"If, reader, you have ever looked through a solar microscope at the monsters in a drop of water, perhaps you have wondered to yourself how things so terrible have been hitherto unknown to you; you have felt a loathing at the limpid element you hitherto deemed so pure; you have half fancied that you would cease to be a water drinker; yet the next day you have forgotten the grim life that started before you, with its countless shapes, in that teeming globule; and, if so tempted by your thirst, you have not shrunk

from the lying crystal, although myriads of the horrible unseen are mangling, devouring, gorging each other in the liquid you so tranquilly imbibe, so is it with that ancestral and master element called life. Lapped in your sleek comforts, and lolling on the sofa of your patient conscience—when, perhaps for the first time, you look through the glass of science upon one ghastly globule in the waters that heave around, that fill up with their succulence the pores of earth, that moisten every atom subject to your eyes, or handled by your touch—you are startled and dismayed. You say, mentally, ‘Can such things be? I never dreamed of this before. I thought what was invisible to me was non-existent in itself. I will remember this dread experiment.’ The next day the experiment is forgotten. The chemist may purify the globule. Can science make pure the world?” And this parable seems to suggest a view of life in which it is possible to find some medium view in which society may present such a classification of character as not to be, on the one hand, all knave—a monkey or a fox; or all fool—a catspaw, or even a helpless lamb, ready for the devouring cruelty or cupidity of some clever aggressor. But if we return to some of the suggestions expressed above, it will be to remark upon the immense value of the catspaw in the present day in a trading point of view. We might even write an essay on blowing our own trumpet, considered as an element of political economy. Mr. Carlyle satirised, some years ago, in his “Past and Present,” the advertising system as exhibited in the gigantic hat. Certainly the advertising system of our day furnishes a very entertaining item in the current of present thought. To rail against it, to reason against it, or argue against it, would be simply to expose the writer to a very severe visitation of contempt. Enough to say it is the most adroit exhibition of the catspaw principle in modern times. The excellence of anything is by no means the guarantee for its success; it is the amount of capital you can expend in calling up a long procession of men to blow their trumpets before it. This is, as Dr. Wynter has shown, one of the curiosities of modern civilisation. Make the most unmeaning noise in the world, and people will turn in that direction to look. Our walls are covered, and the value of anything advertised and announced is to be estimated not by any intrinsic excellence, but by the number of inches or feet you can give to the letters on the walls. All use it. There is perhaps not a periodical or a newspaper which could stand by itself without this graceful and adroit use of the catspaw. This is what we call being kept before the public. Preachers know the use of it, and many a pulpit is almost propped up by a kind of advertising sheet. We wonder how men live, how the country contrives to sustain itself when men did not advertise. The motto

of society is every man his own trumpeter, so the chivalric energies of competition are put forth, so the great battles of diffidation on our English ground in the nineteenth century are being fought. Every man wants to get a chestnut out of the fire, and a hard matter it is to get it; but courage! the advertising sheet is the paw which draws forth the golden prize from the hot ashes. Special articles abound everywhere; every dealer has something which is better than every other thing of the same description sold by everybody else, and the largest sale and the largest circulation guarantees that article as triumphantly the best in the whole market. So it must come about that conscience limps in the rear. Mr. Conscience courted Miss Competition one day and said, "My dear, I should like to marry you; I should like to set up housekeeping with you for my housekeeper;" but Competition asked Conscience to make a statement of all his prospects, assets, and effects, and the possessions of Conscience have always been very modest and limited—enough for needs, but seldom enough for luxuries and great extravagances. Miss Competition likes her chariot, at any rate her brougham, her town and country house, her box at the opera, her *carte blanche* for all the demands of fashion, and especially, as the "open sesame" to all, a good account at the bankers; so she told our poor friend Mr. Conscience that she really could not think of it, and I saw her marriage announced some time since with Special Article, Esq. I do not know that as yet they have regretted their union; I think I see signs of the probability some day; but Conscience has continued a poor fellow ever since, for Conscience, foolish fellow, sets himself altogether against catpaws. Oh, we should be charged with being very cynical were we to attempt to enter the secret recesses of trade and to disclose the principles and the practices which go to make up what is called in many a department a brisk business; but it seems, as we glance round society, that Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees; or, Private Vices Public Benefits," finds its apology and its exemplification more extensively than in almost any preceding age of the world. His theories horrified the religious of his own time, and have been the subject of commentary and condemnation ever since, as when he says—

"Others followed mysteries
To which few folks bind 'prentices;
That want no stock but that of brass,
And may set up without a cross;
As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,
Pickpockets, coiners, quacks, soothsayers,
And all those that in enmity,
With downright working, cunningly
Convert to their own use the labour
Of their good-natured heedless neighbour.
These were called knaves, but bar the name,
The grave industrious were the same.

All trades and places knew some cheat;
No calling was without deceit."

So that much that is most excellent in appearance and description is what the wise man would call silvered earthenware, as he says, "Burning lips"—that is, glowing lips, eloquent, high-coloured descriptions and expressions—" *Burning lips and a wicked heart are like a potshe'd covered with silver dross*"—a mere bit of paltry earthenware made to look as if it were a piece of precious metal; it is a style of earthenware gone out of use now. We wish we could say the analogy no longer holds good; but when we were children, it was often to be seen, some worthless piece of pottery glistening over as if with silver. So often eloquent words and a fine imagination have been made to give a false glitter to the brittle, the unsubstantial, and the false. Burning words—that is, warm, glowing, and highly-wrought sentences—only the silver plating of speech, covering that which was a mere hollowness, an empty and unearnest sound. To what an extent this description might apply in an age, we will not say of electrotype and veneer, of shoddy, or devil's dust, and cruel adulterations of food, but of so much false sentiment, not only amidst things of art, but even of sacred things, so that we may close our present strain of reflection by saying that "*Clean hands will never use catspaws.*" It must be some such reflection as this which makes the reference to clean hands so common in Scripture. "Who shall stand in the holy place of the Lord?" says the Psalmist; "He that hath clean hands." This must be the meaning of "washing the hands in innocency," and in that most significant proverb, "*He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.*" Dr. Kitto, in his "Bible Illustrations," mentions a little boy who was seen to wash his hands a great many times in a day. It is, to be sure, a praiseworthy exercise; but the great frequency with which he went to a hollow stone by the well on the old farm, led his elder brother Henry to ask him why he washed his hands so often. "Because I wish to be strong." "Do you think that washing your hands will make you strong?" "Yes." At evening, as the two boys were sitting in the porch of the farmhouse, listening to the notes of the Whip-poor-Will (it seems to be an American story), Henry asked John why he thought that washing his hands would give him strength. "Because I read it in the Bible." "But where did you find the passage?" So John got down the Bible, and read the latter part of the ninth verse of the seventeenth chapter of Job, "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." This is rather a pretty mistake in the little fellow, and certainly not so mischievous as some which Biblical critics and others have been guilty of in the construction they have put upon many passages of Scripture. The ancient people made

very much of clean hands, figuratively; and as the hand stands for the character, the will, and its performances, it is not difficult to perceive that, by the proverb we have quoted, they intended to teach us that the upright, innocent, and righteous should by their every act strengthen themselves. The Septuagint reads, "shall take boldness," and truly a pure cause gives great confidence. "*Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.*" Surely the sense of infirmity must paralyse the hand and arm of the man whose motives are impure, and whose cause is unjust. Very often in the history of men and things it is this cleanness of the hands which has given victory to a debated cause; while, again, sometimes we have seen how, deprived of victory, the most just and righteous cause has for a time been compelled to retreat into obscurity, or to suffer manifold indignities, malignities, and persecutions. But even then the assurance of right has given nerve to the character, and has armed it to bear and to endure where there has not been sufficient power to win. But it may be thought that multitudes even of people apparently most religiously disposed never think of the grimy hand when they engage in the black or base transaction. It is enough that weakness, simplicity, ignorance have served the purposes of powerful craft and cunning—craft which has concealed its intentions, and now triumphs over subjected simplicity.

And here, again, we come upon the point of the reflection, some paragraphs, since, 'no doubt, many a wit wants sharpening upon the hone of bitter knowledge. But once more we repeat, it by no means follows that, therefore, all are simply sharpeners, or food for sharpeners; nor have we any doubt that in the long run,—and all things are to be estimated by what they are in the long run,—there is a wise simplicity that wins, and there is a foolish cunning which has to confess itself foiled, and fails.

We have said that it is not always either mere cruelty, or a disposition for mischief in its uglier attributes, which stretches forth a kind of monkey hand, and for its own purposes uses a catspaw. Even while we are closing this paper, a humorous illustration, which we trust is not beneath its dignity, is related to us by a good friend of ours. It is an incident which happened years ago in the history of a very worthy citizen of the good city of Norwich. Members of the Society of Friends are not usually made the subjects of funny jokes; but the worthy citizen of whom we speak had a neighbour, a Quaker, very disposed to be rather troublesome with his questions as to our old friend's business, and sometimes it became annoying, and even seemed impertinent. They met one day, and the Quaker in his usual tone said, "Well, John, where art thee going? What art

thee about to-day?" "Why," said the other, "I am going to see something that perhaps you never saw in your life." "Ah, what is that, friend John; I have seen a great many strange things in my life?" "Well, the truth is," said the other, "I am going to see a cherry-coloured pig." "Indeed, friend, thee sayest truly; I never have seen a cherry-coloured pig, and should much like to see one." "Well," said his neighbour, "if you come with me I will show you one." "Yes, friend," said the Quaker, "I will go with thee with pleasure." But the walk was a very long one, beneath the broiling sun, and along a hot, dusty road, to a farm, indeed, at a distance of some three or four miles. The Quaker often complained of the length of the journey, and we may suppose even doubted in himself, many times on the way, whether the singular sight he expected at the close would be a sufficient compensation for the toilsomeness of the walk. At last it came to an end. The citizen went into the farmhouse, and accosted the farmer boldly enough. "Farmer," said he, "I have come and brought my friend, who is desirous of seeing one of thy cherry-coloured pigs." Farmer looked surprised, and exclaimed, "They be all in the sty. He can go and look at them." So to the sty they went, and there beheld a progeny of black grunterns. "Why, friend John," said the Quaker, "these are all black ones!" "Well," said his neighbour, "and are there not plenty of blackheart cherries?" The Quaker was a peaceable man, but he was out of temper, and in great wrath exclaimed, "John, thou art a fool!" This was not unnatural in the Quaker; but it is easy to perceive that it was the explanation of puss, feeling that her catspaw had been turned to quite a different account to what had been expected. It is needless to say that after this the Quaker asked no more troublesome questions.

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE NEWS REACHES HESTER.

HESTER GOLDERING borrowed the *Times* for a few minutes every day that she might see when her son's vessel sailed. She heard from Charlie upon the morning of Jane's departure, and in his letter he said that his ship was in thorough condition once more, and that he was in hourly expectation of receiving sailing orders. The next morning's *Times* announced the departure of the *Travailleur*. She had acquired the habit of scanning whole columns since she had come so unexpectedly upon that paragraph respecting the

Trevors, but she had little hope of finding more news concerning them. This morning, however, her search was rewarded, and with suspended breath she read the short abrupt intimation of the serious accident that had occurred in the hunting-field; how Sir William Trevor was thrown violently from his horse when riding after the stag-hounds of the Duc d'A——e. The extent of the injuries the baronet had received were unknown up to the time of going to press, but they were believed to be mortal.

All day long Hester Goldering moved about as though a spell were laid upon her. The one hale and hearty life that had stood between her and her daughter was stricken low, and lay upon the brink of eternity. Suppose death should ensue; what then? The wild thrill that shot through her bosom sent her to her knees in penitent anguish, while with uplifted hands and voice she cried, "Lead me not into temptation, O Lord!"

The hours of that day and night were interminable. She could not ask Frank Talbot to continue to borrow the *Times* for her, since the purpose for which he had done so was accomplished, and she could give him no other reason to account for her desire to see it; but she went to a bookseller's in the town and ordered the paper to be sent to her; she would afford to indulge in the *Times* daily while this suspense lasted, and begging that to-morrow's paper might be sent to her as early in the morning as possible, she returned home to pass the hours as she could.

The weary interval she must pass in ignorance seemed intolerable. Oh! why had she ever consented to relinquish all control over her heart's darling? why had she given her into the care of strangers, and forfeited all right to soothe and share her suffering, to shield her from pain, to guide and to cherish her? Why was she left to learn through a public medium the scanty information of things that so closely concerned her? She forgot how poverty had been kept from her door all through these long years, how she had been enabled to bring up the other members of her family in respectability and comfort, how she and they had been kept from so much painful experience that must have been theirs had this sacrifice never have been made; she forgot everything but the infinite longing with which her heart yearned for her long-lost child.

She hardly knew what had been the extent of her hopes and fears through the long hours of that day's protracted agony, until the next morning, with tear-blinded eyes and shaking hands, she with difficulty deciphered the short sad announcement of Sir William Trevor's death. At first she felt guilty of having, against her conscience, desired it, and she shuddered and abhorred herself as in some part his murderer; nor did she grow calm until she had spent some time in self-abasement, penitence, and prayer to the

God on whom her thoughts rested ; then she arose and looked this sudden and unexpected turn of events full in the face, for it was certainly incumbent upon her to consider what should be her course of action in event of her child being deprived of both her protectors. She remembered what Charlie had said concerning Lady Trevor's delicate appearance and precarious state of health ; it was much to be feared that she would scarcely survive a shock so sudden and awful. In case of her death, how must she proceed ? She sought Divine counsel in this emergency ; she asked it on bended knees with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, prayed that she might be guided by grace and light from above rather than by the selfish instincts of her yearning, motherly heart.

The conclusion she arrived at was this : supposing Lady Trevor should not live to see her adopted child become the wife of Lord Haig, she, Hester Goldering, would journey into Westernshire, to Crowland, and, finding her child in ignorance of her true parentage, she would confess everything to her, and so spare her the misery of the possible dragging to light of this mystery, years after, when husband and friends might be estranged by the discovery. But if Lady Trevor lived to permit her child's nuptials to be solemnised with the young Scottish baron, though she might, in this case, never look upon her daughter's face again on this side eternity, Hester Goldering resolved that hers should not be the tongue to enlighten her, so dire a catastrophe should never be brought about by her agency ; she would leave it to a merciful and over-ruling Providence to give or withhold the knowledge. This decision made, she grew calmer in her mind, and patient to await the result of the heavy trial that delicate, suffering lady had been called upon to endure. She recalled the incidents of her own small personal acquaintance with Lady Trevor ; she remembered her as she had seen her in her gloomy City home, with the sombre skirts trailing around her slender figure, and with the shadow of her great past trouble and fear for the future upon her delicate brow. She had forgotten nothing ; she could recal every incident of that memorable journey as though they had taken place only yesterday, the difficulty was to imagine that they all happened so long ago. Once again she met Lady Trevor's beseeching eyes, and the agony of renunciation was re-enacted ; she recalled the grateful flush of joy that was spread over the sweet pale features when little Trottie and the pining child fraternised in the nursery, and how Lady Trevor's happiness almost reconciled her to the sacrifice. Surely God would bless it ! And had He not ? Had not untold blessings accrued to her and hers from the surrender ? Her awakened conscience carried her thoughts back over the past years ; and now she saw, as she had often acknowledged before, to whom she had been

indebted for the useful and honourable establishment in life of all her children without more anxiety and toil for herself than served to keep her desirably occupied. Annie, Jane, and Charlie all owed their education to the comfortable income that had been secured to her by the sacrifice of Trottie, their present positions too in a measure; and John and Willie owed many comforts and much assistance to the same source. Now, when all were established and independent of her, did it become her to complain of the immolation of her heart's tender feelings that had secured their safety? No; she felt that if the past were to come over again, God giving her strength, the sacrifice would be made, because she had made it under Him and for others' sakes, in the firm belief that little Trottie's happiness and welfare would not suffer in the least thereby.

The next day was Saturday, and Jane returned in the evening, looking none the better for the few days' change. Hester Goldering did not, of course, know how it had been no rest to her, and how, making the invitation from her friend the excuse, she had in reality made it the means of enabling her to put her design into execution, and, while at Castleton, had taken the train from Priorston to Eversley, that she might see her sister and her sister's home. The change had not afforded rest for either mind or body; not even the trouble she had seen Pansie in, nor the anguish she had seen distort the lovely features with poignant grief, had drawn the sharp sting from her jealousy of her; though hard and cruel as Jane was in many respects, even she had not the heart to rejoice that there was some pain in her lot, it was only small comfort it afforded her to think that her sister's life was not all sunshine; she wanted more than this; the pain sent to her to bear was not of the kind this loving sister would like to have subjected her to; she begrudged her her position, her grace and beauty, the dainty elegance of her manners, the love that was lavished upon her, the luxury that surrounded her, and the trouble that had overtaken her struck at the root of none of these; therefore it was not the cup she longed to hold to her lips. She would like to withdraw her from all her pleasurable surroundings, from the comforts whose use had become second nature, and to subject her to the hard, dull life that had been hers for so many years, and its weary round of duties, to make her bear her share of the burden she had borne so long, and continually felt as an oppression, the tedium of a joyless existence. It never occurred to Jane that she might make her like something very different, a joy to herself and a comfort to others; that the fault lay all on herself, and that if she had counted up her blessings, their sum would have outnumbered her deprivations. She wanted to be exalted, to be an object of consideration and importance to more than her family circle, to live an easy and independent life,

taking no thought but of how she might increase her power. Perhaps she would not have thought of all this so much but for the ever-present idea that had been her bugbear for years, that a sister, and that a younger one, was in possession of these things, and yet had no greater right to them than she. Would she have been any the happier could she have changed positions with little Trottie? Jane believed so, or she would not have desired it, but she was mistaken. Happiness is a jewel found only within the secret recesses of our own hearts, and totally independent of outward surroundings; in Jane's heart it was so encrusted with selfishness that it was impossible for it to shine and manifest its presence by its brilliancy. In no position, and under no circumstances, could she know what positive happiness was, until she had taken the scales from her eyes and opened her heart for the reception of the woes and joys of others, excluding self entirely.

On Monday morning school reopened, and the House appeared more home-like to Hester Goldering, who loved the sound of children's voices. She assisted Jane with her duties for an hour, and then left to see Annie, feeling guilty of having spent less of last week with her daughter and her grandchildren than she usually did.

When she returned it was nearly one o'clock, school was of course dismissed, and she found Jane seated in one of the large arm-chairs by the fire-side in their little sitting-room, her face buried in the sheets of the *Times* newspaper, which had been delivered and unfolded while her mother was absent.

Hester Goldering could never conquer the trembling eagerness that always seized her now at sight of that paper until all its columns had been searched thoroughly, and she stretched out her hand anxiously now.

"If you have done with that paper, I should like to see it, Jane."

Jane raised her head, her grey eyes had more light in them than her mother had hardly ever seen there before; a flush dissipated the greyness of her face, her full glance met Hester Goldering's, and in it was more intimation of intelligence than her quietly-spoken words conveyed; it was dauntless, a little defiant also:—"Mother, Lady Trevor is dead."

And Hester, looking into her daughter's face, knew by its expression, as the information was given, that she was fully cognisant of the secret that had for so long been kept from her.

CHAPTER XXVI.—PANSIE TO VIOLET.

It is a comfort to me to write to you, my dear Violet, although I know that some time must elapse before you will get this. I imagine you travelling all through those, to you, strange countries,

looking upon foreign scenes, enjoying them because Hugh is with you, but looking back sometimes, and thinking of the desolate little Pansie you have left in the old home; how desolate, how dreary, even you cannot imagine.

We received your letter telling of the change in your route. Ah! Violet, that change will delay the intelligence reaching you that I wrote you a week ago—the sad, sad news that will bring you home to your sister as speedily as the rates of travelling will allow. Now you will hear nothing until you reach Alexandria, whither our letters will be forwarded, not finding you at the place to which we addressed them. We would have telegraphed, darling, but a telegram must be worded so abruptly, and it could do no good; by no manner of means could you have returned to Crowland in time to see either of our parents alive. I preferred to break the dreadful news to you tenderly, gently, as I best could, and Robin approved of my plan. I told you in my former letter of the state into which papa's sudden and shocking death had thrown mamma, and that there was no hope she would recover from it. I do not wonder at it; even I, though strong and well when the accident happened, walked and spoke as one in a dream through those terrible, dark days; when I saw them bear his coffin forth I could not realise the fact that papa was gone from us for ever. The beginning of one week saw him in the enjoyment of almost perfect health and happiness, and at the end of it he was in his grave. Mamma never rallied, never gained consciousness; there were no last tender words for me nor for you; she died upon the eve of papa's funeral. Do you wonder that the several days succeeding her death were an entire blank to me? They tell me I was ill, but I am better now. Crowland is most desolate, and your little Pansie is scathed by the blow that has laid it waste. Robin was here until yesterday; he has been so good to me in my misery. He has acted through all as though he were indeed papa's and mamma's own son; he was chief mourner at both funerals, and has thoughtfully taken the settlement of everything upon himself until you and Hugh return. Papa's will is not to be read until you are here. As for me, I think my heart must have broken under the weight of its deep affliction but for his tender care. I thought I knew the extent of his great love for me, but now I know that it never can be fathomed; I thank God who gave me that stronghold in the hour of my deepest bereavement.

I am not alone at Crowland. Our rector sent his sister, Mrs. Herbert, to me as soon as he heard the sad news, and she has been here ever since. She has promised to remain until you return; she is very kind; she has known what sorrow is, and therefore is the more welcome to me now. Nurse Styleman too

came to me when she heard of papa's accident, putting off her journey that she might stay to give me comfort. Indeed every one is very considerate ; I wish I were more worthy of their kindness. Nurse Styleman left Crowland yesterday ; I would not allow her to remain longer, because I know her daughter is looking anxiously for her coming.

Robin, too, left me this morning ; he is gone back to Craigdallie because his presence was required there, but he will return in a day or two at the farthest.

I am longing with unutterable desire to look upon your dear face again, to tell you for yours and my consolation every particular there is to tell of this sad time, that in the telling I may more fully realise and grow resigned to this bitter loss.

It is but a few short weeks since you swept down the wide staircase in your white bridal robes ; think what dread processions have been those that followed ! I cover my face with my trembling hands, and the great tears force themselves through my fingers, while a thrill passes through me. Oh, Violet, when I pass from one empty room to the other and think of what was so very lately, the loss seems so great I cannot bear it. I yearn for one touch of your sisterly hand, one look into your dear loving eyes ; if we may mingle our tears, it seems to me that mine will flow less bitterly.

Mr. Delamont is anxious for your return that the will may be read, but I for far different reasons. I know how your tender heart will be stricken dumb with grief, and how the pain will be all the greater because the intelligence will be received while you are so far away, than it would have been could you have flown to me at once. Mr. Delamont wrote with my first letter ; I trust you will have received both before you open this. I shall begin to count the weeks and days that must intervene before you arrive here.

* * * * *

All this I wrote yesterday ; this morning I have to add something so strange, so startling, that my bewildered brain is beginning to ask whether it be possible that I am taking leave of my senses, and whether all that happened after I laid by my pen yesterday is some horrible dream conjuration. In truth, it is astounding ; I cannot, will not, believe it. You will think I have torn a page out of some strange wild romance. I have been thinking with throbbing heart and aching head, and the only conclusion I can arrive at is that there must be a thread of truth somewhere through it all. And yet, and yet, a thousand recollections start up to confute that idea, and my brain is in a whirl.

What think you, Violet, looking back through the long, bright vista of the years we have spent together, did you ever mark the

smallest difference in the treatment of you and me by mamma and papa? Did they ever lavish indulgences on you that I did not share? Did they ever show partiality in the smallest, faintest degree? If the tiniest favour ever was shown, was it not to me? Have you not laughingly sometimes called me "the pet?" yet never grudgingly. Let me do your noble nature full justice, darling sister, for you spoiled me more than any one, if the lavish bestowal of affection can spoil. In her illness at Christmas, did not mamma choose to keep me by her side while she delegated her public duties to you? And yet, Violet, though you are mamma's own daughter, I am not. You are, or were, Miss Trevor, of Crowland; I have no right to the name. Pansie is not even Pansie, but somebody else; the world is all turned round; it is not surely the same world you left me in when Hugh carried you away. Is every one going mad, or is it I who am losing my senses?—but still there seems some terrible method in the madness.

I will try and calm myself, that I may relate what has happened.

The pen had fallen from my hand yesterday afternoon, and I was resting my weary head upon my palm when Mad'line came to me.

"A stranger, Miss Pansie, wants to know if she can see you."

"Is Mrs. Herbert engaged? Go and ask her, Mad'line, if she will be kind enough to see this person for me."

"I told the lady that you had seen no one at present since the funerals; but she is so determined to see no one but you, and asked me to come and beg of you to see her just for five minutes, if no longer, that I was obliged to come, Miss Pansie."

"What is she like?"

"She is in black, miss, and looks like a widder."

"Does she seem needy? Give her half-a-crown for me, and tell her I am in deep trouble, and that I cannot see her."

"I don't think her object is to beg; her clothes are quite decent and respectable, and she looks something of a lady."

"Go and ask her to send me word what her business is, and tell her I really cannot see any one."

Mad'line went, but returned again in a few minutes. Nothing less than an interview would satisfy the stranger. If I felt unequal to it that day, would I appoint an hour on the morrow, or upon any day during the week, and she would return at the time fixed?

If she were so determined to see me, I thought it better to go down at once, and get the interview over as soon as possible. So I asked Mad'line into what room she had shown her, and said I would see her. I still thought it must be some person in distress, and so took my purse in my hand.

When I entered the library a woman's figure dressed in black rose from one of the chairs.

"If there is anything I can do for you," I began; "if I can relieve your wants I shall be glad to do so."

She waved her hand, and said, in a voice that startled me, for it was almost choked by some strong internal emotion,

"Put up your purse, I do not come to ask pecuniary aid."

"Pray be seated," I said, for I saw that she was trembling so that she could hardly stand.

I remained standing near the window, outside which stretched the wide glades of the park in sunny vistas; she sank down upon a chair near her, her manners seemed so strange that I felt some little curiosity concerning her. Her drawn white face constrained my sympathy and awakened my interest in spite of myself; out of this pallid face looked two eager, hungry eyes whose gaze positively quickened the blood in my veins.

I saw that her errand could be no ordinary one, and told her that I was prepared to listen to any story she had to tell; only I prayed her to be brief, out of regard to my recent and heavy affliction.

"You must have felt it as such," she said, "though the information I come to communicate will, I trust, soften the memory of that bereavement. Should you grieve less for the loss of Sir William and Lady Trevor were you convinced that they were not your own parents?"

"Not my own parents!"

Then I drew myself up and spoke rather haughtily, I am afraid.

"I have granted you this interview contrary to my own inclination, which makes me desire perfect seclusion; be kind enough to confine yourself to the business that has brought you here, and not refer to names it is painful to me to hear upon the lips of a stranger."

"A stranger! Oh, my God!" and she hid her face in her shawl and sobbed convulsively. Do you wonder that I was moved, Violet, and painfully affected by this unequivocal suffering? God knows my heart had been softened sufficiently by my own to make me tender over that of others.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked more gently.

"Only listen to what I have come to tell you; I crave a hearing from you, that is all. You think my words irrelevant, and yet I have only spoken of the purpose that has brought me here. I have come to give an explanation that I hoped Lady Trevor would have given you on her death-bed, if not before."

I felt myself turn pale and faint at this persistent allusion to my dead parents.

"Did she never give you a hint of the secret I am come to reveal? Never allude in your presence to a mystery shrouding your birth?"

"Never!" I cried; then something impelled me to add, "Perhaps you are not aware that Lady Trevor never recovered consciousness, never rallied from the stupor into which she was thrown by the shock of papa's death."

"I did not know; that accounts for her dying and leaving you in ignorance of what it is now my duty to tell."

And then she related the strange story, Violet, which perhaps some day I may have the opportunity of telling you in full; now I can only give you the substance of her narration.

I am not your sister, there is no tie of blood between us, the bond that unites us is only that of intimate association. If her story be quite true—for then I could not and would not believe it; but since then I have examined the proofs she gave me, and I fear there *is* some truth in it—I am the daughter of this widow woman, and not the child of Sir William and Lady Trevor. I was adopted by them in my childhood as companion and sister to you at a time when your infant mind was inconsolable with grief for that little sister Janette's death that we have so often talked about. I thought I knew what trouble and pain were, but all I had suffered before coming into her presence was as nothing beside this knowledge that deprived me of the right to mourn as a daughter the loss of those I had loved so dearly.

She put into my hand a copy of the agreement drawn up at the time of my adoption, and signed by her, and by papa and mamma, and also a number of letters written to her by mamma from abroad, in which, for I have read them now, there are frequent turns of expression peculiar to mamma, and the handwriting and signatures are hers without doubt. They principally relate to the child of her adoption, "Trottie," as she calls her in them, and which this woman, Hester Goldering, says, was the pet name bestowed upon me by my brothers and sisters when I first began to walk.

Then, Violet, having concluded this marvellous story, she extended her arms to me, she called me beseechingly, "My child! my child!"

God forgive me if I did wrong, but not for the whole world could I then yield myself to her embrace, the revulsion was so great; I turned shudderingly from her.

Her arms fell, her head drooped, an acute spasm convulsed her features. My conscience smote me; if what she declared as truth were so, and no lie, what must her feelings be?

"Not now," I said; "I cannot realise it all at once. Give me time to think, to recover from the surprise of such a discovery."

"As long as you like," she answered, dejectedly. "I have no right to expect anything else, or that your conduct should be different. I parted with you, as I fully trusted, for your own good;

God forgive me if the pain I now deal you is greater than all the benefits you have received."

I went slowly from the room. I gave orders that my presumptive parent should be properly cared for, and that a room should be got ready for her for the night, and then I went to my own room and bolted myself in.

I spread the letters upon my writing-table; I sat down in a feverish agony to read them, but the familiar characters of mamma's handwriting danced before my eyes, so I covered my face with my hands and strove to think. I could not do that even; my mind was all in a turmoil; nothing was distinct, nothing positive, but my great misery.

By-and-bye I began to regret that I had shut myself up alone; it seemed to me that the relief would be unspeakable if I could but throw the burden off my own shoulders on to another's, if some one would judge for me, and strive to find the truth in that which was to me all confusion. The longing for counsel and advice became too great to be resisted, for the more I thought the more loth I felt to call this woman mother, the more I shrank from her, the more obstinate my heart was in clinging to the dead.

I gathered up the papers again and went in search of Mrs. Herbert.

She was in one of the rooms that had been given her for her own especial use. I rapped at the door, and, when she bade me, entered. She was writing, but swept her papers into her desk when I came to request her time and attention.

"My dear, I sought you some time ago, but understood from Mad'line that you were engaged."

"Yes, I have had a visitor."

"And the exertion of entertaining her has upset you; I see it in your face. You should have sent her to me, my dear Pansie; you look as though you had seen a ghost."

I threw my arms round her neck and sobbed aloud.

"Dear Mrs. Herbert, I am so wretched; counsel me, advise me what I ought to do. I know not what or who I am. This morning I believed I was Pansie Trevor, but now I am no longer she; I never had claim to the affection my parents lavished upon me; I have no right to mourn them. The story she told me has made me feel like an impostor."

"Be calm, darling, be calm, and tell me what has happened."

I told her all as well as I could between sobs and tears, and then gave into her hands the papers Mrs. Goldering had put into mine.

"My dear," she answered, kindly, "your nerves are quite unstrung; you are not in the least fit to consider this matter now; your face is alternately crimson and white. Lie down here upon

this little couch of mine; you shall rest and sleep before we have our quiet tea, and then, when mind and body are refreshed, we will examine this matter together."

She put my head upon the pillows, and some magic touch of her gentle fingers over my burning brow soothed me into forgetfulness.

CHAPTER XXVII.—"O WORLD! O LIFE! O DAY! O MISERY!"

It is all arranged, Violet. I have faced the matter bravely, I have considered it thoroughly, and I believe my duty is to return home with Mrs. Goldering, and to strive to be to her as a daughter. I will even call her mother (never mamma), for I believe her to be such, the evidence of our dear mamma's letters is unimpeachable. My heart may break; but if it do, it shall be in doing my duty. I dare not think, I dare not look back, I can only look forwards, trusting God will give me strength to carry me through.

Mrs. Herbert wishes me to remain here until you return, until after papa's will is read. You see I still call your parents mine, I cannot help doing so, and surely they earned themselves a right to the title, for no daughter could ever have been more tenderly and considerately treated than I was by both of them. I have thought over Mrs. Herbert's proposition; but because it is most agreeable to me I have rejected it. Do you remember the evening upon which we returned to Crowland, Violet? When you and I walked together in the park, and you said to me, "In your breast there is Divine sense of right, pure and strong, that you would fight for, die for, against all inclinations."

One secures peace of mind only in obeying that sense of right which every one has in their bosom, my dear Violet; and so I will act according to that instinct, and leave the issue with God.

Painful as it will be to me to leave Crowland under these circumstances, I am fully resolved to go with my mother this very evening. I cannot, it is hardly natural that I should, regard her in the light of a parent at present; perhaps if I am punctilious in fulfilling the duties of a daughter, I shall in time come to feel more like one. And has she not claims upon me? Think of all the long years through which her heart has been yearning for her child! Think of her anxiety, her pain, that one of her own God-given little ones should grow up, looking upon her as an entire stranger—the child she cradled upon her bosom, shrinking from her embrace when grown to womanhood! Perhaps you will say that in parting with me she entailed these pains and penalties. But I try only to remember that she did it for my good; that her sole thought was for my interest, my advancement, and for this she unselfishly did violence to her own feelings.

Again you will ask, if this sacrifice were made for my good, why has she undone all now by revealing this long-kept secret? From the purest and most honourable of motives, dear Violet, and one I from my heart endorse. If the knowledge that has come to me now had not reached me until I was Robin's wife, can you imagine what humiliation and shame would have been mine? Thank God I have been spared that. I *will* not regret having heard the truth, hard though it be. I know there is one thing in life he holds dearer than he does me, and that is the unblemished escutcheon of his noble line. I would rather die than be the first to mar it. Yesterday my supposed birth and position made me a fitting mate for Lord Haig; to-day, both being lost, honour demands the dissolution of the tie between us. The one joy left me is gone; I care not now what becomes of me. If I could only creep away somewhere, and hide myself from everyone who once knew me; and that is what I am going to do. If it were not sinful, I could wish I might die to myself, as I shall surely die to all my old habits and associations.

I have written to Lord Haig, giving him a full account of all that has transpired, and shall send my letter to the post to-day before quitting Crowland, transmitting with it that quaint old family ring that you know was the signet of our betrothal. I have written calmly, almost coldly; it is better so, although I know he will suffer only less acutely than I have done. Oh, Violet, my heart is weaker than my resolution; but the talismanic ring will never tell how it was consecrated before it was sent away.

How passively and collectedly I am writing all this to you; and, indeed, my heart seems dead, lying like a stone within my bosom. Will anything call it to life again? If God gave me my choice, how infinitely I should prefer laying down my life's burden now. The cross lies heavy upon my shoulders, I am bowed to the earth by its weight, but our dear Lord carried His to the death before me, and I will not shrink from the burden of mine. In time, oh! in time, if I submit myself meekly, He will give me peace.

I know it is better we should part; I know I have done rightly. Pansie Trevor might have been wife to the Lord of Craigdallie, but Martha Goldering's plebeian birth would disgrace his proud patrician ancestry; she has low connections whom she must not deny, duties with regard to them she must not neglect, and which as Lady Haig she could not fulfil.

Oh, Violet, if he were but a simple country gentleman like Hugh Deverel we need never be separated. But this is vain. I am so glad you have married no titled gentleman; the thought that you will not disown me, that this discovery will not estrange me from your affection, is my one anchorage now. Mad'line is busy packing. I shall not take all my possessions with me, but only a few

necessary things to serve me for a time, because I know that whenever you return you will have me back to Crowland to meet you. And I will not refuse to come, Violet, even though a second departure might be worse than this.

I saw my mother this morning. Her gratitude at my decision is greater than my concession warrants, for you know how hardly it has been made.

We had a long talk, or rather she talked and I listened, for my portion of the conversation was a very meagre one. I listened with my lips tightly shut over my beating heart while she gave me particulars of *my* family and of *my* sisters and brothers. One of the latter is a draper, another a chemist, a third a sailor; that was he whom Lord Haig brought to Crowland on Christmas Eve—*my brother*—and we met entirely as strangers, with no subtle instinct betraying to either the relationship. While she spoke I recalled an incident of that night, and I clasped my hands over my beating heart, for every little event I recall confirmatory of her story re-awakens its wild painful throbs. Do you remember papa's hesitation when Lord Haig introduced Captain Goldering, and his after remarks upon the name? It was a mystery to us then, but at length it is solved.

* * * * *

I am here, Violet, here in what is to be my future home, with strange faces and strange objects around me. My fate seems hard and cruel to-night; I will try to soften it by writing to and thinking of you.

Our rector came to me once more before I left the Abbey to try and persuade me to reconsider my determination. He says my sense of duty is overstrained, and he used every argument he could think of to get me to accept Mrs. Herbert's proposition and remain until you come. If I would not stay until your return, he urged me at least to wait until Lord Haig could be communicated with.

The letter I had written and the ring I had so carefully packed up and addressed to his lordship in Scotland were even then lying at the village post-office, but he did not know that, and it did not seem to occur to him that I should annul my engagement. He might have spared me this allusion to what had been; it was almost more than I could bear. Only one person had then any right to the control of my movements, and she it was with whom I was about to depart.

I knew Mr. Walsh's persuasions were prompted by the warmest interest in my welfare, and I thanked him, though I could not permit myself to be guided by them.

When Mad'line knew that I was going on a journey without her, the poor foolish girl actually burst into tears.

"Who will wait upon you, who can wait upon you, so faithfully as I?"

"No one, Mad'line. Where I am going I must wait upon myself."

"Oh, Miss Trevor, they will never surely expect you to do that?"

"I am not going upon a visit of pleasure, Mad'line."

"What would my lady have said to you travelling without your own proper personal attendant?"

"I shall have this lady, Mrs. Goldering, with me. Now don't Mad'line, there's a good girl, grieve me by your tears. My heart is full almost to bursting just now; you are adding to my sorrow and distress."

These words excited her to the exercise of some degree of control, and she went on with the packing under my directions. When she had finished she raised her swollen, tear-stained face—she had been crying quietly all the time—"How long will it be before you are back at the Abbey, Miss Pansie?"

How long? The possibility suggested itself that I might never return. The tears rushed to my eyes, I bowed my head, and, resting it upon my folded arms, I sobbed in full sympathy with Mad'line.

It was foolish of me to give way, unfitting myself for the duties that lay before me; but I could not help it. Mrs. Herbert found us both in tears. She chided Mad'line, and sent her away in haste to procure wine and biscuits for me, and then herself rendered what assistance I needed.

When the carriage that conveyed my mother and me to the station rolled down the lime-tree avenue, I covered my eyes, not daring to look upon the familiar scenes I was leaving. I wished I could have seen Nurse Styleman before departing, but that was impossible; she was far away; besides, why add to the pain that was already too great. She would know the truth, but then her knowledge must confirm Mrs. Goldering's story, and what need was there for it? Had not a hundred recollections confirmed it sufficiently already?

I tell you all this, Violet, that you may know that I am not as heroic in reality as I try to appear, and that my heart fails me sadly at times.

We reached Hartford in the evening. We took the omnibus from the station—a jolting, rattling vehicle, that increased the distracting pains in my head fearfully. When we reached the terrace in one of the small houses of which my mother lives, I was blind and giddy with the pain. Some one opened the door to us. I had a confused idea that I had somewhere or another met that faded and unlovely face before—in some horrible nightmare, I think it must have been, for it created in me a feeling of repulsion.

My mother said, "Here is little Trottie come home." Then I heard nor saw more; I fainted. That faded, unlovely face belongs to my sister Jane, and my eyes rested upon it first of all when I recovered consciousness. She was standing by my side with a glass of water in her hand, and my head rested upon Mrs. Goldering's bosom. Had it been our mamma's how gladly I should have let it remain! Now my first impulse was to lift it quickly.

"I am very sorry to give you trouble," I said, apologetically.

"Do you feel better?" asked my mother, anxiously.

"Yes, thank you."

"Martha would like tea, I suppose, as soon as possible," Jane said, and my mother replied affirmatively.

"It's ready in the next room. I'll set the tea to draw while you take your things off."

My mother showed me to my chamber, an infinitesimal apartment, whose low ceiling and confined space seems to weigh oppressively upon my spirits. Can you recall that story of Poe's about the iron coffin? This little room seems to me to resemble it, and I half expect the walls to close in and crush me to death. The rooms below are no better.

I tried to do my best at the meal prepared for me, and not to make my sacrifice to my sense of duty a mockery by being sad-faced and dull-spirited; but my attempts were failures. I could not eat; the food choked me; I was sick and giddy, and my head still ached fearfully.

After tea I asked permission to remain in my room for the rest of the evening, pleading my headache as excuse. My mother kindled a fire in my room with her own hands, then bade me rest and grow better as she left me. I did not shrink from her good-night kiss, for I felt that her affection might be the best thing I should find here, and that I might need the shield of her kindness.

You have many times commended my indifference to luxury and to indulgence of every kind; if you could have seen the glance I cast round that little meagre room when the door was closed, I think you would withdraw that commendation. It is a chamber that Mad'line would turn her nose up at with disgust. I was not disgusted with it, but I believe the dreary sense of discomfort added to the weight that oppressed my spirits. I think I must have made a dismal and dejected appearance, sitting there in my black dress, my head drooped forwards on my bosom, my hands clasped before me in my lap, my eyes fixed upon the slowly kindling coals in the grate.

I will leave you for the present with that picture before your eyes.

Ah, Violet, what are you doing, how enjoying yourself in your happy unconsciousness of all my wretchedness?

(To be concluded next month.)

A SONATA OF BEETHOVEN.

SOME months ago I was at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. There I met with an old musician who had been intimately acquainted with that illustrious composer, and he told me the following anecdote about him:—

“You know,” said he, “that Beethoven was born in a house in the street of the Rhine (Rhein Gasse); but when I made his acquaintance he lived in humble lodgings at Ræmerplatz. He was then very poor—so poor that he never went out but in the evening, because his clothes were so old and threadbare.

“Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and books; and, despite his privations, he was enabled to enjoy some happy hours.

“He was not then deaf, and he could at least enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. Later this consolation even was refused him.

“One winter evening I went to see him, hoping to induce him to take a walk, and afterwards to sup with me. I found him seated by the window, in the moonlight, without any fire, his face buried in his hands, and his whole body shivering with cold, for it was freezing hard. Little by little I succeeded in drawing him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and besought him to shake off his sadness. We went out, but that evening he was gloomy, a prey to veritable despair, and did not wish to receive any consolation.

“‘I hate the world,’ said he to me, with a passionate accent. ‘I hate myself. Nobody understands me, nobody cares for or takes an interest in me. I have genius, but am treated as a pariah.’

“I did not reply. It was useless to discuss with Beethoven, and I allowed him to go on for a long time in that strain. He did not stop for a moment till we re-entered the town, and then he resumed his melancholy silence. We were passing through a narrow dark street, near the gate of Coblenz, when he suddenly stopped.

“‘Silence!’ said he to me. ‘What is that noise?’

“I listened, and heard the feeble sounds of an old piano, which issued from a house at a little distance. It was a plaintive melody, and, despite the poor condition of the instrument, the performer played the piece with great sentiment and tenderness.

“Beethoven looked at me, his eyes glistening.

“‘It is taken from my symphony in C minor,’ murmured he. ‘It is here in this house. Listen! How well it is played.’

“The house was small and very mean looking. A light shone

through the Venetian blind. Beethoven remained some minutes listening. About the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, a silence for some minutes, then a stifled whisper in a woman's voice.

"'I cannot continue,' said the voice. 'I cannot go farther this evening, Fred.'

"'Why, sister?'

"'I do not know. Perhaps because this composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of playing it as it ought to be played. I love music so much. Oh, what would I not give to hear this piece played by some one capable of interpreting it!'

"'Ah, my dear sister,' answered Frederick, sighing, 'riches are necessary to procure that pleasure, and we have them not. We have scarcely enough to pay the rent. Why desire things beyond our reach?'

"'You are right, Frederick. However, when I play I cannot help ardently wishing to hear, once in my life, good music executed by a master; but it is useless.'

"'There was something singularly touching in the tone in which the last words were pronounced.

"'Beethoven turned to me. 'Let us go in,' said he, abruptly.

"'Go in!' answered I. 'What for.'

"'I will play the piece for her,' he replied, with vivacity. 'She has sentiment and intelligence, and will appreciate me.'

"'And before I could prevent him he laid his hand on the door handle. It was not fastened, and opened immediately. I followed him across the dark passage, which terminated in a half-open door. He pushed it open, and we found ourselves in a poor little room with a small stove, and at one end some rough furniture.

"'A pale young man was seated at a table working at a shoe. Near him, leaning in a melancholy attitude over an old piano, was a young woman. Both of them were poorly but neatly clad. They rose, and turned towards us as we entered.

"'Pardon me,' said Beethoven, with some embarrassment. 'Pardon me; I heard music, and was tempted to come in. I am a musician.'

"'The young woman blushed, and the young man looked grave, almost severe.

"'I heard also some words which you said a few minutes ago,' continued my friend. 'You wish to hear——; that is to say, you would like——. In a word, may I play a piece for you?'

"'There was something so strange, so abrupt, so comical in the whole affair, and at the same time so charming was the manner of him who had just spoken, that the ice was broken immediately, and all of us smiled involuntarily.

“‘I thank you,’ said the young man; ‘but our piano is so bad, and since we have no music——’

“‘No music!’ exclaimed my friend; ‘how, then, did Miss ——?’”

“He stopped short, and blushed deeply, for as the young woman turned her face to him he perceived that she was blind.

“‘I beg your pardon,’ murmured he; ‘but I did not observe at first. Then you play from memory?’

“‘Entirely.’

“‘And where did you hear that music?’

“‘I heard it played by a lady who was our neighbour two years ago,’ answered the young woman. ‘During the summer evenings the window was always open, and I walked in front of the house to hear her play.’

“‘And you have never heard any other music?’

“‘Never, except what is played in the streets.’

“The young blind woman appeared very much moved, so Beethoven said not another word; but, seating himself at the piano, began to play. He had not touched many notes before I divined what would follow, and that we should have a sublime evening. Nor was I mistaken. Never during the many years that I have known him had I heard him play as he did that night for the young blind woman and her brother.

“We listened, holding our breath. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment, as if petrified. The former laid aside his work and intently listened; the latter stood with bowed head near the piano, holding her joined hands upon her bosom, as if fearing lest the beating of her heart should interrupt the infinitely sweet accents. It seemed to us that we were in a delightful dream, and our fear was lest we should awake too soon.

“Suddenly the flame of the only candle in the room wavered. The wick, consumed almost to the end, fell, and went out! Beethoven stopped. I opened the curtains, and the moonlight shone full into the room.

“There everything looked the same as before, and the light which surrounded the musician and the piano had something fantastic about it. But this incident appeared to have broken the chain of Beethoven’s ideas. His head fell upon his breast, his hands rested on his knees, and he remained plunged in profound meditation.

“He remained thus some time. At last the young artisan approached him, and in a low but respectful voice said, ‘Marvelous man, who art thou then?’

“Beethoven raised his head and looked at him absently, as if he did not understand the signification of his words. The young man renewed the question.

"The composer smiled as he only could smile, with a benevolence truly royal. 'Listen,' said he; and he played the first variation of the symphony in C minor. A cry of joy escaped the lips of the brother and sister.

"They had recognised him, and exclaimed, with emotion, 'Oh! you are Beethoven!'

"He rose, but we begged him to remain. For a minute he hesitated, then let me lead him to the piano. The rays of the moon passing across the window enveloped his intelligent countenance as in a halo of light.

"'I am going to improvise a sonata to the goddess of the night,' said he, joyously.

"He looked for some minutes into the heavens all studded with stars; then his fingers rested on the piano and he began a slow air, sad, but of ineffable sweetness. The melody came from the instrument like the silvery rays which play in the shades of night. This delicious overture was followed by a piece in triple time, lively, fantastically so, like a dance of sylphs or fairies. Then came a rapid finale, trembling, precipitate, expressed in I know not what mysterious inquietude, inspiring a vague and instinctive terror, which bore us on its trembling wings, and finally left us in extreme agitation, and moved almost to tears.

"'Adieu,' said Beethoven, abruptly pushing back his chair, and approaching the door; 'adieu.'

"'You will come back?' exclaimed the brother and sister in one voice.

"He stopped and looked at the young blind girl with a compassionate gaze.

"'Yes, yes,' he answered, hurriedly. 'I will come back and give Mademoiselle some lessons. Adieu, I will return soon.'

"The young artisan and his sister followed us to the door in silence, but their mute language was more eloquent than the choicest words could have been. They remained on the threshold till we disappeared from view.

"'Be quick,' said Beethoven to me when we were in the street, 'Be quick, or I shall forget the sonata.'

"As soon as we reached his lodgings he shut himself into the room with me, and there worked till daybreak."

The Children's Hour.

NELLIE'S HANDS;
OR, WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER IX.—WORK FOR PET.

"WHAT name will you call your little child by, Nellie?" asked Mr. Seymour, the morning after the little one had been brought to the house.

"Has she a name already, papa?"

"Yes, her name is Maud."

"Then we will not change it; only I should like to call her Pet, for she is my pet, you know, papa, and always will be."

"Very well; she will soon know her name, no doubt. But, Nellie, I hope you understand that, as you have adopted her, you will be expected to attend to her yourself. I do not want your mother to have any trouble; the child belongs to you, and you will have to work for her."

"Oh, yes, papa, I know that quite well, and I shall be very glad to do so."

Nellie meant what she said. It was a pleasure to her to work for those whom she loved, always, and she already loved Pet very much indeed. She felt as if she could never have too much given her to do for her; she knew that her hands would be busy, but her heart would be very glad.

All little girls who have younger brothers and sisters will know that Nellie found plenty to do now. Willing hands are sure to meet with work; and the girls of every family have need of fingers that are ready and active, and skilful.

Poor little Pet was greatly in want of fresh clothing. Her parents had not been rich, and so they could not afford to buy many things for her. But Nellie wished the child to have every comfort, and so the first thing she did was to spend what pocket-money she had by her in purchasing some calico and flannel. Now, although calico and flannel are very nice things, yet, as everybody knows, they need cutting into proper shape, and making up into garments before they can be of much use.

So Nellie had not a minute to spare. All the leisure time that she could get was employed in cutting, and sewing, and hemming, and herringboning.

"Our Nellie is a regular sewing-machine," said Frank.

"She does nothing all day but stitch, stitch, stitch," said Charlie.

"If you were not boys, I should ask you to help me," said Nellie.

"Let us try," pleaded Frank. "Needlework must be delightful pastime, or you would not do so much of it. I have seen some boys who could work as well as girls; let us help you make that pinafore."

"No, thank you," said Nellie, laughingly, "I would rather not. I am fond of needlework, but boys' fingers were never made for it; you have something else to do with your time."

But when Nellie was called out of the room, both Frank and Charlie took up her work and did a little bit.

"Nellie will never know," said Charlie.

"Never mind if she does," said Frank; "she will not go into a passion with us as some girls would."

"No, we have had a very good sister," said Frank.

"Have had! Haven't we got her now?"

"I do not know. Let us wait and see before we quite decide. I expect we shall find a change in Nellie, now she has her Pet to work for."

"I think not," said Charlie; "but we shall see."

When Nellie came back she found her work lying on the table where she had left it. The boys watched her as she took it up and examined it.

She looked at them with a smile, but they kept their faces quite straight.

"Which of you did it?"

"Did what?"

"This piece of work."

"Did you not do it yourself?"

"No, indeed, I should not set such stitches as these."

Then they laughingly confessed that both had done a part.

"I hope you will not do so again."

"That is very ungrateful of you, Nellie, when we have been trying to help you."

"I must unpick it all," said she.

But she said it pleasantly. It hindered her a little, but she was too sensible a girl to be angry with her brothers for teasing her now and then.

When Pet had the pinafore on, and looked clean and pretty in it, Nellie felt very happy, and the little child crept into her lap and kissed her and thanked her, which was reward enough to Nellie.

When she was busy making a flannel petticoat her brothers decided to test Nellie and see if she would use her hands as willingly for them as ever.

"I have done more than half," she said one day. "I hope I shall finish it by evening, and then to-morrow Pet can put it on."

Nellie did not see the look that passed between her brothers, or she might have expected something. She went on with her work. She

had become a very expert and rapid worker, and could set as many stitches in a minute as any girl.

"Nellie," said Charlie, presently, "I want you to do a little thing for me."

"Yes, Charlie," she replied, quite cheerfully, "when would you like it done?"

"As soon as you can do it."

"Will it take long?"

"Oh, no, you can do it quickly, and it is only to mend my jacket which is worn under the arms."

I am not sure but that Nellie suppressed a sigh as she heard that, for it is not pleasant to leave off work when you are getting on nicely with it, and are very anxious to finish it by a certain time. But Nellie did not speak impatiently to her brothers generally, and so she spoke kindly to Charlie now.

"Will you fetch your jacket down for me, Charlie, and I will do it at once?"

Charlie went and Frank went with him.

"You should have tried something else than that jacket, my boy. If Nellie should be in a great hurry to do it, and should bungle over it instead of doing it properly, you will be sorry for it."

"Nonsense! Nellie will do it nicely enough, I am sure. I am not afraid to trust her."

"Neither should I be sometimes, but any girl would scamper over it in Nellie's circumstances."

"Nellie will not, though," said Charlie, confidently.

So the jacket was brought and given into Nellie's hands.

She examined it, and found that it needed careful mending, the sleeves must be taken out, and patches let in very neatly, and several places would have to be darned.

"It will take me two hours, Charlie. Will that be soon enough?"

"Oh, yes," said Charlie, who wanted to add, "but do not trouble about it until you have finished your own work;" only Frank's eyes were upon him, and he thought he would do as his brother wished.

Nellie laid aside the flannel, and began to work at the jacket. It was not an easy, straightforward job which she could do quickly. It taxed her ingenuity, and tried her patience a little beside. But she did not complain. She talked to her brothers as gently as ever while she did it, and Charlie looked at Frank quite triumphantly.

But Frank was not satisfied yet.

When the jacket was finished, and Charlie had thanked Nellie, Frank said, "And now it is my turn. I want to put on a pair of my new stockings to-morrow morning; but mamma said they must be run before I wore them to make them last longer. Will you please do them for me to-day?"

Nellie glanced at Pet's unfinished petticoat, and could not help feeling rather regretful. She knew that Frank's stockings would occupy all that remained of that day; but she did not hesitate about doing them. Frank wanted them, and that was enough. She "run" them as dexterously as she could, and it was night when they were finished. Then Frank confessed to his sister what he and Charlie had said about her.

"I know it would be wrong of me," she said, "to neglect my old work because I have chosen to take up what is new."

So she forgave her brothers, and Frank was sorry that he had judged her so unjustly.

Is not Nellie's last remark worth the attention of some of our girl readers?

CHAPTER X.—"NURSE NELLIE."

Nellie was very happy with her Pet, and enjoyed working for her whenever she could. She did a great deal for her; made her dresses, and trimmed her hats, and did all kinds of needlework, from mending shoes to embroidery. It seemed as if she was never tired of working for the little child.

It was not much that Pet did for Nellie. She was too little to be of great use in the world. But she loved her, and that pleased Nellie as much as anything could have done. Besides, Pet was such a playful, pretty little creature, that not only Nellie, but all the family, became fond of her, and were glad to do anything they could for her. But she loved Nellie best; perhaps she understood that it was to her, and not to the others, that she really belonged. It was to Nellie she came whenever she wanted help, or had got into trouble; and Nellie had always kind and cheerful words, and helping hands for her. Altogether they had a very happy home, for everybody helped to make it so. And the days passed on cheerily enough, and all the family loved one another, and felt peaceful and contented.

But then something happened which made them all very anxious, and gave Nellie work of another kind to do.

She and Pet had been out for a long walk, and came home feeling rather tired.

"I should like to go to bed with Pet," said Nellie, "and then I should have a good long rest by the morning."

"I think mamma wants you," said Charlie. "I have heard her asking for you several times."

"I will go to her directly."

And Nellie did not lose a moment, but even then she wished she had come more quickly, for her mother looked so pale and strange.

"Oh, mamma, what is the matter?" cried Nellie.

But her mother did not reply, and seemed, indeed, as if she had not heard her.

Nellie went quickly towards her, and stretched out her hands; but before she could reach her Mrs. Seymour had fallen upon the floor, where she lay quite still.

Nellie was not panic-stricken, but she was very much frightened.

"Mamma has fainted," she thought. "I have heard of people fainting, and I know that the best thing to do is to let plenty of fresh air blow upon their faces, and to let them lie flat down."

So Nellie opened the window, and the cool breeze came in.

But still Mrs. Seymour did not move.

Then Nellie unfastened her dress, and poured some cold water upon her neck and face; but still her mother showed no signs of returning consciousness.

Then Nellie shouted for her brothers, who came, and soon called their father. When he had helped Nellie in her efforts to restore her mother to consciousness without any result, he sent the boys for the doctor.

When the doctor came he said she must immediately be taken to bed, and their nurse sent for.

But nurse was ill herself, and could not come.

"I can nurse mamma, doctor," said Nellie. "She has herself taught me how to do many things, and I am sure that if I have a little help I shall be able to do everything she wants."

Mrs. Seymour, however, was too ill to be trusted altogether to Nellie's care, and so another nurse was summoned. But she was not able to take the entire charge of the invalid, and after all they were obliged to secure the assistance of Nellie.

"She is the handiest little creature that I ever knew," said the nurse. "I am sure she is more sensible and helpful than many a woman would be."

And now, indeed, Nellie's hands were full of work. She learnt the way to make good gruel and strong beef-tea, and many other necessities. She knew already how to shake up a pillow so as to be comfortable, and with her cool, quick hands she was able to minister to her mother as few daughters have the opportunity of doing. She was very much in earnest, and strove with all her might to do everything so well that her mother might be made a little better even through her.

But for a long time even this was very sad work for Nellie. For Mrs. Seymour was too ill to notice or to know her. She brought in all that was wanted, and ran up and down stairs a dozen times during the day, and even gave her mother the medicine, and yet she kept calling out for her, "Nellie! Nellie! where is my Nellie? I want Nellie!"

It was a very anxious time for them all, and sometimes poor Nellie was obliged to go out of the room, and sit down and have a good cry.

And she did something besides crying and working. She prayed to the great God who could cure her mother, and perhaps her prayers did more good than all besides.

For there came a time when the doctor and nurse and Mr. Seymour were all very anxious.

"If she lives another hour she may recover," said the doctor.

Ah, what an hour that was; Nellie will never forget it. She could not cry or read or move about, she could do nothing but pray.

And God heard her, for at the end of the hour the doctor came out of the room with a smile upon his face, and said to her, "I think your mamma will get better now."

And she began to mend from that time. Nellie was very very thankful, and so happy that she scarcely knew what to do.

"Your mamma will be a long time getting well," he said, "so you will have plenty of nursing to do for her."

"I do not mind how much, sir," said Nellie, "if only she will get quite well at last."

Her brothers called her "Nurse Nellie;" but when, some weeks after, Mrs. Seymour came down stairs for the first time since her illness, no one was happier than Nellie.

Her mother loved her very much. She had always known it, but she was more sure than ever about it now, for she could see that she liked to have her near her, and seemed never tired of praising her clever and kind hands.

And what had become of poor little Pet all this time?

Ah, Nellie had not neglected her. Every day she had come from her mother's sick room to spend a little time with the child, and make her happy.

"I think our Nellie will be a good and useful woman," said her father. "She knows how to do so many things well, and she neglects none."

And all little girls who have fathers will know how precious these words were to Nellie.

(To be continued.)

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1870.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD'S CENTENARY.

On a Saturday evening, the 29th of September, 1770, George Whitefield arrived at the little town of Newburyport, in Massachusetts. He had preached that day in the open air to a vast assembly in the neighbouring town of Exeter. His sermon had lasted for two hours. He had surpassed himself. It was a mighty torrent of appeal. He was tired out, and was anxious for repose. But the news spread that Mr. Whitefield was come, and while he was at supper the house was besieged,—the hall was filled with people eager to see and to hear him. He snatched a candle, and retreated towards the bedroom, but before he reached it his heart smote him. "What," thought he, "if I should have no other opportunity of addressing these people, who are hungering for the bread of life?" He paused on the stairs to speak to them. He forgot his exhaustion, and while they gazed up at him, with tearful eyes, he pleaded yet more tenderly, more earnestly. His words—so musical, so winning, so pathetic—flowed on until the candle, which he held in his hand, burned away and went out in its socket. Pregnant symbol! The life was also burnt away; shining brightly to the end, his light was also flickering in the socket.

He slept comfortably till two o'clock in the morning, and was wakened then by a return of asthma. He sat up in bed, praying for some time that God would bless his preaching, his Bethesda school, the Tabernacle congregation, and "all connections on the other side the water." Then he tried to compose himself to sleep again, but in vain. The sense of suffocation increased. Panting for breath, he went to the open window. "I am dying!" he cried. A physician was hastily sent for, but could give him no relief. As

the sun rose over the sea that Sabbath morning, the spirit of George Whitefield rose into the Eternal Morning and the Sabbath of the skies. But in Newburyport there was grief and consternation. The town sat mute till the day of his burial. Then the bells all tolled, guns fired slowly and solemnly in the ships in the harbour, the flags hung at half-mast, the population followed the remains to their last resting-place. They were deposited beneath the pulpit of the Federal-street Church. A plain cenotaph, surmounted by a symbol of immortality—a flame burning from an uncovered urn—is there inscribed to his memory. The pilgrims to this shrine pass into the adjacent vestry, descend through the floor into a crypt, and thence by a side-door into a vault, where, between two ancient pastors of the church, still lies the open coffin. The bare and decaying bones lie upon the dust into which the rest of the body has mouldered, and the visitor may still take the full-orbed cranium into his hands. Funeral sermons were preached in the principal cities of America. The magistrates of Georgia assembled in mourning at the State House, and led a procession to hear a funeral sermon at the church. All the cloth suitable for mourning in the stores of the colony was bought up. The news of his death reached London early in November. The Methodist chapels were all draped in black, and Mr. Wesley preached a funeral sermon at the Tabernacle, Tottenham-court Chapel, and many other places.

The Centenary of Whitefield's death has just been observed in the United States. Is there any reason why England should remember him, and bless God for his life and labours? To this question we propose to suggest an answer somewhat different to that usually given; or, rather, to give a larger reason which should constrain those who may not be specially interested in his religious teaching to honour his memory and that of his compeers.

Born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, in December, 1714, and his parents being in fair circumstances, Whitefield received as good an education as the city could afford, until his father dying and his mother contracting a second marriage, every way unfortunate, he was taken from school before he was fifteen, and called upon to assist in the work of the inn. Putting on, as he tells us, his blue apron and "snuffers," he "washed mops, cleaned rooms, and became a professed and common drawer." But, as a boy, he had shown great religious sensibility and dramatic power. He acted, with other of the grammar-school boys, before the Corporation, and obtained rewards in money, with some of which he purchased a book of Bishop Ken's, which greatly impressed him, and, says he, "when I was sixteen years of age I began to fast twice in the week thirty-six hours together, prayed many times a day, received the Sacrament every Lord's-day, fasted myself almost to death all the forty days

of Lent, yet I knew no more that I was to be born again in God than if I was never born at all. I had a mind to be upon the stage, but then I had a question of conscience; I used to ask people, 'Pray can I be a player and yet go to the Sacrament and be a Christian?' Hearing that it was possible to obtain an education at Oxford as a "servitor," or poor student, who could make up the greater part of his expenses by attending on his fellow collegians, he, in his eighteenth year, made application for such a place in Pembroke College, and had the good fortune to be admitted immediately. Here his serious turn of mind soon procured him the notice of the Wesleys, and he was admitted to the little fellowship of the "Methodists," then only about fifteen in number, who used to meet to read divinity and pray together. Charles Wesley, he says, "put a book into my hand called, 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' whereby God showed me that I must be born again or be damned. I know the place; it may be superstitious, perhaps, but whenever I go to Oxford I cannot help running to that place where Jesus Christ first revealed Himself to me, and gave me the new birth!" So was laid the foundation of Whitefield's faith and power. Like the Wesleys, he now lived by the strictest rule—fasting, "living in retreat," taking the Sacrament often, pursuing self-examination. He preached asceticism till his bodily health failed, and his mind, in consequence, became weakened and full of morbid horrors. His memory failed; his feelings were cramped, he says, as a man bound in iron armour; he selected the poorest food, and the meanest apparel, and by dirty shoes, patched raiment, and coarse gloves, endeavoured to mortify his burdened spirit. When he knelt down to pray, he felt "great pressure of soul," under the weight of which the sweat dripped from his face.

But he was saved from mere ritualism and fanaticism by joining to all this strict observance continual works of charity and usefulness, visiting the sick poor and the prisoners in the gaols—a proceeding which was so reprobated by some of the college authorities, that the Bishop had to be consulted, and his sanction obtained. And at length the burdens were removed; he found peace in believing, and of this time he writes:—"Surely it was the day of my espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring tide, and, as it were, overflowed the banks; go where I would, I could not avoid the singing of Psalms almost aloud; afterwards they became more settled, and, blessed be God, saving a few carnal intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since." His devotion and practical earnestness brought him under the notice of Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, who sent for him one evening, and asked him his age. When he told him that he was little more than twenty-one, the Bishop

said he had resolved not to ordain any one under twenty-three, but, if he wished it, he would make an exception in his case. He was alarmed at the idea of taking holy orders; but his friends so pressed him to avail himself of the Bishop's offer, that he at length consented, and, after a day of fasting, spent two hours in prayer in the fields to prepare himself for ordination. When the Bishop laid his hands upon his head, he said, "I call heaven and earth to witness that I give myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and without reserve, into His Almighty hands." Here was the consecration, and this was the consuming altar fire which made Whitefield's life grand.

The Bishop conceived a great regard for him, and on his return to Oxford put into his hand five guineas, "a great supply," he says, "for one who had not a grain in the world." He took his degree, and was going on to visit the prisoners, oversee the charity schools supported by the Methodists, and generally attend to the "Society" which the Wesleys had formed at the University, when an invitation came to him to officiate for a short time at the Tower Chapel, in London. He undertook the task with trembling, and as he went into the desk an evident sneer at his boyish appearance ran through the congregation. But when he began to preach they began to grow serious, and before he had done they were all attention. As much respect was shown to him when he came down from the pulpit as disrespect when he went into it. The question passed from mouth to mouth, "Who is he?" He stayed in London two months, not preaching only, but working hard in infirmaries and barracks, and before he was done people came from all parts of the metropolis to hear him. His popularity had begun. A curious description is given of people trudging with their lighted lanthorns from all parts of the City in very early morning to the distant churches where Whitefield was announced to preach.

While thus engaged, he received letters from the Wesleys, who were now in Georgia, asking him to come over and help them in the work, which they believed themselves called to do, amongst the colonists and Indians of that State; and Whitefield, in one of his replies to them, asks their prayers that he may be preserved from ambition, for his success as a preacher had raised in his mind thoughts that much troubled him. He was constantly fancying—What if I should one day be made a Bishop! It is said that Dr. Wilberforce strongly urged at Court that Dr. Newman should be made a Bishop, and that after that distinguished man had gone over to the Church of Rome the Prince Consort asked the Bishop of Oxford what he now thought of his recommendation. "Ah," said the astute prelate, "if he had been made a Bishop he might

never have gone to Rome." If George Whitefield had been made a Bishop there might have been no such thing as Methodism. If, as Mr. Disraeli says, Churchmen had but existed "equal to the occasion," how different the prospects of the Anglican Establishment might have been now!

His mother and friends were sorely opposed to the American project, but at that time he implicitly listened to John Wesley. At Gloucester and Bristol, where he went to say "good-bye" to his friends, great congregations came to hear him preach. The Mayor of Bristol asked him to preach before the Corporation—Quakers and Baptists, men of all denominations, flocked to church to hear him on week-days as well as Sundays. "The whole city," he said, "seemed to be alarmed," and he himself was in a state of exultation. Though preaching five times a week, he could not satisfy the eager crowds. It was difficult to make way for him to the pulpit. Some climbed up to the roof of the church, others hung upon the rails of the organ-loft, and the air was so filled with the steam of the numerous breaths that the moisture ran down the pillars like drops of rain.

His passage to America was long. The ship's company, including, beside the crew, soldiers and emigrants, were very immoral; but he preached, read prayers, catechised the children, and ministered to the sick with such zeal that before Georgia was reached the whole aspect of his floating congregation was changed. He remained in the colony only about four months. A brief residence among the Indians, and an unsuccessful attempt to frame a grammar of their language, seem to have satisfied him that his work was not amongst them. But he found many orphan children among the colonists, and projected an asylum for them on a German model, and resolved to collect money for the scheme to which he continued faithful through his whole life. He embarked again for England in September, 1738, having priest's orders also in view.

On landing he naturally made his way to John Wesley, but the association with the Methodists excluded him from the pulpits of the City churches, to which formerly he had been so eagerly invited. It was not that they were heretical, or their style rude and eccentric, but they were too much in earnest; the intensity of their appeals decomposed the self-complacency of the decorous frequenters of the pews. Whitefield tried to get collections for his projected orphan-house, but he could only find two or three churches open to him. Preaching in one of these, "with great freedom of heart and clearness of voice," while nearly 1,000 people stood outside, and hundreds had gone away for want of room, the thought occurred to him that he ought to proclaim the Gospel, as Christ did, in the

open air. He mentioned it to some friends, who rebuked the notion as highly improper and wholly fanatical. "However," he writes, "we knelt down and prayed that nothing may be done rashly. Hear, and answer, O Lord! for Thy name's sake." About a fortnight afterwards he went on a visit to his friends at Bristol, and there at first the churches were open to him as aforetime, but the enthusiasm kindled by his preaching so scandalised the clergy that in a very short time he was politely elbowed out of them all. And now his thoughts reverted to the colliers of Kingswood, of whom a friend, trying to dissuade him from voyaging to America, had said, "If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough at Kingswood." In the wild district on the southern side of Bristol coal had been discovered, and the men engaged in getting it formed a separate clan, differing from the people of the neighbourhood in dialect and appearance. They were uncouth and brutal. No man cared for their souls. They were left without a church or any means of instruction. They were heathens, and fast becoming savages. To them Whitefield says he had long felt his bowels yearn, and one fine Saturday afternoon in February he walked out to look at them. A number having gathered round him, he went up on a hillock and began to address them. It was the first Methodist field sermon. The Rubicon was passed—from that day Methodism as a separate religious denomination takes its date. His first outdoor congregation was composed of about 200 colliers, and they were more astonished than impressed by what they heard. Whitefield writes in his journal, "Blessed be God that the ice is now broke, and I have taken the field. Some may censure me, but is there not a cause? Pulpits were denied, and the poor colliers ready to perish for lack of knowledge." The chancellor of the diocese sent for him, and asked him by what authority he had preached in that diocese at all without a licence. Whitefield replied that he thought the custom of obtaining a new licence on going from one diocese to another was grown obsolete. The chancellor then read him the canon which forbids any minister from preaching in a private house. "There is a canon," answered Whitefield, "forbidding clergymen to frequent taverns and play at cards: why is that not put in execution? I cannot but speak the things which I have seen and heard, whatever the canons may say." This answer was written down, and the chancellor then said: "I am resolved, sir, if you preach or expound anywhere in this diocese till you have a licence I will first suspend and then excommunicate you."

So war was declared. The Church with its "order" had made a complete breach with the Methodists and the Spirit. He went immediately to preach again at Kingswood, and this time he had not

200, but 2,000 listeners, many of whom, however, came armed with stones to throw at this babbler with his strange jargon. But as they listened they dropped the stones, and soon unwonted tears made for themselves white gutters down the blackened faces. His congregations went on increasing to ten, fourteen, twenty thousand. "The trees and hedges were full. The sun shone bright, and God enabled me to preach for an hour with great power. The fire is kindled in the country. The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sweetness was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for me, and quite overcame me." At Whitefield's urgent solicitation, John Wesley joined him at Bristol. His brother Charles and most of his friends were entirely opposed; but though the auguries drawn from texts, which presented themselves on opening the Bible at random were also all adverse, the "lot" was drawn in favour of his setting out, and this supposed intimation of the Divine will determined him to go. Wesley could hardly reconcile himself at first to this strange business of preaching out of doors, but soon became not only reconciled to it, but enthusiastic, and was quite ready to carry on the work while Whitefield took a journey into Wales. On taking leave of the Kingswood colliers, he preached to them on the desirability of establishing a school for their children. They snatched at the idea, and the cheerfulness with which they subscribed for it was surprising. They begged him at once to lay the first stone of the building. But where should it be? It was very doubtful whether the lord of the manor would grant them a site, but a person present said he would give the ground, and Whitefield forthwith laid a stone. Then, kneeling on it, he prayed that the gates of hell might not prevail against the design. And all the colliers said, Amen! It was the beginning of the great modern movement for the education of the poor.

After a tour in South Wales, where Griffith Jones and Howell Harris were already stirring up the people, he returned to London, preaching at the market crosses and village greens on his way through the provinces. Arrived in town, he asked the Vicar of Islington for the use of his pulpit, and it was granted; but, as he was opening the service, the churchwardens interrupted, and, unless he could produce a licence, forbade him to preach. He came down from the pulpit, and was preparing to leave, but the people pressing round him as he went through the churchyard, he took his stand on a tombstone, and preached to them there. "Tomorrow," he writes in his diary, "I am to repeat that mad trick,

and on Sunday to go out into Moorfields. The Word of the Lord runs and is glorified; people's hearts seem quite broken; God strengthens me exceedingly; I preach till I sweat through and through." Moorfields was then the scene of a great fair, where the mountebanks and rabble generally held their court. To preach in the midst of the riotous and dissolute crowds that regarded that open space as their *peculium*, Whitefield called attacking Satan in his stronghold; but as the appearance of the field preacher was then only a strange and curious novelty, and not yet an offence, he was not assailed by the mob. They made way for him, and, taking his stand on a wall, he spoke with great freedom, and obtained great attention. On the evening of the same day he went to Kennington Common and addressed a vast multitude. This was his favourite preaching place. Scores of carriages, hundreds of horsemen, and thirty or forty thousand on foot, thronged around him. Their singing could be heard two miles off, and his own voice a mile. Such crowds came by water that the watermen were obliged to put a number of additional boats on Sundays, and even then they ran the risk of prosecution for carrying more than their legal fare. Waggon and scaffolds were hired to the throng that they might the better hear and see the wonderful preacher. The genuine popular heart recognised him as a true apostle, though disowned by the national hierarchy, and the collection made at the close of his sermon for his Orphan Asylum was so abundant that he was wearied of receiving the half-pence, and a single man could not carry home the amount for him. Little short of ten thousand pieces of copper were dropped into the hats and boxes held to receive them, and as he drove away his carriage was still crowded round by people throwing their mites in at the windows.

Thus laden with money for the benevolent project which lay nearest his heart, he embarked again for America, and landing in September, 1739, at Philadelphia, began preaching throughout the States with effects scarcely less astonishing than those which had followed his addresses in the old country. In December he reached Savannah, having in seventy-five days preached 170 sermons, and collected upwards of 700*l*.—a mighty "collection" for those days—for his orphans.

It was during this visit to the United States that the difference between Whitefield and Wesley on the doctrines of predestination and perfection broke out, which at first threatened to develop into an acrimonious quarrel, and did, in fact, cause the distinction between the Calvinistic and the Arminian Methodists. These, however, are matters of very minor importance in the measure and review of Whitefield's career. But now began that wonderful series

of itineraries, or "Gospel ranges," as Whitefield called them, which occupied the greater part of the remaining thirty years of his life, in which he repeatedly traversed England and Wales, several times visited Scotland and Ireland, and five times went through the length and breadth of the British Colonies in America, from Savannah to Cape Cod, and even through the Bermudas. They were triumphal progresses. Everywhere the people flocked to hear him by thousands, and the whole district was moved. Sometimes he was mobbed, but those who came to mock remained to pray. At Tavistock a bull and dogs were brought into the midst of his congregation, but the riot was quieted. At Exeter a man came with his pocket full of stones to throw at him; he stood with one in his hand waiting for a convenient moment, but meanwhile he was himself struck by the word of the preacher so that he dropped his stone and, making his way to him, said, "Sir, I came here to break your head, but God has broken my heart." At Moorfields, in the Whitsun holidays, stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and dead cats were thrown at him. "My soul," says he, "was among lions;" but as he proceeded the immense multitude were presently turned into lambs. In the evening thousands more were gathered, and now a harlequin complaining that his company had taken many pounds less than usual because of the preaching, got upon a man's shoulders and, advancing towards the pulpit, endeavoured several times to strike the preacher with a long heavy whip, but was always dismounted by his own violence. A recruiting sergeant next marched through the crowd with his fife, but Whitefield called upon them to make way for the king's officer. The drummer making a great noise, Whitefield addressed him, "Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters on earth, but in different callings; you may beat up for King George, I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, therefore, don't let us interrupt one another; the world is wide enough for us both, and we may both get recruits in abundance." The drummer was silenced. Sometimes the tumult was overpowering, and drowned his voice, and then he would call upon his friends to sing. He would not be beaten; preaching, praying, singing, he kept his ground till nightfall, and then he made off to the tabernacle with the spoils of his victory. Hundreds followed him there to pray and cry, "What must we do to be saved?" In Ireland alone does he ever seem to have been driven from the field. At Dublin he was once hit on the head by the stones which flew about in all directions, and had to take shelter in a house. In one of his English "ranges" he travelled 1,200 miles in three months, and preached 180 times to hundreds of thousands of hearers.

In many towns tabernacles were erected by his followers, and in

London he opened a chapel in Long-acre, which, however, was the occasion of more determined hostility and more continuous rioting than any other of his undertakings. Threatening letters were continually sent to him, and one ruffian came into his pulpit to attack him with clenched fist. The comedian Foote caricatured him on the boards of Drury-lane Theatre, and the press teemed with lampoons, but these things moved him not. In 1753, he laid the foundation of the Tabernacle in Hoxton, and in 1756 he opened Tottenham-court-road Chapel. Ten years before this date he became acquainted with the Countess of Huntingdon, and, on the death of her husband, she invited him to preach in her mansion in Chelsea to many persons of the highest rank. Chesterfield listened and paid compliments; Horace Walpole heard him with admiration, and went away to make jokes upon him. Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear him. Bolingbroke heard him and received his visits. Of honourable women there were not a few among his congregations in the courtly halls of the "noble and elect lady." It was matter of complaint in the weekly journals that "ladies who used to wear French silks and French hoops of four yards wide, *tête de mouton* heads, and white satin smock petticoats, are now turned Methodists and followers of Mr. Whitefield, whose idea of the new birth has so prevailed over them that they now wear plain stuff gowns, no hoops, common night mobs, and plain bags for underclothes!" It is no part of our business to follow Whitefield's connexion with the Countess further, or to tell of the chapels she built, and the manner in which she formed and governed the "connexion" of Calvinistic Methodists in England.

Whitefield married a Welsh widow in whom he imagined he had found the necessary qualifications of piety and devotedness, but there was no love in the business. A year or two previously, under an idea that it was his duty to marry, he had made proposals to a young lady, telling her parents, when he did so, that "he blessed God he was free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." The young lady was not altogether inclined to marry upon Whitefield's terms, and it would have been well if the widow had also refused. The death of his wife, in 1768, is said by his friends to have "set his mind at liberty." But if his wedded life yielded him no great happiness, it did not interfere with his life-work. During the last ten years of his life he was in failing health, yet he continued "ranging" through the country, often preaching to ten thousand people at once in the open air. During the thirty years of his active evangelistic life, he preached, on an average, one and one-half of a sermon a day.

When he arrived for the last time in America, he found his Orphan Asylum in an unprecedented state of prosperity. It was

almost clear of debt, with the new wings each nearly 150 feet in length, and his other buildings in much forwardness. The Governor and Council of the Colony received him with public ceremonies, and adopted his plans for the reorganisation of the institution as a college. He was content. "I am happier," he wrote, "than words can express. Oh, Bethesda, my Bethel, my happiness is inconceivable." But he could not indulge himself long in this repose. He must be ranging again, and he moved northwards, prophetically exclaiming, "This will prove a sacred year for me at the judgment. Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!" It was well that he did not live to see the fate which overtook his beloved institution. Three years later it was totally destroyed by fire, and was never rebuilt.

With the portraits of Whitefield all are familiar. The portly figure, swaddled in gown and bands, with uplifted arms, a round face, marked with smallpox, and a very decided squint, does not suggest the man likely to produce the wonderful effects which waited on his ministry. He was neither learned nor intellectually great. That he was not naturally a large-souled man his irritability and fulsome obsequiousness to persons of title but too conclusively prove; but he had much sensibility, considerable imagination, readiness of repartee, and he was a born actor. But the secret of his power lay in the Divine passion which consumed him, and which was daily fed from an invisible source through the channel of continual prayer.

It is, however, neither of the religious revival nor of the social reformation wrought by the preaching of Whitefield, the labours of Wesley, and the enthusiasm of the early Methodists, that we purpose here to speak. We desire to introduce them to our readers in the character of political revolutionists—a part which they did not consciously play; nay, which they would have emphatically disowned—a part which their spiritual descendants and followers would, perhaps, with some anger, deny our right to ascribe to them, but which we nevertheless contend they did most effectually carry out.

That the year of Whitefield's death was also the year in which the first popular political meetings were held in England, and the first political league formed—progenitors of all the reform meetings, Corn-Law Leagues, and societies of agitators innumerable which have since formed the most powerful forces in English politics—was something more than a coincidence. Horne Tooke and his friends had banded themselves together under the title of "Supporters of the Bill of Rights," in 1769, but the society was not actively influential till the following year. The meetings were assemblies of freeholders to protest against the abuse of the power

of Parliament in repeatedly refusing to acknowledge the right of the Middlesex constituency to choose whom it pleased for a member. They sprang out of the demagogy of Wilkes, with whom neither Wesley nor Whitefield had the least connection or sympathy. They would probably have denounced the meetings themselves as seditious and wicked. Yet they were the persons who had rendered them possible, and to their labours, more than to any other cause, is traceable the mighty change in the very essence of English Government which has made it a virtual Republic instead of a virtual Oligarchy.

From the Revolution down to the time of Whitefield's death England was governed by the great families,—the Portlands, Shrewsburys, Walpoles, Pulteneys, Graftons, Pitts, and Grenvilles. The House of Commons was bought by the Ministers. Even in King William's time the Secretary of the Treasury was committed to the Tower for purchasing Parliamentary votes; Walpole openly bought both seats and members, and in 1762 the Paymaster purchased a majority for Lord Bute and the King at so costly a rate that the payments of the King's bed-chamber were stopped for want of funds. The representation of the people was a mere phrase. The seats for the counties were distributed or fought for by the great landowners, and the boroughs were bought and sold. In the election for 1768 Lord Spencer expended 70,000*l.* on the borough of Northampton, and the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford offered to re-elect the sitting members for 7,500*l.* The average price of a borough seat was 4,000*l.* The House of Commons rigorously interdicted the publication of its debates, and arranged its business in secrecy with the pension-giver of the day. Public opinion could scarcely be said to exist in England. The populace might occasionally be excited to fury, by an appeal to their passions or prejudices, as when they shouted for Sacheverell, or defeated by their clamour Walpole's wise scheme of Excise, but intelligent criticism of public affairs, or idea of influencing Parliament by its expression there was none. There could be none. Education had hardly penetrated beyond the upper layer of society. The few newspapers that existed seldom contained either political information or discussion. There was, in truth, no demand for knowledge of politics, and therefore it was not supplied. A grossly ignorant people were satisfied with incredible lies and libels, and the complaint of wise and far-seeing men was that the gentry were growingly indifferent to the Constitution. Of the lower orders no account was taken. The notion of legislating for them in any especial manner never entered the heads of the statesmen or political leaders. That they were little better than savages, degraded, fierce, and cruel, the riots against the Methodists in the early years of their ministry abundantly prove. Had they con-

tinued in that condition nothing could have saved the country from revolution and anarchy, when the number of operatives was so amazingly increased by the marvellous development of manufacturing and mining operations in the latter part of the century ; but in the first half of it the operative population were tolerably well off and contented, therefore it was utterly ignored and despised by the governing class.

What was it, then, which filled the nation with a new and mighty life—the stirrings of which tore off the swaddling clothes and wrappages with which the statesmen of the Revolution, like too careful mothers with honest but mistaken kindness, not understanding the innate force and vigour of the child, had encompassed it ? It is idle and shallow to attribute this movement to Wilkes, or Tooke, or Junius. They were rather some of its products than its causes. They helped to *organise* public opinion, but they wrought in ground that others had prepared. Before Wilkes began to play the part of a patriot, the dissatisfaction of the people with rulers who were engaged in endless struggles for place, and a Parliament that was hopelessly corrupt, had variously manifested itself. It would have found other exponents had not these men—coarse and unscrupulous, and therefore fitted for the rough work to be done—presented themselves. Wesley and Whitefield broke up the fallow ground and made political reform possible, and the only attempts made at popular education were made by these men. We have already noticed that in the very first year of field preaching the founders of both the Methodist parties united in laying the stone of a school for the Kingswood colliers—Whitefield kneeling on the ground “that the gates of hell might not prevail against it,” while his grimy but weeping converts responded with loud *Amens*. Wesley afterwards reared the school with funds which he obtained from some of his wealthier adherents. He also early projected schools for poor children in Newcastle and London. The schools at the Foundry were the prototypes of the Government and reformatory schools of our own day. “A thing,” he says, “which gave me great concern was the case of abundance of children ; some of their parents could not afford to put to school, so they remained like a wild ass's colt ! Others were sent to school, and learnt, at least, to read and write ; but they learned all kinds of vice at the same time, so that it had been better for them to have been without their knowledge than to have bought it at so dear a price. At length I determined to have them taught in my own house, that they might have an opportunity of learning to read, write, and cast accounts (if no more), without being under almost a necessity of learning heathenism at the same time ; and after several unsuccessful trials I found two such schoolmasters as I wanted—men of

honesty and of sufficient knowledge, who had talents for, and their hearts in the work. They have now under their care nearly sixty children; the parents of some pay for their schooling, but the greater part, being very poor, do not, so that the expense is chiefly defrayed by voluntary contributions. We have of late clothed them, too, as many as wanted."

Several schools of which we have record as established by their followers were anticipations of the modern institutions of Sunday-schools. Priestley, writing to Burke, said, "The Methodists have given vast numbers education; they have placed them in a certain circle, and invested them with a degree of moral and social importance. If they have not done all that could be desired with such material, they have done much, and the country owes them much." Mr. Buckle observes that one of the leading characteristics of the eighteenth century, and one that pre-eminently distinguishes it from all that preceded it, was a craving after knowledge on the part of those classes from whom knowledge had hitherto been shut out." This was very largely created by the labours of the Methodists. In 1714 there were no printers in Ochester, Whitehaven, Preston, Kendal, Leeds, Manchester, or Liverpool. Later still there was scarce a bookseller in Cornwall. But the people in those remote counties insisted on reading what Mr. Wesley wrote, and having read his books, they wanted to read others. From 1750 onwards there was a marked increase in the number and variety of books published, while the newspapers more than doubled their circulation between that year and 1790. And it is impossible to trace this craving and call for knowledge to any other origin than the stir in the stagnant mind of the nation produced by the appeals of Whitefield and Wesley. They alone had compassion on the poor and them that were out of the way, calling attention to their miserable condition, and endeavouring to lift them out of a state of barbarism; but, above all, by their appeals they aroused the sense of individual responsibility and right which is at the bottom of all sound and effective popular government. Beneath their preaching the nation awoke to a new feeling of strength and hope. By the second Reformation they awakened a spirit of inquiry which extended from religious interests to political affairs, and demanded a justification and reason from all the institutions of the realm. Dr. Johnson, writing as the pensioned defender of the Court, describes the Methodists as "the natural fomenters of sedition, and confederates of the rabble." It was utterly untrue in the sense in which he meant it to be understood; but he saw that they were giving the people the intelligence and the self-respect which was threatening the privileges and monopolies for which all his reverence was reserved, and in that sense his charge against them was well-founded.

Professor Seeley has lately called attention, in a series of able articles, to the English Revolution of the eighteenth century, but he has forgotten to trace it to its source. When celebrating the centenary of George Whitefield it is right its originators should be acknowledged and receive their rightful honour.

T. C. TURBERVILLE.

NOBLY BORN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXIX.—PHOEBE RESOLVES TO BE A LADY.

CAPTAIN HYDE left me next day; he was naturally anxious to reach home, lest any tidings of the loss of the *Coromandel* should penetrate to the remote region of North Wales, where he expected to find his daughter. He was returning almost immediately to Dovercourt, in order to claim such salvage as from the nature of the cargo might be effected. As soon as he was gone, I began to bestir myself, and to consider whether I should actually return to Paris for the *Jour de l'An*, or betake myself to Cravenshaugh, where I knew I should be heartily welcomed by Charles, and by his mother. Of course I wished to please the Marchioness, and my life in Paris was a very pleasant one; but I was not at all sure that such a life was good for me. Indeed I was pretty certain that in many ways it was positively injurious; it was a life of temptation, and I had not found myself proof against much that without being actually immoral was yet detrimental to habits of personal religion, as well as to manliness of character. Also I felt that I was getting into a false position. My rank in life was that of Captain Vassall's son, and as such I could not claim the nobility of birth which society alone recognises. On my rights as the unacknowledged son of the Marchioness of Dovercourt I could not presume, if indeed any such *rights* really existed. I owed much, very much, to the liberal education which had been provided for me, and I had acquired a certain style and air, from having associated so long with people who belonged naturally to the "upper ten thousand;" but I wanted to stand on my own basis. I wanted to be myself, Hugh Vassall; and I determined that the time must soon come when I should cease to be known as Hugh Travis only. There was an intensity of truth in my nature, which I suppose I inherited from my father, and I felt something like a scorn of myself when I reflected upon the position which I had taken, or

rather, in justice to myself, I should say, the position into which circumstances had drifted me during my sojourn in Paris.

Then, again, what were my relations with Lady Olive? They were utterly incomprehensible! The more I thought about them, the more puzzling they became. The terms on which Lady Olive and I now stood were far more unnatural than those which had subsisted in the days of her outspoken contempt and enmity. She *seemed* candid enough; candour indeed had been almost a vice in her, so far she had pushed it in earlier years!—and yet I could not always trust her. I could not believe that she liked me, and accepted me as a friend and equal, to the extent of her professions. And now and then, without much vanity on my part, I could have fancied—it *could* be only fancy—that she more than liked me!—that she “cared for me,” as people say, when they know there is something far beyond mere liking, and are yet too shy to speak of *loving*! As for myself, my heart was a boy’s heart. I had precocity enough in many ways, but not in that way. And though I read novels with the true *gusto* of a novel-reader, it had never occurred to me to “fall in love” and get up a little romance on my own account. There is of course much to be said in favour of early attachments, and there is something also to be said in their disfavour. I can only say, as far as my own experience goes, that I do not believe in boy and girl love at all. I never knew a man—it may be different with women, whose peculiar virtue it is to adapt themselves to those they love—but I never knew a man, taken “into captivity,” as *David Copperfield* aptly describes it, at eighteen, who was not *déillusionné* long before he was eight-and-thirty. However, I am not going to write a treatise on first love, or first fancies, which are such a pretty and plausible imitation of the genuine article that young people may well be pardoned if too often they are deceived, and led into mistakes which it is difficult if not impossible to retrieve. I only wish to state as regards myself, that I was at this eventful period of my life free from any entanglements of the kind.

I had written to the Marchioness, and so had Mrs. Miller, for we did not exactly know what was to be done with Phœbe. As Margery had said, she had “some gear,” but not sufficient to support her in idleness. That she should never know such adversity as I could prevent I was fully resolved. Affairs at the Gate-House were very quickly wound up, for most of the furniture belonged to the house itself; and the little bit of money that had been put away for Phœbe was already invested in her name. As for Rebecca, with many tears she took leave of the home which had been hers for more than six years, and went to live with Mrs. Drew, the house-steward’s wife, who was only too glad to secure a domestic

so trustworthy, and so competent; for Rebecca was one of those happy persons who are by nature gifted with plenty of common-sense and ready wit, and who have a knack of doing well whatever they may turn their hands to. She was eminently a "woman of faculty;" also, like Mrs. Gilpin, "she had a frugal mind," and it grieved her very soul to see the merest crumb, or scrap, or shred absolutely wasted. Her talent for cookery was nothing short of genius; I think she must have been descended from the *chef* who served up fifteen *entrées* from a couple of horse-shoes; and from the accomplished *cordons-bleus*, who in the hour of extremity, improvised three courses out of a tallow-candle. Before we parted she confided to me that she was engaged to Jem Flower, but that they did not intend to marry till they had saved enough money to furnish a house, nor till Jem should have a rise in wages. I promised to speak to the Marchioness on Jem's behalf, and told Rebecca to let me know when she did marry that I might send her a wedding-present. The sneezy clock Martin and Margery had jointly bequeathed to her, in acknowledgment of her faithful services.

The Marchioness answered both letters almost by return of post; it was real grief to her that her humble friends were dead, for she had truly held the Wrays, as well she might, in most affectionate esteem. "We have both lost two of the best friends we had in the world, Hugh," she wrote; "but I can scarcely regret their departure, for God gave them length of days, and took them so that in their deaths they were not divided. Of all the blessings vouchsafed to them, this, I think, was the greatest; one was not left to mourn the other's loss. I am glad, too, that their last years were spent in rest and comfort; I am thankful that I was able to give to them all their declining age required, and that no mischance arose to trouble their tranquillity. Oh, Hugh, my dear boy, I almost envy them in their peaceful rest: the world is so full of pains and cares, and cross-purposes, and it is so hollow, so unsatisfactory, and the older one gets the more one proves its vanity. . . . As for Phoebe, let her return to school for the present; I will be answerable for her expenses, and I am writing to Miller to desire her to take charge of her, and supply her with all she needs. She can have no legal guardian; and I suppose she is virtually her own mistress: still, if she has any sense, she will understand that the best thing she can do is to return to Southchester. Perhaps, after next quarter, the Misses Primrose might be inclined to receive her as pupil-teacher; but that may be left with all future arrangements. I have told Miller to talk to her, and find out what her views may be before she leaves the Castle; for if she chooses to be apprenticed to the millinery or dressmaking, or to learn any business, it

would be as well for her not to waste time in the acquirement of unnecessary accomplishments. She is very pretty, and we shall have to take care of her: no harm, no unhappiness, must come to her if we can help it, for she is the beloved grandchild of the dear, faithful Wrays. But I do not think we should consult her happiness by putting her out of her station. She is a nice, taking, *genteel* little creature, and with her bonnie face, and her little *dot*, will be likely to marry early and well in her own rank of life! Nothing that we could do would ever transform her into a real lady. God bless you, my dearest child; we all want you back again. Olive and Maude as well as myself look for you on the 31st at latest; Felixstowe says you *promised* for the *Jour de l'An*.—Ever yours, faithfully—HELENA DOVERCOURT."

Nevertheless, I decided to go at once to Cravenshaugh, returning to Paris only shortly before I was due at Heidelberg, ~~whither both Charlie and I meant to stay a few more months in order, as he said, "to get a good grip at the German."~~ And Mrs. Craven herself had no objection to take up again her residence the while at Schloss Wanterfels. Our terms at Heidelberg completed, we were to commence as undergraduates at Cambridge.

The afternoon before I left Dovercourt, I went up to the ~~castle to see Phoebe and Mrs. Miller.~~ The housekeeper was alone, for Phoebe had gone into the village to drink tea with one of her friends. "That is a pity," I remarked, "for I should not like to go away without saying good-bye, and I wanted too to have a little talk with her. The Marchioness wrote to me about her."

"And to me too, Mr. Travis; and I am sure I have done my best to fulfil my lady's wishes concerning Phoebe Milner, but she really puts me out of all patience. She will and she will not, and she likes this and detests that, and doesn't know, I believe, what she really would be after."

"She need not decide anything at present, Mrs. Miller; of course she goes back to school, when the holidays are over. Of course the poor child is dreadfully upset, and cannot be expected to make up her mind to anything."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Travis, just, of course, as you say. She is quite willing to go back to Miss Primrose's, and she has had enough to make her nervous and irritable, and she were twice as old and three times as sensible. But that is not where the shoe pinches. After she had cried herself pretty well to death, and almost frightened my own senses out of me with her hysterics, she got calm and comfortable, all in a moment, as one may say. It seemed to me as if she had cried her fill, like a baby, and then forgotten all about it. Not but what she talks about 'poor grandpa' and 'poor dear grandma,' but she is swallowed up in herself and in her prospects! All

day long she talks about her prospects, though what they are, I am sure I do not know."

"Does she not describe them in any way? She must have some definite anticipations of her own, and she would scarcely keep them to herself. Reticence was never one of Phoebe's characteristics."

"Oh, she talks freely enough! And after my lady's letter, I encouraged her to talk; but all her cry is that she is going to be a lady! Says I, quite kindly, 'My dear, *that* you cannot be, any more than I can. At least, you can never be a real lady, and what's the good of make-believes? There is nothing in the world more to be despised than shams.' And she answered, tossing her head, and her cheeks as pink as summer roses, 'And why can't I be a lady, Mrs. Miller? Have I not been to boarding-school, and can't I play the piano, and draw, and dance? Why, our dancing master says he hasn't such another foot and ankle as mine among all his pupils, and he's got the best connection in Southchester, and in Southam too. And don't I speak like a lady, and look like a lady? And I'll take good care to *dress* like a lady.' I could only say, 'The piano and dancing, and the neatest foot and ankle in Europe won't make you a lady, my dear. I've seen ladies, real born ladies, all my life, for my mother was waiting woman to the Duchess of Milnthorpe, and I know what's what, though I make no pretensions to being a lady myself.' Says she, 'Dear Mrs. Miller, of course I don't mean a lady of rank, and yet I *might* come to that, you know.' 'No, I don't know,' I answered her; 'you can't turn out to be anybody but Phoebe Milner, for your birth is no mystery. Your father, John Milner, was a respectable, God-fearing, hard-working man, brought up to field-work, I've heard your grandmother say many a time, and your mother was Alice Wray, and lived under her parents' roof till she was married. You are as respectably born as a girl could wish to be, Phoebe, but rank you can never aspire to.' She was silent for a few minutes, but I could see her colour coming and going and her eyes shining, and at last she threw down her bit of fancy-work, and exclaimed, 'Why, Mrs. Miller! one would think you had lived all your life out of the great world rather than in it; you seem so innocent of things that *happen*.' I didn't like the flighty way she spoke, and I didn't think her tone quite as respectful as should have been considering my age and experience, and the position I hold here; but I made no remark, and she went on—'But, Mrs. Miller, I might *marry* to rank! Many a girl marries above the station she is born in, and I'm not to call ugly, I know,' and she drew herself up, and looked in the glass yonder, and nodded and smiled, as if she were well satisfied with her looks. But I said, 'Phoebe Milner, you are not ugly; you are what some people would call very pretty, and you'll not want for admirers to turn your head,

I'll be bound ; but take care how you steer. Good looks are a rock on which many a one has split, and you are but a child, and don't know half the dangers you will be safe to encounter if you go setting your mind upon marrying a lord or any gentleman of family. If you were not pretty there would not be half the danger ; you would get disappointed and laughed at, and that would be all, and you would grow wiser as you got older and came to know yourself and the world better ; but as it is, and with your notions, your beauty may be just a snare. A girl like you ought not to think of marrying at all, not for the next six or seven years, if you are wise ; but one thing I warn you—gentlemen of rank don't *marry* girls in your station, but they may get you into sad trouble, and make you very miserable."

Phœbe came in quite early, for Mrs. Miller had sent some one for her, with a message that I was at the Castle waiting to see her, and was going away betimes in the morning. She looked very pretty, as she sat down by the fire to warm herself, saying how cold it was, and how old Thomas, her escort, thought we were going to have snow. "And so you are leaving us, Mr. Travis?" she presently remarked,—“going back to Paris, which our mademoiselle says, and which everybody says, is the most delightful place in all the world! I do envy you! I wish I were going; I will go some day, but I dare say I shall be ever so old before I can manage it. And there is Lady Maude, just my own age, and she has been there ever so long!”

“How soon do you go back to school, Phœbe?”

“In little more than a fortnight, I suppose; the holidays will be over then, and I am sure I'll not be sorry, for it is horribly dull at Dovercourt. Such a melancholy Christmas, and such a wretched New Year!”

“We could scarcely wish it to be otherwise, Phœbe; our great loss is so very recent. And it falls more heavily upon you than upon me, for it takes from you your natural protectors, just as you are beginning to need them most. Besides, I am a man, and out in the world.”

“Ah! girls always get the worst of it! And they mustn't do this, and they mustn't do that; and butter mustn't melt in their mouths! I wish, with all my heart, I were not a girl!”

“But as such wishing is in vain, you had better reconcile yourself to your girlhood, and also try to make the very best of it. Now, Phœbe, you will not permit me to be any longer your brother, but I can never help feeling that I am really nearer to you than any one else living, and I should like to know before I go away,—it may be many months before I see Dovercourt again,—if you have planned anything for the future.”

"I am going back to school—I told you so ; I *must* get finished, mustn't I ?"

"I hardly know what you mean by being 'finished.'"

"Finish my education, of course!"

"But Phœbe, the Marchioness only promises for the coming quarter. She thinks you had better go on in the usual way till Lady-day, and in the meantime make up your mind as to what you will do afterwards."

"Do? why get finished, of course! Oh, dear! I can't get finished in one quarter, and a short quarter too! I must keep at Miss Primrose's for at least two years longer, and then——"

"But you cannot afford it, Phœbe! Grandfather and grandmother's annuity died with them. All they have left behind is yours, but it is very little—it is not much more than 20*l.* a year. You might, perhaps, make some arrangement with your governess to remain as pupil-teacher, or half-boarder, or whatever they call it, that is if you think it well to stay on learning things that may never be of any benefit to you!"

Phœbe tossed her curls, and bridled to perfection. "Half-boarder, indeed! no thank you, Hugh, not if I know it! Why, all the girls, even the little ones, look down on the half-boarders, and they've got to run here, and to run there, and be at everybody's beck and call. Why, Miss Jumps, that's just left, had to wash the third class, and comb their head, and mend their clothes, and hear them their baby-lessons, and take them to practice, teach them their notes, and all that. And she was put last in everything; if anything that we had out of the way ran short, she went without. Why, I've known her to be helping the servants on busy days; and we none of us minded what we said to her, and we many a time set the little ones on to plague her! Half-boarder, indeed! No, no! not I; and after being on full terms too, and having plenty of pocket-money, and being styled the Queen of the school."

In her indignation, she ran herself quite out of breath. As soon as she was silent, I said—"Then, Phœbe, if some such arrangement is not to be thought of, how can you remain and 'get finished,' as you say?"

"I should think the Marchioness would never have the meanness to stop everything,—the money, I mean,—just because *they* are dead."

"People cannot go on paying pensions to the third and fourth generation! Lady Dovercourt was under obligations to Martin and Margery Wray, and most nobly she repaid them. Neither will she desert you now; that you may not be harassed and vexed in your first sorrow, she makes herself responsible for your quarter's school-bill. And if you would like to learn a business—a nice

light, ladylike business, of course, she will gladly pay the premium for you,—a handsome premium too! I really think you cannot expect more of her, Phœbe.”

“And she rolling in riches! And me learning a business! I'm not going to be one of your milliner's girls, or dressmaker's apprentices. I can promise her I will do a little better for myself than that.”

“I do not see what better you can want, Phœbe. I am sorry you are so silly, and will not see what is good for yourself. And it is most ungrateful of you to speak so unkindly of the Marchioness; it was really her money which procured you all you have enjoyed so long. Her liberality to your grandparents enabled them to send you to school. But for her ladyship they would have remained quite poor people at Eaglesmere; but for her, you would not be here now; you would be alone at Waterhead, looking out for a decent service.”

“No, indeed! I never would do anything menial; it's of no use, Mr. Travis, I must be a lady.”

“I have nothing to say against it, if you can be one. But, Phœbe, do not think me unkind if I tell you that you have not the least idea of what a lady is like! Fine clothes and fine airs, and doing nothing menial, will no more make you a lady than a fairy-queen. You may be, though, a very superior person for your station, for you are undoubtedly pretty, and you are what is commonly called genteel looking, neither are you stupid; but you must be steady and thoughtful, and try to do your duty in that station.”

“Is one always to keep in one's station, then?”

“By no means. As a rule, I fancy those people who have no ambitions, who remain a long life through in one station, are grovelling and sordid in their souls. Besides, I do not believe any one does remain from birth till old age precisely in the same station of life. There is no standing still in this world; if one does not get on, one goes back. One generation is always higher or lower in estate than the one which preceded it.”

“That cannot be. People of rank are people of rank, and they can't rise any higher. Dukes and duchesses and such like can neither get on nor come down in the world. There's the Queen! Nothing on earth could make her an inch higher than her ancestors, the other kings and queens, who came before her.”

“Indeed, you mistake, Phœbe. In rank she is perhaps not higher than her predecessors; but in station she is far above Queen Anne, or that stupidly-good George III. and his unlovely consort. Believe me, our station is very much what we choose to make it. Providence puts certain materials into our hands, and we do with

them either well or ill. If Queen Victoria had been a silly, vain, selfish woman, bent only on her own personal aggrandisement, an unwise ruler, an unloving wife, a foolish mother, her real station would not be that which now is hers. Her people would not love and reverence her; other nations would not acknowledge her supremacy; she would have small influence in the world, and what influence she did possess she would owe solely to her rank. I do not know whether I express myself clearly, but I know what I mean,—in one sense, Queen Victoria cannot climb any higher, because, as sovereign of these realms, she stands on the topmost pinnacle of human grandeur; but she may still rise in station, she may still make herself a nobler woman, a greater queen, a mightier potentate!"

"And yet, because I am a poor man's child, you scold me when I want to be something different."

"Indeed I do not, Phoebe. There can be no objection to your rising in the world. The children ought to take a better position than their parents, and we are at liberty to take any station which is ours lawfully. But, my dear girl, the mischief is, that you misunderstand the true practice and principle of *rising*! No one rises by pretension, by despising that from which he sprung, by vanity, or by love of ease. If you want a higher station than that which is at present assigned to you, you must *buy* it!—buy it, Phoebe, with patience, hard work, and honest worth. If you try to get into a more exalted station in any other way, if you trust to your pretty face, to airs and graces and to *luck*,—you will be disappointed in the end, and instead of rising honourably, happily in the social scale, you may—indeed you may—fall lower than now, in your girlish inexperience, you can imagine."

"Indeed, Mr. Hugh gives you excellent advice, Phoebe, and I do hope you'll listen to him," interposed Mrs. Miller. "There's no reason why you should not rise, as he says; but quite the other way. I believe in what he says, that if you do not climb, you slide down-hill; there is no standing still for anybody now-a-days. But you must honestly win your position; you can't clutch it or make a dash at it."

But Phoebe was crying, sobbing out that everybody wanted to put upon her, now that the old folks were gone. We could make nothing further of it, for she refused to enter into rational conversation, but still persisted in declaring that she meant to be a lady, and would do nothing menial. She had somehow caught the phrase, perhaps from advertisements; but I am sure she had no very clear ideas as to what was and what was not "menial." I felt anxious about her; but Mrs. Miller would take her back to Southchester, when the time came, and explain her true position to

the Misses Primrose, who would of course understand that existing arrangements terminated at Lady-day. And surely they were the best persons to advise Phœbe, for they best knew her capabilities, and ought to know her disposition.

But Phœbe protested—"And then it will get whispered about in the school that I am leaving because I am *poor*! and I shall be looked down upon, and have ill-natured things said to me, and they'll pay me back for any little spites I may have shown them."

"Upon my word, Phœbe," I said, "I think the sooner you leave your school the better! I have heard many people speak ill of ladies' boarding schools, but I never thought they were as harmful as, by your showing, they are. You seem to have learned all sorts of littlenesses since you went to Southchester."

"Indeed, it has not improved her," said Mrs. Miller. "She never used to have these foolish, uppish notions. I don't believe in these big schools, where girls of all sorts are herded together, to corrupt each other!—to say the least of it, to put nonsense into each other's heads. There's a lot of money spent, and precious time spent; and what is there to show for it? What solid good has Phœbe gained, I should like to know?"

"Plenty, Mrs. Miller!" replied the damsel, with spirit. "I dare say I shall forget a good deal of heavy things, such as I do not care much about, a good deal quicker than I learnt them. I don't pretend to have a taste for history, and geography, and chronology, and the use of the globes—which I don't believe are of any mortal use whatever—like that book-worm, Sarah Muggeridge, who is going to be a governess. But I have learned to paint flowers, and to do heads in chalks, and to play on the piano, and to sing, and to valse the *valse à deux-temps*, and I know how to enter a room, and how to sit gracefully, and all that kind of thing."

Poor Phœbe! she thought she had silenced us, for in very pity I made no reply, and Mrs. Miller shut her lips firmly. She had heard Phœbe stumble and scramble through one or two showy pieces of music—"Airs with variations," in the Herz style—and the housekeeper knew what good music was. And I had seen the showy flower-painting, and the heads in chalk, which were, alas! of the lowest school of art, if, indeed, they could be said to have any affinity at all with art! As for sitting gracefully—if affectation and airs constituted grace, I must say Phœbe had learned her lesson well.

As I took leave of Phœbe I bade her remember that I was and ever would be her fast friend; "and though you refuse any longer to be my sister," I said, "I shall still hold myself your brother, as much as if we had had the same parents. And I know the Marchioness will always be kind to you; she will never forget that you are Martin Wray's granddaughter."

And so I left the Castle, and next morning, in a light fall of snow, I set out for Cravenshaugh. It was a great comfort to be once more with Charlie; both he and his mother made as much of me as if I had been a personage of the first importance, and in half an hour I felt quite at home at Cravenshaugh. It was nothing like as grand as Dovercourt; it was no palace, no baronial pile; but it was a large, handsome, substantial house, with no stint of space anywhere, abounding in every comfort, not to say luxury, and beautifully ordered. It was just such a home as ought to be Charlie's—just the establishment over which such a woman as Mrs. Craven should preside. Both the house and the furniture were sufficiently old to have toned down into those quiet neutral tints, which never weary and never distress the eye; there was nothing for show, but everything for use, and for the satisfaction of the most fastidious tastes. There was no imposing ceremony, but all decent and graceful order was observed; there was not a grand retinue of servants, but the domestics were all staid and respectable in their appearance, and seemed to know their duties perfectly. Some few of them had been in the family for many years. The housekeeper, and the butler, and the old coachman dated back to the boyhood of Charlie's father.

The weather became intensely cold, a heavy snow fell, and we were much confined to the house. And I shall never forget how warm, and cosy, and bright that house was, while the snow lay thick and white without, and the piercing wintry winds wailed through the leafless woods. I had always felt that Mrs. Craven diffused an atmosphere of tranquil comfort around her wherever she went; but I never realised to the full her sweet, rich, womanly influence, till I was her guest at Cravenshaugh. And I felt so much confidence in talking to her—I could trust her so completely, yea, the heart of any man might trust safely in her! I loved the Marchioness more dearly than I loved Charlie's mother; but it was Charlie's mother, and not my own, to whom I should have gone for counsel in extremity. Instinctively I recognised in Mrs. Craven certain qualities in which Lady Dovercourt was deficient; her judgments were so sound, her views were so clear and liberal; there was so much strength in her decisions, she seemed so intuitively to reach the pith of any knotty argument, so quickly to penetrate the mists of error, and to cast aside the glamour of specious plausibilities. Yet she was one of the softest, tenderest, most sympathetic women I ever knew.

Naturally, I told her and Charlie all that had transpired since our parting at Heidelberg; I did not hide from them the sins and follies of which I had been guilty in Paris. Thank God! who kept me from the evil, there was nothing to tell which I might not con-

fess to a pure-minded woman. It might have been far otherwise, for once or twice, in the very heedlessness and ignorance of youth, I had wandered perilously near the brink of the abyss.

"It was wise in you not to return at present," said Mrs. Craven, when I had told her all. "Nearly always, at your age, it is better to flee from temptation than to enter into it, with the intent to overcome it."

"But it was not only that I dreaded getting entangled again in that Paris set; I thought—I felt that the life I led there was not good for me. It brought out all the bad part of my nature, and it stifled the good: I fell into idle, extravagant, luxurious habits; in short, Mrs. Craven, I occupied a false position. I was not what I seemed to be; people thought I was related to the Dovercourts, and they received me as one born to the rank in which I moved. There were some who fawned upon me,—for I knew through Du Carel that I had been spoken of as a young man of high family, with the most brilliant and assured prospects! and their flatteries humiliated me, and pained me sorely. I felt that I was such a sham, and yet I could not get up and declare the truth. Then, again, I had determined to be a worker in the world, as you know, I had resolved to earn my own living, and my Paris life tended to modify those intentions, which I knew were right and wise; it made me frivolous, indolent, and pleasure-seeking, and it would do so again were I to enter into it."

"Then you are quite in earnest about choosing a profession?"

"I have chosen it, and please God I will abide by it, and make it no idle name. I have chosen the law; I wish to be a barrister. And it will go hard with me if I do not achieve some success. I have discovered that this money of mine is so settled upon me, that no one can deprive me of it; it is simply secured to me and to my heirs for ever, *unconditionally*! But though the Marquis can never take away that which my poor mother bought at such a price, it is possible that events may occur which would cause me to refuse to touch my income. It might even become a point of honour that I should renounce it! I know not why, but I dread the Marquis's return from the East! I am afraid we have both acted rashly, both my mother and myself. All the world associates our names, and then there is Lady Olive! If the Marquis chooses to ask questions either at Paris or at Dovercourt, there are plenty of people to answer them. We know how the history of the last six years would open his eyes. The Marchioness does not appear to see the danger."

"It is only to herself: the Marquis could not hurt you, since happily the days of feudal might are over."

"No, personally I have nothing to dread from him, but he can strike at me through my mother. He will be so enraged at the

long deceit practised upon him, and at that I cannot wonder; no man likes to be cheated, especially by his wife. I would not for anything condemn or blame my dear mother, but it would have been better for us both had she kept me at a distance and never openly interfered in my concerns."

"It would; and I sadly fear there is trouble yet to come, resulting from her yielding to the natural yearnings of her heart. But, Hugh, I cannot wonder—I cannot imagine how she endured her life after she left you at Eaglesmere. Oceans would not have divided me from my boy, his father's boy, and that father snatched away by death. I could not have borne separation from my child."

"Mother," said Charles, gravely, "you never would have accepted such terms; you would never, never have made such a bargain."

"I think not, Charlie, but I cannot be quite sure; I never was tried. I never had to dread poverty for you. If I had been in Mrs. Vassall's place, who can tell? It is madness to judge the case of another, even when we think we know all the circumstances. Only God knows all that lonely, broken-hearted girl went through before she consented to sell the great honour and blessing of her motherhood. And some natures are more gentle, more plastic than others; all have not the same strength to withstand temptation, which involves weakness only, and not actual sin. Well, Hugh, hold fast to your mother in your heart, but do not seek her society too much. And I think you are right to remember that you are your father's son, and to assume no prerogatives to which you are not justly entitled."

Of course, I told the story of Captain Hyde, and disclosed my anxieties respecting Phoebe, and many were the quiet, refreshing talks we had in those bleak, sombre January days.

The time came at length when I thought, and my friends thought, I ought to go to Paris, since to neglect the Marchioness even in appearance would be cruelty. Mrs. Craven and Charlie would join me in a few days, and we would go together to Heidelberg, returning to England in the autumn in order to be ready for Cambridge in October.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE WANDERER RETURNS.

. My visit to Paris was short but pleasant. I think the Marchioness comprehended why I made it so brief, for she neither reproached me for remaining so long in Southamshire, nor pressed me to remain over the day appointed for my departure. I had the great happiness of introducing Mrs. Craven and Charlie to my mother, and the two ladies were mutually interested in each other. But though the Marchioness did not chide me for my tardiness, Lady Olive did; apparently my defection had caused her much

chagrin. "How could you, Hugh?" she said in that soft, beseeching way which had become, as it were, natural to her of late,— "how could you stay away when I wanted you? And you had *promised*, too! You said you would be in Paris again before the *Jour de l'An*; and I had the loveliest *bonbons* for you, and a perfect gem of a *bonbonnière*!"

"You do me too much honour, Lady Olive," I said gravely. "I will tell you honestly that I do not think the life I led here was good for me. I have my way to make in the world; I have, I hope, my life-work before me, and I must not indulge too much in soft ease and silken pleasure. I have had my holiday; now to labour again."

She looked at me wonderingly, and pouted her red lips. "But I thought—I thought——" she said. And just then her maid came to tell her that the dressmaker was waiting, so I did not hear what she thought. She went away looking not only perplexed, but pained. "Incomprehensible girl!" I said to myself as she disappeared; "shall I ever understand you? are you one of the cleverest actresses of your day, or are you really one of the most charming and loveable of women?" Maude and Lord Felixstowe scolded me soundly, and Maude cried and clung to me, when I bade her good-bye; but then Maude was my own dear little sister, though she knew it not; and some strange instinct seemed continually to draw us together. And how much we personally resembled each other I could see as well as feel; whenever we went out together I was taken for her brother.

I have nothing to say of our life at Heidelberg. We resumed our old habits, and kept the even tenor of our way, week after week and month after month, till the spring glided into summer, and the summer glowed and faded into autumn, and we had kept our terms in the German university. Schloss Wanterfels was given up, and Mrs. Craven once more took up her residence at Cravenshaugh.

Charlie and I both went up to Cambridge in October, both resolved to work very hard, and to add to the renown of our chosen *Alma Mater*. And as there have been already written so many stories of college life I will not add to their number, but pass very lightly over this portion of my career, which, so far as my university experiences went, was, from first to last, singularly uneventful. Of course I made many new friends, but not one who was to compare with Craven. Charlie, too, as naturally extended the circle of his acquaintance; but no one, I am certain, ever for a moment supplanted me in his faithful, tender heart. We worked pretty hard, without much actual grinding. We belonged to a pleasant, genial set, and we passed our successive examinations with satisfaction to ourselves, and to our friends. We had several Stoketon lads in our college, among them Roger Blake and John Clayton.

The Marchioness remained some time abroad, while the Marquis roamed hither and thither, no one knew exactly where. Mr. Drew seemed to be better informed as to his whereabouts than any other person. Lady Olive was duly presented; Maude grew into a very beautiful girl, and Lord Felixstowe was at Eton:

After a good deal of hesitation and much distrust of the prudence of the arrangement, I had concluded to pay Phoebe's school-bills till she should be sixteen. But I was resolute in demanding that she should leave the Misses Primrose's establishment, with which I was more and more disgusted, as I perceived more clearly the system on which it was conducted. The pupils of these ladies were taught to be artificial and frivolous; they were trained to certain "gentilities," so-called, and allowed to indulge in many undoubted vulgarities. Their pretended course of study was of the shallowest; it was a "finishing school," and the elements of knowledge were literally despised. In every case preference was given to showy, meretricious accomplishments rather than to solid acquirements, and the girls learned to dress—each one trying to outvie the others in finery—to dance, to play, to sing, and to draw, so as to produce certain effects which might pass current in what was supposed to be "society." They learned, too, that the great aim of their lives was to make a good, *alias* a wealthy marriage; and from the tone of their instructions generally, they were not so much to be blamed, if they imagined that, in order to secure a desirable *parti*, they could not laugh and flirt too much, dress too extravagantly, or talk too much nonsense. Above all things, it was impressed upon them to be "stylish," to be "*fashionable*," and to pay the greatest attention to their looks.

I took Mrs. Craven into my confidence, and she soon found a highly respectable middle-class school, where girls were really well-trained, and their natural talents cultivated to the best advantage. Poor Phoebe did not like the change; she complained bitterly that she was put back to the rudiments in everything, and she was disposed to regard as "*preaching*" the gentle, wise, and pious admonitions of kind Mrs. Fairfax, the lady principal. Her companions too, she averred were such "*stuck-up, disagreeable girls*;" not one of them was "*engaged*," there were no clandestine love-letters, no smuggled suppers in the bedrooms, no surreptitious novel reading, and no fun, as poor Phoebe accounted fun! Altogether, she did not like it, and for the first six months her letters were sad jeremiads, and she shed many tears over the memory of her blissful life at Southchester. But after awhile she became reconciled, at least there were no more complaints; and when once or twice I saw her—for she generally visited Mrs. Miller in the holidays—I thought her much improved. She was prettier than ever, she was far less

flippant, and though she continued to bridle and shake her flossy ringlets, she practised scarcely any of those underbred tricks and airs which had so annoyed me at the time of her grand-parents' death.

And so time passed away, and I had completed my twentieth year. "The family" were once more at Dovercourt, and thither, by urgent invitation, I repaired shortly before Christmas. All had gone so quietly for the last three years that I began to think there was no cause for alarm, and that I might safely indulge myself in the society of those who were to me the dearest upon earth. I had paid many visits to my mother during this interval, but I had abstained from the open familiarity into which I had been drawn in Paris. I had seen Lady Olive too, and I had heard from time to time reports of her brilliant successes in society. Once or twice she was reported as being on the eve of marriage; but the news, I suppose, was false, for when I reached Dovercourt that Christmas she was still Olive Walton, and she soon contrived to let me know that her hand was entirely at her own disposal. As for the Marquis, I believe we all began to fancy he would never reappear. For more than three years he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth, and communications from him were few and far between. Nobody seemed to care about his coming back, not even his wife; and Lady Olive, who at first had professed to mourn his absence, was evidently now quite reconciled to it—though she did say sometimes she wondered when papa would write to say that he was coming home.

On Christmas Eve we had a little dance among ourselves. Felixstowe was at home, of course, and he had brought with him two of his favourite chums from Eton. Maude had also a friend staying with her, and Mrs. Craven and Charlie were spending a few days at the Castle. We were a quiet but very happy party, and we were enjoying ourselves extremely. Never in my life had I felt happier, blither, lighter-hearted. As for Charlie, he was evidently over head and ears in love with Lady Maude, and in a seventh heaven of felicity, being permitted her companionship. The Marchioness looked pale but most lovely; she had been far from well of late, but this evening her sweet face wore its calmest, most satisfied expression. She and Mrs. Craven sat together on a sofa at the end of the room, enjoying their talk, while we young people danced, and played, and sang, and chatted to our hearts' content. We were all as innocently and carelessly happy as, I suppose, any young creatures could be. And the hours flew, and the evening was almost spent before I could feel that it was fairly begun.

Lady Olive had been playing for the dancers, and I had had for my partner the charming little Lady Lucy Lisle, Maude's confidential friend. Not feeling disposed to dance any more, I wandered

away from the large drawing-room, into the smaller and more dimly-lighted rooms beyond. Lady Olive was with me, her white jewelled fingers resting on my arm, and we were talking in low tones, yet not so low but that any one very near at hand could have heard every word we uttered. For my part, I was beginning to be very foolish about Lady Olive; at last I had faith in her. I adored her proud patrician beauty; I liked to hear her speak scornfully of her admirers, and I could not but fail to know that she regarded me with the very warmest interest. If she did not actually love me, she *liked* me better than anyone else. She said as much, indeed. She always called me Hugh, and I had forgotten all about her title, and called her simply "Olive."

"Let us stop here awhile, Hugh," she said, as we sat down on a couch, in the last room of the suite—a room lighted only by the distant lamps of the other rooms, from which it was separated by heavy curtains of embroidered silk damask. We sat close together on the downy little couch, which only held two persons, and—I scarcely know what made me do it—I passed my arm round Lady Olive's slender waist, and drew her still nearer to me. We all do unaccountable things at twenty, I suppose.

She did not resent the liberty, and her small delicate hand stole nervously into mine. "Olive!"—I began—I am sure I do not know now what I was going to say, it was never said—*never said*.

For Lady Olive started from my side and gave a sort of shriek, and at the same moment I espied the figure of a tall man, half hidden by the folds of the thick curtains. I sprang up to question the intruder. At a glance I perceived he was no marauder—that he was certainly a gentleman. But what business had he there, in hiding, in my lady's drawing-room? "May I ask who you are, sir?" I questioned hotly, as if I had been a son of the house.

"You may, Mr. Hugh Vassall!" was the calm rejoinder, in tones that froze my blood,—*"I am the Marquis of Dovercourt; I think we have met before."*

(To be continued.)

BIBLE WORK AMONGST FRENCH PRISONERS.

BY PASTEUR DE FAY, OF BRUSSELS.

"Minden (Westphalia), Oct. 24, 1870.

"THE charitable idea of employing ministers of the Word to bring the message of salvation to the French prisoners in Germany and to visit the ambulance was originated by Christians inhabiting the Wupperthal (Rhenish Prussia).

"A committee was formed at Elberfeld for this purpose, and as soon as its intentions were made known abundant gifts flowed in to it from all sides. This committee has taken active steps to secure preachers acquainted with French, and to procure a large assortment of New Testaments, detached portions of Scripture, and religious tracts for the prisoners.

"The remembrance that I have had the privilege of labouring during nineteen years in France at the work of our common Master, the thoughts of the many dear friends I possess in that country, along with the hope of being enabled through the Divine blessing to do some good to the poor prisoners so far from their unhappy country, were reasons more than sufficient to induce me to accept with joy the call addressed to me by the above-mentioned committee in view of the noble task which it had undertaken. I obtained an authorisation from Berlin in due form to visit the French prisoners in the fortresses of Minden, Wesel, Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence.

"At Minden there were at first nearly 5,000 prisoners, but lately more than 3,000 have been sent to West Friesland, where I intend visiting them (D.V.) in a few days. They are employed working at the canals. At Wesel there are several thousands; at Cologne, 10,000; at Coblenz, from 10,000 to 12,000, and an equal number at Mayence.

"I commenced the work entrusted to me at Minden on Thursday, October 20. Here the prisoners are shut into a camp surrounded by a high enclosure of planks. Several rows of tents, mostly circular, containing each half a squad, or fifteen men, constitute the dwellings of the captives. The poor fellows' beds consist of a layer of straw three or four inches thick spread over the bottom of the tent, a little wisp for a pillow, and a woollen blanket for each man. As long as the weather continues mild this is tolerable, but should the extreme cold come on before their return to their native country their sufferings will be severe. But it would appear, from what I have heard, that, if the prisoners must pass a part of the winter here, they will be lodged in the town.

"On inquiry, I found that only two or three, out of the 1,500 prisoners remaining at Minden, are Protestants; it was therefore not altogether without apprehension that I presented myself before the camp-commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel B—, to tell him my object, and request from him an order of admittance into the tents. But the Lord disposed his heart favourably towards me, and the order was at once given.

"Having no hope of obtaining authorisation to preach in the open air (which I should have much liked to do in order to save time) on account of the want of Protestants, I resolved to go into each

of the tents separately, with my bag stuffed with New Testaments, portions of the Scriptures, and tracts. On reaching the opening of one of the tents, I ask 'if I may come in?' and immediately several voices reply, 'Come in, sir, come in.' 'I hope I do not disturb you?' 'Oh no, sir; quite the contrary: we are very glad to see you.' And the poor fellows make room, square-fold one of their blankets in a second, for me to sit upon, and begin making excuses for receiving me in such lodgings. I hasten to assure them that I find it very amusing, on the contrary, to be under the tent, &c. &c. My new friends smile, become more at ease, and we are soon as good friends as if we had known each other for years. I tell them my name, my nationality, that I lived in France for a long time, and love that country and have dear friends in it; that I have stayed in such and such departments. When they hear this one will say, 'I am from such a department' (one of those mentioned), and another, 'I am from such a one,' and so on; their faces brighten, their hearts open (and that is soon the case with the French). When the ground is thus prepared, and their confidence gained, I tell them the object of my visit—'I am come to bring you a word of Christian sympathy and instructive books, particularly the good Word of God, which you can read during the time of your long forced leisure.' 'You are very kind, sir, to have thought of us and to have come to see us.' 'It is not too soon for us to have something to read, for we are mortally tired here,' adds another. As I have only twelve or fifteen minutes to spend in each tent, I look for a sergeant or a corporal and give him a New Testament, with the solemn promise that he will read out of it every day to the *tentful* of men. To each of the other fourteen I present a portion of the Word, either a gospel or an epistle, with a tract. After this distribution, I say a few words to the little assembly to make them appreciate the Book of God, and to insist on the necessity of reading it with prayer. Before leaving the tent I propose to offer a short prayer. They accept joyfully; the fifteen men uncover their heads and kneel down (even those who are ailing), and I in the midst of them. We pray for the blessing of God upon the reading of the little books, for the prompt restoration of peace, for the prisoners that they may have the happiness of soon returning to their families, for the families in mourning and misery, that they may be consoled from on high, &c. Then the tears (sometimes from a grey-headed sergeant) begin to flow down furtively; all appear serious or moved; and when the *Amen* is pronounced they instinctively cross themselves, according to the Roman Catholic custom; then from different sides is heard, 'Thank you, sir; God will hear your excellent prayer. May God reward you for the visit you have made us! We shall never forget you.'

"In order that they may remember the friend who has visited them, and write to him afterwards if they like, I write upon each New Testament: 'Souvenir of captivity.—Offered by John N., pastor at Chênée, near Liège. Minden, Oct. 1870.' The other prisoners copy this in their little books. How many have already promised to write to me when they return to their unhappy country!

"Thus far I have not surprised a smile of mockery on the faces of any of my new audience. One of them, pressing his New Testament to his heart, said to me: 'Ten years hence I shall still have this good book.' Another said, 'I shall carry mine to my parents.' I do not speak of the probable results of this work, though faith may easily foresee them. Our God will cause the good seed to spring up in due time. It is His work. The Lord's workman has only to be taken up about one thing,—faithfully to accomplish the task which His Divine Master has confided to him. Pray that this grace may be granted to him who writes these lines.'"

To this interesting letter we add a few lines received by balloon from Pastor Fisch, of Paris, Secretary of the Evangelical Society. They are addressed to M. Pilatte, of Nice, editor of the *Eglise Libre*. Their contents will be welcome to your readers, who do not find, in the political newspapers, any account of how the evangelical Christians of Paris are feeling and acting under their present awful trial. "If our brethren are praying for us," writes M. Fisch, "I may tell them that their prayers are heard. With a very few exceptions, all the Christians I meet are calm and confiding. Their confidence is of good alloy; it is founded in God, else how can we explain the inward peace they enjoy in one of the most trying positions that it is possible to conceive?"

A feeling of solidarity is beginning to be developed among the different classes of the population. Paris having now become an intrenched camp, the discipline which reigns in the army is exercising its influence over us. The solution of some of the most difficult social problems is being chalked out by the force of things. The little army of evangelical Christians feel that they need to keep their ranks serried. No. 10, Avenue Percier, which has become the seat of the Evangelical Committee for the wounded, is a centre where meetings of pastors are frequently held. Our Christian ladies meet at the *Ouvroir*, where they work for the wounded. Besides our two large ambulances of the Chaptal College and the Rue Reuilly, we have opened nine others for the soldiers upon the ramparts, and most of these have their work-room. We are about to organise large economical cooking *dépôts* for the indigent population. The day before yesterday a meeting of brethren decided upon the foundation of a daily paper for treating the current questions from a Christian point of view. Several evening meetings

have been turned into prayer-meetings. The latter are better attended than formerly. We feel God's presence in them, and find the strength we need to go through our great task."

Oct. 14.

"God is doing us good; we feel that we are in His hand. It is that Hand which has thrown us down, and which is keeping us in an iron prison. . . . It is true that we are rationed at 80 grammes (not quite 3 oz.), of meat per day, and that we must wait for this slender pittance for three or four hours till our turn comes, but what is this in comparison with the evils that may yet be awaiting us? This oneness in trial, this equality of the poor and the rich in face of privation, serves to link hearts powerfully together, and will leave beneficial effects after the siege is over.

"A breeze of benevolence, of compassion, of mutual responsibility has passed over Paris. There is more pity for the poor; people give more willingly to the impotent and to the blind. Men, heretofore separated by insurmountable barriers, are brought together; priests and pastors vie with one another in their courage in going to pick up the wounded on the battle-field. The chastisement which has fallen upon us has already caused many to turn their looks heavenward. Men, formerly complete strangers to any sort of religion, recognise openly that God is chastising us because we have offended Him. There is not, as yet, a calling upon the Saviour, but those who have been for long preaching to masses (who did not even believe in the Invisible), hail with joy this first return to God. It is, as it were, the fixed point upon which to place our lever. This God, who is striking us, is the law, and the law is needful as a preparation for grace. I doubt not that our France, ploughed up so deeply, will have a magnificent seed-time. Even now we find the work of evangelisation easier. Hearts are looking out eagerly for consolation; our audiences are more numerous than at this season in former years."

We agree with M. Fisch in believing that good for France will ultimately result from her present calamities, but, in the meantime, Protestants and Romanists alike are decided on continuing a war on which they now look as one of self-defence. Several Protestant pastors have just published a protestation in the name of French Protestantism, repudiating all solidarity with the King of Prussia, in his "pretended Divine mission," as well as against the use he makes of the name of God in his official bulletins. "We look upon such words," say the protesters, "accompanied by such actions as a deplorable aberration. We feel bound to stigmatise the invocation of the name of God upon a war of conquest and pillage as an odious blasphemy. For the God of the Gospel is not the God of battles, of force, of proud success, but the God of the liberated conscience, of the humble heart, of holy self-denial.

"In face of an invading army, which is setting up brute force as a right, and abandoning itself unscrupulously to all sorts of crimes, we are grieved to see that Evangelical Protestantism is made to bear the responsibility of a policy and a behaviour which are condemned by its very principles."

M. Pilatte criticises this protestation very severely on the ground that it has come too late. "It was in July," he says, "that the organs of this Protestant press should have raised their voice." His own paper, the *Eglise Libre*, was the only one that dared, at that moment, to condemn the war. "Will it be said that it was dangerous to do it? We know that very well, and it is just the reason why we think that after having kept silence then it is not becoming to protest now. Is it on account of the religious language used by the King of Prussia that you desire to lift up your voices against the abuse of the name of God and the invocation of His providence upon horrors that He cannot but detest?"

"Here, again, the thing should have been done sooner. The criminal who was still reigning over France in July boasted of being a Christian. He styled himself *the eldest son of the Church*, the *very Christian* Emperor. When he set out to conquer the Rhine, to ravage Germany, to dictate peace at Berlin, he also invoked the name of God. 'God will bless our arms,' said he, and no one protested against his impious words! . . .

"Have we two weights and two measures to judge of blasphemous speeches according as they come from this or that one? The truth is that at that moment we supposed the greater part of the looked-for evils would fall upon others. We did not expect reverses, and those we were about to inflict weighed but lightly upon us.

"God has not 'blessed our arms.' The calamities of war, ruin, devastation, a conquering foe, have fallen upon us, and now only would it seem have we found out that war is a crime, that it is anti-Christian, and that it is an odious blasphemy to invoke the name of God upon it."

M. Pilatte then proceeds to give his own convictions as to the duty of French Christians at the present moment. "Whatever be the horror," says he, "with which we regard war (*any war*, and more than any other the one upon which we have entered), we are no longer free to shun it. Powerless to attack, we are condemned to defend ourselves. Protestations, appeals to the world's sympathy, remonstrances to the enemy are useless. The time for all that has gone by. Our misfortune demands of us a greater degree of dignity. Nothing remains for us, at the juncture to which things have come, but to concentrate our strength, to prepare for the greatest sacrifice, and to struggle for the deliverance of our country, till we gain the victory or sink exhausted."

HESTER GOLDERING'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—WRITTEN BY JANE GOLDERING.

At the time when little Trottie was adopted by those unknown people I was ten years of age, so that I preserve a perfectly distinct recollection of her. I remember the morning my mother set out with her for London as well as though it were but yesterday. Annie and I dressed her in her best for the journey, and I remember thinking it strange mother should choose to take her with her when either Annie or I would have been so much more companionable; we did not know her intention then. It was a fortunate transaction in every respect, for by it mother is made independent for life with the income settled upon her by Sir William Trevor; without that we should undoubtedly have suffered much privation, for nothing remained for us out of the wreck of father's affairs. Annie was goose enough to say that we had better have remained poor and have kept little Trottie; I remember she cried a great deal when mother returned from London without the child; I thought it was rather a relief, for Trottie had been terribly spoiled, and at times was very troublesome.

Mother never told us who had adopted little Trottie, nor where she was living; it was as though she were dead to us. I remember foreign letters coming for mother for several years, how she always retreated to her room to read them, and remained in seclusion for an hour or more afterwards, but she never communicated any portion of their contents to Annie and me.

Mother opened a school, and, through Mr. Paston's recommendation, soon obtained six day pupils to educate with Annie, Charlie, and me. This helped out her income nicely; then Charlie was sent to an excellent school in the town. When Annie and I were old enough to assist in it, our school was increased, Mr. Paston still remaining our firm friend. Then Annie was married. The boys grew up and ceased to be an expense to mother, so she gave the entire proceeds of the school to me; as my tastes did not seem to incline me towards a married life, she said it would be well for me to be able to save a little money against the time when, in the natural course of things, she would leave me alone, and her income would cease. Now I am independent of her, and dependent solely upon my own exertions. She still assists me in the school, but has ceased to take a very active part in its management.

Our lives together, mother's and mine, have been very mono-

tonous; one day has been an exact fac-simile of another, each year has been so like the one preceding it, that the discovery I made by dint of my own individual perseverance and patience seemed suddenly to stop the tenor of my life's current. When I knew where she was living, when I had traced her beyond a doubt, I could not resist the desire that made me long to see my sister in her present position, to look upon the face Charlie described as so perfectly beautiful. I knew it would be but a melancholy satisfaction I should have in doing so; that, though seeing it, I should grudge her her easy, pleasant life, and the enjoyment of which it is full, I could not deny myself the execution of my design. I had received an invitation from Kate Ward to visit her at Castleton; I did not care to accept it, but I did so because I could not leave without accounting for my absence to mother. Priorston is within two miles of Castleton, and from there it was easy to take the train to Eversley; a return ticket would give me plenty of time there. I went; I saw her; and I almost hated her for her pretty, inane, baby face, that looked so little calculated to appreciate or make the most of her many advantages. If I were in her position, I thought how much I could achieve, how much respect I would win, how much good I would do. All her many advantages seem thrown away upon her; she has no more consciousness of her exaltation than though she were a waxen-faced doll; she is absurdly small and slight, and I should say is as much wanting in mental as in bodily stamina. Had I found her more worthy I could have respected her, now I despise her; and to think that she is the one cruel fate has raised! How could Charlie laud her so?

A serious accident happening to Sir William Trevor kept back the unwelcome intelligence I longed to give her; I wonder how she would have looked had I suddenly appeared before her, claiming relationship, and telling her she was no more fitted to wed with the young lord by her side than I? Fancy my drudgery in the school-room day after day and year after year, and she rolling in her carriage and styled "my lady;" yet we are both children of one mother!

The explanation was postponed. I heard before I left Castleton that Sir William Trevor had died at his residence, Crowland Abbey, of wounds received from an accident in the hunting-field, and upon the Monday after I reached home came the intelligence of Lady Trevor's death also. I communicated it to mother myself, for I thought it was perfectly ridiculous for silence to be observed between us on the subject any longer. She said there was not the slightest need for reserve now that both Trottie's guardians were dead, on account of which she intended, in a week's time, to go to Crowland, and claim Martha's duty and affection.

Mother told Annie and the boys what I had discovered for myself, and communicated to them the purport of her intended journey.

"And will she come home here, mother?" Annie asked.

"I do not know. Lady Trevor promised that the child of her adoption should be left duly provided for at her death. Martha is sure to have been kept in ignorance of her true parentage up to the latest moment, but I can hardly think Lady Trevor would continue that reserve to the very last. I can make no arrangements for the future; it appears to me that it is my duty to go to her; after that she must decide what shall be done."

So mother went.

The day after her departure I received a telegram from her:—

"Martha returns with me at six this evening."

I dismissed my school earlier than usual that the house might be set in readiness for the reception of my lady sister; I wondered how it would seem to her after the magnificence of Crowland. I was glad that at last she was returning to the life she had been born to. I wondered what she would think of me in my homely dress after the ladies in their silks and jewels whose society she had been accustomed to. Would she like the prospect before her of seeing no one but mother and me day after day and week after week? and the notion that all the mighty people of Hartford, who must seem so terribly small to her, will look down upon her without condescending to notice her? Charlie called her beautiful; will the people of Hartford think her beautiful too? She may well be fair, never having been obliged to do anything to mar her beauty. I should have been beautiful too, perhaps, if my life had been spent as hers has been, cradled in the lap of luxury, never knowing what it is to have a single wish ungratified, pampered, petted, spoiled. I hope Sir William and Lady Trevor have not left her a penny. I hope, after her life of silken idleness, she may come home to earn her living as I do, and know what days of toil and nights of anxiety are, as I know. I do not see why her life should be all brightness and beauty, mine all darkness and deformity. It isn't right. It isn't justice. I thought of all this when I sat waiting for their coming, having set tea ready in the back-room; Martha may just as well begin from the beginning to live as we do. The stopping of the omnibus at the door put an end to my musing.

I went to the door and threw it open. Mother got out, followed by the insignificant form of my sister, covered from head to foot with crape, so her dress appeared at first. What a mockery it is for her to wear such heavy mourning for people that were not related to her in any way. I wonder however much the crape on her dress cost; she won't be able to indulge in many such extravagances if she live long with us.

She seemed quite delighted to reach home, so delighted, in fact, that she fainted the moment she crossed the threshold. A bit of affectation, I am convinced.

When she had come round I said, "Martha would like her tea as soon as possible, wouldn't she?"

I saw her shrink and shiver when I spoke of her by name, and so I used it again and again over the tea-table; the sooner she gets used to it the better; a little such wholesome discipline will be good for her, and there is nothing like accustoming ourselves to things that at first we find disagreeable. I have had to do this all my life, and the more I disliked anything, the more I have had to endure it. Mother says that Lady Trevor called her by the fanciful and ridiculous name of Pansie. *Pansie*, forsooth! as if the good wholesome name of Martha were not good enough for the likes of her.

I can't think where the beauty is Charlie spoke of; if she ever had a good complexion, it is gone; she was as pallid as a corpse, and heavy black patches lay beneath her eyes that made her eyes look larger and wilder than when I saw her last. Her hair is not even dressed in a chignon, but tumbles loosely and untidily about her neck and face in some peculiar fashion of her own, I suppose. She looks no more fit for anything than a baby, and yet there is a certain air and style about her; I cannot see that her features resemble any of ours; mother says her hair is just the colour of Charlie's. One would think she was a born aristocrat, she has quite a patrician look, and that just shows what a refined and lady-like education will do; it's the greatest nonsense about high birth and blue blood. I dare say our Martha looked the lady quite as much as any among all the grand people at Crowland. Charlie called her a "stately lady;" her stateliness is gone, but she has an uppish sort of dignity about her too at times; for when I made the remark, "I should think, Martha, you are glad to be amongst your own friends and relations at last, and have ceased to play the impostor in a position that does not belong to you," she drew herself up so proudly that I thought she was going to give me a peck in the face. She did not speak, however, and just as I was going to give her a few words about the unbecomingness of pride to one brought down as she was, she turned to mother, and asked if she might spend the evening in her own room, because she had the headache. She won't be so proud and so fastidious by-and-by when she has had to grapple with a few of the unpleasantnesses it's been my lot to put up with for so long; and I dare say then she won't look quite so much like white brittle china as she does now.

Mother must go and make a fire for her, as if it would not have

been best for her, if she really had a headache, to go straight to bed and get warm there.

If she's to be pampered in all her self-indulgent habits there'll be no peace and comfort in this house ; and so I told mother when she came downstairs with the pan in her hand that she had carried the coals up in.

"So you are jealous as usual, Jane ; I don't think you can understand in the least what poor little Martha has to endure just now."

One thing I did understand, however, and that was that everything will be "poor little Martha" now ; no one else's comfort will be considered in the least. Poor little Martha indeed ! happy, fortunate, little Martha, to have had the long years of ease and enjoyment that have been hers.

It is far the best plan to start upon a right footing at the outset, and so I told mother pretty plainly that Martha ought to be made to give up her fine lady habits at once, and come down to the sphere that will be hers henceforward.

"She can't be a lady here ; we are not going to be her drudges, and the sooner she learns to wait on herself, and to undertake her rightful share of household duties, the better. What do you suppose she knows about cooking now, and about dusting rooms ? A nice burden she will be upon our hands."

"How do you know, Jane, that she will not have the means to be a lady ?"

"I supposed not by your bringing her back here."

"You do not know that she will be a burden upon our hands. Sir William Trevor's will has not been read yet ; we do not know what provision has been made for her, but provided for she is undoubtedly, for, having been so just in their treatment of her all along, they would scarcely fail in this. Besides which, have you no natural feeling in your heart ? no affection for a sister, even though she has been for so long unknown to you ? Can you not see what the poor child is suffering from this sudden rupture of all old ties ? I confess that her complete submission ever since she learnt the story I went to tell, makes my own heart ache ; I did it, believing I did right, or I could wish I had left it unrevealed. The least we can do is to try to be as loving and kind in our new relationship as her adopted parents were in the old."

Annie came in just then, and I left them to talk over Martha's arrival together.

I went to my own bed-room ; I sat down before the dressing-table ; I turned down the glass, and looked into my own eyes as reflected therein. A sort of lurid, fiery glow was there, and no wonder, for my heart was burning fiercely.

How did I know that she would not have the means to be a lady ?

And then I realised what my mother looked upon as a certainty.

Martha would be exalted above all of us still; she would be an heiress; she would have means to live in state, to keep her carriage probably, to entertain her friends, to dress elegantly and live luxuriously, to become a sort of Lady Bountiful if her tastes inclined her that way, to sit with folded hands through all the days of her life. And what had she done to gain all this?

Here have I been toiling, scraping, saving, denying myself the innocent recreations all girls love, and bonnets, and dresses, and all kinds of finery, &c., and what is the result? I have a hundred pounds in the bank. If I slave and save at the same rate when I am past middle age I shall only have gained a meagre competence; and here is she——! but I could not follow out the comparison. What have I done that the difference should be so great?

Then I looked into the glass again. I noted my faded face and the incipient crow's-feet round my eyes, the hard lines upon brow and mouth, the close-set lips, the strong jaw. I looked at my rough hands and knotted fingers, and thought of their incessant labours; the stripes they had given to refractory children, the tasks they had set, the household work they had accomplished; and I thought of her smooth satiny skin, the soft gleaming eyes, the fair young face, the small white hands, and I hated my sister as I ever shall hate her.

I know that it is wicked, that I am justly provoking God's wrath, that no prayers nor supplications of mine will avail while I thus bring my gift to the altar having this thing against my sister in my heart. Hers is the fault, hers. How can I regard her with anything but aversion when all that I ever desired she possesses, and all the wickedness in my heart springs from her?

I wept bitter scalding tears, and gnashed my teeth when I saw my anguish repeated by the face in the glass. It seemed to be mocking me, as though it might be Martha laughing at my misery, and in my frenzied grief I put out my hand and smashed the glass to shivers.

Annie's voice called to me from outside the door, "Jane, Jane, are you not coming down to supper?"

"Go away; I don't want any."

"Supper is quite ready, and I have a message to give you from Frank."

"May not I, as well as Martha, be left to myself?"

"What is the matter with you? Don't you feel well?"

"I wish to be alone, and I think my wishes ought to be respected as much as other people's."

"Well, then, good-night, if you won't come down, or won't let

me in. I must tell Frank how you receive, or rather will not receive, his message."

"Tell him what you like."

She went downstairs to my inexpressible relief, and I was left alone.

Martha came down in a namby-pamby manner the next morning, after having kept us waiting for breakfast nearly an hour, and sat picking her food as though nothing on the table were good enough for her.

"Jane," said mother, "have you many music lessons to give this morning?"

"Why do you ask, mother?"

"Because it will be better for Martha to remain as quietly as possible in the front-room to-day that she may quite recover from her headache."

"If I put off the lessons there will be the more to be endured to-morrow. I never postpone them when my own head is aching."

"Pray don't let me interfere with any of your arrangements," said Martha, hastily; "I can go to my own room."

"And do you think that we have nothing else to do but clean the grates after your fires?" I asked, out of all patience with her.

Mother sided with Martha; wrong or right she will always do so now, of course.

"Jane, you forget yourself. Perhaps, my dear, the air will do you more good than sitting in the house. Will you walk up with me to see your sister Annie? She was here last night most anxious to see you, but I would not have you disturbed. We can then, if you will, leave Jane to her school unmolested."

They went away together soon after breakfast. Annie kept them to dinner, and they did not return until the evening. John brought his wife in then, and Willie came too. They are all alike, bewitched with this new toy, and look upon Martha as an angel. How she charms them I cannot tell, for she sits as still as a mouse when in their company, and hardly ever opens her lips to utter a word. I suppose it is the glamour of romance surrounding her that is over them all; they see her and everything belonging to her through it. This morning she came into the front parlour, where I was dusting it in all haste, that I might be at liberty and ready to receive my scholars; mother and I do the house-work principally, for we only keep one very young servant. She held out her cat's-paws of hands, that looked as though they had never been soiled by contact with common things, and she wanted to take the duster from mine and complete my task. I laughed in her face.

"Pray what experience have you had in such matters? Have you the presumption to suppose that you know where to look for

the dust, and how to remove it when you have found it? Sit down in that easy chair and put your hands in your lap, that is all you are fit for. They'll grow coarse if you put them to menial employment such as mine, though I am your sister, have been used to."

She drew back and threw up her head, while the colour rushed to her cheeks; then it retreated, leaving them white as marble, and she walked proudly out of the room.

The next I heard of her was during school. Mother came in to take her class of little ones to their reading, and said Martha had gone up the road for a solitary walk, so she was at liberty to perform her customary duty.

An hour later, our little maid-servant came into the room to me; mother had left the school-room by that time, she never stay long:

"Some one at the door, miss, wants to see the ladies of the house."

I laid down the book I was instructing my class from, and went into the passage to the front door.

A young, fair-haired, boyish-looking man stood upon the doorstep. I recognised him at once; the last time I saw him he was walking by the side of Martha through the village of Crowland.

He lifted his hat from his head, and stepped into the passage with his fair curly hair uncovered.

"I beg your pardon for my intrusion, but may I be permitted to see Miss Trevor?"

"There is no person here of that name."

He looked dumb-founded for an instant, and I rejoiced at the way in which my plain statement had taken him aback.

"Is it possible I can have mistaken the address? Is not this No. 3, Fairview Terrace?"

"It is."

"Does Miss Goldering live here?"

"She does."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, it is my foolish mistake; I ought to have asked for Miss Goldering."

"I am Miss Goldering."

He stared at me as though I had been a ghost. I verily believe he would have taken his departure then and there, but for the inopportune interruption of Betsy Payne, our servant, who had stood gaping at the stranger during our colloquy. My fingers itched to box her ears soundly for putting in when not asked to speak.

"He means her as come t'other day, Miss Jane."

"Yes; that is whom I mean, my little lass," he said, smiling and slipping something into her hand. "Can you tell me where she is?"

"I seed her go up the road a walking by herself nigh an hour ago."

"Thank you."

He lifted his hat to me, bowed, and then stepped forth on to the road, taking the direction away from the town.

I turned upon the impudent little hussy when the door was shut, bringing down the full weight of my hand upon her ears.

"Take that, you stupid little goose, and learn another time to wait until I ask for it before you deliver your opinion."

She went off blubbing to the kitchen, comforting herself, I am sure, with the half-crown I had seen him give her.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"THOU ART NO MATE FOR ME, DONALD."

This is the evening of my third day at Hartford. What an age to look back upon they seem! I can hardly believe that it is so short a time since I was at Crowland. The hours drag themselves along so wearily, and yet not one-third of the time is passed after the lapse of which I may hope for intelligence of you, my dear Violet. I cannot think that the wretchedness I endure here is to last. I look forward to the period of your return as its boundary. Though they are kind to me, I cannot feel towards Mrs. Goldering as though she were my mother, upon Mrs. Talbot and Jane as my sisters, nor upon John and Willie as my brothers. Hourly I pray to God to fill my heart with a natural and holy instinct, but it draws me no nearer to them. There is such a weight of oppression upon my spirits; I seem to move and speak as one who has had her vision blinded, her senses stunned; nothing seems real but my own wretchedness.

I said they were kind to me, but I must except Jane. She has taken some unaccountable dislike to me; I believe she looks upon me as an interloper, although over and over again she strives to impress upon my mind that this is my proper sphere, and that for eighteen years I have been an impostor. She exercises a kind of petty tyranny over this little household; Mrs. Goldering is afraid to contradict her; none of the family have any hearty liking for her, yet they defer to her in a degree, I suppose because she has the power to sap the peace and mar the harmony of their family circle.

I cannot enumerate the daily, hourly petty slights and insults she puts upon me; my very existence seems to be an offence to her. I cannot think, my dear Violet, that it is really so hard to live with me.

I have tried to accept my fate in patient submission to the will of God, and to be gentle and obliging, to bend my neck to the yoke put upon me, to bear it cheerfully. Strange and unreal as every-

thing here is to me, I wanted to make myself as much as possible one of them, to share their duties, as I found it impossible to compel my heart to join in their pleasures. If only I had some employment for my time I could endure the suspense better, and this morning, seeing Jane hard pressed, I offered to relieve her of the task of dusting the parlour, believing that my womanly eye for dust and dirt would help me in the performance of so simple a duty. She flaunted the duster in my face, and bade me sit down and nurse my hands, for that was all I was fit for.

The mean and petty insult galled me; I could at that instant have hurled back hard and angry words in return, but I restrained myself; I would not for the world put myself upon a level with her and so give cause for strife. I walked proudly and silently from the room, but having reached my own, my dignity vanished, and I gave vent to my mortification in a burst of tears. I did not think I was so vain and so weak as to be so easily offended; but you see I am only proving the truth of your words. One does not know what bad qualities one possesses until one is tempted to display them.

I resolved not to provoke her by offering my services again. I put on my hat and started out for a walk in the bright morning sunshine. It was mild for the season; the weather seemed to have spent all its severity at Christmas time. After I passed the toll-gate I sauntered along until I reached a bend in the road, after which it ascends a sloping hill. A little brook gurgled through a narrow archway under the road, and some white palings edged the embankment above it. I dare say the spot would not be without its rural prettiness in the summer time, when the green meadows on either side the road are starred with silver daisies and golden buttercups, and the avenue of trees from which I had just emerged is green; but then everything looked barren and desolate, as my own life appeared to me. I was glad that the trees were leafless, and that the flowers slumbered, for Nature's gladness and beauty would not have seemed as much in unison with my feelings as the landscape did wanting them.

I had fully expected that morning at the latest I should have received some communication from Lord Haig. I did not wish anything from him but a passive compliance with my wishes; it would save me infinite pain if he did not seek to change them; and yet—and yet! I thought he would write me some expressions of sorrow for our separation, or of sympathy in my trouble, or tell me what an effort his compliance cost him. I knew it all the same as though he had written it, but it would have been sweet to have had his assurance in his own words, to have carried that tangible proof of his affection about with me here.

Dear Violet, I was never so thoroughly alone in my whole life before as I was at that instant, standing by those palings, looking down into the rippling water beneath. Shall I ever be so again, I wonder!

Presently I arose and turned round to continue my walk; before doing so I glanced back along the winding avenue of leafless trees, and on the path by the hedgeside I saw a figure advancing.

Oh, foolish heart! it leaped almost into my mouth at some fancied resemblance. Was it fancied? My eyes fixed themselves as though fascinated upon the coming form. Could they be mistaken? No; it was not possible. Nearer and nearer it came, and the doubt darted into a certainty. My feet would not be restrained; they bounded forwards to meet him, and in another instant Robin clasped me in his arms.

Violet, dear Violet, it is painful, but the pain is sweet to love as we love. Is he not my all?—father, mother, brother, lover; the affection that would have been theirs if I had them is all centred in him?

I think I clung to him very passionately, and wept freely at thus meeting him. I need not tell you what means he employed to soothe and control me. Then he asked me reproachfully, while tears stood in his large bright eyes, "Pansie, how could you be so cruel as to think anything in this world could separate you and me?"

"Oh, but it must!" I exclaimed, raising my head, though I still clung to his arm.

"But it must not," he repeated. "I have all your written reasons. What if I refuse to abide by them?"

"Martha Goldering can never be your wife."

"If Martha Goldering and Pansie Trevor prove to be one and the same person I will have none other."

"But there cannot be a doubt."

"There is a doubt in my mind."

"How could it possibly get there?"

"By several logical deductions of my own. Shall I keep them to myself, or shall I tell you what they are? Mrs. Herbert tells me you have promised to return to Crowland when Violet and Hugh come back. Will nothing induce you to return before?"

"I ought not, I may not; I should be wretched there, feeling that I had no right there. I do not understand you, it seems all so clear and so certain to me. Those letters, Robin—those letters of mamma's—are proof positive; you must see and read them for yourself. In them she sends to my real mother touching accounts of my childhood, and relates a hundred little incidents intended as comfort for the bereaved mother's heart. Besides which, she alludes again and again to her adopted child."

"I do not doubt all that in the least, Pansie, but in all those letters does she ever speak of that adopted child as bearing your name?"

"No; but in one of the first-written epistles she says she has given little Trottie a fanciful floral name. That must have been an allusion to the one I bear."

"Do you think chance alone would have produced such a wonderful resemblance to Lady Trevor in any adopted child as that you bore her?"

That idea had never entered my mind before. I remembered then how again and again that likeness had been noticed and commented upon.

He could smile as he looked down into my mystified face.

"My darling little Quixote, do you know that you have been tilting at windmills and fancying them giants, and in your haste to play the heroine, you have caused yourself to suffer useless misery?"

"What do you mean, Robin?"

I think my face betrayed the sudden fear at my heart, that never, dear Violet, had suggested itself to my thoughts before.

"Must I then tell you my own opinion upon the subject? How you are trembling, Pansie! how white your face is turned all at once! Be calm, my darling, or my lips are sealed."

Instinctively I guessed the purport of his words even before he uttered them.

"There were two of you under Lady Trevor's care, passing as her daughters. How know you which was the real one, which the adopted? What has fixed the suspicion of adoption upon you? Has anything done so, Pansie? If so, tell me. At present I do not see why the same reasons that tend to prove you the child of this Mrs. Goldering, should not hold equally good with regard to Violet."

"I would rather I bore this than Violet," I ejaculated.

"I know you would, and precisely for that reason you are not to be trusted to form an opinion upon the subject. I know what an unselfish, generous little heart you have, and how it would never enter into your mind to spare yourself at Violet's expense, but I cannot be so scrupulous; the truth must be brought to light. In my own mind there is not a doubt upon the subject. Do you not remember De l'Orme and me crossing to Scotland in Captain Goldering's vessel? Even then, when we had not the remotest idea of any possibility of connection, both De l'Orme and I noticed the extraordinary likeness he bore to Violet. Extraordinary we thought it then, though now I see in it only an ordinary family resemblance. Afterwards, at Crowland, did not many eyes observe the same similarity of person and features? but you, Pansie, you carry the

distinguishing traits of generations of Trevors in your delicate features. I do not doubt Mrs. Goldering's story; Sir William Trevor's hesitation when I presented Captain Goldering to him, your mamma's sudden fainting fit when the resemblance was noted and commented upon, show that the name had connection with something in their past."

Dear Violet, forgive me; I could not help the joy that rushed to my heart. I clung to Robin's arm in trembling, eager excitement.

"They were my parents then! I may mourn their loss as such, I may believe in all their past loving kindness as my right! Oh Robin, surely God, in His infinite mercy, sent you to me to lift the heavy load from my heart. But, Violet! how will she endure what I have escaped from?"

"Violet will not suffer from it as you are doing. Mrs. Goldering cannot take her from her husband and subject her to the life you are leading here, neither will the discovered relationship humiliate her. Hugh Deverel is a commoner. Violet's own father was as much of a gentleman in every way as his, saving the want of money. There is no *mésalliance*, even when the fact of Violet's humbler birth is established."

"And in your heart you believe that Violet has a right to the name of Martha Goldering, and not I?"

"No; I think Violet, even were she unmarried, would be Violet Trevor still, and your sister by adoption. There is no doubt Sir William would secure that name to her through his adoption; scrupulous as he was in everything, he would never neglect to do that. Do you accept my ideas upon the subject, Pansie?"

"You can only surmise; you cannot prove."

"Neither can you do more, and mine is by far the most probable version of the story. When Mrs. Goldering sees Violet, I am perfectly certain that she will disclaim you, and own Violet as her daughter. I believe, too, that your papa's will will explain everything. You must adopt my theory, Pansie."

"If I must, what do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you, first of all, to take back my ring; then let me send a telegram to Mrs. Herbert, bidding her come and take you back to Crowland, there to await Violet's return."

I dropped his arm, I covered my eyes with my hands, and for a few seconds shut out the temptations that assailed my mind, when I looked into his tender, beseeching eyes; I closed my ears to the pleading tones of his voice. I could not all at once shake off the deep impressions made by the events of the last few days. Then I answered him calmly, determinedly—

"Keep your ring, Robin, for I will not put it on my finger again until not a shadow of a doubt remains in my own mind, and in

those of others, concerning my parentage. If," and my voice faltered, "I am proved to be what I am supposed to be now, no power on earth shall persuade me to wear it again. Have you forgotten that the hands it has graced have ever been noble and honest, bringing no blot upon the spotless honour of your house?"

"I have not," he answered passionately; "and be your birth what it will, my ring was never worn by a worthier hand than yours, Pansie; your virtues are your own, independent of such distinctions as high birth and a noble lineage; it is yourself I love, yourself I woo for my wife, yourself I have faith in. No matter in what grade of life I found you, Craigdallie would still be honoured with you for its mistress."

I was deeply moved by such pleading, but I could not yield.

"Because you love me so much, Robin, honour my scruples."

"I honour you in all that you do," said he, fervently. "Difficult as it is to me to comply with your request, your slightest wish shall be my law. How long is your self-martyrdom to last? Do they treat you well, Pansie, in that wretched little cottage? The face I saw at the door looks capable of insolent familiarity."

I think my changing countenance betrayed to him my knowledge of to whom he referred, for a mere allusion to Jane makes me shiver.

"You can never ask me to do a harder thing than to leave you within the clutches of those people. Oh! Pansie, how can you enforce it?"

"They are not unkind to me. Mrs. Goldering is everything a mother should be. It was Jane whom you saw."

"And who is Jane?"

Again I shuddered.

"There is cause for this shrinking and pallor, my darling. Why will you insist upon my leaving you thus exposed?"

"Everything is changed since you came to me," I whispered. "As you really think there is a doubt——"

"A certainty, in my mind."

"I will go back to Crowland, and wait for Violet's return there; only, don't ask me to do the other thing at present."

"I will not; I am satisfied with your concession. Now you must take me back with you, and introduce me to Mrs. Goldering and this ogreish, supposititious sister; something may be done to render the time that must elapse until Mrs. Herbert can arrive more endurable."

Lord Haig returned with me to Fairview Terrace. He had a private interview with Mrs. Goldering, whom I cannot call "mother," since the doubt of her right to that title has entered my mind. What he said to her I know not. He silenced my lips when I asked

him, but the manner of both Mrs. Goldering and Jane towards me was perceptibly different that evening. Mrs. Goldering treated me with more respect and less familiarity, and Jane ceased to seek opportunity of annoying me, and avoided me as much as she could. The next day Mrs. Herbert arrived, and she and Lord Haig and I returned to Crowland.

CHAPTER XXX.—VIOLET ENDS THE NARRATIVE.

I wonder whether ever again in my life I shall enjoy such perfect content as has been mine during this past week! For life, and in death, I belong to Hugh. Nothing can ever separate us again.

We have been travelling, but I am half-ashamed to confess that I have seen nothing but Hugh's face everywhere. He pointed out to me the different objects tourists all come to see as we have passed them, but I cannot catalogue them, for they have no distinctness in my own mind apart from the voice that has lent a charm to them, and the presence that made them enjoyable.

My little Heartsease, I promised to keep a faithful diary for your especial benefit, but I have broken my promise at the very outset of our tour by spending the first week without ever touching a pen. Every day, when Hugh has drawn my attention to some beautiful object of nature or art, I have thought, "I will write a description of this for Pansie." But when the evening came I could recall nothing but how Hugh looked and spoke, his bravery and tenderness, &c. Little Heartsease, it is very sweet to be loved as Hugh loves me; but you know this just as well as I can tell you.

We talk of you continually, Pansie, especially when we are able to proceed by water, and we sit upon deck and imagine you and the rigour of your English winter at Crowland.

I have received no letters yet to tell me of your doings in my absence, and how dreary you felt after my departure. We shall find letters, I hope, awaiting us at Alexandria, for Hugh wrote for them to be forwarded there when we altered our route.

* * * * *

Alexandria.

My poor little Heartsease! my sorrowful little love! what sad intelligence is this that your budget of letters conveys to me? My own grief for the sudden deaths of papa and mamma seems merged in the thought of how you will bear it in your solitude at Crowland,—you so exquisitely sensitive to pain and sorrow, with no one near to comfort you. Oh, my darling! my darling!

I cannot realise it, Pansie. I, like you, seem stunned by the blow.

We reached here to-day, and we are to set out for home to-morrow morning. Hugh is gone to make the necessary alteration

in our arrangements that we may return to you with all possible speed. Every hour will seem an age until we again set foot in England. I wish for wings; I am impatient of every moment's delay; I cannot realise my own great loss in the death of such dear and excellent parents. My every thought is for you, my happy calm is broken; I chafe impatiently at my forced inactivity.

Hugh returns to me.

"Is all ready, Hugh? How soon can we start?"

"At seven to-morrow morning."

"Not before?"

Hugh puts his strong arm round me, and tries to compose me with his caresses.

"My dear Violet, I never saw you in such an agony of impatience before. We cannot start off again the very instant we arrive. You need rest——"

"I do not; I am ready this minute."

"We should gain nothing by starting this minute even were it possible. To please me, dear, you must take advantage of the few hours that remain to prepare yourself for the fatigue of a hasty journey. You will find it weary enough to proceed from stage to stage without waiting. Remember how we dallied as we came. That is a long budget of Pansie's: have you read the whole of it?"

"Only to where she informs me of poor mamma's death."

"Let us finish it, then."

We sat down side by side, and Hugh drew my head to his shoulder and read your letter over mine.

My dear little Heartsease, what wonderful story is this you tell me? It sounds like romancing, indeed. You not the daughter of Sir William and Lady Trevor! It is utterly impossible that that should be true.

The sheets fall from my trembling hands, and I stare blankly into Hugh's face.

Hugh recovers the fluttering papers, and then he pours out a glass of wine, and makes me drink it, for I think he imagines I am going to faint.

"Is it a dream, Hugh?"

"No, my dear! there is evidently truth in the story. Either you or Pansie was adopted by Lady Trevor."

"Either Pansie or I? then it is I who have no claim upon the Trevors, for it has been a common remark how much Pansie resembled mamma, and how very dissimilar she and I were to be sisters. Besides, if ever preference were shown, it was always to her. I never felt jealous, because she was as much my pet and

darling as she was papa's and mamma's. It seemed quite natural that whenever mamma was ill, Pansie should be with her. Mamma was always glad to see me in her sick chamber, but she did not cling to me as she did to Pansie. I see the reason now. Oh, my blind, foolish little Heartsease! I am the daughter of—that woman! I am Martha Goldering!” I shrank and shivered, clasping my hands over my eyes. Hugh's fingers drew them away; Hugh's lips came down upon my brow, and cheeks, and lips.

“You are Violet Deverel, and *my wife*! You belong solely and entirely to me, my authority subverts all other. You have no relations unless you desire to claim them; they shall never force themselves upon your notice. Look up, my darling, and gratify me by showing me that you are happier in holding that title, than you would be as sole daughter and heiress of the Trevors.”

And I did look up, Pansie, and I know my whole heart was in my eyes, for I would not yield up his name that I now bear for the grandest title that could be given. The belonging to him had never seemed sweeter to me than it did then.

After this we read your letter to the end, that end so like the doings of my little Heartsease. Oh, you foolish child! to think of slipping away from your rightful home in that ultra-self-sacrificing manner; and to think of you enduring the misery of existence under such a roof as Mrs. Goldering's, tortured by that evil-minded Jane!

I looked at Hugh appealingly, as I folded up your closely-written sheets, for the thought of what you had subjected yourself to made me doubly anxious to get to Crowland, as my presence alone can release you.

He shook his head.

“At seven o'clock to-morrow morning, not one minute earlier.”

* * * * *

We are in England at last. Hugh has telegraphed to Lord Haig, to Mr. Delamont, and to Crowland. We set out for the latter place by express directly.

* * * * *

Our rector and Mr. Delamont met us at Eversley; my first thought was for you, my little Heartsease, and my heart bounded with joy when they told me you were returned to Crowland.

How dreary the large old rooms looked! I could not help but recall the thronging memories of the unfailing kindness of those whose authority my young life had been taught to acknowledge as parental, now passed away for ever, when I entered beneath the roof of the fine old Abbey.

Mad'line has a faithful and affectionate heart; she was quite overcome at our meeting; but my tears were all locked up, waiting for the advent of my little Heartsease.

I need not tell you how I had hardly been two minutes in my room when the door opened, and a little black figure came swiftly in, and how in another instant we were locked in each other's arms.

Oh, my little Heartsease ! oh, my poor, tried darling ! my heart failed me more and more when I looked into your little, wan face, when I traced the sad, new curves of your sorrowful lips.

You said you were contented, and quite happy then, when your head rested upon my bosom, and my arms were around you.

"How could you, Pansie ? how could you put yourself in the place that of right belongs to me ?"

You trembled within my embrace then, and you raised your tearful face.

"I had rather be what it has seemed to me I am, than escape from this trial by plunging you into it."

"Of course you would, or you would not be Heartsease. But we cannot choose ; whatever is the truth, that we must accept. You need not fear for me, though, for my husband's rank is mine ; nothing can divide us, nothing take his home and protection from me. While you, my poor darling, believing yourself to be Martha Goldering, considered it your duty to sever the ties existing between you and Lord Haig."

"While I was Martha Goldering !—my title to that name has not been disproved yet, Violet."

"Do you still persist, then, in calling yourself Martha Goldering ?"

"There is a doubt ; I do not know that I am certainly Pansie Trevor."

"Hugh and I have quite settled the matter in our own minds. Hugh is not ashamed, neither shall I be, of my mother, brothers, and sisters. Do you care for me the less while this possibility exists, Pansie ?"

Your little arms tightened their grasp at that question, and your reply was a mute one, but all-sufficient.

At that moment Hugh came to summon us to the library, where Mr. Delamont was waiting to read the last will and testament of Sir William Trevor.

"When can Lord Haig be here, Hugh ?"

Suddenly the smooth cheek pillowed close to my neck burned like fire.

"He is here ; if I understood him aright, he arrived last night."

Hugh gave each of us an arm, and conducted us downstairs to the library. There was quite a gathering in the large, antiquated room. Lord Haig came forward to greet me, and lead Pansie to a seat ; Hugh placed me by her side. At the table Mr. Delamont

sat, his spectacles astride his nose, and a reading lamp casting its illumination over his features and the document in his hands.

I cannot pretend to give the legal phrases in which the last wishes of my dear supposed parent were expressed, nor to give their minor points. That part of the will which related to Pansie and to me at once, and for ever, solved the mystery resting between us. To his dear and sole daughter, Dorothea, called by himself and Lady Trevor in love *Pansie* Trevor, he left Crowland Abbey, &c. &c. To his *adopted* daughter, Violet Trevor, sometime in infancy called Martha Goldering, was left the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Then followed, clearly and concisely stated, the reason of my adoption, and the terms upon which I had been given up to them.

My heart throbbed with conflicting emotions when I heard that simple statement read. How just, how generous they had been to me from the beginning to the end! What noble hearts theirs had been! how great, to Pansie and me, was the loss of them!

Lord Haig leaned over the back of Pansie's chair; I heard him whisper,—

"Am I reinstated in my old position now?"

Pansie silently slid her hand into his. I did not hear the concluding passages of the will, neither, I am convinced, did they.

When the reading was over, and the parchment was re-folded and laid by, Pansie rested her left hand on mine. Gleaming in the lamplight, on one of her slender fingers, was Lord Haig's ring, the legendary stones forming a quaint device. It had not been there when she came to me in my room above.

"We are sisters still, Violet. You and Hugh must always look upon Crowland as your home."

Yes, sisters still, little Heartsease! for what power can sever hearts knitted together by ties and associations such as those that unite ours?

THE END.

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE CLERESTORY;
OR, SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY B. VANE, ESQ., LL.D.

CHAPTER IX.—DR. SHARPE TELLS HIS STORY.

"I WAS born in Shropshire, not very far from the border. My father was a large farmer, and I his only son. He was English, but my mother was a native of Montgomeryshire, and came from the neigh-

bourhood of W—. I can only just remember her. She died whilst I was some four years old, and left my father, a man of some forty years of age, with myself—his only child. He was a large, powerful man, skilled in all the exercises of the field, the sports of which he followed with a passionate delight. I was accustomed to horses almost from the cradle. I could ride as soon as I could walk, and before I was eight years of age I had followed the hounds belonging to the Shropshire Hunt on a little pony which father had brought me from the Breconshire hills—a stout, sturdy little animal, which, if it could not jump hedges, climbed them, and always took me in to the death very near the old huntsman himself. The death of my mother made no change in the habits and pursuits of my father. He was still the same ardent sportsman, and, if anything, gave himself with greater devotion to the pleasures of the chase. He never neglected his farm; for, though a man of large property (his farm was, indeed, his own estate), he had a keen eye to business, and had proved the truth of the old proverb that ‘the hand of the diligent maketh rich.’ No cornfields looked to him so promising as Sharpe’s. He sent the best cattle to the great Herefordshire fairs, while his cheese, made under the superintendence of a servant who had been with my grandfather, was famous all the country round. But, spite of all this, father clung to his sports. His horse, his dog, his gun, his rod,—all were the treasures of his heart. They shared with me in his affections, and he strove to kindle in my breast the passion which blazed in his own.

“I said that the death of my mother made no change in the external habits of my father. This is true. But never was man so altered in all character and disposition. He had been careless, free-spoken, with much even that now and then shocked the circle in which he moved, and though my mother had done much to soften and restrain him, he was until her death much the same boisterous, turbulent spirit that had made him when a young man at once the delight, and sometimes terror, of the neighbourhood. All this, however, was changed. He became silent, thoughtful, gentle as a child, and persons who had never known him until after mother’s death were at times astonished by some effort that he suddenly would put forth. He would seem to rouse all the strength he possessed, and with the old vigour exert it either in physical, or at times intellectual effort; for, though a countryman, my father was a man who had received a very liberal education, and was a diligent and extensive reader. This change rendered him the more fascinating. There was something peculiarly impressive in his form. His hair was beginning to turn white; his large grey eyes were soft and gentle as a girl’s; his smile, for now he never laughed, seemed to pass over his whole face, and reminded one of a gleam

of sunshine breaking through the clouds, and passing swiftly up and over the distant hills of the Welsh shires. I simply idolised him, and hardly ever left him. Day and night I was with my father—we were inseparable.

"When I was somewhere about ten years of age, a sister of my mother's came to visit us. She was a pleasant, motherly woman, with a good deal of the vivacity which marks the Welsh people, who had presented her husband with nine blooming boys and girls, and managed them, including her 'master,' as she called him, with undoubted skill and wifely accomplishment. She was a woman of faculty, one of those cheerful, bustling people who take the management of everything and everybody they come across; before you have time to resist, they have caught you, popped you into the seat which exactly suits, trimmed you out if you are well, nursed you up if you are ill, taken you generally into control. And if you are not satisfied, all the worse for your reason or common-sense, for they are most abundantly content.

"Aunt Peg had not been in the house two minutes before she called me to her, and adjusted my collar, which had been disarranged in a romp with Fido, my dear old spaniel; gave my locks a rub over with her hand to set them a little straight, and then turning to father, said, 'Well, Harry, how often does the barber come and do that boy's hair?'

"I did not wait to hear the rest, but instantly ducked, and escaped my worthy aunt's grasp, disappeared through the hall, and was not forthcoming any more that day.

"At night when father came to bed, I was wide awake, for I had a kind of premonitory suspicion all was not right, that Aunt Peg had been managing, and I was the probable subject of management.

"'Asleep, Curly?' said my father, as he came into the room.

"'No,' I said, and with one leap was in his arms.

"'Where has my boy been all the morning?' said father, gently laying me down again upon the bed, and as he did so I felt a hot tear drop upon my arm, and I knew that the poor widowed heart had been bleeding afresh that night.

"I made no reply, but just said, 'Aunt Peg won't come to settle me in bed, will she, papa?' My father rose, and quietly went to the door and locked it; quite unnecessary as regards the intrusive intentions of my worthy aunt, for that good body had retired early, and was by that time most probably far advanced in dreams of her husband and well-managed children.

"When my father returned to the bedside, he said in a quiet voice, 'What would my boy say to going to school?'

"'Going to school?' I replied. 'Where, papa?' and it at once flashed across my mind that my worthy aunt had been giving my

father her opinion that it was high time he sent that child to school. My notion of school was limited to the parish school, which was somewhere about a mile from our house, and to which the children of our labourers, with a few from the families of the villagers, trudged each morning 'like snails unwillingly.'

"My father went on, 'Your aunt has been saying that her boys go to a very good school at W——, and that she is quite sure you would be happy and at home there ——'

"Before he finished the sentence I had again jumped up, and was clinging round his neck. The thought of leaving him was too bitter for me then to bear. He soothed me, and at last, I suppose crying myself to sleep, I lost all remembrance of Aunt and W——, and the school and her well-managed children, to find myself aroused next morning by my father's coming into the room and laying a little rabbit, that he had just shot, against my cheek.

"But I am wearying you, Mr. Vane," said Sharpe, "with this story of my childhood. I never know when to finish if I once begin the story of my father."

"Go on," answered I; "I am interested."

"Not to dwell upon the events of that visit of my aunt's, it must suffice to say that it was at last decided, not without much weeping on my part, and many lectures from her, while father all the while grew gentler, tenderer in speech and in manner, that I should set off for W—— at the beginning of the next quarter, and be enrolled a pupil of Mr. Edwards's academy.

"It was a sad day when I parted from father in Mr. Edwards's little drawing-room. I fancied I should never see him again. I expected all sorts of hardships at the establishment of which I had now become an inmate. I thought of my pony unriden, my little fishing-rod left idle in the corner; I wondered who would sit upon my father's knee in the evening; would he ever tell the tales of his boyhood's freaks to any one when I was not there? Nothing could tempt me to leave him; I felt sure that if I let go his hand for a moment he would escape and I should lose him. Mrs. Edwards did all she could to console me, and even the master himself was graciously condescending, and had no doubt the little man would soon be quite at home. But all was in vain, until at last my father rose and said, 'Now, my boy, I must go. Don't be afraid. I shall come and see you very soon, and Christmas will shortly be here, and you shall come back and see us all again.' I felt him rise, quietly put me off his knee—he kissed me, and I knew for the first time in life that I was alone.

"The newness of life and change of circumstances soon had their effect upon a child, and in a week or two I found myself looking forward to my father's promised visit, rather than looking back to

his leaving me. The school people were all very kind. The work was not hard, and I began to feel quite at home. There was one boy, however, with whom I speedily struck up a friendship. He was two years my senior, a fair, blue-eyed lad, full of frolic, but learning so easily and well that he was always found at the top of his classes, unless in disgrace through some trick into which his high spirits had tempted him. He was an English lad, but his home was in Anglesey, where his father was a proprietor of some mines that yielded him a large income. Frederick Lyon had the freest allowance of pocket-money of any boy in school, and spent it with no niggard hand. He was generous, frank, winning the affection and admiration of all who came near him. Mrs. Edwards's servants would do anything for Master Fred. He was a close ally of the cook's, and it was said that even the boy who blacked our shoes and carried in the dinner had more than once taken upon himself a greater share of blame in some mad trick of Lyon's when he had induced poor Charlie to join him. Not that Lyon would allow another to suffer, for in many cases I have known him take punishment when he had nothing to do with the offence; and yet, spite of all this, there was not one who oftener received invitations to take tea with the master, or had more treats from the various authorities of Dalehouse.

"We took to each other at once. When he saw me looking uncomfortable and sad the day after my father had left me, he came up and spoke kindly and cheerfully, and established himself as my faithful friend and protector that very day. We were thenceforth firm allies. Lyon and I continued as brothers for many years after we had left Edwards's school. I must pass over my school days, interspersed as they were by the pleasant visits of my father, and broken by the holidays so earnestly expected, so gloriously spent—school days that lasted until I was about sixteen, when I left the home and kindly motherliness of Mrs. Edwards. Lyon had gone away some year or so before. He was, as I told you, older than myself, and, after spending some months of idleness, and, I doubt not, getting into many a scrape at his father's home, he was placed under the care and tuition of a reverend scholar who, having little to do in his parish, and not much for it, eked out his slender income and employed his time by tutoring young lads who were going up to one of the Universities. To this place I also was sent, as we were both intended for one of the colleges at Oxford, and were to receive some two years' reading with this tutor before entrance. These were happy days. We worked well, but enjoyed especially the hours of sport which our tutor allowed us, and in which, at least the fishing part of it, he often joined.

"I had often been invited to spend some portion of the holidays at school with the Lyons; but neither my father nor myself were very willing to curtail the time that these holidays gave us to be together, and though we were now firm friends of more than five years' standing, I had never seen any of Fred's family. Of course, I had heard a great deal of them. There was the mother, whom Lyon simply adored. He was often heard to declare that nobody had ever lived equal to his mother; while his father seemed to be a good-natured, easy-going man, whom no one regarded, and who just occupied the position of father and husband, and for this honour vouchsafed him was very content to keep his wife and family. His brothers were all younger, and had scarcely risen out of the range of infantile pursuits; but a sister, by name Frances, my friend was accustomed to speak of in the most glowing terms. She was a few months older than I, and, according to Fred, possessed all the life and spirits, the roguish prankiness of himself. She had accompanied him in not a few of his adventures in the neighbourhood of home, was quite a sportswoman, and made a capital companion for Fred when other boys were not forthcoming. My juvenile mind, you may suppose, was not a little filled with the thought of Miss Lyon. It was my strong desire to see her. I felt a strange kind of presentiment that she would in some way powerfully affect my life; and this, with my own misgivings and the brilliant pictures drawn by the enthusiastic Fred, combined to render Frances Lyon already an influence upon me, under which I shaped my conduct, formed my character.

"'Fate soon granted what my sire denied;' at least my sire fell in with fate's determination, for during the time I was at the tutor's a very kind and pressing invitation coming again from Mrs. Lyon, I was allowed to accompany Fred for a few days to Anglesey. To say that we enjoyed ourselves is simply to say that we were youths relieved from study, full of health, spirits, and activity, surrounded by circumstances where there was no lack of means for completest pleasure. Frances Lyon was at home, a girl of between seventeen and eighteen years of age, womanly in presence, of form and face such as I have never since seen. It is no use describing her to you, Mr. Vane. I simply cannot do it. I came, I saw, I was conquered. Except in voice, she was utterly unlike her brother. She was dark, almost olive in complexion, with a strange light in her eye that was at times almost terrifying. Generally it glowed with a liquid fire that completely fascinated and held spell-bound the beholder. She was large in frame, but so exquisitely made and moulded that every movement was graceful and easy. I have often heard of human beings being likened to the leopard, its lithe, soft, silent movements, its concealment of power, its tameness, and yet its deep-lying ineradicable ferocity; I never saw but one, and that was Frances Lyon."

I turned round on my couch as Dr. Sharpe spoke. In the dim twilight I could just detect his form. He trembled with ill-governed emotion. I wondered what was coming, and he proceeded.

"The first hour that I spent in the company of Frances sufficed to show me that Frederick had not exaggerated her power. Indeed,

he himself seemed astonished, for as he had not seen her for more than a year (in his last vacation she had been visiting at a cousin's in Lancashire) his sister had left girlhood behind and bloomed into what seemed mature womanhood, and the change was not unfelt even by the brother. We had not been many days together before I fell desperately in love with her. She possessed a magical power over me. Her voice seemed to thrill every chord in my soul, and when she sang or played I have often found myself utterly lost; rapt not so much in the music as in a kind of dreamy mist which the tones of her voice seem to fold around me. It is quite inexplicable. How far some of these powers of electro-biology of which we are now hearing so much may be used to explain the influence which she excited I cannot tell, but that I was entirely enthralled by her was so evident that it became almost intolerable for me to stay at the Lyons' because of the fun and banter to which I was exposed. A lad of seventeen, you know, is somewhat gauche and shy, and although from my size I had not the hobbledohoyish appearance which even Fred's gainly limbs did not quite relieve, I was not sufficiently accustomed to a large circle of people quite easily to bear the fun they sometimes made of me. Not that my devotion to Frances made me anything of a *petit maitre* or carpet knight; she was herself too free-hearted, too keen a lover of the open air and its pleasures to allow any squire of hers to be a dancer in attendance only in the lady's chamber, or to saunter idly by the side of her palfrey. I speak only of the effect which she produced upon me when she sang or spoke, especially when the conversation turned into channels between us alone. In a few words, the fact of it was, I fell desperately, utterly in love.

"I spoke to her, and found my suit not rejected; but on my mentioning the matter to Mrs. Lyon that prudent matron felt the difficulty of the position. Here was I, a mere lad just entering college, coming on a visit to a school-fellow, proposing to his sister. What would Mr. Sharpe say? was the prompt reply of the mother. I felt sure that my father would be no great difficulty, especially if he were to see Frances, and the matter was at last settled to the effect that I should speak to my father, let him know exactly how things stood, that if he gave his consent we should be allowed to correspond and see each other when vacation allowed it; and then, when I had finished my career at the University, we might become engaged and be recognised as betrothed people.

"You may be sure I was in a fever of impatience to get home. Every day was consumed by two contrary passions—the delight at Frances' presence, the desire to gain my father's consent. At last I returned home, told the whole affair to my father, after much consideration obtained his consent, and marked the success which had so far attended my suit by writing at once to Frances, and thus informing the family of my father's permission.

"I need not tell you the story of my college days. Lyon went through every examination most brilliantly, ended with a high position as a double first class, received a fellowship, and entered his name at the Middle Temple, intending to practise at the bar. As for myself, the University, I am afraid, proved rather a school

of life than a school of letters. I knew that there was little necessity for labour, and though I was an honours man, and not altogether without prizes, still I left the University with the character of having done fairly well, but not what was expected of me. This, however, did not much affect me—I was not dependent upon my University standing for the future. I had now my tutors' and college dons' esteem. I had the thorough confidence of my father, and, above all, there was Frances Lyon apparently unchanged.

"When I left Oxford, it was intended that I should go abroad for some months. This, apart from its own pleasure, was delightful, because I hoped to meet the Lyons, who had been spending some months in Italy and were not returned. We were to join at Paris, and there I expected to gain the object of my life, in the formal engagement of Frances and myself. Not to lengthen my story, let me just say that I left England just after the celebration of my twenty-first birthday, and in a few weeks was the happy and accepted future husband of my adored Frances. After some time spent upon the Continent, I returned to England and joined my father. It was his wish that I should be associated with him. He had added several farms to his original estate, and the management of the whole had become rather more than he could well attend to. Everything for the future was arranged in my favour. Upon our marriage he was to give me half the estate, with a house which was already being built, and if all were well, and we should wish it, he would let us come into the old manor house in which he lived, and remain with us for his own home. Father was as much enamoured of my *fiancée* as myself; she had gained a wonderful power over him. Without any daughter, his heart at once opened to receive her, and she became almost a pet child of his own.

"Time, that seemed so slow, however at last wore away. The time for our marriage approached, and at last, after some months' tour among the English lakes, I found myself the happy possessor of one of the prettiest little estates in Shropshire, a beautiful house, and a wife in the gaining of whom I was reckoned by everybody to be the 'luckiest fellow out.' Our early married days were the most perfect happiness. Fred came to stay with us. Father and he and I frequently went out for a day's sport, in which the eldest of us had no less a keen eye and hand than ever. The evenings were spent at our house in music, or games, or conversation, Frances all the while lighting up the circle by her brilliant genius, and casting round it a perfect witchery of grace. My life was one of perfect enjoyment, and not a cloud appeared to dim the brightness of the sky.

"Mr. Vane," said Dr. Sharpe, suddenly rising from his seat, "I can tell you no more; it is late, too, and I am sure you must be wearied. They are waiting for me at home."

He seized my hand, and wrung it with a fervent pressure, and I expected he would say "Good night," and go. But he stood a moment as if irresolute, and then, resuming his seat, exclaimed—"Well! I have told you so much, I may as well finish it. It is a story now soon told. I may not be in the humour for it again, and I think you ought to know it.

"We had not been married for much more than a twelvemonth,

when I was once or twice surprised and grieved, coming upon my wife suddenly and unexpectedly, to find her in a peculiar mood, melancholy, with her eyes red as if she had been crying. I endeavoured to discover the cause of it. She answered me, it was nothing, that she did not feel as well as she had hitherto been, and that it was nothing but a passing fit of low spirits, and would soon be gone. This did not satisfy me, for I was anxious about a peculiar appearance sometimes presented by her eyes—a strange, unsettled, wandering look. It was only for a moment, and was gone again. Some month or so had elapsed, when, one day, her brother came, on his road to his father's home, intending to spend the evening with us, and resume his journey the following morning. I mentioned the anxiety which I felt to him, as we were sitting up for a chat that night, my wife having gone early to bed, and I observed a shadow pass over Fred's face, when he sharply questioned me as to his sister's appearance. He recovered himself in a moment, but I felt sure that there was something which he knew, and which I had never heard. After some time he said—'Well, Sharpe, my good fellow, I do not want to alarm you, but there is a matter which I have always felt you ought to know, which I myself only knew since your marriage, or I should have told you of it before. My mother thought it best when I mentioned it to you that nothing should be said unless something peculiar was observed about Frances, and then care might be taken without unnecessary alarm.'

"You may be sure, Mr. Vane, a cold shudder seized me, and I felt a horrible darkness come over my soul.

"'What is it, Fred?' I cried; 'tell me the truth, for Heaven's sake.'

"'My grandmother,' replied Fred, 'soon after the birth of my mother, went out of her mind, and it is not very long since she died in the asylum at B——. Now, don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. But consult Dr. Gordon at W——, who has known us all intimately, and who would be able to pronounce, I have no doubt, a safe opinion upon Frances' case.'

"For the moment I was so overwhelmed with terror that I could hardly reply. I had no sense then as I have now of the terrible wrong inflicted upon us by the Lyons in never mentioning the fact of the grandmother's lunacy to myself or my father. This only came in after-time. Then I only had the crushing sense of horror at some nameless unknown catastrophe. You may be sure I said nothing to Frances, but when next I went to W—— I proposed that she should accompany me, and I hoped to find some chance by which Gordon might see her, and she unconscious that he was looking at her with an inquisitive eye. Fortunately the chance occurred, and it so happened that whilst he was with us the peculiar appearance in her eyes occurred. I saw in a moment that he observed it, and my heart sunk within me. When the doctor and I were alone, I asked him what he thought of my wife? 'I suppose you know the history of the family, Mr. Sharpe?' he said. I bowed. 'Well, you mentioned to me that you wished me to observe Mrs. Sharpe carefully, and I noticed nothing except that

strange unconscious appearance, which once came into her face. Have you seen it ever?' 'Often,' I said, 'and especially just after these fits of despondency, of which I told you.' 'I do not think that you need fear any such catastrophe as befell her poor grandmother. But I should advise you to travel much. Change of scene will rouse and stimulate her. She has been accustomed to a great deal of life; and the stillness and quiet of your country home is a little more than she can bear.' With that my wife entered, and our conversation was brought to an end.

"You may suppose I was far from being perfectly happy now. I felt I had in Frances a cause of great anxiety. I watched her narrowly—so closely that sometimes she observed it, and asked me what I was thinking of, and why I looked at her so. This made me careful, and I found myself able at length to keep a constant observation upon her, even though engaged in other matters—work or conversation. We travelled through England, and on the Continent, and for the next two years we were hardly three months at our own home.

"It was during one of these visits to the Continent that we met at our hotel an English gentleman, who at once recognised my wife, and to my surprise was addressed by her as if she knew him intimately. He was, of course, introduced to me, and proved to be a man from the south of England, somewhere in Devonshire, who had joined the party of the Lyons in Florence, and had become very friendly with them. I now remembered Frances mentioning such a person, but his name and the circumstance had quite faded from my recollection until the introduction in the *salon* of the hotel. He was staying in Paris for some weeks, and we naturally saw a great deal of him. I disliked him by some unaccountable repugnance, but found no reason that I could assign, and so did not like to confess it even to my wife. He was a man of some thirty-five years of age, very gentlemanly, a scholar, of great taste and refinement, studious of the little courtesies of life, and yet very manly and strong. He was just the kind of man that men like and some women. Frances was evidently pleased with his society, and I could not for the life find any reason why I should dislike him, and yet my repugnance increased every day.

"I observed that the fits of melancholy in my wife became now less frequent. But the expression in the eye when it came lasted a longer time.

"One day some business matters in connection with my estate had detained me much longer than usual at the bankers in the Rue Richelieu, and when I returned I found my wife in a state of great excitement. I saw at once that Everett (our English friend) had been there, for his card lay upon the table before her, and my suspicions were aroused that his visit had been the cause of the state in which I found her. 'What is the matter, Frances?' I asked. 'Oh, nothing,' she said; 'but Mr. Everett and I have been talking over old times at Florence and in Italy, and he has been giving me the account of some of the companions of that day, especially one young Scotch girl, between whom and myself there sprang up quite a romantic attachment. You remember I have

told you about Helen Forsyth.' That this was the only cause of the excitement I did not believe for a moment, but I saw that further inquiry just then was useless.

"You will, I am sure, Mr. Vane, understand that I cannot dwell long upon the events of this time. How little I knew then that the terrible end was so near! Everett still came, was as courteous and deferential as ever. Intimacy with him never bordered upon familiarity, and I almost began to reason myself out of my dislike. Our stay in Paris was delayed. Communication was not as swift as it is now, or as it promises to become; and finding that the climate and life of the city suited Frances so well, I had no objection to remain for a longer while than I at first intended."

ABOUT LIGHT-SHIPS.

ANYBODY may know a light-ship from an ordinary vessel. It floats, but remains stationary; it has masts, but they are short and thick, and terminate in large hollow balls; and its rigging consists only of a few mainstays. The hull is of a bright red, with the name of the vessel painted in huge capitals upon the sides, and the flag bears a cross, quartered with four ancient ships, waves astern—the arms of the Guild or Brotherhood of the Holy and Undivided Trinity.

The light-ship is a "well-found" vessel of about a hundred and sixty tons burden. Its cost, including all equipments, is from 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* and it is maintained at an outlay of 1,000*l.* or 1,200*l.* per annum, as exigencies require. It is manned by a crew consisting of a master, a mate, and nine men. Three out of the nine serve the lamps; the six others—and there is always a good qualified carpenter amongst them—attend to the order and cleanliness of the vessel. The whole crew, however, are never on board together, three men being continually on leave on shore; each man, by provision of the Trinity, enjoying a month's rest upon land for every two months spent at sea; while the captain and the mate exchange duties every month. But, though Britannia "rules the waves," the waves occasionally rule Britannia, and the trident-bearing deity of the azure main sets even Trinity House regulations at defiance. It sometimes happens during the winter that the light-ship is isolated for weeks together, and the rule of relief cannot be regularly carried out. This is especially the case in some particular instances; for example, the light-ship moored off the Scilly Islands is sometimes cut off from all communication with the shore for weeks together by stress of tempestuous weather.

The lantern, which is five feet six inches in diameter, surrounds the mast, which it surmounts when hoisted. During the day it is lowered on to the deck for cleaning and fresh supplies of oil; it is raised again to its station by means of a pulley, and shines a crown of lights over the dark waters through the lone watches of

the night. The lamps are Argands, and so balanced as to keep the vertical position, in which alone they can remain alight; they are placed in parabolic reflectors; eight of these, back to back, complete the circle. Some light-ships have one, some two, and some three lights; most of these lights are fixed, but some are revolving, and many are coloured. It is found that a red light—that is to say, a light seen through red glass—is not visible for much above nine or ten miles.

The height of the light above the sea is generally thirty-eight feet; but where more than a single light is shown different elevations are preferred. The ordinary floating light may be seen by mariners for about ten miles, a distance sufficient for general purposes. Where there is a revolving light four burners are commonly used, and the motion is given by clock-work. It is affirmed that revolving lights are seen farther than fixed lights; not because the rays actually penetrate to a greater distance, but because the flash strikes the optic nerve more sensibly, and rivets the attention. Lighthouses in the sea are intended to mark the rock upon which they stand, and to warn off passing vessels; but on shifting sands no tower can be founded, no permanent beacon raised. The light-ship is independent of the essentials necessary to any kind of erection; it simply floats upon the waves, and, what is more important, it can be shifted as the treacherous sands shift. And not only is it employed to indicate the position of a sand-bank, but also to serve as a beacon against perfidious currents; as in the case of the Cardigan Bay light-ship, warning vessels working up for Liverpool or Glasgow, of the subtle and perilous indraught of water from the south-east. Sometimes the floating light is placed in the deep water between the banks, to guide ships into the safe channel for which they may boldly steer. Certainly the light-ship is an indispensable adjunct of the British lighthouse system.

And yet a century and a half has not elapsed since the first floating beacon showed its friendly light to wandering mariners. The fatal Goodwin Sands had been the destruction of many a goodly ship; for centuries their evil reputation had spread far and wide, and their very name was associated with tales of shipwreck and disaster. Still it seemed impossible to warn vessels, by any reliable agency; of course no sort of *pharos* could be raised upon these treacherous quicksands; and what else remained to do? what other kind of beacon could be attempted?

Two humble but respectable men first started the idea of the light-ship. A tradesman of Lynn, in Norfolk, had married the daughter of a small shipowner, and in process of time became himself master of a little craft, employed in carrying coal from Newcastle to other ports on the eastern coast. Thus engaged, he could not fail to observe the inadequate manner in which the lighting system on those shores was carried out; though, at the same time, it did not occur to him how to remedy the deficiency. But, falling in with one David Avery, a man of wonderful schemes, and given to inventions, which, however, lapsed for want of money, he confided to him his dissatisfaction. The two combined resources: Hamblin, the ship's master, found cash, and Avery, the poverty-stricken genius,

found brains; and the result was, a floating light at the Nore, established 1732.

The two friends, however, naturally assumed a right of levying tolls for the maintenance of this new convenience, and the Trinity House perhaps as naturally interfered, regarding this assumption as an infraction of their own legal rights. They were compelled to own that the light-ship was a success, and of immense assistance in navigating the perilous waters in which it lay; nevertheless, when Avery, in the flush of triumph, boldly proposed to place a similar vessel among the channels of the Scilly Islands, the Corporation of the Trinity House interfered, and lodged a formal complaint before the Lords of the Admiralty, who, however, were unable, or perhaps unwilling, to adjudicate. Thus rebuffed, they made representations to the Crown, and entreated so forcibly and persistently, that a royal proclamation was actually issued, prohibiting the new light at the Nore.

Avery, unwilling to resign his cherished projects, appeared himself before the Board, and offered to treat with them on honourable terms. He had already expended, he affirmed, a sum of 2,000*l.*; and he proposed to cede for ever all right and title to the floating ship, said right and title remaining in the hands of the Trinity House, on condition that the tolls should be levied by him and by his heirs for a period of sixty-one years, he or they, in acknowledgment, paying the sum of 100*l.* per annum. These terms were accepted, and the important question amicably and satisfactorily settled.

The Nore light was the eldest of its race; next in order came the *Dudgeon*, placed off the Lincolnshire coast in 1736; the *Newarp*, the *Goodwin*, and the *Owers* all date from the last century. The *Sunk*, the *Gallop*, and the *Bembridge* were stationed early in this century, the two latter by the Admiralty for the guidance of the navy in the old war; but at the peace they were surrendered to the Trinity House. The old original *Dudgeon* was a cutter, with, at one time, the lights hanging from the extremities of its yards. It has been suggested that it must have looked not unlike "a Chinese junk celebrating a Feast of Lanterns." Now, the light-ships are 80 feet or 90 feet long, by 21 feet broad, and the burden from 160 to 180 tons; except indeed the little *Calshot*, moored in sheltered water between Southampton and the mouth of the Medina (Isle of Wight), which barely reaches 100 tons.

In building a light-ship the main object to be attained is the reverse of that sought in the construction of an ordinary packet-ship. The mail-boat is required to go quickly through the water; in a light-vessel the desideratum is that the wind and water should go as freely past and around it as possible. The form of the light-vessel varies according to its locality: in Ireland the hull is more elongated than in England, where the stem and stern are rounded wedges; but in all cases the aim of construction is the same—viz., resistance to the force of winds and waves; that, however wild the tides, however furious the billows, however violent the currents to which it is exposed, it may drag as little as possible. The length of the cable, of course, depends upon circumstances: it is of iron,

peculiarly prepared and toughened, strong enough to hold a vessel of 600 or 700 tons, while these seldom exceed 160 tons. In narrow channels the moorings consist of a chain lying along the sea-bed for 1,260 feet, with a 32-cwt. mushroom-shaped anchor at each end and a swivel in the centre, from which rises a bridle or veering-chain of 630 feet, passing into the vessel on one side of the bow. In deep-sea channels a single vertical chain is employed; but there is one vessel lying in 240 feet of water, at the Seven Stones, which has a chain of more than one-third of a mile in length, with a mushroom anchor of forty hundredweight; and in tempestuous weather, when driving before the scud of those tremendous seas which rush in from the Atlantic, with the momentum of 3,000 miles upon them, she has been known to have out 1,800 feet of chain at once. Only once the sorely-pressed vessel broke adrift. If the position be much shifted, out go the lights at once; the rule among sailors being, "better no light at all than an uncertain one."

There is a story told of a light-vessel that broke adrift which may be briefly recounted. It was on the 13th October, 1829, and the vessel was the *Haisbro'*, now called the *Newarp*, off the coast of Norfolk; it was supposed to be quite securely moored. In nautical phrase, the weather looked "dirty," and there was every appearance of an increasing gale, which presently swelled into a complete hurricane. The officer, who was going out from Yarmouth in the *Diligent* tender, for the purpose of relieving the *Haisbro'*, thus gives his report:—"I had just got home and changed my clothing, having got wet through everything, and was about to take a nap, being very tired, when the door-bell rang. I answered it myself, thinking it might be the wives of some of the people on board the *Diligent*, but, upon opening the door, found two men, who said the *Haisbro'* light-vessel was adrift. On going to the town look-out I found it was too true. I immediately proceeded to the beach, in hopes of getting a boat off to her; but although I offered the beachmen 100*l.*, they would not attempt it. After waiting until midnight and the vessel still driving, and no chance of getting off to her, the sea making a fair run over the jetty, and breaking at the inner end up to the walls of the houses, I took a post-chaise, and proceeded to Lowestoft, in hopes of getting off from there, the vessel still driving to the southward; but with no better success. I therefore gave orders to the beachmen, as soon as there was the slightest chance of getting off, to come and call me at the inn where I stopped. I threw myself on the bed with my clothes on, and dropped off to sleep; but waking in a short time, and daylight just making its appearance, got up, and went down to the beach, to find a boat in the act of launching; but before I could get to her, they pushed her outside the breakers, so that I could not get on board. On the return of the boat, they reported that she had broken from her ground-chain, and, there being no steam-vessel procurable, I was glad to avail myself of what assistance I could get, and therefore sent off the same large yawl, and two large lug-sails used by the fishing-boats in the mackerel season, with the master of the light-vessel (the mate having previously been in charge), and some extra hands, with directions, should the wind

come from the south-west, to get her under weigh, and proceed to the station, she being about eighteen to twenty miles distant therefrom. In the meantime I returned to Yarmouth, and got new moorings, &c. on board the tender; and on the 18th the light-vessel was re-moored at her station."

In a great storm which swept over the east coast in 1849 several light-ships, the *Nore* among them, were adrift, and their lights out for two or three nights. 1856 and 1857 were also trying years for light-vessels, which are exposed to so many trying vicissitudes, and anchored so often in exposed situations, that the wonder is, not that they get adrift, but rather that they do not. The sailors themselves tell you, in their simple, pious way, that Providence especially watches light-ships!

The routine of duty is somewhat monotonous. On Sunday the lantern is lowered at sunrise into the lantern-house, and the lamp-lighter on duty cleans the lantern and trims the lamps ready for the evening. At 8 a.m. all hands are called, hammocks "triced," and breakfast served. After which the crew clean themselves, and at 10.30 muster in the cabin for Divine service. At sunset the lantern is hoisted, and at 6 p.m. there is evening service in the cabin. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, the routine is the same, omitting the service; on Wednesday and Saturday decks are washed, and a general cleaning goes on below. Seven times in twenty-four hours, and always at midnight, the state of the wind and weather is noted. In foggy weather a gong is beat at intervals of from two to five minutes both by day and night. Two men are always on watch on deck, the others relieving them at stated intervals.

These men are generally models of English sailors—frank, brave, resolute, obedient, and nimble. As a rule they are very respectable, and nearly all are married men with families. Swearing and profane language are of course prohibited; each man is provided with a Bible and Prayer-book for his own use, and there is always a permanent library on board, besides boxes of books—little marine *Mudies*—circulating from hand to hand, and from ship to ship.

Still, when all duties are performed, and an average amount of reading got through, it is obvious that the men must still have a good deal of time upon their hands, and consequently they devote their leisure to all sorts of ingenious manual labours. Some of them make up canvas, &c., for the slopsellers; others set to work as shoemakers, joiners, tailors, and the like. Some make models of vessels, wheelbarrows, toys, linen-horses, pegs and mats; and an article in an old *Cornhill* says: "It is a common saying at Yarmouth, 'Wait for the relief of a light-vessel, and you can get anything, from a chest of drawers to a penny whistle!'"

The number of light-ships is continually increasing. On consulting registers, I find that in 1860 there were thirty-four light-vessels round the coast of England, four only in Irish waters, and none at all in Scotland! The reason of this disparity of numbers is very largely a geological one; the shores of Scotland and Ireland are chiefly of granite and the harder kinds of rock; and in the deeply serrated sea-boards, full of lochs, and loughs, and sounds,

there are many isolated blocks of *terra firma*, lying out far to sea, on which rock lighthouses can be erected. But in the south and east of England, where the cliffs are chalk, or of friable alluvial composition, and the shores abounding in quicksands, there is no basis for a lighthouse, however great the necessity, and consequently the light-vessel takes its place.

Early in 1864 there were forty-seven light-ships on the coasts of England and Ireland, an increase of nine in less than four years; and in 1870 there are altogether fifty-nine British light-ships, of which fifty are English, eight Irish, and one Scotch—the *Garmoyle* light-ship, on the western coast, stationed 1868. The light-ships of Ireland are painted, not red, but black; it has been proved that red and black are the two colours which contrast most vividly with the prevailing hue of the sea. The United States stand next to Great Britain in the number and conduct of light-ships: they are painted in longitudinal stripes of varied colours; they not unfrequently quit their posts in very heavy weather, and take refuge in harbour. France has fewer light-ships than either Great Britain or America, and only five whose burden exceeds seventy tons.

Though the crews of light-ships are not, as a rule, encouraged to go to the rescue of vessels in distress, they have upon several occasions put off their boats to save life, and have succeeded. Also, if vessels are seen in danger, guns are fired to warn them, and, in case of extremity, assistance is in like manner summoned from the shore. Frequently the vessels at the outer stations have on board shipwrecked crews, who have escaped from their own ships in boats, and made for the friendly light-ship, where they are hospitably fed and sheltered till they can be sent to the main land.

The men are very proud of their uniform, which has on its buttons the arms of the Trinity House; they feel the dignity of their insignia, and the privilege of belonging to a light-vessel. Certainly to them the State is deeply indebted, and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the heroism, the courage, and the resolution of the men, who are content to endure the unenviable monotony, the perils of such a life as must be theirs, while they discharge the noble and responsible duties of their station.

* * For a full and most interesting account of "Light-houses and Light-ships, *vide* a work by W. H. Davenport Adams, Esq., lately issued by the firm of Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

The Children's Hour.

NELLIE'S HANDS; OR, WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHAPTER XI.—THE HANDS OF A PEACEMAKER.

It seemed to Nellie just about this time that the months and the years passed very quickly.

"It is a very short time from one birthday to another," she said.

"That is because you have so much to do," said her mother. "If our time is well and wisely occupied it passes very quickly. It is when we have nothing to do that time seems to drag heavily along."

Indeed, it was true that Nellie's time was fully occupied. Plenty of work of every kind was given her to do. Most of it was pleasant, but some made her feel very sad indeed. All that she did for Pet was quite delightful.

As I have told you, Nellie was quick and clever in the use of her hands, but she would never have been as much so if it had not been for Pet. There was so much to do for the little girl, socks to darn, pinafores to make and mend, skirts and dresses of all description, warm jackets and pretty little hats; Nellie made them all herself.

"You can buy hats ready made, Nellie," her brother Frank once said to her.

"Yes, Frank, but if I did so they would cost me almost twice as much, so I prefer to make them myself. If I paid a high price for all Pet's clothes it would take much more money than it does. Besides, I like making hats and bonnets. It is quite a pleasure to me to see the bits of velvet or silk, and a sprig of flowers or a piece of ribbon, and know that when I have put them together they will be a hat or a bonnet pretty enough for any one to wear."

"I believe Nellie is very vain about her work," said Charlie.

"I think not," replied their mother. "But it is quite right for her to take a delight in doing all work as well as it can be done. If everybody did so we should have better looking exercises and cleaner pages than we have now."

This raised a laugh at Charlie's expense, for it was well known that his work was often not at all well done.

Nellie once did something in connection with her brother that won for her a very precious name, a name which every one should try to win and wear—the name of the peacemaker. But although the name was a good one, the occasion of her winning it was a very sad one, and one which both she and they would be very glad to forget.

I suppose the two boys were as fond of each other as brothers generally are, but they had not enough love to make them bear and forbear with each other as much as was necessary. They were strong, energetic, self-willed boys, each liking his own way, and trying hard to get it. Neither was willing to yield to the other, and they did not in the least care for keeping peace and love between them when their wishes were at stake.

One day there was a violent quarrel between these two boys. It was all about a pair of skates. The winter came rather suddenly that year, and there was thick ice upon the ponds sooner than people expected. It was Saturday afternoon—a half-holiday—and several boys having been to the water to test it, came back saying that it would bear.

"Then I shall be there this afternoon," said Frank Seymour.

"And so shall I," said Charlie.

You may be sure that when they reached home that morning, the first thing they did was to search for their skates.

"They may want cleaning up a bit before they are fit to wear, as they have not been worn since last winter," said Frank.

"I wonder where they are?" said Charlie.

"If we do not find them easily, we will ask Nellie," said Frank. "She will certainly know where they are."

It was easier to ask their sister than to search very diligently for them themselves.

"Nellie, where did you put our skates last winter?"

"That is too bad of you, Charlie," said Mrs. Seymour. "You cannot be sure that it was not yourself, instead of Nellie, who put them away."

"Only that Nellie's hands were made on purpose to put things tidy, mamma."

"But if you will try to remember, Charlie, you will find that you put these skates away. It was when you and Frank returned from your long visit to Uncle Edwin's. It was March, and the days were getting quite warm, so I advised you to put the skates away safely that you might know where to find them."

"So you did. I remember now. Come on, Frank! We put them upon one of the top shelves in the attic. Don't you recollect?"

"I am quite sure that I did not put them there."

"But I am sure that I did, so that is the same thing."

The two boys ran upstairs together, and after rummaging about for some time in the garret, they found the skates.

"These are yours," said Charlie, handing a pair to his brother, "and these are mine. I suppose we must put some of these things back on the shelves, or something will be said about it. You might help a little, Frank."

"Stop a moment. I say, old fellow, why did you put this pair of skates off upon me? They are broken."

"Broken, are they?"

"Yes; look here; they are of no use at all until they are mended."

"That is a bad job, but I suppose it cannot be helped."

"Perhaps not; but you will please give me the other pair. I am not going to have these."

"Neither am I."

"Then you will go without."

"Indeed I shall not. I shall keep the good pair."

"You will not, though."

"Why not? I am sure they are mine."

"And I am sure these broken ones are not mine."

"They must be. You might know them by several marks."

"I know they were not broken when I wore them last year."

"Then they have got broken while lying away on the shelf."

"What nonsense you are talking, Charlie! Of course that could not be."

"Very well, I don't know anything about it. I only know that I am going to keep these skates that are good, and you must get the others mended."

"That is just like you. You are a regular cheat."

"What are you, then?"

"Never mind what I am ; I am going to be master this time."

"We will see."

There was an angry light in the boys' eyes, and Charlie was very pale, while Frank had too bright a colour in his cheeks. They began to struggle, Charlie holding the skates tight, and Frank trying to wrench them away ; each of them getting more and more angry every moment. At last, by a great effort, Frank pulled them so violently that a strap broke, and Charlie, who was holding it, fell back to the ground, while Frank possessed himself of the skates.

Charlie got up in a great rage, and went towards his brother, with his teeth set and his fists clenched. It was terrible to see him so angry.

"I will kill you !" he said—not, of course, meaning to do anything so dreadful as that ; but boys say very bad things when they are in such a passion.

He had lifted up his hand to strike Frank a heavy blow, when Nellie, who had heard that there was something wrong, hastened into the room.

"Oh ! Charlie, what are you doing ?"

But Charlie was too angry to like any interruption.

"Go down stairs again, Nellie !" he said sternly.

"Oh, no, Charlie. Why should I ?"

"Don't come near me, then. If you get in my way I will strike you."

Nellie went swiftly up to her brother, close to him, and looked into his heated face with her calm sorrowful eyes, and laid her hands gently but firmly upon his. Charlie drew two or three hard breaths, and then he took his sister's hands in his.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie," he said, almost crying as he spoke, "there is something wonderful in the touch of your hands. I think nothing else could have prevented my striking him with all the force possible."

Nellie kissed her brother tenderly several times.

"I am so glad you were prevented from doing it, Charlie ; you would have been so sorry for it afterward."

"I am sorry already."

Frank came up then, looking also sorry and ashamed as well.

"It was my fault, Nellie, and I am sure that if he had struck me I should have fought him with all my might."

"Oh, Frank ! It would have been a grievous thing for my two brothers to have been fighting. And what was the quarrel about ?"

They told her, feeling almost surprised that they could have been so full of wrath about so small a thing.

"For the skates can be mended while you are having dinner," she said. "I will send them directly, and both pairs must go now the other strap is broken."

The skates were repaired in time, and the boys went to the pond together in the afternoon. They did not say much, but each tried to prove to the other how sorry he was for what had happened.

"What a peacemaker our Nellie is !" said Frank.

"And what gentle hands she has !" said Charlie. "I would not part with our sister for all the world."

"She has wonderful hands," said Frank. "It seems to me that they can do everything!"

And yet there had been a time when she thought they could do nothing well.

I wish all my little readers had as useful a girlhood as Nellie had.

CHAPTER XII.—AN OLD WOMAN'S HANDS.

Little girls, I believe, do not generally care to hear very much about old women. And yet, I suppose, most have some dear old friends whose hair is grey and whose eyes are dim, but who are so beloved that they will be very greatly missed when the time comes for parting with them. It is a thought that does not often come to you, and one which is very hard to believe and comprehend, but still it is the truth, that you must all be old women some day if you live at all. And this, if there were no other reason, should make you patient, gentle, and respectful, in your treatment of all who are old.

I want to tell you about Nellie when she was seventy years of age, for she lived even as long as that, longer perhaps than many of you will live, long enough, as you know, to have done many thousands of good and useful things with her hands. Hers had been a long and successful life, a very unselfish one too, and one which, as you know, had almost from the beginning been devoted to God. Nellie felt, even when she was a little child, that she could not live without Him. She learnt to "commit her way unto the Lord;" she asked Him to be "the guide of her youth;" she trusted in Him when she was young, and He did not forsake her even in her old age.

If you could have seen Nellie, or, as they called her then, "Grandmamma Nellie," when she was seventy years old, you would have seen a very handsome old lady with white hair and a very beautiful face. She always wore a cap, and she almost always wore glasses, for her eyes were getting dim with age. Her steps too were feeble, and when she walked across the room she had to lean upon a stick, or, what she liked much better, the strong arm of one of the young people among whom she lived. For she lived in the house of a lady who had several children of her own, and who loved Grandmamma Nellie very dearly and tenderly. Can you guess who the lady was?

Yes, it was Pet; but so many years had passed since she was a little girl that her boys and girls used to say it seemed impossible that she could ever have been Nellie's Pet.

Grandmamma Nellie sat in an easy rocking-chair knitting.

At her feet, where she loved to be, sat Pet's daughter Lily. She looked up at the calm, pure face, and the hands growing feeble but still busy, and sighed.

"What are you sighing for, Lily?" asked her mother.

"I don't quite know, mamma, but I think I sighed because I wanted Grandmamma Nellie to put aside her knitting and lay her hands on my head instead."

The knitting was laid aside in a moment, while a sweet smile lit

up the old lady's face, making it more beautiful than ever, and a very gentle hand was laid among the girl's curls.

"Would you have me always idle, Lily?"

"I think I would, grandma. I like best to have your hands on me; they are so soft and white, and I am sure they have done enough work."

"They are not of much use now, Lily; they are getting rather tired, and I can feel that very soon they will rest altogether. I cannot do anything well but knit; the rest of the work has to be left to younger hands. You will find plenty to do, my child."

"I shall never do half as much, nor what I do half as well, as you have done, grandmamma."

"Why not, Lily? I remember that when I was a little girl I was so stupid and awkward that my brother used to say my fingers were all thumbs."

"But how much you have done since then!"

"Not as much as I might have done, but still enough to enable me to tell all girls that it is wonderful what they can do if they only sincerely and perseveringly try."

"The house seems to be full of your work, grandmamma. It is in every room. I know your stitches wherever I see them; they are so small and regular. You seem to have hemmed all the sheets, and made all the window curtains, and sewn all the quilts, and knitted all the antimacassars, and done everything else."

"No, Lily, your mamma has done a great many of the things, and you have yourself helped very considerably."

"But mamma says she believes that you have done almost as much work with your hands as two persons usually do in a lifetime."

"But if grandmamma had done nothing but set stitches she would have done very little, although there might have been hundreds of thousands of them," said Lily's mother. "Every woman has to do a large share of needlework, but it is not, after all, her most important occupation. I cannot tell you how often Grandmamma Nellie has nursed the sick, making nourishing dainties with her own hands. Often, too, she has held the dying in her arms, and comforted them as they went into the dark valley. I have told you before how, when she was quite young, she saved the life of a poor boy who must have died but for her exertions; but I have not told you that she saved another life which is worth something to you, Lily. When I was a very little child indeed, and was called Nellie's Pet, I once did a very foolish and wrong thing which most likely I should not have done if I had been old enough to know better."

"What was it, mamma?"

"I went to a little stream that flowed at the bottom of a field, and stooping down to gather some pretty blue flowers, perhaps they were forget-me-nots, I fell in."

"Oh, mamma, it is a wonder you were not drowned!"

"Yes, I should certainly have been if it had not been for my best friend. She was only a girl then, of course, but she was a very active, useful, thoughtful girl. She stooped down, and rescued

me from the water, and afterward, seeing that there was no one else near, she was able to save me."

"I thought you were drowned, my dear."

"Oh, grandmamma, what a good and useful life yours has been! How is it? I would like mine to be as good."

"My child, yours ought to be better. You live in better times, you know, and more will be expected of you. But I will tell you how it was that I was able to do anything with mine. You remember that David speaks of God as having taught his fingers to fight. I am sure that He taught mine to work. What I should like you to do, Lily, is to give yourself to God, hands and head and heart, and all that you have. He will help you, my child, and He will accept your services."

"Dear grandmamma, I will try. And I hope, though you are too tired to do anything but knit, that you will be spared many years longer to us all."

"I shall not stay many years, Lily, I feel sure of that; but I hope I shall find something to do with my hands even in heaven. I think about the golden harps sometimes. It is a long time since I played any instrument; but there there will be no trembling fingers."

That evening there came to Grandmamma Nelly the rest she wished for. It was almost sudden. She did not suffer any pain; but she said, all at once, "My dears, I am going; good bye," and folded her arms, and fell asleep.

Everybody said, "What a good life hers has been!"

So many people missed her when she was gone, and cried to think that they would see her no more.

"She had such a kind heart, and such wonderful hands."

Yes she had, and God had blessed her greatly, and given her at last the best joy of all, the joy of being with Him.

Little girls, what sort of hands are yours? Girls ought to have quick, ready, clever fingers. But even if yours are awkward, you need not be discouraged.

Nellie was not always clever, but she always tried to be good; and I hope you will remember that you may ask God to help you in all you have to do, and that He, for Jesus Christ's sake, will listen to even you.

THE END.

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